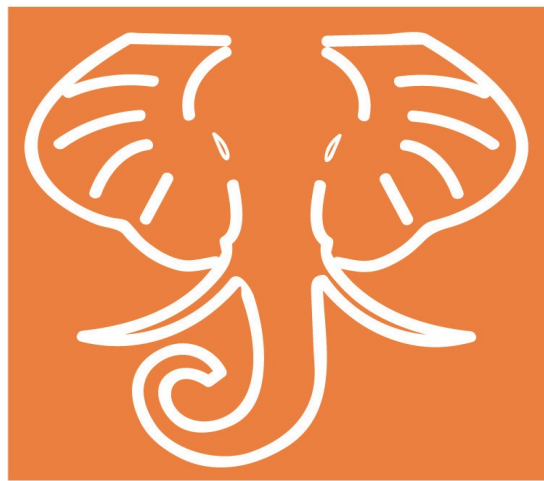


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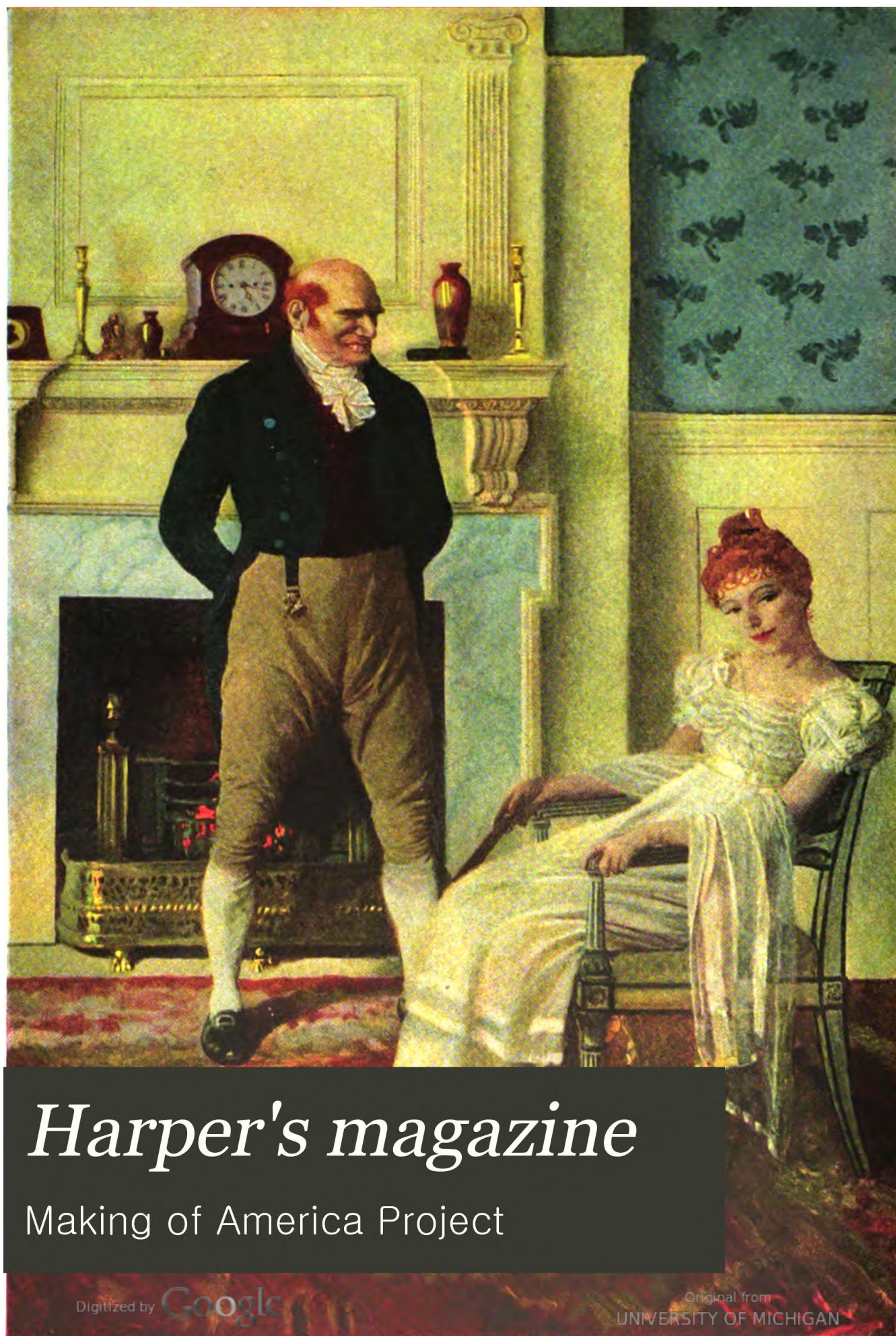
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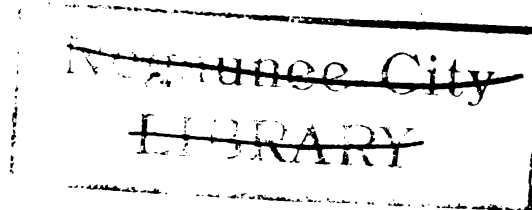
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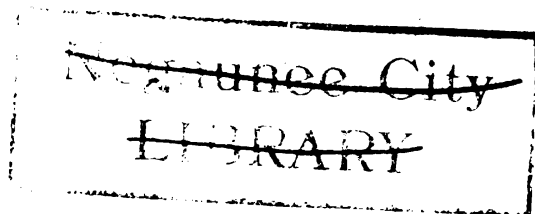
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MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXIV.

DECEMBER, 1906, TO MAY, 1907



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1907

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PICTURES FROM THACKERAY—BECKY SHARP AND LORD STEYNE

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

DECEMBER, 1906

No. DCLXXIX

A Woman in the Andes

MY ATTEMPT TO ASCEND MOUNT HUASCARAN

BY ANNIE S. PECK

THE Peruvian valley of Huailas and its immediate surroundings surpass in grandeur and magnificence any other portion of the world with which I am acquainted. While claiming no scientific merit for the discovery of unknown lands, nevertheless, in a small way, I feel something of the explorer's pride in having visited a tiny section of the earth's surface unfamiliar not only to Americans, but to the majority of Peruvians—a section, too, that will one day become famous the world over, presenting as it does an extraordinary combination of attractions, including a scenic splendor surpassing that of Chamonix.

This wonderful valley, one hundred miles long and from one to four miles in width, is situated in the Department of Ancachs, ten degrees south of the equator, ninety miles from the Pacific, and from four to twelve thousand feet above the sea. On the west, to a height of 15,000 to 18,000 feet, rises a steep and rocky ridge—the Black Cordillera; on the east the magnificent White Cordillera, to an altitude of from 20,000 to 22,000, possibly 24,000, feet. In this range, just back of the town of Yungay, looms up the pride of the valley, the majestic Huascaran. A saddle-mountain it is called, its two peaks rising several thousand feet above the seat between, the highest of a

serrated wall of magnificent peaks, with massive lower buttresses; and its summit is a rock wall, standing at an angle of 85°, surmounted by a thick layer of snow. This mountain was first brought to my attention by Señor Lucio R. Landerer, a Peruvian engineer, who, describing with enthusiasm the wonderful scenery of the Huailas Valley, declared that Huascaran had an altitude of 25,000 feet, and was therefore probably the highest mountain on this hemisphere. When it had become evident that Mount Sorata in Bolivia had no right to this distinction, it seemed desirable both to investigate the reputed magnificence of this Peruvian valley and to ascertain, if possible, whether the claims of Huascaran were better founded.

Accordingly, on my return from Bolivia to Lima in September, 1904, I began arranging for my first expedition, the story of which has already been told. I reached a height of 19,000 feet on the east side of the mountain, but was compelled for various reasons to abandon the attempt.

I sailed alone from New York for Peru, May 24, 1906, determined to make a second attempt and hoping to secure my old native helpers. My equipment, however, was considerable. Of scientific instruments I carried a mercurial barometer reading down to ten

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inches; a hypsometer, designed to ascertain the temperature of boiling water, and so the height above sea-level—this to supplement the barometer, or to serve, if needful, in its place; a hygrometer to measure the humidity of the air; and a maximum and minimum thermometer. Among other things were two tents—one very small for myself alone, which seemed an excellent thing, but proved not altogether an advantage; my old sleeping-bag, alcohol-stove, food-bags, pemmican, ten pounds of eating-chocolate, several bottles of malted milk (both tablets and powder), a whistle, ice-axes, rope, and climbing-irons; and for the cholos, five pairs of heavy shoes, ten pairs of woollen stockings, five pairs of mittens, five sets of undershirts and drawers, and five blue outer shirts in addition. Thus provided, I trusted that with their own ponchos and blankets they might be comfortable during the cold nights.

A very disagreeable rule compels every one visiting Peru to go first to Callao, as on account of the yellow fever, endemic in Guayaquil, no one may land in Peru within eight days from that port. In the next boat north I sailed for Chimbote, thence rode across the desert of San Jacinto, and arrived, June 27, at Colquipocro. Here I waited ten days for the luggage, which should have come in two, and finally departed without it, arriving the same day at Yungay, at the foot of the famous

Huascaran. However, the time spent was not wholly wasted. To accustom one's self to considerable elevations before attempting greater heights is most important. Also, my several walks—one to a height of 15,000 feet—supplied a little needed training.

While at Colquipocro I received word

that a gentle man, E., from a neighboring town, had telegraphed to Yungay that he desired to accompany me on my climb. "True," said my friends, "he is 'loco,'" which the dictionary interprets as mad or crack-brained, "but he is intelligent, gentlemanly, energetic, and courageous—the best companion you could possibly have." I did not relish the idea of undertaking such an expedition with a man who had once been insane, and by most persons considered so still. He might take some wild notion above and endanger all our lives. Still, the judgment of my friends influenced me to telegraph him to come and

talk over the matter, and when at the last moment he arrived he seemed so intelligent and enthusiastic that, yielding to my friends' advice, I concluded to take the risk.

No sooner was I installed in my old quarters at Yungay with my friends, the Vinatás, than I made inquiries about my former companions. But, alas! the little Osorio, who so gallantly cut steps among the crevasses, and the stalwart Adrian, who carefully held the rope



MISS ANNIE PECK
In climbing costume



HUASCARAN FROM ABOVE YUNGAY

during such operations, had both gone to the islands to work; another good man was ill; but Señor Jaramillo, who had previously supplied the porters, assured me that he could doubtless find five others who would serve me equally well.

Meanwhile additional alpenstocks, ice-axes, and climbing-irons were ordered and other preparations made: strips of rawhide to fasten the climbing-irons, skins for the sixth man, who had no shoes, dynamite-cloth cut into strips for leggings. I purchased coca for myself as well as for my companions, since this is an invaluable stimulant at great altitudes. Señorita Vinatúa gave me a good supply of chaqui (pease-meal) and toasted maize. I had tea, sugar, and a cereal. Five stalwart Indians were secured to act as porters, one of whom, Pablo, more prepossessing and intelligent than the others, had declared that he would, if necessary, go with me even to death.

One X., at the mine of Señor Cisneros,

some distance above Yungay, expressed a desire to accompany me as substitute for one of the Indians; so he was engaged at double pay (twenty soles, or \$10), with the proviso that he was to carry as much as the others.

On Friday, July 20, we really began our climb up towards the snow, along the projecting ridge, then up a steep stony slope. In the afternoon the monotony was varied by the sight, far above, of some guanaco—a variety of deer. They watched us a few moments from a distance and then scampered away. About five we approached the snow—a little too far south. A deep and difficult gully separated us from the place where I had planned to enter upon the ice, but at this hour it seemed wiser to encamp here. Now began my trials. No one could or would do anything unless told, and hardly then. If one worked, the rest looked on. I sent some for water, others to collect fire-wood. There were no trees or bushes near, but dry dead brush

served the purpose. I had to show them about pitching the tents, how to place the irons and poles, get out the food, arrange my bedding, and see to their boiling water for the chaqui (pea soup) and for tea. After our meal I crept into my tent and put on additional clothing. It seemed not very cold and there was no wind, yet I was not warm and had no sleep. The alarm was set for five. Long before, E. called out that it was four, and with much conversation prevented what might have been a nap. At dawn I called to them to get up. In time they procured water, made coca tea and soup, and at last were ready to start.

We crossed the gully wherever seemed fitting. E. chose a place high up, and from below I saw him slide fifteen or twenty feet down a smooth, sloping rock. My alarm was more for the barometer than for him, but, later, it proved not to have suffered. At the edge of the snow the four pairs of climbing-irons were adjusted, also the cloth puttees. It was eleven when we entered upon the ice, taking a northeasterly direction, as planned from below, where the ice was comparatively smooth. E., at his own de-

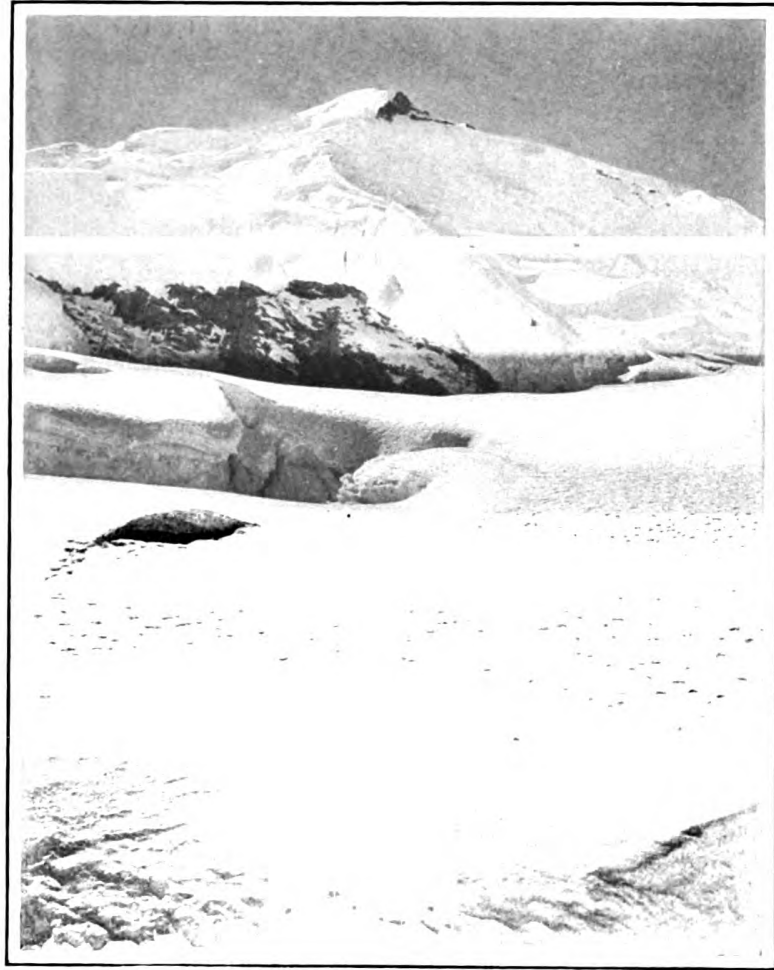
sire, went ahead, X. second, I third, and Pablo fourth; the other three followed on a second rope. Progress would have been good were it not for the frequent halts for the men to rest their packs. We had a luncheon of canned beef, maize, and chocolate. Of course the men were continually chewing coca. I had explained to them the use of rope, ice-axe, and alpenstock, and continually exhorted them to "hold the rope tight." I did this myself so effectually that X. declared he would no longer go second. Pablo declined the honor, so I offered to go ahead. Having no climbing-irons, I was less secure, but went well for a while. In one place the better way seemed up a fairly steep slope where the snow was soft and we sank in about a foot. Before reaching the top of this hillock there was open rebellion. Pablo untied the rope and halted, as well as the entire section in the rear. E. now came nobly to the rescue, and talked to them in Quichua so severely that at length they were induced to proceed. No doubt it was hard work, but that is a necessary part of mountain-climbing. Now they wished to halt for the night. Soon after, in crossing a narrow gully



INDIAN PORTERS

of ice, my foot slipped and I began to slide. I immediately brought down my ice-axe, which held at the same time that the rope became taut. With the pull, E., who was second, had slipped too, though he was on the snow. It was X. who held the rope firm, though it cut his hands badly. Despite my protestations to the contrary, they now tried to haul me up, nearly cutting me in two, with no other perceptible result. I finally persuaded them to desist till I could explain what should be done. I was in no danger.

The gully gave into a nasty-looking hollow fifty feet below, but I was all right where I was. The difficulty was in getting up. There was no support here, but five feet below a little ridge across the ice would give a footing. I induced them to loosen the rope and let me slide down to this. Then I climbed out of the gully upon the snow and walked up to the others. Though I made as light of it as possible, this incident may have alarmed the Indians. Their protestations of fatigue and the impossibility of going farther were renewed, and I succeeded in getting them onward only by the assurance that we would halt at the first suitable camping-place. We halted, indeed, at a rather unsuitable one, where the snow sloped more than was agreeable. At this early hour, a little after four, I thought we might have rice in our soup. I contributed also some pemmican. We had the best alcohol-stove possible,

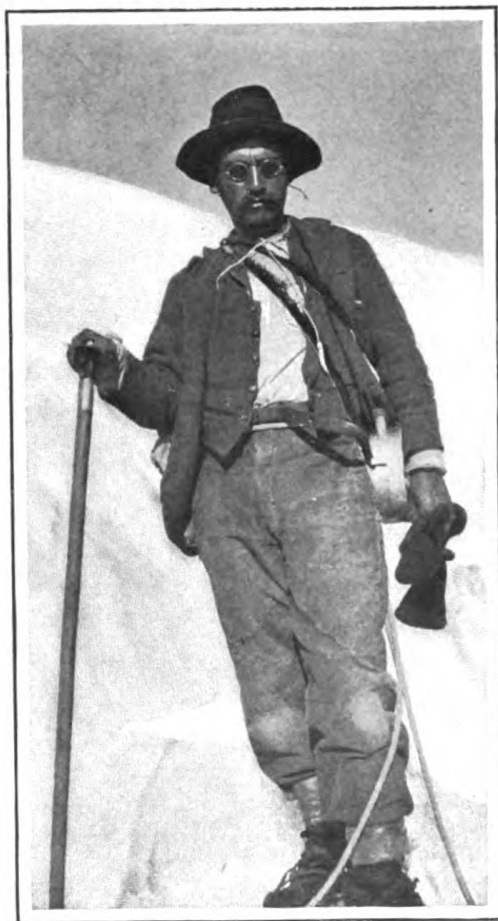


SOUTH PEAK, LOOKING FROM OUR HIGHEST CAMP

but that water would not boil. On another stove we made tea,—but the soup! After two hours the rice was raw, and a few spoonfuls sufficed.

It was colder here than below. I had thought excellent my plan of having a little tent all to myself, but it did not so prove. At the door it was barely five feet high, sloping to the other end. It was just wide enough for my sleeping-bag. To move about inside was impossible. I had to sit down and arrange my apparel as best I could. In the middle of the day it was very warm, but extremely cold at night. I already had on three suits of woollen underwear, two pairs of stockings, and vicuña fur socks; but the latter were damp, so I removed them for an extra pair of stockings. To sit in cramped quarters, take off high-laced boots, change stockings, put on Eskimo

trousers, get out my toilet articles, cold-cream, witch-hazel, Japanese stoves, when already half dead with fatigue and stiff with the cold—well, it was the hardest kind of labor. Every few minutes I was obliged to rest from exhaustion. I could not do half that I wished; when I tried to sleep it proved in vain. Cold



RAMOS

I was, too, especially my nose. A vicuña fur glove at length served as protection. I had more clothing, but to get out my bag and put it on seemed impossible.

With the dawn I blew my whistle for rising, but in vain. When I was dressed—which means getting out of my bag, putting on my boots, and combing my hair (no washing up here if you value your skin)—I went over to the other tent, where all was still. I exhorted them to rise and be off, but, lo! the In-

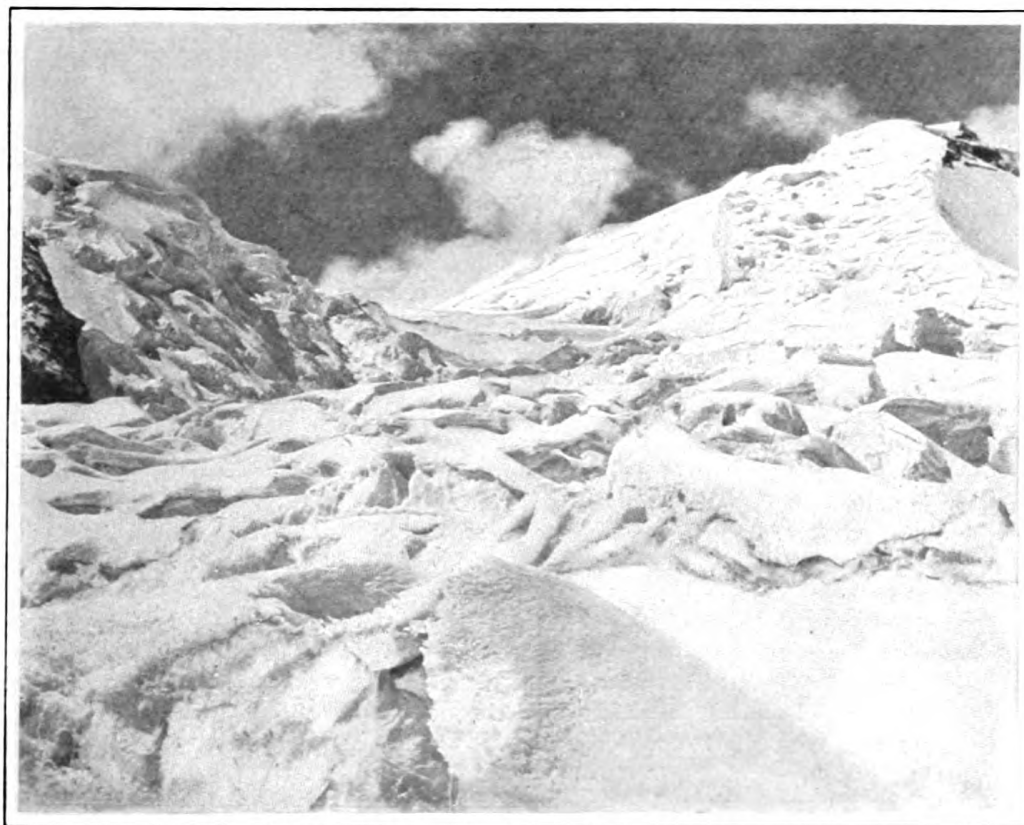
dians refused to go farther. Later I learned that it was not the cold alone that they feared, but during the night they had discussed the matter, and said, "What would money profit them if they were changed into stone?" as they believed would happen if they went higher.

It remained for the rest of us to advance as far as might be, if possible to the big rock, returning in time to go down to the snow-line before dark. E., however, was ill; he had eaten the half-cooked rice and had an attack of colic. Nevertheless, he said he could and would go; X. also. After a hasty meal, E. took his flags and the hypsometer, but X. refused to carry the camera or put on the rope. Then I told him he could not go at all, so he presently yielded. Our progress was slow, as the way was steeper and more difficult. Suddenly, in crossing a gully, our leader slipped and slid rapidly down as far as the rope allowed, dropping his ice-axe by the way instead of using it to stop himself; so it depended solely upon me. Luckily I now had on climbing-irons and was holding the rope tight. When the pull came, much to my delight it was not so strong as I expected, and I had no difficulty in retaining my position and stopping his downward career. E. readily regained his feet and his ice-axe, and we continued on our way. Again X. refused to proceed with the rope or to carry the camera. I called him a coward, and all I could in Spanish, to no avail. "He did not propose to be killed, if we were: he would hold the rope in his hand." Yes, and drop it if we both slipped. No, indeed, said I. It was all or none. I took the camera, coiled up the extra rope, and went on with E. alone. Presently I perceived X. following. He overtook us, half apologized for his conduct, said he would take the camera and put on the rope, but what would I give him? I considered the twenty soles promised far more than he deserved, but at length agreed to give thirty if we reached the big rock. It seemed near, but with the necessary windings and our delays, at half past one it might take another hour to arrive. Fearing that the Indians would depart, leaving the tents, etc., on the snow, if we did not return by three, I reluctantly gave the word to halt. I

boiled my thermometer—temperature 83.92 Centigrade—took some photographs, and a light luncheon, and then we retraced our steps. Going down at this altitude is very different from going up. An hour brought us to camp. The Indians were on the watch, and seeing us in the distance, in great haste began packing. This was the first and only time that I have seen people hurry in South America. Instead of the usual hour, fifteen minutes sufficed. Meanwhile X. and E., without burdens or rope, set off for the mine, E. asserting that he must return at once to Yungay for medicine. With all on the same rope, I led the others down, in an hour and a half reaching the rocks. My disgust at this outcome was great, but there seemed no help for it. On the following day we descended to the mine, whence I rode back to Yungay, ready to appreciate a good dinner and bed. E. had arrived at 1 A.M., a sick man, with practically no food for twenty-four hours.

Next day a letter came from E. offer-

ing to accompany me on another mountain expedition, to Cerro de Pasco, or even to the United States if I desired a companion. The superintendent of the mine, B., a gentleman of strength and intelligence, had expressed a wish to make the ascent of Huascarán. On Friday evening both arrived, and after some conversation we decided to make another attempt. I had no desire to repeat so much work for nothing. Sleepless nights and tiresome days had left me much the worse for wear, especially as, having neglected to wear a mask on the snow, my face was burned till I was hardly recognizable. Still, if there was a chance for the mountain, I wished to improve it. E. had done well, but I relied more upon B. The Indians were evidently useless, but E. declared that in Carhuaz he could find cholos, or half-breeds, without their superstitions, equally strong and more courageous. Moreover, these men would make a contract before a justice of the peace that they



CREVASSES SEEN FROM HIGHEST POINT REACHED JULY 22

should receive twenty-five soles each on condition only of arriving at the highest point between the two peaks. Failing to do this, each was to pay a fine of twenty soles.

Accordingly, having made preparations once more, I again set out for the mine, arriving about six. No E. Dinner was delayed, but finally eaten. Still no E. At nine I gave it up and retired, but about ten heard E.'s voice announcing their arrival. For some reason, this time not fleas, I was unable to sleep, and soon after five was up and out, hoping for an early start. After long waiting E. appeared, and I learned that he had brought only three of the men. The others would not come at night. E.'s assurance that they would arrive by eight and then we would set out was futile. I retorted that they could not arrive before twelve, possibly two, and we had lost a day, and my prognostication proved correct.

Friday morning, August 3, we again set out for the snow. It would be a long story to tell how after luncheon E. vanished, thus obliging me to carry a canteen of alcohol which I dared not leave behind; how, later, B. fell ill in consequence of drinking some cold water at luncheon, to which he was unaccustomed; how I went ahead to find a good place to camp and the men refused to follow; how at length they advanced to a most undesirable place near the snow and left me to whistle and wait for them in vain. When at last I approached them, I emphatically expressed my opinion of their conduct. After supper, having supplied B., for his colic, with a Japanese stove, which served as a hot-water bag for more than two hours, I crept into my sleeping-bag, thoroughly tired out from carrying an unwonted burden, and feeling that with men who paid no attention to my commands there was small chance for accomplishing anything. A sleepless night was to be expected.

The alarm at five aroused the others. By seven we were able to set out, and at eight to enter upon the snow. For the first time I began to feel hopeful. But E., having stipulated that he should be leading guide, soon left our former excellent route for a more direct line towards the great rock. In this direction the snow was more uneven, with larger

hillocks and hollows. After advising the old route I allowed him to take his own way, saying that if wrong on this occasion he must in future be guided by me. His way proved much more difficult; continually worse than before. The cholos did well, except one, Manuel, especially stupid and clumsy, who came next after me. True, he had no climbing-irons, but neither had several others. In one place we came up a short steep slope (I believe there was a small crevasse at the bottom), then made a traverse along a snow incline. I had made the ascent and was going on slowly, when I felt a strong pull from the rear. Without looking back I braced myself firmly. Luckily there was a narrow crevasse on my right, in which I placed my ice-axe. The pull increasing, I thrust it down farther. Shouting to the man to come on, I glanced around. It was funny, though uncomfortable. The man was on all fours on the steep slope, not making the slightest effort to recover himself. The leader of the second set, Ramos—a most efficient and intelligent man—was not only exhorting him to go on, but was giving him punches in the rear, which finally impelled him to get up and proceed. In a similar occurrence later the man not only went on all fours, but buried his head on his arms, too much frightened to look up and try to right himself.

At luncheon I gave B., who till now had not ventured to eat, the last of some raw eggs. Against my advice he ate cheese. It was not strange that soon after he declared that he was worse and he must return to the mine. What now? I could not allow him to go alone, though he professed his ability to do so. E. proposed to accompany him to the edge of the snow. I offered them a piece of the rope, but they would have none of it, and at once started off. I called to E. to bring back the climbing-irons B. was wearing, which had been made expressly to fit my shoes, but which I had let him wear, as he thought no others would answer. The men now wished to pitch the tents and advance no farther. This would never do, so I proposed to lead the way, with Ramos second. To this there were loud objections, as Ramos had led the rear so skilfully, but I could not



TOP CAMP, SECOND EXPEDITION, AUGUST 6

have the clumsy Manuel as my only safeguard. At length, all on one rope, we set out towards the big rock. In a few minutes they again wished to pitch the tents. With difficulty I urged them onwards. Now a dark cloud betokened storm, and soon it began to snow. After a few moments it seemed best to pitch the big tent as a shelter for all. We did not expect E. before six, as he had left with B. about two, but at four we heard a voice outside, and there he was. I said, "You could not have taken B. to the rocks?" "No," he replied, but B. declared that he could go on by himself, so he had returned. Naturally he did not bring my climbing-irons, which I regretted. Also I felt some fear for B., alone and ill. However, he arrived safely, though, as I learned later, both he and E. had slipped a considerable distance on the snow, without serious injury. When the snow ceased I proposed to proceed, but the men declared that the tent was wet and heavy, and it would be better to stay here and start early in the morning. After supper, as usual, I put on extra clothing, but hardly enough, and passed another sleepless night.

The alarm was set at five, and I urged the importance of an early start, but it was undeniably cold. The wind invariably sprang up before dawn and continued several hours. I had requested E. to have the kettle only half filled with water for chaqui, it took so long to melt the snow and boil the water. With the same amount of chaqui the soup would be equally nourishing. But he only replied that they were not accustomed to it that way. In my separate tent I was not on hand to regulate such matters. When ready to set out it was *ten o'clock*—a nice time truly for a mountain climb! Continuing our upward way, E. ahead, we soon disagreed about the route. As he had chosen so badly the day before, I insisted on my opinion, whereupon he said I might lead myself, and untied the rope and went off. I was well satisfied with this arrangement, and we proceeded, later overtaking E. at the top of the hill. He now seemed more amenable to reason, and we went on together, but at the next halt open rebellion arose. Declaring that the way was much more difficult than they expected, the men announced that they would go

no farther unless for more pay. Several times before I had been imposed upon in a similar manner, so I determined to try what firmness would do. I reminded them of their contract for twenty-five soles and of the fine they were to pay if the contract should be unfulfilled. But now I learned, contrary to E.'s letter, that only three had signed the contract. I said they could do as they liked, go up or down; it was immaterial to me. But if they returned I should pay them no more. Whereupon all but Ramos started off below, leaving their burdens behind on the snow. I called to them, "If you leave these things, leave also my boots, clothing, climbing-irons, and ice-axes." But here they had the advantage. These they said they would leave at the edge of the snow.

This was indeed a sad plight. E., Ramos, and I could not carry down half of the things. On the whole, it seemed wiser to temporize. I did not so much mind paying their demand of ten soles more each if they did reach the top of the saddle. If they did not, I should not have to pay the additional sum, and next time I would at least make sure that they brought down the things. So I told E. to call them back, that I yielded. (E. had not helped me in this crisis, and I was informed later that he had incited the men to make this demand.) Now we had an explicit un-

derstanding. They were to obey my orders. They were to go on that night till six o'clock. The next morning they were to be off by seven and reach the top of the saddle that day. There would be three more nights on the snow. They should not receive the money unless they reached the desired point. All was agreed to and solemnly promised, and we again set out, E. putting on the rope and heading once more for the great rock. Enormous hollows and hills and crevasses lay between, and soon the way appeared impracticable. I pointed out the difficulties, but E. urged the matter, so I suggested his going ahead to investigate. After some time, becoming alarmed lest he had fallen, we all followed, whistling and shouting in vain, till we paused on the edge of a perpendicular descent of fifty feet. A voice came up from below. "What!" I said. "Down there? Have you, then, fallen?" "No," he replied; he was merely cutting his way down, had about finished, and would go on. This seemed incredible. Undoubtedly, judging from the time that had elapsed, he had had a bad fall here. Now he went up the next snowy hill, very steep, but at its summit he declared as usual that the way beyond was practicable, even easy, and that the great rock was near. I did not like the looks of the descent, but with Ramos holding the rope I climbed down to investigate. It was extremely difficult, impossible for men with packs or for clumsy Manuel without any. To lower the packs with a rope would take considerable time. The next slope was too steep for men with heavy burdens. E.'s statement that it was easy beyond was hardly trustworthy. Accordingly I climbed up again and gave the word to retreat. E., however, declared that he should go on to the rock. Argument was useless.

We retraced our steps to the south as soon as possible, turning to the left towards the saddle. Though I followed an easier way, the men soon began to grumble. They were tired and wished to halt for the night. They were afraid of being overwhelmed by an avalanche, such as we had seen fall over the cliffs of the south peak. They insisted at least on a short rest, and I went on alone to see if the way were practica-



MANUEL, WHO SLIPPED



RAMOS FISHING IN CREVASSE FOR LOST PACK

ble. It was, and I was returning to urge them forward, when, lo! they had pitched the tent at no later than five o'clock. Nothing was left but to whistle, again and again, to inform E. where we were. Just before dark I saw and heard him far to the north, with many impassable hollows between. While supper was in progress I asked one of the men to go out and shout to inform him where we were. Later I went out, called and whistled, without any response. It was eight when again I heard a distant cry. Now I bethought me of my hitherto unused folding-lantern. Having put it in shape, I asked the men with rope and candle to go in search of E., who might have fallen, and if so would perish with the cold. Not a man would stir. I said everything to them that I knew in Spanish—that they were without shame or pity, that they were no men, and worse than women; but all in vain. One man had hung the lantern outside and shouted, but that was all. I could

not go alone, so I stood and waited, wondering if a tragedy was to conclude my efforts on Huascaran.

About nine I heard a shout, and once more espied E. on the next ridge, with a great hollow between. I called to him to wait, that we would come with rope and lantern, and soon he would have the light of the moon. Ramos now rushed out of the tent, grasping rope and lantern, and calling on the others to follow. I had previously been trying to get my climbing-irons, but now I did not wait for them. Ramos and I at once set off down the slope, E. having already started down the slope opposite. We met him in the hollow below and brought him back to camp safe and sound, but, alas! without my barometer, which he had been carrying. This, he said, he had been obliged to leave behind if he were to save his life. He knew where it was and would get it in the morning.

After this adventure I felt more than ever the folly of trying to go on. There

was no knowing what E. would do next. Evidently he could not in any way be depended upon, and if we reached the top of the saddle, it seemed dangerous to attempt the summit with such a companion. Then the men had again been insubordinate. With such people it seemed hopeless.

Another night with only a half-hour's sleep and a headache as well. But early in the morning a man brought some coca tea, and I began to feel hopeful. Presently I went over to see about breakfast. Again the kettle was full and nearly boiling. E. was asleep. Time passed slowly. More alcohol was needed. When we had eaten the chaqui and were ready to start, the clock stood at *eleven*. At this rate two days more to the top of the saddle! We might as well go down first as last. A thousand feet more or less hardly mattered if we could not approach the top. Yet if we could! I asked the men if they would go on, and all replied, "Yes." "Very well," I said. "Go up!" But now the alcohol! The second canteen was shaken. Not much left, though we had had more than six bottles: enough for one day only. Twice as much had disappeared as was necessary. At least four days more on the snow if we were to reach the top! In vain, then, a single day and night, with the possibility of a second desertion by the men and of any unforeseen calamity from E. It seemed the part of wisdom to retreat. I had boiled my thermometer the night before—temperature 83.22 C., a height of about 17,500 feet only: 2500 feet in two days, not half-way to the saddle! At the snow-line the boiling temperature was 85.6 C.

E. and his special man went off in quest of the barometer. I led the other party down. We at once took a different and, as it proved, an easier route. Seeing a long slope at the left, I thought I would survey the prospect in this direction. At the top I was astonished to find an immense crevasse, far larger than any seen before, twenty feet wide and one hundred or more deep, extending straight down the mountain. I thought I should like a picture of this fine sight, and having assented to Ramos's request to be in it, turned to get my camera from the man in the rear. While my

back was turned, Ramos, evidently believing that he would look better without his pack, took it off and deposited it on the sloping snow. Hearing an exclamation, I looked around, to see the pack, carefully done up in a poncho, rolling down towards the brink of another crevasse at right angles to the big one. Why Ramos did not run forward and stop it, unless because they never hurry, I cannot see. I had the impulse, but it was already half-way down the slope, and in a moment disappeared over the brink. Ramos now went around to the lower side, while I took my picture without him. Then we all proceeded below and looked over the edge. To my dismay I found that this crevasse, too, seemed a hundred feet deep; at all events we could not see the bottom. Far below appeared a slope of ice, but it was a bend. No pack was visible. At once I said only one thing could be done. If Ramos could be lowered into the crevasse, with four men holding the rope, he might regain the pack. If not, it was wholly lost. Ramos thought, however, that he might fish it up with an ice-axe tied to the rope. There wasn't one chance in a thousand, but I let him try—of course in vain. We halted for luncheon, and then went on to the rocks. The other two were still above, but joined us by five o'clock, without the barometer. E. said he could not find it. The next day I returned alone to Yungay.

While leaving the country with regret that this magnificent mountain is still unclimbed, I congratulate myself on getting back alive, and promise never to go climbing again with one who has been really mad. From my observations taken with the hypsometer and reasonable estimates from these it would seem that if the snow-line is 15,000 feet (it is very likely more), the top of the saddle should be fully 20,000. Estimating the height of the south peak above as three-fifths of the difference, the summit should have an altitude of over 23,000 feet—a little greater than Aconcagua. With three Swiss guides, native porters on the snow could be dispensed with, and in three days from the snow-line this interesting problem could be solved.



Little-Girl-Afraid-of-a-Dog

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

"THE chickens are beginning to lay again," said Emmeline's aunt Martha, "and Emmeline can begin carrying eggs over to the poor Ticknors to-morrow." Martha, who was quite young and pretty, cast a glance of congratulation at Emmeline, as if she were proposing a great pleasure.

Emmeline's mother echoed her sister. "Yes, that is so," said she. "Sydney" (Sydney was the man) "said yesterday that the chickens were laying very well. To-morrow Emmeline shall begin."

"Only think how nice it is going to be for those poor Ticknors, with all those children, to have half a dozen new-laid eggs every day," said Martha, again with that congratulatory glance at her little

niece, who sat beside the west window, holding her best doll.

"We shall be able to send more than that some days, I dare say," said Emmeline's mother. "Maybe, when I go to the store, I will buy a pretty new basket for you to carry the eggs in, dear."

"Yes'm," said Emmeline in a low voice. She sat full in the glow of the setting wintry sun, and her whole little blond head and delicate face was gilded by it. It was impossible for her mother and her aunt to see that she had turned very pale. She kept her face turned toward the window, too, and when she said "Yes'm," infused a hypocritical tone of joy into the word, although she was a most honest and conscientious little girl.

In fact, the joy was assumed because of a Jesuit-like issue of conscience in her inner dealings with herself.

The Ticknors, the poor Ticknors, with the large brood of children, lived about half a mile down the road, and Emmeline's mother and aunt esteemed it a great delight for her to carry eggs to them, when eggs were plentiful. Emmeline herself never denied the delight, but God alone knew how glad she was, how wickedly (she told herself that it was wickedly) glad she was, when about Thanksgiving-time, when people naturally wished to use more eggs, the chickens, after the perverse nature of their race, laid fewer eggs, and there were only enough for the family. Then Emmeline had a respite. She grew plumper, and there was more color on her little soft curving cheeks. "Emmeline always seems so much better this time of the year," her mother often said, and she never dreamed why it was, although Emmeline could have told her, had it not been for her conscience, which pricked her on in spite of her pains. The Ticknors had a dog—a very small dog, it is true, but with a voice enough for a whole pack, and Emmeline was in mortal terror of him. He always barked at her when she went to carry the eggs, and he always sniffed ominously around her ankles. Sometimes he made bounds of vicious yelping joy at her, almost reaching her face, although he was a little dog. Emmeline was a little girl, small for her age, which was barely ten. She was very much under the dominion, the very loving dominion, of her mother and aunt. Her father was dead. The Ames—Emmeline's last name was Ames—lived on a small farm, and Sydney managed it. They were regarded as quite rich people in the little village where they lived, and they looked at themselves in that light. Therefore they realized a sense of duty, of pleasurable duty, toward the less fortunate people around them. At that very moment both Aunt Martha and Mrs. Ames were sewing upon garments for poor people, some strong and durable flannellette petticoats, of soft pink and blue. Sometimes Emmeline herself was asked to sew a seam on these soft garments, and she always obeyed with the utmost docility, although she

did not like to sew very well. She was a sober, reflective little girl, not exactly indolent, but inclined to sit quite still, while her young mind indulged in prying into the future and conceptions of life and her own little niche in the universal scheme of things, which would have quite astounded her mother and her aunt Martha had they known of it. They saw in Emmeline only a darling, obedient, sweet little girl holding her doll-baby; not as she really was—lit into flame by her own imaginings and the sun. Neither dreamed that, as she sat there and said "Yes'm" so prettily, she was shuddering in her very soul from a most exaggerated fear, stimulated by an imagination entirely beyond theirs, of the Ticknors' little dog.

Soon the copper-gilt glow faded from Emmeline's head and face, and she sat a pale little shadow in the dusk, until her mother lighted the lamp, and Annie the maid came in to announce supper. Emmeline had not much appetite that night, although there were her favorite fried oysters and waffles. It seemed as if the subject of the eggs and the Ticknors, which caused her to project more plainly her vision of fear concerning the little dog, could not be let alone. They had hardly seated themselves at the table before Annie spoke of the large number of eggs which had been brought in that day. Annie had been with the Ames a long time, and was considered quite a member of the family. "I think you can carry a dozen eggs to-morrow morning, dear," Emmeline's mother said happily.

"Yes'm," replied Emmeline.

"Only think what it will mean to those poor Ticknors," said Aunt Martha.

"Yes'm," said Emmeline.

Then Emmeline's mother noticed that the child was not eating as usual. "Why, Emmeline," she said, "you have not half finished your oysters."

Emmeline looked helplessly at her plate, and said that she was not very hungry. She felt that she was wicked because she was not hungry, since she was so afraid of the Ticknors' little dog that she did not want to carry the eggs to them the next morning, when they were so poor and needed the eggs so much.

"If you don't eat your oysters, you must swallow two raw eggs," said Emme-

line's mother suddenly. "Annie, beat up two eggs with a little sugar and nutmeg and a little milk."

Emmeline felt just then more than a physical loathing, she felt a moral loathing for anything in the shape of an egg, but she swallowed the mixture which Annie presently brought to her, with her usual docility.

"That will be just as nourishing as the oysters," said Aunt Martha. Aunt Martha had on her pretty blue gown. She was expecting Mr. John Adams that evening. It was Wednesday, and Mr. John always came on Wednesday and Sunday evenings. Emmeline knew why. She knew with a shy and secret admiration, and a forecast of Wednesday and Sunday evenings yet to be when some young man should come to see her. She made up her mind that she would wear red on those interesting occasions, which filled her, young as she was, with a sweet sense of mystery and prescience. She gazed at pretty Aunt Martha, in her gown of soft blue, cut out in a tiny square at the neck, revealing her long white throat. She forgot for a second the Ticknors and the Ticknor dog, which represented the genuine bugbear of her childhood. Then the old fear overcame her again. Her mother regarded her, and Aunt Martha regarded her; then the two women exchanged glances. After supper, when they were all on their way back to the sitting-room, Emmeline's mother whispered anxiously in Martha's ear, "She doesn't look well."

Martha nodded assent. "I don't think she has had enough fresh air lately," she said in a low voice. "It will do her good to take that morning run to the Ticknors'."

"That is so," assented Emmeline's mother. "I'll have her go to bed early to-night; then right after breakfast to-morrow morning, when the air is fresh, she can take the eggs to the Ticknors'."

Emmeline went to bed before Mr. John Adams arrived. Her mother tucked her in and kissed her, then blew out the lamp and went down-stairs. Emmeline had said her prayers, introducing, mentally, a little clause with regard to the Ticknor dog. It was a piteous little child codicil to the Lord's Prayer and "Now I lay me," which she always said.

After her mother had gone down-stairs Emmeline lay awake staring at the darkness. The darkness very soon seemed to flicker with wild-fire; grotesque faces grinned at her from the midst of this fire, which was and was not. A terrible horror, of which the little bugbear dog was the keystone, was over her. She wanted so to call her mother, to get up and run down-stairs into the lamp-lit sitting-room; but she lay still, stiff and rigid. She had too much self-control for her own good, young as she was. Presently she heard the distant tinkle of the front-door bell, and heard Aunt Martha open the door and greet Mr. John Adams. Again, for a second, her own spirit of joyous prophecy was over her; but after Mr. John Adams and Aunt Martha had gone into the parlor, and she could only hear the faint hum of their voices, she returned to her former state. However, it was not very long before her attention was again diverted. Mr. John Adams had a very deep bass voice. All of a sudden this great bass was raised. Emmeline could not distinguish one word, but it sounded like a roar to her. Then, also, she heard her aunt Martha's sweet shrill voice, almost loud enough for the words to be audible. Then she heard doors opening, and shutting with almost a slam; then she was certain she heard a sob from the front entry. Then she heard the sitting-room door opened with a fling, then a continuous agitated hum of conversation between her mother and aunt. Emmeline wondered why Mr. John Adams had gone so soon, and why he had almost slammed the door, and what her aunt and mother were talking about so excitedly. Then, as she had not much curiosity, her mind reverted to her own affairs, and again the wild-fire of the darkness flickered and the grotesque faces grinned at her, and all her pleasant gates of sleep and dreams were guarded against her by the Ticknors' little dog.

Emmeline slept very little that night. When she did sleep, she had horrible dreams. Once she woke crying out, and her mother was standing over her with a lighted lamp. "What is the matter? Are you ill?" asked her mother. Her mother was much older than Aunt Martha, but she looked very pretty in her long, trailing white robe, with the

lamplight shining upon her loving, anxious face.

"I had a dream," said Emmeline, faintly.

"I guess you were lying on your back," said her mother. "Turn over on your side, darling, and try to go to sleep again. Don't think about the dream. Remember how you are going to carry eggs to those poor Ticknor children to-morrow morning. Then, I know, you will go to sleep."

"Yes'm." said Emmeline, and she turned obediently on her side, and her mother went out.

Emmeline slept no more that night. It was about four o'clock in the morning. The Ameses had quite an early breakfast, at seven o'clock. Emmeline reflected that in three hours she should be up and dressed and at the breakfast-table; that breakfast would take about half an hour; that in about three hours and a half she would be on her way to the Ticknors'. She felt almost as a condemned criminal might have felt on the morning of his execution.

When she went laggingly down-stairs, as Annie played a discordant chime on the string of Japanese bells, she felt weak and was very pale. Her mother and Martha, who herself looked wretched, as if she had been weeping all night, glanced at her, then again at each other. "It will do her good to get out in the fresh air," said Martha, stifling a heavy sigh.

Emmeline's mother looked commiseratingly at her sister. "Why don't you slip on your brown gown and go with her, dear?" she said. "You look as if the air would do you good, too."

Annie, coming in with the eggs, cast a sharp glance of mingled indignation and sympathy at Miss Martha. She knew perfectly well what the matter was. She had abnormally good ears, and had been in the dining-room, the evening before, when Mr. John Adams was in the parlor with Miss Martha, and there was a door between, a badly hung door, with cracks in it, and she had heard. She had not meant to listen, although she felt that all the affairs of the Ames family were her own, and she had a perfect right to know about them. She knew that Mr. John Adams had been talking about

where he and Miss Martha should live after they were married, and had insisted upon her going to live in the old Adams homestead with his mother and elder brother and two sisters, instead of living right along with Emmeline and her mother and herself (Annie). She considered that Miss Martha had done exactly right to stand out as she had done. Everybody knew what old Mrs. Adams was, and one of the sisters was called quick-tempered, and the elder brother was unmarried, and there was therefore no possible reason why Mr. John Adams should feel obliged to remain at home after his marriage. On the other side, it would obviously be very hard for Emmeline's mother to part with her sister and live alone in her big house with Emmeline and Annie. It was a very large house, and there was plenty of room; whereas the Adams house was small. There could be no question, so Annie thought, and so Emmeline's mother thought, and so Martha herself thought, but she had done right. Martha reasoned it out in her own mind that John Adams could not care so very much for her or he would not insist upon subjecting her to such discomfort and annoyance as she would evidently experience if she were to live in the Adams house after her marriage.

John had always been frank about his mother's difficult temper and his sister's, although he was a devoted son and brother. He knew, too, that Martha could not have a sitting-room to herself in which to display her wedding treasures, and she could have that in the Ames house. She considered within herself that he could not possibly love her as much as she had supposed, because he had given no reason whatever for his insistence that she should comply with his wishes except that they were his wishes. Martha had a pretty spirit of her own, and she resented anything like tyranny, even in those whom she loved. So she held her head high, although her eyes were red, and said, in reply to her sister's suggestion, that she rather thought she would not. She thought she would take the ten-thirty train for Bolton and do a little shopping. She wanted to see about a spring suit, and the sooner she got the material at the dress-maker's the better. She said it exactly

as if she had not planned to have that same spring suit her going-away costume when she was married. Martha had expected to be married the first of June. It was now March. When she said that about going to Bolton her sister's face brightened, and she gave her a look of pride in her spirit. "So I would," said she. She did not notice at all how Emmeline's face fell. For a second the thought of her aunt's going with her to the Ticknors' and shooing away with her superior courage and strength that dreadful little dog had caused her heart to leap exultantly. But now that chance of respite was gone. She took a spoonful of her cereal, puckering her little mouth most pathetically after she had swallowed it. She did not care for cereal, and only ate it because her mother and aunt said that it was good for her. Emmeline had begun to wonder why so many things which she disliked, and so many things which she more than disliked, were so good for her. She acquiesced in the wisdom of her elders, but she wondered.

She ate her cereal, then her soft-boiled egg on toast. She hated eggs that morning, although usually she liked them. She felt as if she was fairly eating her terror and dread of what lay before her: eggs were so intimately associated with it. It seemed to her that the fear in her heart was enough, without being obliged to have it in her stomach also.

After breakfast, Emmeline put on her

red coat and hat—she was still wearing her winter garments—and her mother gave the basket of eggs to her and kissed her. "Don't walk too fast and get all tired out, dear," she said.

She and Martha stood at the window



"WHAT IS THE MATTER?" ASKED HER MOTHER

watching the gay little figure move slowly down the road. They need not have cautioned her against speed. She did not feel in the least inclined to hurry.

"The child does not look very well this morning," said Mrs. Ames. "She has that old anxious expression again, and she is pale, and she ate her breakfast as if she did not want it."

"Ate it just as if she was swallowing pills," said Annie.

"Yes, she did," Mrs. Ames agreed, anxiously.

"Well, the walk in the fresh morning air will do her good," said Martha. "I must make a start if I am going to catch that ten-thirty train. I must mend my gloves. I think I will wear my brown taffeta. I may call at the Robinses' while I am in Bolton."

"I would," said Mrs. Ames. It was tacitly understood between them that nothing more was to be said about Mr. John Adams, that the whole subject was to be left out of sight and hearing, and everything was to go on as before. However, as the last glimpse of red disappeared down the street, and Martha's step was heard overhead, her sister thought how glad she was that she had proposed going to Bolton. "It will take her mind up," she thought, but she would not have said it to Martha for the world.

Meantime, Emmeline continued slowly but none the less surely on her road to the Ticknors'. It was a perfectly straight road for a quarter of a mile, then it curved. It was not until one passed this curve that one could see the Ticknors' ragged, squalid residence. Then one saw it as a blur on the landscape. How Emmeline dreaded rounding that curve! She walked very slowly, toeing in a little, as was her wont when she was nervously intent. She prayed incessantly, and her poor little prayer ran in this wise: "Oh, Father in Heaven, please take care of me and don't let Spotty come near me nor hurt me nor bark at me." Emmeline repeated this prayer over and over in a sort of rhythmic cadence. She fairly kept step with it, and yet she had not the slightest faith in the prayer. She could not really see why she should have. She had always prayed in such wise while carrying eggs to the Ticknors, and Spotty had never failed to race barking out to meet her and sniff at her nervous, twitching little ankles and try little nips and tugs at her skirts. The prayer had never, so far as she could see, been answered, and why should she expect it to be now? Emmeline was a very honest little girl. She was reverent, and she believed God could keep Spotty from barking at her; but she did not believe that He would. Moreover, she was Christian enough to hope and trust, somehow, that these agonies of terror which she was called upon to undergo were in

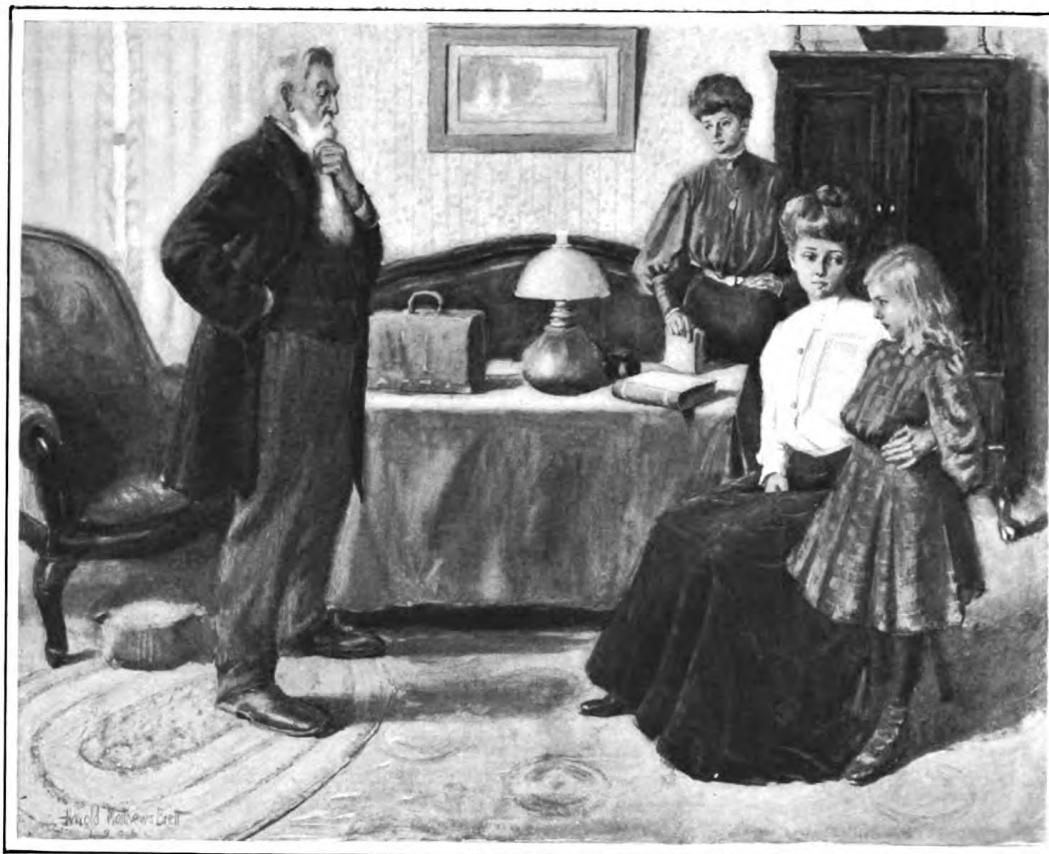
the end for her spiritual good. She did not complain, but she knew that she suffered, and she knew that Spotty would not fail to bark.

Presently she turned that dreaded curve of the road, and she could see the wretched place where the Ticknors lived. The dwelling itself was an unpainted, out-of-drawing shanty, leaning so far to one side that it seemed it must topple over, but saving itself by a lurch in another direction. It was a very drunkard of a house, a habitation which had taken upon itself the character of its inmates. It was degenerate, miserable, and oblivious to its misery. Beside this main shanty was a stable, far out of the perpendicular, out of which looked a high-hipped cow. Sometimes Emmeline was afraid of the cow, which was often at large, but never as of the dog. There was also a pigsty and various other horrible little adjuncts of the main whole. Emmeline shuddered as she came in sight of it. The mere aspect of the place would have gotten on her sensitive nerves even if Spotty had not been there. But immediately, breaking upon her prayer, came the well-known vicious little yelp. Spotty was a mongrel, but he had wondrous ears. Emmeline espied the little animal coming for her so fast that he seemed a mere line of speed, but never ceasing that wild yelp. Emmeline prayed on, and walked on. It was strange that she never at such times thought of turning around and running. It never occurred to her to disobey her mother and not take the eggs to the Ticknors. She walked along, praying, her heart beating heavily, her limbs shaking. The little dog reached her. He was a little dog, and it was a sheer absurdity for her to feel such fear of him. He danced around in circles, a regular dog war-dance, as she advanced. His yelps became louder and louder. It seemed inconceivable that such a small animal could have such a terrific bark. Emmeline went steadily on, toeing in, holding her basket of eggs in a hand which did not feel as if it belonged to her. It did not seem that her whole body belonged to her in any other sense than as a machine which bore her conscience, her obedience, her fear, and the basket of eggs. When she reached the Ticknor house she was blue-



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

"MOTHER SENT THESE EGGS," SAID EMMELINE IN A SMALL, WEAK VOICE



FINALLY THE DOCTOR WAS CALLED IN

white, trembling with a curious rigid tremor. She knocked, and the little dog gave a furious, a frantic yelp, and tugged at her skirt. Then the second of her deliverance came. The door opened. An enormous slatternly woman, a mountain of inert flesh, appeared. She bade the dog be quiet. He did not obey, but Emmeline had a sense of protection. It had occurred to her more than once that perhaps Mrs. Ticknor, in consideration of the eggs, would, if Spotty actually attacked her, sit upon him; that she would not actually let her be bitten. Behind Mrs. Ticknor the close room swarmed with children—children with gaping, grinning faces, some of them with impudent faces, but most of them placidly inert like their mother. The Ticknors represented the very doldrums of humanity. None of them worked nor progressed, except the father, who occasionally could be induced to do a little work for the neighbors when the supplies ran too low and actual starvation became a

temporary goad. To-day he was ploughing for a farmer, plodding lazily along behind a heavy old horse. He could scarcely be said to be working. Emmeline was glad that he was not at home. Sometimes he had been drinking considerable hard cider, and although he never spoke to her, the hard red in his face disturbed her; also the glassy stare of his stupid eyes.

"Mother sent these eggs," said Emmeline in a small, weak voice. Mrs. Ticknor took them with an inarticulate note of thanks, like a dumb beast. The children stared and grinned and gaped. All the dingy room seemed full of staring eyes, and gaping, grinning mouths. The little dog yelped viciously, louder and louder. It was incredible of what a crescendo that small dog was capable. Emmeline pinned her faith on Mrs. Ticknor's coming to her rescue in case of an actual assault, but every minute she expected to feel the needlelike teeth in her ankle. All her flesh shrank and

quivered. It seemed as if Mrs. Ticknor would never find a dish in which to deposit the eggs. Finally she did, however, and Emmeline took her basket. The little dog followed, with his circling war-dance and his crescendo of yelps, to the curve of the road. Then, as was invariably the case, he turned suddenly and ran home, as if with a sudden conviction that the game was not worth the candle.

Then Emmeline toed out, and walked on briskly, her head up; her trial for that day was over.

When she reached home her mother looked at her and her face brightened. "You look so much better for your walk, darling," she said. Then she asked if the Ticknors seemed pleased with the eggs. Emmeline was in a little doubt as to the amount of actual pleasure which the Ticknors had displayed, but she said "Yes'm."

"It means a great deal to them, poor things," said her mother. "I am so glad we can help them a little, and so glad you can do your part."

"Yes'm," said Emmeline.

The next morning the torture was repeated. It was like a historical promenade betwixt two rows of Indians armed with cruel weapons. However, she survived it, and when she came home both her mother and aunt remarked upon her improved appearance. That was what so misled them. Every morning Emmeline returned from her charitable trip with such a sense of momentary relief, that her face was naturally brighter than when she started, but all the while she steadily lost ground under the strain. Finally the doctor was called in and a tonic prescribed, and when school began, after the spring vacation, it was decided that Emmeline should remain at home and try to go on with her class with Aunt Martha's assistance.

"I think nothing except that morning walk to the Ticknors', to carry eggs, keeps the poor child up, anyway," said Emmeline's mother, who had followed the doctor to the door.

"I dare say," he replied. "Keep her out in the fresh air all you can, and send her on errands that interest her."

"That does interest her," said Mrs. Ames. "She is so pleased to think she

is helping those poor Ticknors, dear little thing."

Emmeline overheard what was said; the door was slightly ajar. There was a curious little twitch about her sensitive mouth. Troubled as she was, she saw the humor in the situation. The very thing which was making her ill, her mother regarded as her chief medicine. It seemed strange that Emmeline did not tell her mother of her true state of mind. The expeditions would have been at once stopped. She did not tell her, however, and probably for reasons which she did not herself understand. There is in every complete personality a side which is dark except toward its own self and God, and Emmeline realized this dark side in herself, although vaguely. She knew perfectly well that nobody, not even her mother, who loved her, could understand rightly this dark side, which was sacred to herself. She knew that if she told her mother how afraid she was of that little Ticknor dog she would be petted and comforted, and would never have to face the terror again; and yet she knew that her mother would secretly laugh over her and not comprehend how she felt, and it seemed to her that she could not face that. She would rather face the dog.

So she continued carrying the eggs and praying, and the little dog continued barking at her and snapping at her heels and tugging at her dress, and she took the doctor's medicine, and yet she grew paler and thinner, and slept less, and ate less, and her mother and aunt thought that the daily walk in the open was all that kept the child up. Then, three weeks after she first began her charitable trips, something happened.

It was almost the first of April, but the spring was very late, and that Wednesday morning had seemed to suffer an actual relapse into winter. The northwest wind blew cold, as if from northern snow and ice fields; the ground was frozen hard, and the farmers had been obliged to quit their ploughing, which they had begun on mild days. The long furrows in a field which Emmeline had to pass before she reached the curve in the road lay stretched out stiff and rigid like dead men. In the midst of that field stood a little corn-house, the

door of which was open. Emmeline glanced casually across the field as she lagged along. She still wore her little red coat and hat, under which her soft fleece of blond hair flew before the wind like a flag. She glanced casually, then her heart gave a great leap and seemed to stand still. Over that rigid field she had seen a little live object scamper and make straight for that corn-house, which he entered, doubtless in pursuit of some smaller, swifter thing which she could not see, possibly a field-mouse or a mole. Emmeline knew the pursuer to be the Ticknor dog. A thought leapt into her brain; a thought so wild and audacious that she could not entirely harbor it for a second. Then all her faculties rose to action. Down on the ground she set her basket of eggs. Over the fence, with its tangle of leafless vines, she went, and across the field she raced, her little feet skipping from furrow to furrow, her hair streaming. She reached the corn-house, and grasped the door swinging outward and creaking in the cold wind with a grasp of despair. She slammed it to and fastened it with a wooden peg. There was a padlock, but no key. The wooden peg was evidently simply to keep the door from swinging when the house was empty, as it was now, except for the Ticknor dog. Emmeline at last had her enemy safe in prison. An angry bark and a scratching assailed her ears as she sped back to the road, but Spotty could not get loose. She was sure of that. It was a strong little house. Emmeline took up her basket of eggs and went on. Nobody had seen her. This was a lonely spot in the road. A mad exultation filled her heart. For the first time she was going to the Ticknors' without fear clutching her, body and soul. When she rounded the curve in the road and came in sight of the squalid little group of buildings they looked almost beautiful to her. She fairly laughed to herself. She almost danced as she went on. When she reached the house and Mrs. Ticknor opened the door as usual she saw for the first time what a really lovely little face the next little girl to the baby had, in spite of dirt. She smiled as she delivered the eggs, and stood beaming while Mrs. Ticknor emptied the basket and returned it. She had

no need to look about nor listen for any little spiteful animal now. She was quite safe. She went home light-footed. She was quite rosy when she reached there.

"The dear child is really better," her aunt said to her mother when Emmeline had gone to put away her outdoor wraps.

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames, "she certainly does look better, and I do believe it is nothing but that walk every morning in the fresh air has done her good."

"I think so too," said Martha. "I think it has done her much more good than the doctor's medicine."

Poor Martha herself looked, in spite of her pride and her high carriage of head, as if she needed some helpful tonic for either soul or body, or both. She had grown thinner, and although she smiled, the smile did not look spontaneous. In these days, Martha smiled mechanically and only with her lips. Her lips curved prettily, but her eyes remained serious and thoughtful, even while she spoke about Emmeline's looking better. Emmeline did, in reality, seem better all that day. She even asked for luncheon between breakfast and noon. She slept well that night. She ate her breakfast with an appetite the next morning, and set out even merrily on her errand to the Ticknors. It was still cold, and the northwest wind had not gone down. It had raged all night. When she came to the field in which the corn-house stood the door was closed fast; no one was at work, and the plough ridges which later on would be green with waving flags of corn lay stiffly like dead men, as they had done the day before. Emmeline looked at the corn-house. She thought, but she was not quite sure, that she heard a little plaintive sound, something between a whine and yelp. When she returned she was quite sure. She knew that she heard it. Her face sobered. When she reached home her mother and aunt exchanged glances, and her mother went into the kitchen to tell Annie to make some beef tea. Emmeline had to drink a cup of it when it was made. Her mother and aunt had agreed, with dismay, that she did not look as well as she had done the day before. She looked still worse as the day wore on and the days wore on. During three days Emmeline suffered tor-

tures of remorse with regard to the little dog shut up in the corn-house and perhaps starving to death, unless there might be some scattered corn left over from the year before, or rats. Emmeline was not quite sure as to whether Spotty would eat rats, even if reduced to starvation. She astonished her mother on the evening of the second day by inquiring, apropos of nothing at all, "Mother, do dogs ever eat rats?" And when both her mother and aunt seemed unable to answer positively in the affirmative, her little face took on an expression of white misery which amazed them. After Emmeline had gone to bed that night her mother told her aunt that if the child was not better before long she should call in another doctor.

It was horrible for Emmeline during those mornings to pass that corn-house, with its shut door and desolate field. She felt like a murderess. She was not quite sure whether she heard Spotty's plaintive whine. She wondered if he were dead and she had killed him.

It was the evening of the third day that Emmeline made up her mind. Chance favored her. Annie had forgotten to order a yeast-cake, and the fact was mentioned in her presence just before supper. Annie said that she would go to the store after supper and get it, for she must mix bread that night. Then Emmeline spoke eagerly:

"Mother, can't I go? There is plenty of time before supper. Please let me go."

Her aunt abetted her. "I would let her go if I were you," she said. "She will sleep better. The air is lovely, although it is frosty for this time of year." Martha had just come from a walk to the post-office. "There! I have been right in the store, and could have got it if I had known," she said; "but I do think it will do Emmeline good to run out, and it will not be dark until after she gets back."

So Emmeline went. She had mysteriously tucked up the sleeve of her red coat a little parcel which contained two chicken bones. They were nice little chicken bones, wrapped in white paper. She carried also her little purse, in which she had some money of her own besides the pennies which her mother had given her to buy the yeast with.

Emmeline flashed out of sight of the house windows, a swift little figure in red.

"I can't make her out at all," Emmeline's mother said. "There she has seemed all down in the dumps for two days and a half, and all of a sudden she is as eager to go to the store as I ever saw her about anything in her life. Her eyes looked as bright as stars."

"If she were grown up, I should think she had something on her mind," Martha said, reflectively.

"Now, Martha, what nonsense; what can that baby, with everything done for her, have on her mind?"

"Of course she cannot," said Martha, but her eyes were reflective.

Meantime, Emmeline sped on her way. The store was on a street at right angles to the one leading to the Ticknors', which opened just before the field with the corn-house was reached. Emmeline hurried to the store, bought the yeast-cake, and also with her own money a little paper bag of sweet crackers. Then swiftly, without a moment's hesitation, she ran back to the other road and across the field to the corn-house. She listened for just one second before opening the door. She heard a little whine—not a bark, but a whine. Then she opened the door, and no soldier charging the enemy ever required more spirit than she; but open it she did. She held out the chicken bones. Then she flung them at poor Spotty, emerging trailingy from the dusty interior. Spotty caught at the little bones and crunched them down. Then Emmeline fed him with the sweet crackers. She put one on the ground. Then, as the little animal caught it up, a feeling of great love and pity overcame her. All at once she loved that which she had feared. She fed Spotty the rest of the sweet crackers from her little red-mitten hand, and did not have the slightest quiver of terror, even when the sharp little teeth were so near her fingers. After the crackers were all gone, Emmeline started homeward, and Spotty followed her. He bounded around her, leaping up, barking with joy. He was a poor little mongrel, and from heredity and poor training he had lacked the better traits of his kind. He had been mischievous, cowardly, and malicious. He

had loved nobody. But now he loved Emmeline for setting him free and giving him food. He knew nothing of the injury which she had done him. He was conscious only of the benefit. So he followed her, as he had never followed any of the Ticknors. They, in truth, had never cared for him. They had simply been too indolent and too indifferent to turn him adrift, when, a poor canine wanderer, he had located himself with them uninvited. But this was different. He loved this little girl, who had opened his prison door and fed him with nice chicken bones and sweet crackers. He had suffered, and she had come to his aid. He was still thirsty, but thirst also would be satisfied by her. He followed her with joyful faith across the field. When they reached the road leading to the store a man emerged thence, walking hurriedly. Emmeline knew him at once. He was Mr. John Adams.

John spoke to Emmeline in a confused sort of way. "Oh, it is you, Emmeline," he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Emmeline.

"How are your mother and aunt?"

"Pretty well, I thank you."

"Have you been to supper?"

"No, sir."

Mr. John Adams hesitated still more. "Well," he said, "I had my supper early, and so, and so—"

Emmeline glanced up at him, and saw to her amazement that his face was burning red, and he was smiling foolishly.

"I thought," he said, finally, "that I would run up to your house this evening and—I thought I would go early, because—I happened to think it was the evening for prayer-meeting, and I didn't know but she—your mother and aunt might be going, and—I thought if they were—if I went early, I would go along with them."

"Mother and Aunt Martha aren't going to meeting. I heard them say so," said Emmeline. Then she added, out of the innocence of her soul, "I know Aunt Martha will be real glad to see you."

"Do you think she will?" asked Mr. John Adams, eagerly.

"Yes, sir."

"I wonder how you would like it if I should come and live in your house, with

you and your mother and aunt?" said John Adams.

Emmeline slipped her little hand into his. "I think it would be real nice," she said.

"You dear little soul!" said Mr. John Adams. He squeezed her hand in his big strong one. "Is that your dog, little one?" he asked.

"No, sir."

"I didn't know but you had been getting a pet dog since I was at your house."

"That is the Ticknor dog; he followed me." Just then the dog leapt up, and Emmeline patted his head, laughing.

"He is a mongrel, but he seems a bright little dog," said Mr. John Adams. "I should think you would keep him. He can't have a very good home at the Ticknors'."

"I am going to if mother will let me," said Emmeline, with sudden resolve.

The little triumphal procession went on its way. The west was a clear cold red. They passed a field in which stood scattered stacks of last year's corn. In the shadow the withered blades had a curious vivid crudeness of something which was rather tone than color. They gleamed out like newly cut wood, like naked flesh. They were elemental, belonging to the first: dry death, for which there are no paints on the palette, any more than for light and air and sentient life. But where the red western sun struck these blades of corn they were lit with brilliant reflections, and seemed to leap into flames of red gold.

In the east was faintly visible a filmy arc of new moon. A great star was slowly gathering light near the moon. Emmeline danced along, holding to Mr. John Adams's hand. Her head was up. Her whole face laughed. The little dog raced ahead; he ran back; he leapt and barked short joyous barks. They were all conquerors, by that might of spiritual panoply of love with which they had been born equipped. There was the dog, in whom love had conquered brute spite and maliciousness; the man in whom love had conquered self-will. But the child was the greatest conqueror of the three, for in her love had conquered fear, which is in all creation its greatest foe, being love's own antithesis.

The Man and His Rose-Garden

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was a man who deserved well of the world because he had done it a great service. Strangely enough, everybody knew it, and wanted to do something for him in return. And though he lived in a lonely place, with only the sky and his garden to keep him company, pilgrims made it a part of their journey to pass that way and ask him if they could do something for him at the shrine. The man had but one answer.

"Pray," said he, "pray for the world."

He loved the world, and he wanted it to be sinless and happy, and this was the only thing he thought about—this and his garden. Sometimes the rulers of nations came to offer him rich and beautiful things; but if they brought him gold or jewels, he would smile and say:

"I wish you would come into my garden and see how yellow the tulips are and how the fountain glitters." But he would take the gold and the jewels, and it was perfectly understood that he did not keep them. "That diamond is worth thousands of loaves of bread," he would say. "Isn't that luck!"

For he had a very simple formula for turning diamonds into bread, and often he could change the most valuable one in less than a week.

As time went on, he grew to love the world more and more, and his love even went beyond the world. He thought a great deal about the people who had died, those that had gone to everlasting joy because they had been faithful, and those that had gone to be healed of their sins and grow strong enough to find the road they had lost. And of one he thought most of all, because it seemed to him no other man had been so shunned and hated for so long a time. It seemed to him, too, that the earthly voices of scorn and horror must reach the man wherever he was, and, even if he had been forgiven, sound about him like a chorus of hell. And the burden of the man was heavy upon him, until he could bear it no more; and one morning, when the greatest king of the earth came to ask him what he wished, he made up his mind to tell.

"O King," said he, "I do at last desire a gift."

"Speak!" said the King. "Is it the freedom of all my cities?"

"No," said the man, "it is not that."

"Is it to be ruler of a province?"

"No, it is not that."

"Is it to be my counsellor and my right hand?"

"No, it is not that. It is something which even you, O King, could not give me unless others gave also."

"Speak, then," said the King. "And I will speak to all my brother sovereigns."

"I will speak," said the man. "But not yet. I must think of it a little longer."

Now this was in December, and the snow was white upon the garden sleeping underneath. But in spite of the cold the man went out and paced up and down his garden paths, so far as he could trace them, and thought and thought. And many weeks he thought, and when the early spring was breaking, his desire was fully formed, and it seemed to him good. And this was it: For the space of one year he wished all the people on the earth to think with love, and not hatred, of Judas, the betrayer of Christ. No one but God had a right to demand that it should be so forever, but it seemed to him as if he might ask to have it so for one year. When the story of Christ was told, it should be told without the mention of his betrayal. When the priest, in reading, came to the name of the betrayer, he should be silent. And so scorn and anger should be stilled, and for the space of one year that soul should be at peace.

The winter broke and spring came, and the man saw his dear garden-beds again, and it was then that the greatest king of all sent word that he was making a royal progress and should turn aside to visit him and hear his request. And the man, having his petition ready, was well content. But that night he dreamed a dream, though at the time and even afterwards it did not seem like a dream at all.

It seemed to him that he was walking along one of his garden paths in the clear morning, and the green things were at full summer growth and bloom, and a light was on them which was even more than the light of the sun. And as he walked, his heart beat fast, because it was apparent to him that he was about to meet some one who brought good news. And it happened so; for as he reached the path that leads into the rose-garden a man came walking toward him, clad in a garment such as he had never seen. Perhaps it was rich purple; perhaps it was red. At any rate, it was beautiful, and it was not white. As for the face of the stranger, he could never remember what it was, save that it was lined and that it had a radiance. The stranger called to him:

"I am Judas, the betrayer of Christ."

Then the man spoke at once in answer, and his words would not come fast enough as he explained to the stranger

how it was to be that he was to have a year of peace. But before he had finished he saw that Judas was smiling with great tenderness for him and a knowledge of many untold things.

"So," the man ended, "though you be in hell, yet shall no one here revile you."

"Nay," said the other, "let not their voices cease: for I, too, was one of the purposes of God, and my destiny must be fulfilled."

"Ah!" cried the man, "and must your punishment last so long?"

"Yes," said the stranger, "it must last as long as there is need of it."

"And how long will there be need?"

"Until the day when there is no more treachery upon the earth. Then I, who am a warning to the nations, may forget my sin."

"Ah!" cried the man, "and must you always lie in hell?"

The stranger smiled, and all the flowers bloomed the brighter, and even some buds opened that had not thought they had the strength.

"In hell? Nay," said he, "I walk in paradise."

The man shook his head.

"I cannot understand," said he. "Your punishment must last, and yet you can say this."

"My punishment is my crown," said the stranger. "Since I did ill, it is the most precious thing I have to know that good may come of it. Do not take it away from me." And with that he was gone, and the rose-garden grew dark, and the dreamer fell deeper into sleep.

In the morning he awoke early and went out to the rose-garden again, and he found himself looking along the path for the print of sandalled feet. And there, later in the day, the great King came to him.

"I am here," said the King, "to grant your wish. Tell me what it is."

The man was silent for so long that a bird finished his song in the lime-tree, and a bee gathered the honey from three flowers. He heard again, it seemed to him, the voice he had heard in the garden the night before, full of authority and full of peace. Suddenly, also, it seemed to him that the whole safe earth trembled with happiness. He looked up at the King.

"Your Majesty," he said, "I do not desire—" Then he remembered that kings are not to be rebuffed. "Your Majesty," said he, "promise me a rose-tree from every kingdom in the world."

The Tiber

BY MARIE VAN VORST

FOURTEEN hundred and odd metres above sea-level a peak of the Apennines, Monte Fumaiolo, gives birth to the Tiber. A bright, crystalline cascade springing from rock and earth and spreading into a little waterfall is the first appearance of the river, which seems expelled from the mountain and never loses its impetus and rush. For a mile the streamlet is unmarked by any eye save those of bird and eagle, when it encounters very early on its way a microscopic bridge of stone blackened by time. Surmounted by an iron cross, this bridge spans the mountain stream at Le Balse, a rude hamlet lost in the fastnesses of the Apennines.

Bold and sturdy between its banks of snow—for winter lies late in these high regions—the Tiber, a saffron band, tears through a savage gorge, and in a surprisingly short time the river has broadened to a wide green pool, and circles deep in the distant hollow. Its transitions of color, its chameleon quality, one of the originalities of the Tiber, is due to the deposits of the river and to some peculiarity in the sand. But the environing hills are no less interesting in color-tone, as they rise tier upon tier of russet patches stained with a wild heather growth red as blood, pale as daffodil, until, softening as the descent becomes rapid, they range in curious symmetry, once more tier upon tier of velvet green, classic in harmony and composition. There are no words to give at once the sense of desolation and the sense of beauty of this part of Tuscany.

On its course in the profound gorge the Tiber encounters what appears at first sight to be a rock jutting into the yet timid stream. The mass is the village of Savignone, its worn and aged front black in the sunlight, the single church lifting its belfry to the sky. Not more than a hundred inhabitants crowd

on the semi-island reached from shore by a bridge as picturesque as one in a fairy-tale.

The tranquillity of these cobbled lanes is never broken by traffic; only foot-passengers, or at most a donkey with its rider, may pass over the arch of the medieval bridge. Savignone here seems to divide the Tiber, which flows on between giant gullies and golden peaks whose sides are bare of vegetation. Over a pebbly bed the river runs in translucent green, the color of chrysoprase, or reflects the saffron hills until, under a sky blue as only Italian skies are blue, the landscape lies all of one tone.

The ancients called the Tiber "Albula"—white water. Although to the vulgar eye the Tiber is a yellow river—fawn-colored, indeed, at certain parts of its channel—yet it is preeminently white, with the milky mistiness seen in certain jewels, and it is at Rome that the "Lily River" is whitest. Here in upper Tuscany it undergoes a countless variety of charming essays, as though it tried all the alchemies of nature, and refuting every one, at length chose the beautiful monotony of a colorless existence.

To Pieve San Stefano the course is very lonely. Now and then a contadini, whom need to touch the civilization of the towns has driven from the mountains, ambles on his patient ass, or himself more patiently trudges on foot, thinking nothing of the twenty-four miles from far-off Le Balse to the township of Pieve. Save for the meeting of some such pilgrim and exchange of friendly greeting, the silence is broken only by the voice of the Tiber calling from the gorge, and the cries of the eagles that make the pine-covered heights of the Apennines their home.

The isolated tower on a peaked hill is the castle of a famous countess who built the graceful Ponte d'Assai that, still strong and perfect after 700 years,



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER AT THE FOOT OF MOUNT AVENTINE

Vol. CXIV.—No. 679—5

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throws its shapely arch over the young river. The country's traditions have it that the countess had a son who loved a maiden on the other side of the bridge and nightly swam to her; but at last the swiftness of the current overcame his dauntless swimming, and the lover was drowned within sight of his mother's tower. That he might be the last lover so sacrificed, the countess built the little bridge, and when asked if it had been expensive, she answered that "it has cost me enough" (Assai).

The land begins to soften and to lose its stern mountain character, descents are more gradual, the valleys gently undulate, and the Apennine range forms a further background, its snow peaks melting in the blue. Pasture-lands irrigated and fed by the Tiber and its branches (Anseione, Sinjerna e Sorara Libbia, Cestarola, etc.) lie along the foot of the hills. Ruder trees are replaced by beech, birch, and the spare poplar. The road is filled with *contadini* on their asses, red and yellow kerchiefs to the breeze, and straight away at the end of the road is an arched gateway through which can be seen the streets and towers of little Pieve San Stefano.

Twelve miles distant over the valley is Borgo San Sepulero with its old walls and charming piazza. Piero della Francesca, one of the sweetest and rarest painters of the Umbrian school, was born here, and in the galleries and over the altar of the *duomo* some of the best examples of his works may be found.

Seen from Borgo, as it is familiarly called, the Tiber lies in plaques of argent against a dull purple landscape. In such an aspect as this—a little glimpse of winding river, a bit of farm-land, a distinctive cluster of trees—Piero conceived and remembered the country of his birthplace, and his canvases are filled with his recollections.

Spring is all along the river's way. A milky haze lies over the tree branches; here and there a fruit-tree flashes bright against the russet country, or a snow-white film of apple-blossoms fills the rare orchards; rare, for this is a vine country, and during the greater part of the year the vineyards stretch their sterile forests over the land. Italy trains her grapes on pruned and dwarfed trees that bear

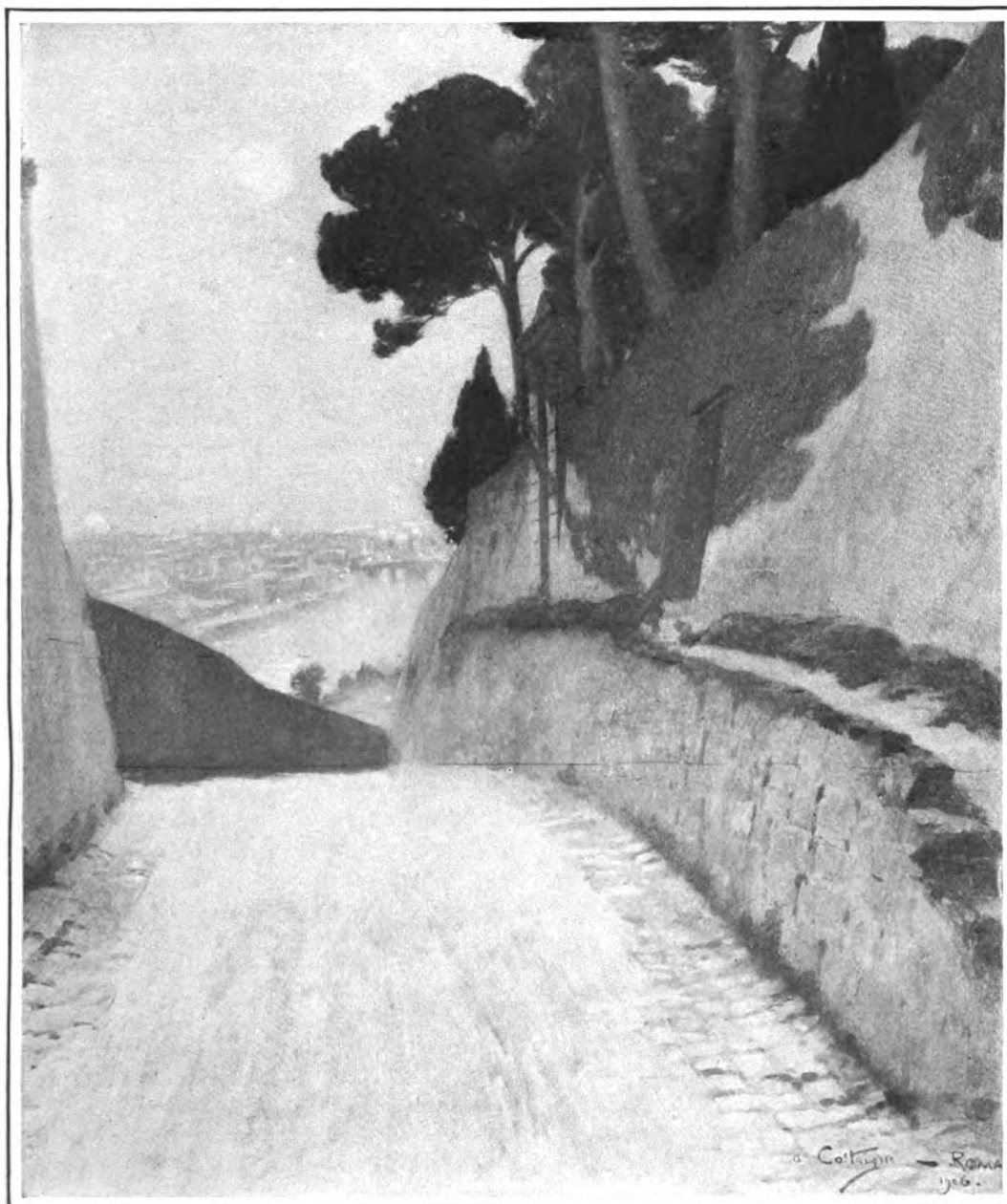
the heavy burden of the vines, and during the unfriendly months the scene is that of a universe of smitten forests on which a plague has passed, condemning them to eternal desolation.

Down by the Tiber's banks flocks of snow-white lambs cluster uncertainly round their mothers, who graze along the bright river under the shelter of the hills.

Thus growing ever more pastoral in its character, the river country between Borgo and Citta de Castello lies level between mountains of inspiring beauty: in the great distance they are like countries of snow outlined against the north, whilst the lower hills give one the impression of a sea of undulating earth-waves, peaks, crests, and summits rising, falling, falling and rising, filling all the nearer foreground with their umber color. Umbertide, walled and small and pretty, has built its houses down into the very river itself, which washes the foundations of the yellow stones. There is a picture by Signorelli in the church, there is a quaint old mediæval *duomo*, and the hamlet has ineffable charm, but it is only one town, and the road is long to Perugia, toward which the river dashes its passionate way.

With a new caprice it has turned to peacock-green, and at no point is more bewitching in character than just below Umbertide. Oak and chestnut groves break the fields' monotony, and closely lying in their encircling caress the river follows the hill-line, where the heights are ever more gentle in aspect. Little willows spread fragile waterfalls down by the banks; olive-orchards charm the eye that looks from castellated hill to hill, to pointed hillock, yellow-towered and cypress-crowned. The landscape is rendered distinctive and is sharpened by the isolated pines lifting their tufts of green and the bosky cedars with their velvet plumes.

Citta de Castello, second only in beauty to Perugia, commands the country on a height, and from the cathedral gardens that circle round the crest of the hill the Tiber valley is visible as far as San Sepulero, and the river flowing down from the north over its pebbled bed appears no more than a fillet of water, until it sweeps and curves around the meadows



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

A MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM
Rome and the Tiber from Via Sabina—Mount Aventine

at the foot of Citta de Castello, where it lies broad and serene.

At the town's end below the walls with their bastioned corners the Tiber finds a valley where miles of vineyards scar the hills. The belfries send their chiming out on the spring air; a gateway of the city, moss-grown and yellow in the last glimmering of the evening, rises along the Tiber banks as the current

passes the little walled town on its way to greater wonders. Rome is its apotheosis, but Perugia is the Tiber's love!

Below Perugia the Beautiful the Tiber reaches its perfection in a bold sweep. Thirty feet in width, it spreads out at the foot of the mountain, and although of a tender blue, nevertheless here and there a white and distinctive current forecasts the inevitable color that the

river shall assume miles farther on its course.

One of Italy's most precious treasures crowns the top of this fortresslike, heaven-kissing hill, whose difficult slope must be slowly ascended to where Perugia, dark brown and remote, queens it in the clouds.

The Tiber has found much of charm in the naïve hamlets along its journeying, but it loves Perugia above all. Has not the very ground on which the city stands been amassed and deposited by the great river?

A little farther away, across the valley, the city of St. Francis Assisi shines out against its resting-place at the foot of Monte Subasio, and sparkling away on one hand to the snow crests of the Apennines, the Tiber in the opposite direction takes its southern course to Rome and to the sea.

Countless flocks of sheep and lambs graze in their pastures, and the note of a shepherd's pipe mingles with the sound of San Pietro's vesper bells.

Shadow after shadow deepens and fades along the undulating hills piled azure upon azure until they are lost in the sky itself, and all along the steep ascent shimmers the frosty bloom of the olive vineyards with their trembling silver leaves.

There is no city all the way from Florence to Rome like this Umbrian beauty, brown-browed and passionate, who within her high walls broods over the tumults of her medieval barbaric past as she presents her towers to the dawn and to the vast sweep of her unlimited horizon! Perugia has known the shame of numerous surrenders since her early Etruscan history—surrenders to the emperors and to the popes; to the Orient, to the barbarian Lombards, and to the Christians. Strange and brilliant peoples have fought for her, wrestled for her, stormed her red-brown walls, and shed their blood in her hilly streets. She has been torn with inward dissension of nobles and parties; disputed for by the conquerors of the world; and she retains to-day the shade of that stormy, unyielding past in the cast of her fortresslike dominating position.

At a distance of thirty-six kilometres from Perugia, by way of valleys of oak

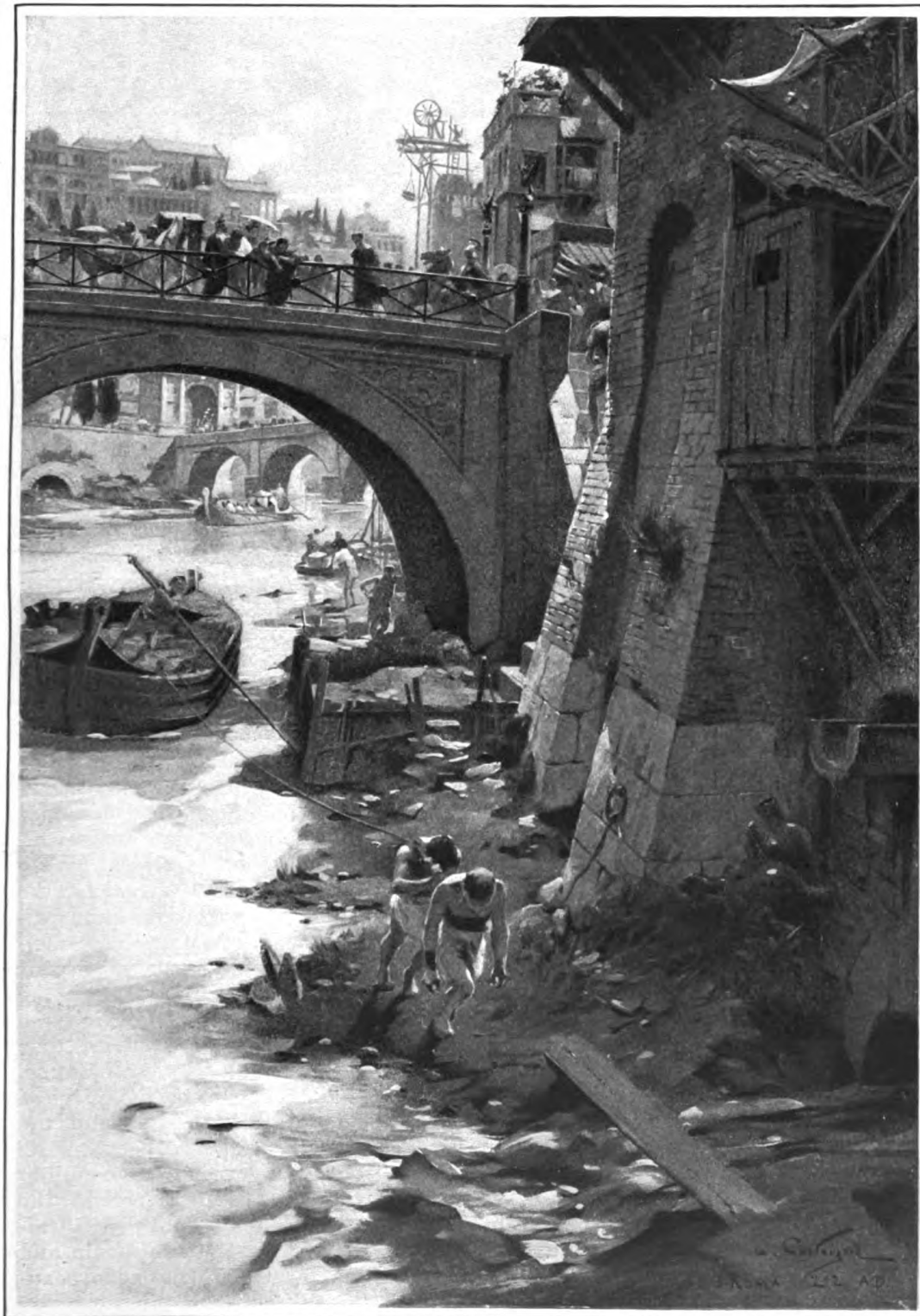
and beech and ilex, the road winds to quaint and forgotten Todi. Forgotten because it has been so long remembered and then forgotten, if such a paradox may be used! Todi is one of the oldest cities in Italy; more ancient than Rome, it is proud of its antiquity and proud to be ignored. "Only three strangers have been with us this year!" It hangs nestled between earth and heaven at the top of a great incline, and as free as only that which is untrammelled by custom and unhindered by modern need is free. No railroad within thirty miles disturbs its peace; automobiles pass it by unnoticed, and it exults and breathes serenely and at liberty—guarding its jewels of beauty, narrow streets, a wonderful piazza, and cathedral—undisturbed by the triumphs of time and embellished by its flight. Without the walls is the basilica, considered to be the most perfect in the world, Santa Maria della Consolazione, penetratingly white and perfect in harmony and proportion.

Sunsets and sunrises creep along the hills to find little Todi high up in its eagle's nest, sufficient unto itself, beautiful, and unknown! In the far north the snow peaks are visible still. Perugia guards a distant crest, and Orvieto is away over those mountains beyond, and all through the gentle valley at the base of Todi and along the rocky foot-hills the Tiber shines and gleams on its way to Rome.

Below Todi at the base of the mountains the river widens like a lake, and the thickly wooded hills are covered with towns whose names are not on any map that the tourist knows.

Mountain after mountain, summit and peak and spur, are crossed on the road to Orvieto. The Tiber is lost for a time in its inaccessible valley. The panorama is sternly majestic, the verdure sparse and bare, and the miles are utterly desolate, until at length the descent to the valley is finally made.

At a little distance from Orvieto the Paglia joins the river, and from Orvieto to Bagnorea—a distance of about ten miles—the course is through a serene and cultivated country with shepherds and the herder with his pigs and the beautiful slow oxen, now no longer the Umbrian breed, but gray and black.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

THE BANKS OF THE TIBER UNDER THE CÆSARS

At Orte and Borghetto the river is met by its largest tributary, the Nar—a stream forty miles in extent—and it comes with a rush and a dash, bringing new strength and vigor to the river.

Between Borghetto and Civita Castellana the Tiber becomes like a country stream, scarcely rippling over the shallows. Under the low-hanging trees in autumn the grapes droop their rich purple over the water as it steals close to the hillsides.

Several miles from the stream, Civita Castellana guards the remains of Etruscan tombs, and beautiful fragments of Roman marbles, preserved in the houses of the city. It has its cathedral and fortress, its mellow history, and from Civita is to be seen in all its magnificence Soracte, the famous peak of which Horace wrote, the most important mountain of the Sabine range.

And from here to Rome the Tiber becomes again a deep, swift river, leaving its caprices and its pastoral languor to flow with swift, angry current, eddying from side to side.

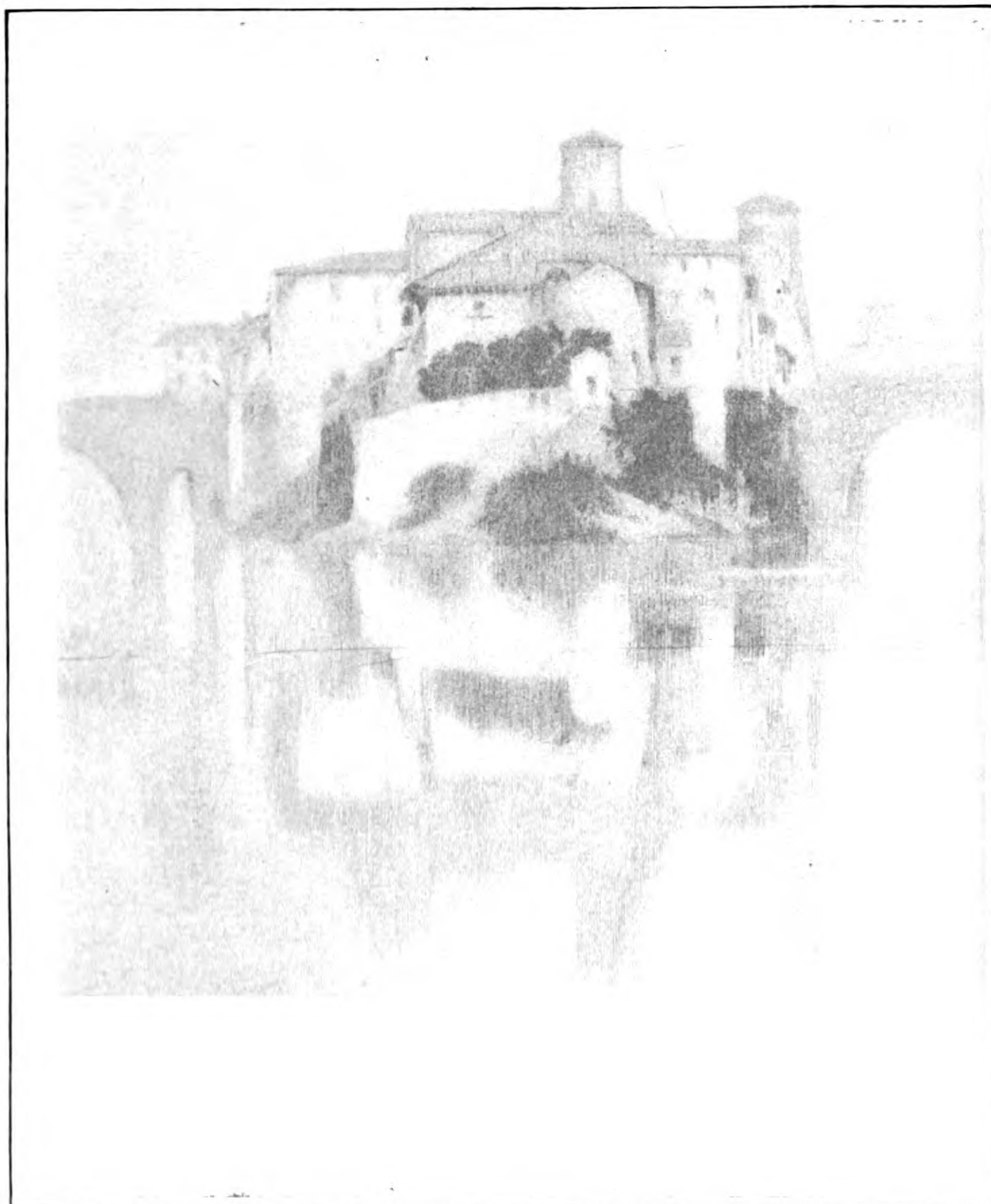
The river now enters the Campagna—a charmed word for the district whose beauty and desolation and monotone and mystery have made the outlying country about Rome synonymous for peculiar attraction and individual loveliness.

On both sides the Tiber is bounded by this sea—tideless except when in summer waves of *giroflée* sweep down to the banks of the water's edge, or tall mullein pours its flood of yellow *pêle-mêle* broadcast over the bosom of the tufa hillocks. The Campagna, too, has its phases and caprices. Barren and bare, it rolls away in desolation, an undulating plain of alluvial and marine deposit, eighty-five miles long and twenty-five miles wide, its stern desolation not without distinct beauty, for the atmosphere and the Italian lights clothe it from morning till night. It becomes purple in the sunsets of winter, and glows and warms to copper red. It mellows to gold in the spring. "The golden Campagna" has the same jewel-like quality that the river possesses; it is an amber country in whose hillock indentures, over whose pastures, a light seems to be held and to vibrate.

For a few months of the year it is

clothed with successive garments of colors and blossoms flung over it by the changing seasons—the pale misty veil of the anemones, the gray of the asphodel, the hot brilliance of the poppy, the sunshine of the mullein, the mystery of the purple iris; from the timid crocus and violet season to the late burning, scorching summer the Campagna receives its gifts of flowers, even in the most festal season, but its spirit of isolation, of loveliness, never changes.

On either side bare banks stretch away, and between them the Tiber wears the color of a young daffodil. This is Polverina, within sight of Rome! It has come suddenly upon the horizon as a curve is rounded by the stream. A row of velvet-tufted pines sentinel the crown of a hill on the left, and behind them hides the Villa Palestra. A row of pink cherry-trees, a flock of feeding sheep, whose bells are the first sound of Rome that the river hears; and the pastoral welcome might lead it to expect something more genial than the confining walls and utter insignificance it is soon to find! The far-off bells of the Villa Madama—a dark villa embowered in the hillside and flanked by ilex and cypress—the exquisite call of a thrush in the grass, and this is the interlude! A row of garish buildings of modern apartments on the right, the arch of a hideous modern bridge spanning the river whose waters hitherto have been crossed by no stones younger than 700 years . . . to the left factory buildings, scattered suburban houses, and beyond, something that mellows into the sky and becomes part of the atmosphere, and is in reality the shade of antiquity, and that which the poet and painter and artist, when they think of the Eternal City, call Rome. Thus the Tiber comes to the city of Æneas, and Virgil and Cæsar and the popes at length, and lies between its banks in a broad expanse of rippling silver. Above its shores spreads the Campagna, and on all sides lift themselves the sacred hills, Monte Mario and the Palatine and the Pincio made beautiful by the silhouettes of pine, cypress, and cedar, pink-trunked with plumy crests, or the slender loveliness of the lilylike cypress. The sky is full of rosy clouds; and stupendous above modern



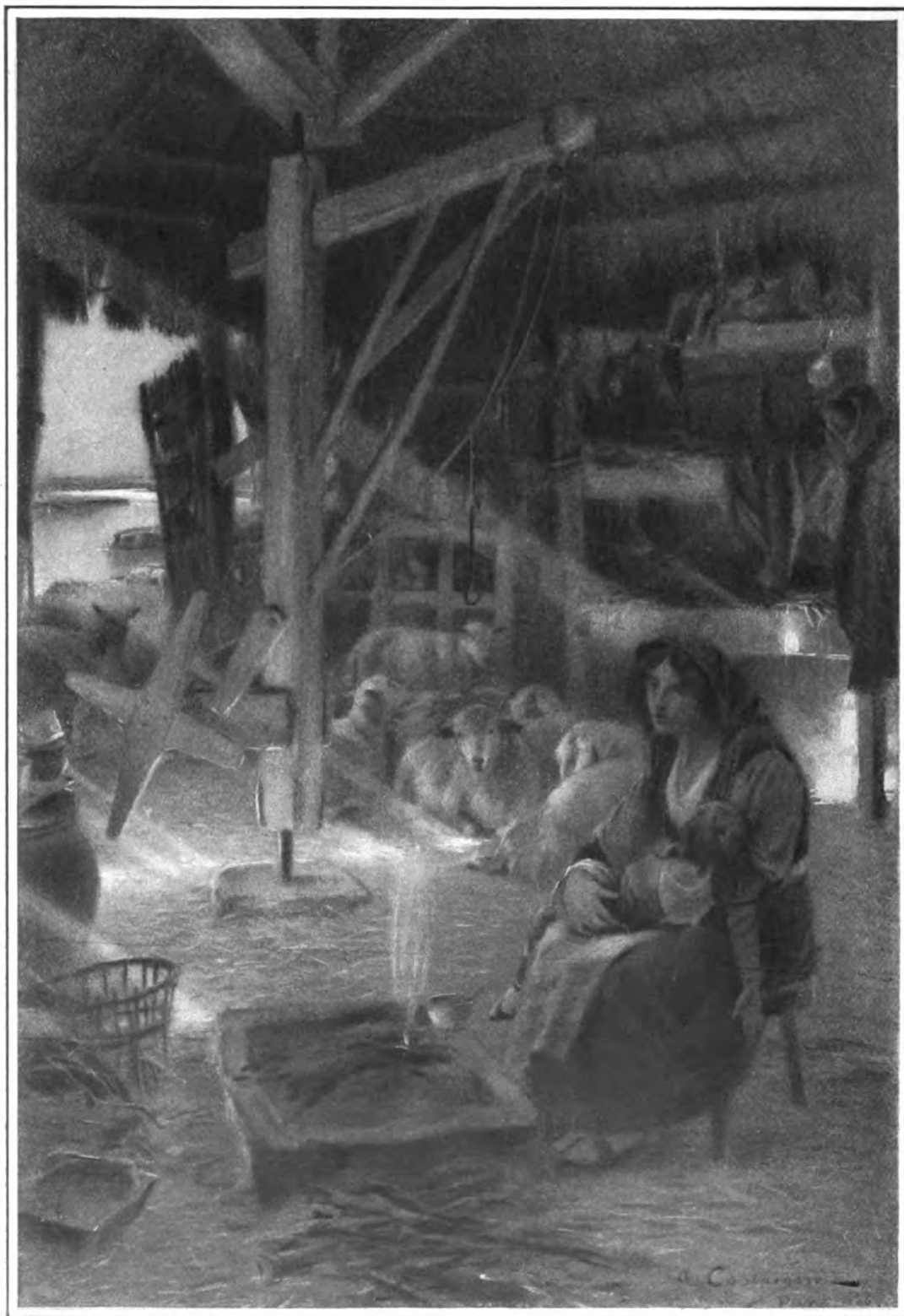
Drawn by Andre Castaigne

AT DAWN IN SUMMER-TIME
St. Bartholomeo stands on the Tiber at Rome

buildings, cruel transgressions against art and beauty, rises St. Peter's dome . . . the long, high bank and green mass of the Pincian with its pink walls: its obelisk the concord of the twin churches of Santa Maria del Popolo . . . the piazza del Popolo . . . and the *enceinte* of the city is passed, and along the Tiber Rome has built a line of high stone walls to hold, to menace, to control the river of

whose characteristics she only knows the stormy, tempestuous qualities, and that the Tiber can rise in months of storm and overflow and assert itself, and Rome the tyrant limits the river's power.

The first impression one receives as the Porto del Popolo is passed, and the city really expresses itself in outline and mass, is that Rome is new; but the blaze and brightness of the buildings are some-



Drawn by Andre Castagne

EVENING IN A SHEPHERD'S HUT

what lost, as little by little vague lines of ancient ruins and dark or brilliant façades of Renaissance palaces reveal themselves and glow out, and it appears that more vigorous and greater than the substance of the present is the shadow of the past, and by the beauty-lover at least the blaze of modern Rome is unseen.

The gaze passes the overcharged vulgarity of the new Palace of Justice and rests on the vista the river here offers. A massive bell sounds its harmony through the air where beyond the overcrowded plain reaching to the Vatican—held between the sweep of the Janiculum and the feathery summit of Monte Mario—the dome of St. Peter's fills up the horizon, for near it no other thing exists.

As the boat slips between the walling stone banks the eye is enchanted anew by the nearer beauty of the Castello Sant' Angelo, with its molten color like warm brass, its verdure-crowned walls, its serrated, fretted towers, its generous symmetry, and the expressive gesture of the angel-guarded bridge, one of the few remaining arches of beauty amongst the twelve bridges of Rome.

One after another the breezy angels of Bernini, each holding an instrument of the passion of our Lord, guard the bridge, and their wings and their garments seem to flutter in the translucent light of the Italian afternoon, whilst the Tiber rushes its torrent through the four archways of the Ponte Sant' Angelo, whose foundations, firm as the rocks of time—stone eating into stone—are sunk below the river-bed.

Farther along, in strong contrast to the new white bridge of the Italian republic, are the remains of the Pons Triumphalis, whose arcs may be seen in a boat at low tide. These brown old stones, if stones have any vocal power, groaned under the magnificent burden of the Roman triumphs; for it was above the Tiber that, preceded by their conquered enemies, slaves, kings in chains, weeping children, chariots laden with spoils and slain generals borne on their shields—the victorious Cæsars and successful generals returned to Rome.

The left bank of the Tiber is a series of hospitals, asylums, and prisons for the needs of Rome's poor and destitute,

whilst on the other hand medieval palaces, crowded about by garish modern houses, give their stuccoed and stone fronts, their brown, red, and golden façades, with mighty barred windows to the river and challenge its memories; challenge its loyalty, and bid the Tiber remember midnight murders, old feuds, intrigues of the Borgia and the Cenci, the tears of Beatrice and the smiles of Lucretia. Bid it remember crimes of lust and greed; death for love and death for hate, and all the sounds of war—of passionate revenge and passionate desire—that marked the Middle Ages, where blood was hot and only art was holy, and tyrants and priests, princes and popes, connived, plotted, and sinned, and the Tiber kept many a secret in its bosom.

On the right bank, high in its lonely nest on the Janiculum hill, the cloistered Church of St. Onofrio, its walls bright with jewelled pictures of Pinturicchio, keeps in gentler record the perfumed memory of Tasso, who under the shade of the convent trees wrote his odes, and at last fell asleep forever within St. Onofrio's walls.

The course of the river is rapid and its stream never very wide. The boat goes swiftly down the current, and on the left bank the Farnese Palace rises directly opposite the Palazzo of the Farnesina. These twin perfections of the Renaissance keep guard across the stream; in the latter palace the young Raphael painted, and loved a woman of the people, and in commemoration of his passion he gave to art the Fornarina.

The river, sparkling with its memories, flows around the piers of the Ponte Sisto, built in the fifteenth century on the ruins of the old bridge, which was the means of access from the city to the gardens of Caracalla, whose groves and bosks were shrines for such revelries and licentiousness as to carry the name of the prince down into history with execration. Not a trace of these gardens remains.

Rome is picturesque from this medieval bridge, which, although it counts nearly five hundred years of age, seems new alongside of its ruined foundations. One lingers to see the rellow houses with their uneven roofs and balconies, the pink, brown, and yellow painting of their stuccoed fronts; and although only

a few years ago their walls were built into the Tiber, and in a mass of romantic picturesqueness these buildings huddled almost into the stream, now almost every stone of that frontage has been changed to make place for the high wall that confines the turbulent river within its bounds.

Opposite, on the Janiculum, San Pietro in Montorio lifts its low, slender spire in the light. This charming little hill crest, the key to Etruria, and also, so the ancients thought, the key to Rome, on the west bank of the Tiber, dominates all the city.

Numa Pompilius, the first of Roman rulers, was buried on the Janiculum, and from its bank the first bridge that ever crossed the Tiber was thrown. Some of its immemorial stones are still held as treasures in the river's embankments, and from the height of its summit Lars Porsenna looked down on the tempting glory of the city, and here, in sight of the Janiculum, Horatius kept the bridge!

The river's wanderings have brought it at length to all that remains along its borders of ancient Rome, and up the river like a galley of old seems to sail, to advance, the sacred isle (Isola Sacra). Formed like a boat, it cleaves the stream, which ripples around its sharp prow. This shiplike island, formed by legend and shaped by fable, was, according to tradition, created in the earliest periods of Roman history. At the time of the expulsion of Tarquin from Rome all the kingly treasures were confiscated, but it happened that season that the royal grain-fields were yellow to the harvest-moon, and the warm meadows had been consecrated to the holy gods. The Romans, not daring to lay claim to the possessions of divinity, bodily cast the ripened fields, the earth, all rich and yielding, the fair-headed and bursting corn, into the Tiber, where the river received the tribute, and its deposit added to the original mass of earth year by year. In a most exquisite and poetic sense Campagna brought its beauty to the Tiber, and has ever since been held upon the river's breast.

The physician Æsculapius had his temple on the Isola Tiberina; its remains still mingle with the red earth and with the fragments of other temples to greater gods, where roofless courts open to the

heavens besought the return of the holy fire to deserted altars.

Here in the early Roman epoch festivals were held, and in strange paradox to the temples erected on the island to healing and mercy, sick slaves and miserable children were left down by the river's brink, exposed to death.

When Pompey first brought Hebrews in captivity to Rome, their shelter was on the bank of the Tiber, and has here remained until to-day, when the tumble-down houses of the densely populated quarter, the overcrowded area, form a mass distinct and different from the rest of Rome, different as the creed practised is different from the Roman creed, and above the Ghetto the glaring metal dome of the new synagogue shines arrogantly out over the softer towers of the city's countless churches.

To the left of the island is the Trastevere, or "island across the Tiber." Only within the past twenty years has this district lost its medieval character. It is still picturesque, filled with buildings containing charming old Gothic windows and the remains of much singular decoration and quaint work. These houses circle the square where in all its pagan perfection the little temple of Vesta lifts its slender pillars, and where the miracle Church of Santa Maria in Cosmodin keeps its wonder-working Virgin enshrined in a corner hung with emblems of the grateful.

From the shores of the island two bridges connect the sacred territory with the mainland—Ponte Quattro Capi, the aforesaid Pons Fabricinus, and the bridge which joins the Trastevere with the old Ponte Cestius, now Ponte Bartolomeo.

The Ponte Quattro Capi, the oldest bridge in Rome, bears the signet of great antiquity, and has its attendant dignity and authority. Its arches are black with time; the Latin inscription of the Curator Fabricius runs along the architrave. The monument has seen nearly two thousand years pass by, the Tiber washes and beats against its piers in vain, and around it centres the most charming part of Rome. Seen from the bridge, the newer city is lost in the shadow of venerable buildings, and the remnants of old Roman palaces, tem-

ples, and ruins surround the sacred island and the old bridges, as if tradition must here protect from devastation of modern progress the beauty which has endured so long.

The Tiber itself is marvellous at the end of the city where it prepares to take its leave of Rome. Its swift-rushing current is midstream, its waves dash up like the bright mane of a sea-creature, it keeps its extraordinary whiteness, and in the distance, as standing on the Ponte Quattro Capi one watches it sweep down from the new bridges, the Tiber appears to be of the same color as the snowy pillars and walls, and to pour itself down in a milk-white stream. Around the piers of Ponte Quattro Capi the water climbs like a mass of snow in broken circles, dimly reflecting the arches.

The lines of embedded ruins at this point come jutting out into the stream, and just below on the left bank is the round tower of the Circus of Marcellus, where 700 wild beasts were sacrificed to make one Roman holiday; and in the river bank itself the mouth of the Cloaca Maxima—a drain dating 2000 years back—is still left in the old wall. This most magnificent piece of Roman engineering is as secure as when it was constructed over five hundred years before Christ. The tower of Santa Maria in Cosmodin is seen distinctly, surrounded by slender spires and belfries and gabled roofs,—solitary monument of a forgotten art, desolate in its pagan loveliness, it rises meekly, a gentle protestation against garish times, and lifts its pillars above the Tiber line.

The high embankment ceases to confine the Tiber within imperious limits, and between banks picturesque with flowers and a crumbling wall it broadens into a restless sea around the base of the last of the Roman hills—the cone-like Aventine, dark with tufty cedars whose plumes paint the sky.

Between Rome and the ocean there are no more bridges, and delivered from the restraint civilization put upon it, shaking off the power which by bridge and wall harnessed it to the puissant city, the Tiber goes its rushing way. Behind it a mass of bronze-hued ruins, whose soft tones blend with the modern

glare—arched by a cloudless sky—Rome lies traversed by a lily river singing its way to the sea.

The Tiber's way is once more between the plains of the silent Campagna, again become well-nigh as desolate as a savage country. During the pilgrimage of four hours in a rowboat, from the Sacred Island to the seaport, the scene is nothing but a melancholy waste, the land spreads itself on either side the stream, and the low shores rise to the plain, whose monotony is broken only by the ruins of Magliana, a villa once the country-seat of the popes.

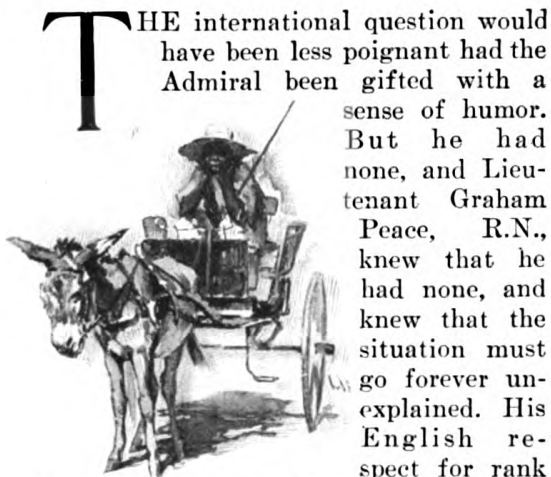
Between curves in the shore-line now and again the Tiber lies calm as a lake, opaque, dense, and milky, fading to light green close to the shores, where in the reedy banks along the edge of the marshes come the bird-calls of the thrush, the full, vibrant wonder of the meadow-lark's song, and an undertone of chorus from the bushes bordering the desolate land.

Live-oaks line the shores, where piles of ruined stones on the blank landscape mark the site of ancient villas when Fumicino and Ostia were the seaside resorts for the Roman populace. Another sacred island, the third country formed by this intrepid, creative stream, rises in mid-current, and the Tiber divides itself into two branches, one finding the sea at Ostia and the other at Fumicino, whose artificial channel was built by Trajan.

A row of gray houses lines the jetty at the old port of the little pestilential town (malaria stalks here like a giant), docks and quays edge the river, where anchor fishing-smacks and larger vessels with bright-painted poops and brown sails. A vista opens between the Sacred Island and the dark, ugly little harbor town, and at its end appear various craft—the masts of large ships, a white and widening horizon, and a sweep of blue. Just beyond the jetty the rush and torrent of the Tiber attain their goal. One sharp line—a line as golden as the sun—is drawn across the sea's face . . . there is no blending, no intermingling, no linking of waters when the Tiber abruptly meets the intense blue of the Mediterranean Sea.

What the Donkey Did

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS



THE international question would have been less poignant had the Admiral been gifted with a sense of humor. But he had none, and Lieutenant Graham Peace, R.N., knew that he had none, and knew that the situation must go forever unexplained. His English respect for rank forbade him to consider, as Violet Eliot considered, that this fact was a witicism. The bump of reverence in Violet's head was a hollow.

Nevertheless—and none the less that her point of view dazed him afresh every hour—each hair of that golden head was dear to Graham Peace, and that their engagement should be broken was a black nightmare. Reflecting upon it night and day, he could not decide why it was broken, unless because he was an Englishman, and because all Englishmen were born—according to Violet—with a predisposition, amounting to a craving, to bully women. He certainly had been sore that the girl should have made a fool of him before the Admiral, and sorer perhaps that she should have seen fit to take it as a howling joke; he certainly was startled at the unconventionality of the scene—but Violet had startled him before. He certainly might have been judicially regarded as a trifle cross, yet never for a second did he suspect her of lying, as she claimed; never for a second had he been “ashamed of her.” As his mind reviewed the catastrophe it resolved itself into three phases: Violet's note; his walk with the Admiral, climaxed with the beach scene; the interview next day wherein the world

ended. First was Violet's note, sent out to the ship:

“GRAHAM DEAR,—This isn't a letter, just a wave of the hand to tell you I'm thinking about you. I seldom do it, but I happen to, this minute. As you can't come ashore to-morrow and break the Sabbath with me, I'm going to run up a balance of piety for us both by going to church all day. Picture me morning and afternoon on my knees with that holy cast in my eye which you know so well. Can't you see how stained-glass I shall look? Pity you won't really have the vision. Good-by, you swash-buckling Britisher. Would you like me better if I were not stiff-starched with propriety, the way I am?”

Now Peace was a quiet, proper person, and Violet a scarcely redeemed barbarian. He smiled. The note was the first act of the play.

Next came his unexpected leave to go off the ship; his landing at the Princess Hotel, to find Miss Eliot gone; his decision to go up to Admiralty House and pay his respects to Sir Robert, just arrived, and Lady Barrows. Sir Robert, his father's old friend, suggested that the young man should take a walk with him. As they walked, the Admiral talked most kindly to him of his engagement, and Graham was moved to be expansive, and to tell his lord how uncommon was the prize which he had won. The great man listened with keen interest—it seemed—while in unused effusiveness Peace opened his soul, as never before he had opened it to man, concerning the gentleness of Violet, her straightforward honesty, her sweet reserve, her adaptability to English conventionalities. If he felt a bit shaky as he mentioned reserve and conventionality, he but insisted more on the qualities, knowing what the Admiral ap-



VIOLET ELIOT—HATLESS SLEEVES ROLLED UP—HUNG FROM A LIMB

proved—knowing also that the girl's beauty would win him, and that her tact would see his standard and steer clear of reefs. One could trust Violet to charm a man, admiral or lieutenant. After she had him charmed and chained she would probably shock him, but he would not escape the shackles for that—no one ever did. So Graham wandered on, as afterwards he blushed to remember, drawing a fancy picture of a lady endowed richly with feminine virtues, strong in truthfulness, delicacy, modesty,—meek and lambl-like in spirit. He did not use quite such words, but such was the impression his words gave. He mentioned also that she had written him that she was to be in church this afternoon—as well as this morning,

he added with quiet pride. He very much wanted the Admiral to admire his *fiancée*. And the Admiral responded cordially.

"It's evident you've found a treasure, Graham—the genuine old-fashioned style of woman," he said.

With that they turned a corner of a lane that led to the sea and came upon two horses tied, one with a side-saddle. From behind the trees sounded a shout of man's laughter and a girl's voice expostulating. With two steps more they were looking at the back of a young fellow in riding-clothes, who watched, with roars of joy, Violet Eliot. Violet Eliot, who—hatless, with the sleeves of her blouse rolled up, with a good bit of russet riding-boots showing sportily—

hung from a limb and tried to chin herself.

"I could do it if you'd stop laughing, Dickie. I know I could. I used to do it like a streak. There!"

"Bully!" applauded the man. The slim arms bent double, the chin rose squarely to the branch, and the small boots clapped triumphantly on the ground. As they clapped, her eyes lighted on the arrivals, and at the swift blankness of her look the man wheeled; Graham's side-glance saw a stranger, a handsome youngster, an American. Slowly the consternation on the girl's face slid into an irresponsible, irrepressible smile. She broke the silence.

"Graham!" she demanded, "how in the world did you trap me?"

And Graham pulled himself together and presented the stiff and solemn Admiral to Miss Eliot, and they had the pleasure in return of meeting the gentleman addressed as Dickie, a Mr. Stevens, of New York, not otherwise explained. Graham's bitterest memory of act second, perhaps, was the sympathetic manner of Sir Robert as they walked home together.

Act third began with a conversational minuet between the lovers; stately and formal, it lacked, however, the smiling serenity ascribed to minuets. It ended in a whirlwind. Peace introduced the amenities by asking in a formal manner why Violet had wished to deceive him about going to church; who the man with her might be; if she thought it good form to be riding about hatless with strangers on Sundays and doing track athletics on the beach? He finished with a grieved account of his interview with the Admiral, which he was unaware, in the fervor of his feeling, was funny. That Violet responded to this oration with gentle laughter hurt his feelings. He repeated his questions with accelerated movement. With evident effort to keep time to the dignified pace set, she then explained. She had *not* tried to deceive him; Dickie Stevens was *not* a stranger, but Tim's friend—her brother's friend. He had come down on the boat Thursday, not knowing they were there. He was sailing back tomorrow, and Tim, having an engagement Sunday, had asked her to give up church

and ride with him. He was a delightful boy, and she was glad she had done it. Yes, certainly, it was entirely good form to do all that she did, and more, with Dickie, whom she had known all her life. As for the Admiral—there was a pause here as if powerful words were strangled—she must say she did not care what the Admiral thought or did not think.

Graham broke the gait slightly. The Admiral was important to him; one would think she might care to have her *fiancé* proud of her with his friends. No hat, and sleeves rolled up!

At this point set in the whirlwind. The words of it were but flotsam on the tide, yet Peace was aware of being accused of a number of crimes, all plausible—of the final, irrefutable charge of being an Englishman; of an indignant goddess, five feet in height and weighing ninety pounds, who poured hot lava from a voice whose softness, even at this juncture, was noticeable. Aware, too, he was of noticing in the stress of the tempest that no one had such hair as Violet—such pale gold with black shadows—and that it was curious and admirable how her eyes in anger matched her name. A condemned criminal, they say, remarks the polka-dots in the executioner's necktie. After this he remembered only falling over a chair as he tried to extract himself from the Presence with dignity.

Since then there had been a week filled with a growing wonder as to what men did with their time who were not engaged to Violet Eliot. He had to prod himself to the things that had once been a joy, in those good old times a week ago. This afternoon, for instance, he would go on his bicycle to Devonshire Fort, the lonely spot on the South Shore where the tragedy had happened. He started out, melancholy, solitary.

And meanwhile Fate had whispered into the ear of Violet, who, repeating, unknowing, the words of Fate, had ordered Tiny Tim, her brother, to find for her instantly a horse to ride or a trap to drive, because she must get away from this dreadful hotel and the disgusting people, now—in a minute—in half an hour at most. Tim, grasping dimly the argument, regarded her scornfully, for he had no patience with



A SMALL RAT OF A DONKEY DROOPED IN HIS SHAFTS

this broken engagement. A pliant future brother on H. M. S. *Terrible* had been a convenience to Tim. He remonstrated.

"Now, Vi—that's just like a girl—why didn't you say so this morning? Everything's taken up for the garden-party at Lady Barrows'. I probably can't get a trained cow as late as this."

"Fortunately I don't want a trained cow," his sister responded, pertly. "You get me a horse to ride, Timmy—anyway get me something that goes—any sort of a gee-gee—but I'd like something big and lively that will keep my hands full. Hurry—don't be inefficient—just go and get it."

And Tim, with the slavishness of truly good men, went and got it.

It waited in the back courtyard of the Princess as Violet, garnished in white from throat to toes, came out of the hotel. She halted in her tracks and stared. In an attitude of profound melancholy a small rat of a donkey drooped in his shafts. His large head sank towards the white coral of the pavement; his curtains of ears hung limp; he suffered, by the proclamation of every

line, from a broken heart. Tiny Tim towered cheerfully over him, six feet three inches in air, and thumped him with an encouraging hand.

"Cheer up, old man!" urged Tim. "We all know you're the scum of the earth, but don't rub it in—makes me feel bad. Lots of other donkeys loose—can't all of us be birds of paradise—necessary to keep up variety in the flora and fauna,—*savez?* Don't you care—brace!"

A herculean pat sent the small body staggering sidewise, but could not budge the grief-stricken soul. The dejected pose remained; the gray rat might not be comforted.

"What—that! Tim!" Violet's tone was dismayed.

"Uh-huh! Them's um," Tim answered, classically. "Said you wanted something big and lively. Best and only to be had in these islands—take him or leave him, but you won't get another. Besides, what's the matter with him? He's a peach. Wait till you hear him bray and you'll be stuck on him—he brays lovely. Doesn't he, sonny?" He appealed to the black boy proprietor. "Didn't he bray like an angel com-

ing down? Oh, he's a corker, Vi—he's the pickles all right—in fact, he's got pickle-pockets all over him," he assured her, firmly, and considered the question settled.

"Well, he may have pickle-pockets," his sister agreed, doubtfully, "but he hasn't much hair. He's the skinniest, baldest little scrap I ever saw. Can he go? Is he tired out?" she demanded of the listless proprietor.

"Yas'm," the lad drawled. "He kin go. No'm. He ain't tired. Tha's jes th' way he's got o' restin'. Sometimes he goes right smart," he added, in a silky voice, and grinned.

"It seems like cruelty to make him," Violet reflected aloud. "But I might as well try. Poor lamb!" and she patted the ribby side. "Poor, meek gray rat! Would it be asking too much of you to trot around the country with me? I'm not very heavy. Will you be a kind rat to me?" she murmured, lovingly, and a sudden hind leg shot up with a sharp flick and just missed her hand.

"Vicious brute! Better not be too sure of his meekness," advised Tim. "The jackass tribe is deceitful and desperately wicked. Shall I get your hat?" he offered, with marked civility.

"No, thanks—not going to wear one." The girl was in the cart.

Tiny Tim frowned down at her. "Oh, for cat's sake, Vi," he broke forth, with that elegance of diction which is learned at our large universities, "don't make a holy show of yourself! It's bad form and you know it. I suppose you think you're a winner, with that lemon-colored croquette on your topknot," he suggested, pleasantly, and Violet laughed, having heard her golden hair admired too often to be sensitive.

The laugh irritated Tim. "You're awfully American since—" her glance stopped the sentence. The boy went on, however. "A little pig-headed, yellow-headed, picked chicken like you to throw down that carking athlete—the best tennis-player on the island—" and again Violet laughed, but the sound was a chastened one.

"Timmy, don't badger me," she begged. "What's that got to do with my hat? I'd better go now." She picked up the reins, but the big youngster

stood with his hand on the bridle and made oration.

"You'll never get another such chance. You! To throw down Graham Peace! Smarty! Tearing around the country with your hat off, hoping you'll meet him and shock him. Smarty!"

At this juncture Violet turned her face up, and there were tears in her eyes. At nineteen one is perhaps severer against wrong-doers than later, and Tim felt a brotherly responsibility, yet he was softened.

"Shall I go with you?" he inquired, sternly, and the girl shook her head with a sorrowful smile of tenderness.

"Timmy! And give up the garden-party at Admiralty House—and the tennis you've planned for a week! You're a lamb! Not much! But thank you, you dear thing!"

Being caught in unselfishness naturally plunged Tiny Tim into severity again. "Once more I ask, shall I get your hat?" he inquired, grimly.

"Once more I answer, you shall not," responded his sister. "Let the donkey's head go. I want to get off."

Tim held tight for a moment more while he delivered this last thunder: "Very well, then—all I ask is, keep clear of Admiralty House. I'd be awfully ashamed of you—you look like a housemaid out for a glass of beer."

"You needn't worry. The one thing I'm trying to avoid is Lady Barrows's garden-party—I see myself going to it in a donkey-cart!" the girl threw back hotly.

It was a pleasure to Tim to see her lips close hard, and to know that the quotation from Graham Peace had struck home, as he watched the cart turn down the narrow lane which runs between oleanders and vine-grown walls past the cottage to the road.

The afternoon sun shone hotly over white and green Bermuda. Every leaf of the rustling millions, every red flower, every delicate rose and lily, stood up in the breeze and said: "This is a new thought; I have only just noticed how delicious is the sunlight; to-day is by far the best day ever made; this is a real party—so let everything and everybody play it's a holiday." Which is what all the leaves and flowers and waves



OVER THE COLLAPSED GRAY BACK VIOLET STARED AT THIS SPEECHLESS VISION

of the sea say each day that comes, in Bermuda. And all the people there laugh and agree: "Yes, it is true; it is the best day yet; it is and shall be a holiday." And therefore it is, in Bermuda, a holiday every day—or one thinks so, which is much the same.

As Violet drove, white houses, white-roofed, winked at her shyly from behind veils of black-green cedars; banks of scarlet geraniums flaunted color in her eyes; roses hung over the roadside and bobbed pink salutations; fields of lilies ran from her in a white flight back to tall hedges of oleanders; and everywhere the insistent gay ocean pushed in a twinkling finger of purple or emerald or blue water to point at the charms of the islands it held in its arms. It was all brightness and holiday; Violet felt herself the one note out of tune in the lively air.

The donkey's thin little legs pattered

along with great decorum, and his driver repeated with righteous indignation the epithet Tim had used towards the guiltless creature.

"Vicious brute indeed! If all the world were as kind as you, you sad little gray rat, life would be simple," she remarked aloud, and fell to thinking from that text.

Certainly it was a gentle beast, though a misfit as to looks to carry about the tragedy of her soul. A plunging, snorting steed, a puller, a borer, and herself in the saddle, controlling him with calm, sad fearlessness—such a picture as that came to her mind as appropriate. Or a smart high trap, dangerously adapted to tip over, drawn by a bad-tempered brute, with her slight figure alone on the box, holding the reins, courting destruction with a careless smile—and Graham Peace watching perhaps, horror-struck,

her headlong career—this was another snap-shot grateful to the imagination. Yet, after all, it did not matter, and the rat would jog without attention and let her think.

She had thought it all over many times in the last week, yet the situation seemed as impossible as ever. Do what she would, she could not adjust herself to the mechanism of a world with the mainspring left out. The more she considered, the more certain she felt that it was all the Admiral's fault. It was difficult to put into reasoning, but the feeling was convincing. All might have been well if only the Admiral had laughed with gayety and gotten off a well-chosen sentence or two, such as:

"Very well done, Miss Eliot—it's quite a trick to chin yourself;" and then,

"What a sensible American custom it is to leave off the hat in warm weather!" followed by,

"Any athletic effort is easier when one's arms are free, is it not?"

It seemed to Violet she could name a dozen American old gentlemen who would have relieved the strain with words to that effect. But instead he had treated it like an international question, and looked so like a horrified owl with his bristling gray beard and his solemn manner that she had laughed, which made things shades blacker. Just the least touch of a sense of humor on the Admiral's part would have saved the situation. Graham of course had turned his heavy guns on poor little Dickie Stevens ridiculously, but that was all due to Sir Robert. She had to resent it; she had to break the engagement in self-respect; but it was the Admiral whom she resented, not Graham. Not Graham, who turned at the door next day, as he left her, to say once again for the last time, "I love you, Violet"; Graham, who, after letting the Admiral embarrass him and prejudice him and make him cross to her, had recanted nobly, and told her that the Admiral counted not one "bally whoop"; who had assured her earnestly that the Admiral was "an old granny"; Graham, who had explained and retracted and apologized infinitely. Certainly she was not resentful at Graham any more;

moreover, she still loved him—she expected to go on loving him through a long, lonely, colorless life. But the engagement had to be broken, because he had plainly looked down upon Americans and American customs, which was not to be borne, and because he had taken sides with the Admiral against her, and because—possibly because—she was pig-headed. At all events, Englishmen all bullied their wives. She had heard it often, and it was just as well not to put herself in the list—she would not take kindly to bullying. She sighed a heart-broken sigh—yes, it was a glorious thing that her engagement was broken.

The gray rat during these musings had progressed with docility and tinkling hoof-beats down the street by the Royal Palms; around Crow Lane, at the end of the sparkling bay; through shadowy Springfield Avenue, to the white thread of the South Shore road. A morbid desire drew her to revisit Devonshire Fort, the scene of her life's undoing. Meanwhile she followed, all unknowing, a solitary bicycle-rider who, just out of sight around each turn, shaped his course also, and also with a heavy heart, to that same port. As he rode, he too resentfully considered the Admiral, how he was thick-headed.

"Fussy old granny!" the man growled to himself. "It was all his fault. My poor little Violet, who has never known anything but love and admiration—how could she be expected to put up with his stiffness? If he'd had the least sense of humor in his old bones, he would have known that the American point of view explained it all. What's more, she didn't fancy any one was about. Why the devil should Sir Robert insist on seeing Devonshire Fort—what is there to see? And why should the old duffer set up to criticise if a girl plays a bit with an old friend—picturesque I call it, that scene. And amusing, most uncommonly amusing— Oh, hang it all! It's his fault, but why did I let him come it over me? Why should I have taken it out of Violet because the old prig looked solemn? I was a beast next day, and now she's down on the nation. The Admiral managed to make an international question of it, and she'll not touch an Englishman now with a pair

of tongs—and I'm the goat—blast the Admiral!"

To this tune the bicycle progressed. And behind it, unseen, progressed the donkey-cart, and from both vehicles rose in the air a still blue smoke of invective towards the Admiral.

The shore road was deserted, and from over a rise of land came a dim sound of the sea, rolling up unbroken from the south pole to fall on the reefs. A sandy lane, golden with ruts, emerald with grasses, branched to it, and the rider got off his wheel and pushed it along the heavy ascent, unconscious that thereby he was saying his lines as they were written in the book, and playing the card that Fate had marked for the trick.

The donkey-cart gained—gained rapidly. Through sparse cedars, etched black on tawny sand, man and bicycle wound up-hill, and now he heard over the cliffs the boom of the breakers as he had heard it on Sunday when he came up with the Admiral. A quick "Ah!" that was like the answer to a thrust got away from the man's throat. The narrow road ran here between high walls, twisting upward—the entrance to the abandoned fort. Peace wheeled his bicycle slowly along the grassy way, through the tunnel-like approach, dreaming sadly of happier days, and behind him, closer and closer, unheard and unseen, pattered Fate in the form of a gray donkey. There was but one turn now between them; the rat took it.

Peace, with his hand on the machine, stopped and looked back, and at that, with one accord, donkey and cart and bicycle and man sped at each other. In an ornate zigzag with fancy steps they sped as if planning the dance from the foundation of the world. No one can dodge a shying donkey successfully unless it is known which way the donkey shies next. This shy was a woven motion with unexpected figures, and Peace met it at every jump. The ruin was rapid yet thorough, and it was not over two minutes from its incipience that the rat took a sudden jolt into infinite stillness, and dropped his head with the resignation which seemed his most saintly characteristic, and withdrew his soul into contemplation.

Graham Peace slowly arose from under his heels. He pushed his arm through the front wheel of the bicycle, which arose with him, and stared pallidly. There was a rent in his white-flannelled knee, he held one wrist in the other as if it hurt, and down his left eyebrow trickled red. Over the collapsed gray back and sinking head Violet stared at this speechless vision, and then she saw the blood.

"Oh, you're hurt!" she cried, and a drop promptly crawled into his eye.

"Bother!" he answered, briefly, and mopped it away, and saw his Panama hat lying on the ground. A man will interrupt choirs of angels or his own love-making to put his hat on, and Peace by instinct took a step towards it, and winced and stood helplessly looking down at his foot, and the girl followed his eye. Under the torn stocking the ankle was swelling to a lump already visible.

"Oh, I'm so sorry—I'm so sorry!" she stammered in agony. "It's all my fault—but I didn't dream it was you." That she had planned to kill somebody seemed evident. "It's such a good little donkey—"

"Oh, ripping!" Graham agreed, enthusiastically, but she went on:

"He was frightened at the sight of you, that's all, and—"

"Oh, that often happens," Peace hurried to say, helpfully, but she paid no attention to his interjections. Her eyes had alighted on the limp wrist held carefully in the other fist.

"Your hand is hurt, too— Oh, you're all broken to pieces, aren't you?" she cried, in distress.

"Rather," Graham acknowledged, and devoured her with his eyes. It was good to be looking at her again, even with everything in a mess.

"You can't walk home," she reflected, and went scarlet. She and Graham and their tragedy lumped into a donkey-cart!

"I'm afraid I'll have to trouble you to give me a lift," he answered, apologetically. "It's quite too bad, but"—he glanced down—"I seem to have knocked up my foot a bit. The wheel's done." He threw a regretful glance at the ruin, from which by now he had separated himself. "I'll send my man up for

it; but"—he took a trial step and caught at the shaft—"I seem not to be able to walk particularly. My ankle—I'll have to trouble you. It's quite too bad," he repeated, and gazed at her wistfully.

As the two remembered it later, the civilities which followed were such as would have graced a government-house function and were more than adequate, distinctly pleonastic, for the situation. Under cover of much politeness on both sides the large young man, minus a foot and with a hand gone wrong, hitched himself somehow into the small vehicle and sat with his knees half-way to his chin, as dejected as the donkey. The ambulance train so threaded its way down the lane but lately ascended in another order.

As they reached the turn to the South Shore road something clattering was approaching, something which looked like odds and ends of boards and wheels casually thrown together. A heap of rags, singing, lay across the medley; and drawing the job lot, trimmed with bits of rope and leather, was a brown replica of the gray rat.

"Y' eyan't getter heab'n on a skeeter-fly's wing."

warbled the rag-bundle, in a mellow yell,

and the clatter of wheels and boards banged an interlude.

"Y' gotter getter glory wid er—"

Bump! Rattle! The brown cousin halted with a fusillade of loose sounds, the rich voice stopped, and a cheerful black face lifted inquiringly. The cousin's ears were erect, his nostrils twitching, his eyes gleaming—his pose intimated that he was astonished and insulted to discover the presence, on his own peculiar earth, of the gray rat. And the gray rat, with his fore legs set, returned the compliment, ears, nose, and glare. Violet hurriedly gave her steed a smart cut with the whip, but with no result; the rat's attention was elsewhere. A low whine expressed his impatience of the other donkey's existence. And the other whined back, and at that, without further prelude, the rat threw up his head and sent to the skies such a bray as shook the cart; and the brown cousin caught it somewhere in the middle with a stentorian reply, and the world quivered to horrid sound. Violet rained blows on her beast's thin sides with eager brutality, but she might as well have beaten a gray iron statue. Bray after bray rose antiphonally, and neither animal noticed by a sign the exhortations of its driver.



THE RAT BOLTED UP THE ROAD

"Quaint brute!" murmured Graham, and made a quick movement to get out of the trap—forgetting his foot—and saved himself from falling; he sat still, helpless, and looked at Violet.

"Be quiet," she spoke. "You can't do it—I'll go and drag him."

With that she was at the donkey's head, gripping the bridle, and with her feet planted to match his, she pulled till her face was scarlet. The rat did not even shake her off, but simply, without moving a muscle, he brayed. And the enemy brayed. And the ragged negro kicked his heels, as he lay across the dray, in joy, and in the intervals of the braying one heard a high squeal of laughter, of excellent musical quality. Violet walked over to him.

"Here, you," she ordered, indignantly, "get up and make your donkey go along."

The man threw out his arms and legs in an ecstasy of irresponsibility and laughed like a happy baby.

"Yaas, missis," he drawled. And as the girl mounted into her cart and took the reins he drew from some crack an old tomato-can with stones in it. Like an African incantation he shook it at the belligerents, and like successful magic was the result. The deadlock broke. What happened to the brown cousin is not known, but the rat bolted.

Bolted and ran, scurrying up the white road like a leaf in a cyclone. Banana-fields, stone walls, white houses, flew by backwards as he turned up-hill to the "Middle Road" and dashed past old Devonshire Church, flower-sweet and serene in its graveyard—but not for beauty of holiness or of landscape halted the mad gray rat. Violet's arms, strong with tennis and rowing, strained their last ounce on the reins with as much effect as if she pulled on Smith's parish church, rising now, white-spined, among the hills. Graham Peace sat with his teeth set, considering how easily he could stop the brute if he had two hands—how he probably could do it with one hand if he dared insult his proud lady-love by taking the reins. And the brute ran. Three miles he ran straight through the island, till at last he bolted full into a grocery-shop, standing flush with the North Shore road, and stopped short

with his nose on the counter, and collapsed, relaxed, as one who had reached a goal.

"Two pounds of brown sugar, please," Violet gasped to the apparent emptiness of the interior, and out of the shadows arose a large man.

With no apparent surprise, seriously and sadly, he slouched forward and took the intruder by the bridle and began backing him, as calmly as if all his customers always drove inside. Violet, recovering her breath, showered apologies, but R. M. Outerbridge, as the sign over the door announced him to be, said nothing—only backed the donkey. As the trap reached the roadway the big man lifted the small beast bodily and held him suspended for a second.

"Which way shall I set him down, miss?" he inquired.

"Quaint brute!" Violet Eliot quoted five minutes later, as the late maniac trotted meekly towards home. "What a word—'quaint'! Wouldn't it take an Englishman to apply that in the middle of a braying contest to an insane tornado of a skeleton of a donkey! 'Quaint'!"

Graham Peace did not cavil at the American assortment of language which clothed the sarcasm. "Violet," he asked, in a hopeful yet hesitant tone, "don't you think that after going through this we ought—we might—I move we'd better— Oh, hang! Violet dearest, won't you forgive me?"

Violet's eyes and mouth were veering towards a smile. "It certainly is a bond of union to be made idiots of together," she acknowledged, and she looked yielding, but that was only one of her sides.

Another had whirled around before Peace was sure of the first. Under all of the sides were a good thing and a bad thing. The bad thing was plain pig-headedness; the good thing was a sound core that was uneasy at living with resentment and distrust and such feelings and wanted to have it out and clear the atmosphere. It seemed possible that if one large explosion could blow away the débris of a quarrel, comfort, not to say rapture, might follow. Quite deliberately Violet set to work at exploding.

"Graham," she began, "it's not a mood, or a fit of temper; it's a—it's a—international question." Graham laugh-



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"WHICH WAY SHALL I SET HIM DOWN, MISS?"

ed. "That probably was funny," she admitted, with candor. "But it's a whole lot besides funny. The way it looks to me is that either I'd have to give up being myself and let you bully me into a rag doll of your selection, or else you would go through life being ashamed of me. And I have to be myself."

"I love yourself," Graham murmured.

"Oh, you do now, because you can't have me. That's always a charm. But you were nasty before the Admiral. I won't be engaged to a man who's ashamed of me."

"Ashamed! I'm prouder than—"

"Nonsense!" Violet stopped his impassioned flow of words. "You're English, with an English standard, and I'm American, with an American one. And neither of us is a jellyfish, and—what are you going to do about it?"

"It's not the first experiment of the sort," Graham pointed out. "The Jame-sons are happy, and the Potters, and the Harringtons, and the—"

"That's true," Violet agreed, thoughtfully. "I wonder how they arrange. But some of them are jellyfish."

"Leaving invertebrates out of it, what's the impossibility with us? You didn't seem to find any a while ago."

"Well—" she considered deeply. And then, "Of course I know it's the Admiral's fault—horrid old Admiral!"

"Disgusting old brute!" Graham agreed, cordially.

"But, after all, he was just an instrument of fate to show you up." Peace looked bewildered. "I saw your attitude towards me and America by the way you sided with him. I realized how all the little things were wrong between us. Our points of view—they'd never get together. I have to go hatless, and play with my old friends, if that seems fit to me. I have to. And I couldn't stand having you look horrified at me forty years on end. I must be taken as I am, for I am fatally that way. If—if you could do that, I wouldn't—maybe—mind the silly things about you." When Violet was abusive her voice was soft and her manner caressing, so that it came to one with a compliment.

"Silly things?" Graham inquired, rather flattered.

"Yes, silly. You like English dancing better than American. You must know yourself that's silly. Dance better! The idea! It's a joke. And you pretend you think our way of checking luggage isn't as good as your way of personally conducting every blessed hat-box. That's dishonest besides silly, for you can't possibly think so. And—this makes me dizzy it's so ridiculous—you actually hold up your head and say you like a round tin bath-tub better than a nice long porcelain one. How can I respect a person whose prejudices blind and brutalize him? We would get on each other's nerves. I couldn't possibly believe that you were square about the bath-tub. You'd be irritated if I didn't put on a hat for breakfast—and I'd be irritated because you were irritated, and—and—and don't you see?"

Graham Peace shook his head. "It's got rather a nasty look as you put it," he agreed, sorrowfully. Then he turned towards her as well as he could, being compressed into less space than he rightly needed. "You've forgotten one thing—you've forgotten that I love you very badly. That's a middling big count. I can't get on without you, don't you know. I could worry along somehow with the brasses and I'd try to get your slide on dancing, and if you're keen about the tub, I'll take my—soup in a porcelain one to please you—but the one luxury I can't do without isn't English. It's American—it's you. What's the good of letting a lot of rubbish interfere with the only thing that's worth considering? I'm willing to chuck my prejudices—aren't you willing just to accept my apologies? Come, dearest."

"Take your arm away, Graham—I can't drive. Then I'm—I'm afraid. You'd—you'd try to bully me—they say Englishmen—" The defence was getting weak.

"Rot!" said Graham, firmly. "Look at me." The blue eyes lifted meekly. "Can you fancy me bullying you? You know well enough who would do the bullying."

But her head shook obstinately. "I—I don't feel satisfied. I can see you developing into just such an old fuss as the Admiral—I couldn't stand you, Graham. Besides—how weak-minded it



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THROUGH THE IMPRESSIVE ASSEMBLAGE THE DONKEY-CART HELD ITS DETERMINED WAY

would look to announce our engagement one week and break it the next and announce it again the— What's the donkey trying to do?"

The gray rat had arrested himself in the midst of a worthy progress and was making attempts on his ear with his left hind foot.

"Fly," explained Graham, and took the whip and flicked it off. On pattered the rat. "Quaint brute," Peace repeated, reflectively. "He's quite done his best for us. Wonder what's his next move. Wonder if he's planning to go off his chump again before he gets us home. Must be a bit balmy in his crumpet."

"Graham! That's English slang, I suppose. Too bad Americans can't speak the language in its purity!"

But the sarcasm was wasted. "Yes, isn't it?" he agreed, absent-mindedly. "But that's all rot about not changing our minds for the look of it. What do you care? You're not coward enough to throw away happiness for the sake of the blithering idiots who'd talk? Come, Violet—come, dearest—won't you let the little things go and live for the one big thing, for—love? Answer me, dear—answer me."

Violet, clinging to the last shred of her cherished obstinacy, murmured weakly words about "the Admiral."

"The Admiral! Rot! Hang the Admiral, the bally old brute! Answer my question, Violet. Answer me, dearest."

But on that occasion Violet did not answer, for opportunity and breath were at once wrested from her. The gray rat, unregarded by the lovers, had arrived, at this psychological moment, at the stately gateway which led into the grounds of Admiralty House. The gate stood wide, the garden-party was in full blast. And the rat turned in.

"Goodness—the thing's crazy! Here! Come! Turn around!" Violet ejaculated in horrified accents, and tugged with her might.

But the rat's heart knew its own bitterness, and the rat was about to satisfy Graham Peace's curiosity as to his ultimate plans. Up the gravelled drive he held his way with a pace only slightly accelerated, but with a firmness of step and of jaw not to be shaken by anything short of earthquakes and volcanoes.

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"Oh, Graham!" gasped the girl. "He can't—he mustn't! He's going to the garden-party!"

And he went. Up the driveway the tiny, thin donkey bore the cart, rattling a song of triumph, with the bareheaded girl and the big huddled officer crouched in it, helpless—straight into the midst of the function. About the stately lawn stood groups of women in gay gowns; and the great men of the land, and the gilded youth, in and out of uniform, waited upon their words. Through this impressive assemblage the donkey-cart held its determined way towards the tennis-court beyond, green and velvety and framed in a gay audience.

Tiny Tim was putting up the game of his life against the strong serve of the Colonial Secretary. The Admiral's pretty daughter was his partner. The wife of the flag-ship's Captain played with the Secretary. It was a smart as well as a sharp set of tennis. Into it, over the chalk-lines and on to the shaven service-court, turned the gray rat, as if keeping an appointment, and came to a jolting full stop, and emitted one bray, and lay down.

For a few minutes it was as if a bomb had been thrown at a royal wedding; and when the girl, the color of a red rose, had descended from the trap, and brother officers had helped out the mangled Peace, a sympathetic and distinguished circle stood about. The Admiral himself hung over them garrulously. The scene of the Sunday quite gone from his volatile memory, he was all good feeling and interest for this particularly pretty girl and his favorite young officer. Lady Barrows's kind hand patted the girl's shoulder.

"Poor dear!" she said, gently. "You lost your hat, too, did you not?"

And Violet needed to answer nothing, for Tiny Tim took up the tale.

"Why—for cat's sake!" burst out the unconscious youth at the top of his young lungs. "The engagement's on again, isn't it, Vi?" his big fresh tones demanded, straight from the shoulder, out of a startled silence.

The question had occurred to every one, and every one caught his breath and rejoiced that it was asked, and waited eagerly for the answer. Graham Peace,

nursing his wrist, looked down with a swift interrogation in his eyes, and the girl, going a shade redder, smiled.

"Certainly yes," said Graham, firmly and loudly.

And then everybody smiled also. But there was a second of nervous, embar-

assing silence, and feeling this, with an instinct to fill it, the fortunate lover put out his hand and pulled a long, gray, furry ear.

"Quaint brute!" said Graham Peace.

"Quaint brute! he's balmy in his crum-pet, but he did the trick—the donkey did."

The Cap of Darkness

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

WEARY of all renown,
The victor paused and said,
"In all the world what crown
Is left to gird my head?
Each gift which fortune gave me
A dead weight grows to be;
Men's plaudits now enslave me,
I move no longer free."

From each wall the tattered banners
Drifted heavily and swung;
Round the hall the stony warriors
Stood in niche and spake no tongue:
Overhead the Cap of Darkness,
Like a sheath of shadow hung.

"Here," he said, "are Night and Silence,
Shadows of unshaken things;
Winds o'erblown from barren highlands,
Borne upon unbroken wings:
Continents, remote as islands,
In our midst they stand as kings.

"While I ranged from eastward westward,
Never saw I tower or town,
Never height that whitened crestward,
Never king that had a crown,
Never fastness so sequestered—
What man saw, man's arm brought down.

"These brave banners all stand taken;
Ragged captives here they pine!
These gaunt kings could they awaken
Would not yet their crowns resign!
Now, to face all foes unshaken,
Make the Cap of Darkness mine!"

Hunting the Deceitful Turkey

BY MARK TWAIN

WHEN I was a boy my uncle and his big boys hunted with the rifle, the youngest boy Fred and I with a shotgun—a small single-barrelled shotgun which was properly suited to our size and strength; it was not much heavier than a broom. We carried it turn about, half an hour at a time. I was not able to hit anything with it, but I liked to try. Fred and I hunted feathered small game, the others hunted deer, squirrels, wild turkeys, and such things. My uncle and the big boys were good shots. They killed hawks and wild geese and such like on the wing; and they didn't wound or kill squirrels, they *stunned* them. When the dogs treed a squirrel, the squirrel would scamper aloft and run out on a limb and flatten himself along it, hoping to make himself invisible in that way—and not quite succeeding. You could see his wee little ears sticking up. You couldn't see his nose, but you knew where it was. Then the hunter, despising a "rest" for his rifle, stood up and took offhand aim at the limb and sent a bullet into it immediately under the squirrel's nose, and down tumbled the animal, unwounded but unconscious; the dogs gave him a shake and he was dead. Sometimes when the distance was great and the wind not accurately allowed for, the bullet would hit the squirrel's head; the dogs could do as they pleased with that one—the hunter's pride was hurt, and he wouldn't allow it to go into the game-bag.

In the first faint gray of the dawn the stately wild turkeys would be stalking around in great flocks, and ready to be sociable and answer invitations to come and converse with other excursionists of their kind. The hunter concealed himself and imitated the turkey-call by sucking the air through the leg-bone of a turkey which had previously

answered a call like that and lived only just long enough to regret it. There is nothing that furnishes a perfect turkey-call except that bone. Another of Nature's treacheries, you see. She is full of them; half the time she doesn't know which she likes best—to betray her child or protect it. In the case of the turkey she is badly mixed: she gives it a bone to be used in getting it into trouble, and she also furnishes it with a trick for getting itself out of the trouble again. When a mamma-turkey answers an invitation and finds she has made a mistake in accepting it, she does as the mamma-partridge does—remembers a previous engagement and goes limping and scrambling away, pretending to be very lame; and at the same time she is saying to her not-visible children, "Lie low, keep still, don't expose yourselves; I shall be back as soon as I have beguiled this shabby swindler out of the country."

When a person is ignorant and confiding, this immoral device can have tiresome results. I followed an ostensibly lame turkey over a considerable part of the United States one morning, because I believed in her and could not think she would deceive a mere boy, and one who was trusting her and considering her honest. I had the single-barrelled shotgun, but my idea was to catch her alive. I often got within rushing distance of her, and then made my rush; but always, just as I made my final plunge and put my hand down where her back had been, it wasn't there; it was only two or three inches from there and I brushed the tail-feathers as I landed on my stomach—a very close call, but still not quite close enough; that is, not close enough for success, but just close enough to convince me that I could do it next time. She always waited for me, a little piece away, and let on to be resting and greatly fatigued; which was

a lie, but I believed it, for I still thought her honest long after I ought to have begun to doubt her, suspecting that this was no way for a high-minded bird to be acting. I followed, and followed, and followed, making my periodical rushes, and getting up and brushing the dust off, and resuming the voyage with patient confidence; indeed, with a confidence which grew, for I could see by the change of climate and vegetation that we were getting up into the high latitudes, and as she always looked a little tired and a little more discouraged after each rush, I judged that I was safe to win, in the end, the competition being purely a matter of staying power and the advantage lying with me from the start because she was lame

Along in the afternoon I began to feel fatigued myself. Neither of us had had any rest since we first started on the excursion, which was upwards of ten hours before, though latterly we had paused awhile after rushes, I letting on to be thinking about something else; but neither of us sincere, and both of us waiting for the other to call game but in no real hurry about it, for indeed those little evanescent snatches of rest were very grateful to the feelings of us both; it would naturally be so, skirmishing along like that ever since dawn and not a bite in the mean time; at least for me, though sometimes as she lay on her side fanning herself with a wing and praying for strength to get out of this difficulty a grasshopper happened along whose time had come, and that was well for her, and for-

tunate, but I had nothing—nothing the whole day.

More than once, after I was very tired, I gave up taking her alive, and was going to shoot her, but I never did it, although it was my right, for I did not believe I could hit her; and besides, she always stopped and posed, when I raised the gun, and this made me suspicious that she knew about me and my marksmanship, and so I did not care to expose myself to remarks.

I did not get her, at all. When she got tired of the game at last, she rose from almost under my hand and flew aloft with the rush and whirl of a shell and lit on the highest limb of a great tree and sat down and crossed her legs and smiled down at me, and seemed gratified to see me so astonished.

I was ashamed, and also lost; and it was while wandering the woods hunting for myself that I found a deserted log cabin and had one of the best meals there that in my life-days I have eaten. The weed-grown garden was full of ripe tomatoes, and I ate them ravenously, though I had never liked them before. Not more than two or three times since have I tasted anything that was so delicious as those tomatoes. I surfeited myself with them, and did not taste another one until I was in middle life. I can eat them now, but I do not like the look of them. I suppose we have all experienced a surfeit at one time or another. Once, in stress of circumstances, I ate part of a barrel of sardines, there being nothing else at hand, but since then I have always been able to get along without sardines.



The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

I WISH merely to recall here a few facts known to every botanist. I have made no single discovery and my modest contribution is confined to a few elementary observations on the seed of the Medick, the floral mechanism of the Sage, and that is nearly all. I need hardly say that I have no intention of reviewing all the proofs of intelligence which the plants give us. These proofs are innumerable and continual, especially among the flowers, in which the effort of vegetable life towards light and understanding is concentrated.

Though there be plants and flowers that are awkward or unlucky, there is none that is wholly devoid of wisdom and ingenuity. All exert themselves to accomplish their work, all have the magnificent ambition to overrun and conquer the surface of the globe by endlessly multiplying that form of existence which they represent. To attain this object, they have, because of the law that chains them to the soil, to overcome difficulties much greater than those opposed to the increase of the animals. And so the majority of them have recourse to combinations, to a machinery, to traps which, in regard to mechanism, ballistics, aerial navigation, and the observation of insects, for instance, have often preceded the inventions and the acquirements of man.

It would be superfluous once more to trace the picture of the great systems of floral fertilization: the play of the stamens and the pistil, the seduction of the perfumes, the appeal of the harmonious and dazzling colors, the concoction of the nectar, which is absolutely useless to the flower and which is manufactured only to attract and retain the liberator from without, the messenger of love—bee, humblebee, fly, butterfly, or moth—that is to bring to

the flower the kiss of the distant, invisible, motionless lover. . . .

This vegetable world, which to us appears so placid, so resigned, in which all seems acquiescence, silence, obedience, meditation, is, on the contrary, that in which impatience, the revolt against destiny, are the most vehement and stubborn. The essential organ, the nutrient organ of the plant, its root, attaches it indissolubly to the soil. If it be difficult to discover among the great laws that overwhelm us that which weighs heaviest upon our shoulders, in the case of the plant there is no doubt: it is the law that condemns it to immobility from its birth to its death. Therefore, it knows better than we, who disseminate our efforts, against what first to rise in revolt. And the energy of its fixed idea, mounting from the darkness of the roots to become organized and full blown in the flower, is an incomparable spectacle. It exerts itself wholly with one sole aim: to escape above from the fatality below, to evade, to transgress the heavy and sombre law, to set itself free, to shatter the narrow sphere, to invent or invoke wings, to escape as far as it can, to conquer the space in which destiny encloses it, to approach another kingdom, to penetrate into a moving and active world. . . . Is the fact that it attains its object not as surprising as though we were to succeed in living outside the time which a different destiny assigns to us or in making our way into a universe freed from the weightiest laws of matter? We shall see that the flower sets man a prodigious example of insubmission, courage, perseverance, and ingenuity.

If we had applied to the removal of various necessities that crush us, such as pain, old age, and death, one-half the energy displayed by any little flower in our gardens, we may well be-

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

lieve that our lot would be very different from what it is.

This need of movement, this hunger for space, among the greater number of plants, is manifested in both the flower and the fruit. It is easily explained in the fruit, or, in any case, discloses only a less complex experience and foresight. Contrary to that which takes place in the animal kingdom and because of the terrible law of absolute immobility, the chief and worst enemy of the seed is the paternal stock. We are in a strange world, where the parents, incapable of moving from one place to another, know that they are condemned to starve or stifle their offspring. Every seed that falls at the foot of the tree or plant is lost or will sprout in wretchedness. Hence the immense effort to throw off the yoke and conquer space. Hence the marvellous systems of dissemination, of propulsion, of navigation of the air, which we find on every side in the forest and the plain; among others, to mention in passing but a few of the most curious, the aerial screw of the Maple and the Lime-tree; the flying-machine of the Thistle, the Dandelion, and the Salsafy; the detonating springs of the Spurge; the extraordinary squirt of the Momordica; the hooks of the eriophilous plants; and a thousand other unexpected and astounding pieces of mechanism; for there is not, so to speak, a single seed but has invented for its sole use a complete method of escaping from the maternal shade.

It would, in fact, be impossible, if one had not practised a little botany, to believe the expenditure of imagination and genius in all the verdure that gladdens our eyes. Pick a blade of grass by the roadside, out of the first tuft that offers, and you will perceive an independent, indefatigable, unexpected little intelligence at work. Here, for instance, are two poor creeping plants which you have met a thousand times on your walks; for we find them in every spot, down to the most ungrateful corners to which a pinch of soil has strayed. They are two varieties of wild Lucerne or Medick (*Medicago*), two "ill weeds" in the more modest sense of the word. One bears a reddish flower, the other a little yellow

ball the size of a pea. To see them crawling and hiding among the proud grasses, one would never suspect that, long before the illustrious geometrician and physician of Syracuse, they had discovered the Archimedean screw and endeavored to apply it not to the raising of liquids, but to the art of flying. They lodge their seeds in light spirals with three or four convolutions, admirably constructed to delay their fall and, consequently, with the help of the wind, to prolong their journey through the air. One of them, the yellow, has even improved upon the apparatus of the red one by furnishing the edges of the spiral with a double row of points, with the evident object of hooking it, in passing, on either the clothes of the pedestrians or the fleece of the animals. It clearly hopes to add the advantages of eriophily, that is to say the dissemination of the seed by sheep, goats, rabbits, and so on, to those of anemophily, or dissemination by the wind.

The most touching side of this great effort is its futility. The poor red and yellow Medicks have made a mistake. Their remarkable screws are of no use to them: they could act only if they fell from a certain height, from the top of some tall tree or haughty grass-plant; but, constructed as they are on the level of the grass, they have hardly taken a quarter of a turn before already they touch the ground. We have here a curious instance of the mistakes, the gropings, the experiments, and the frequent little miscalculations of nature: for only those who have studied Nature but very little will declare that she never errs.

Let us observe, in passing, that other varieties of the Medick (not to speak of the Clover, another papilionaceous *Leguminosa*, almost identical with that of which we are now treating), have not adopted this flying apparatus and keep to the primitive methods of the pod. In one of them, the *Medicago Aurantiaca*, we very clearly perceive the transition from the twisted pod to the screw or spiral. Another variety, the *Medicago Scutellata*, or Snail Medick, rounds its screw in the form of a ball. It would seem, therefore, that we were assisting at the inspiring spectacle of a sort of

work of invention, at the attempts of a family that has not yet settled its destiny and is seeking for the best way of ensuring its future. Was it not perhaps in the course of this search that, having been deceived in the spiral, the Yellow Medick added points or hooks to it, saying to itself, not unreasonably, that, since its leaves attract the sheep, it is inevitable and right that the sheep should assume the care of its progeny? And, lastly, is it not thanks to this new effort and to this happy thought that the Medick, with the yellow flowers, is infinitely more widely distributed than its sturdier cousin which bears red flowers?

It is not only in the seed or the flower, but in the whole plant, leaves, stalks, roots, that we discover, if we stoop for a moment over their humble work, many traces of a prudent and quick intelligence. Think of the magnificent struggle towards the light of the thwarted branches, or the ingenious and courageous strife of trees in danger. As for myself, I shall never forget the admirable example of heroism given me the other day in Provence, in the wild and delightful Gorges du Loup, all perfumed with violets, by a huge centenarian Laurel-tree. It was easy to read on its tortured and, so to speak, convulsive trunk the whole drama of its hard and tenacious life. A bird or the wind, masters of destiny, had carried the seed to the flank of the rock, which was as perpendicular as an iron curtain; and the tree was born there, two hundred yards above the torrent, inaccessible and solitary, among the burning and barren stones. From the first hour, it had sent its blind roots on a long and painful search for precarious water and soil. But this was only the hereditary care of a species that knows the aridity of the South. The young stem had to solve a much graver and more unexpected problem: it started from a vertical plane, so that its top, instead of rising towards the sky, bent down over the gulf. It was, therefore, obliged, notwithstanding the increasing weight of its branches, to correct the first flight, stubbornly to bend its disconcerted trunk in the form of an elbow close to the rock, and thus, like a swimmer who throws back his

head, by means of an incessant will, tension, and contraction, to hold its heavy crown of leaves straight up into the sky.

Thenceforward all the preoccupations, all the energy, all the free and conscious genius of the plant had centred around that vital knot. The monstrous, hypertrophied elbow revealed one by one the successive solitudes of a kind of thought that knew how to profit by the warnings which it received from the rains and the storms. Year by year, the leafy dome grew heavier, with no other care than to spread itself out in the light and heat, while a hidden canker gnawed deep into the tragic arm that supported it in space. Then, obeying I know not what order of the instinct, two stout roots, two fibrous cables, issuing from the trunk at more than two feet above the elbow, had come to moor it to the granite wall. Had they really been evoked by the distress, or were they perhaps waiting providently, from the first day, for the acute hour of danger, in order to increase the value of their assistance? Was it only a happy accident? What human eye will ever assist at these silent dramas, which are all too long for our short lives?*

Among the vegetals that give the most obvious proofs of intelligence and initiative, it would be interesting to study closely the movements of the aquatic plants, such as the *Vallisneria*, an *hydrocharad* whose nuptials form the most tragic episode in the love history of the plants.

The two sexes live apart at the bottom of the pools. At the wedding hour, the female plant slowly uncoils the long spiral of its peduncle, rises, emerges, and floats and blossoms on the surface of the pond. From a neighboring stem the

* Let us compare with this the act of intelligence of another root whose exploits are related by Brandis in his *Ueber Leben und Polarität*. This root, in penetrating into the earth, had come upon an old boot-sole: in order to cross this obstacle, which, apparently, it was the first of its kind to find upon its road, it subdivided itself into as many parts as there were holes left by the stitching-needle; then, when the obstacle was overcome, it came together again and reunited all its divided radicles into a single and homogeneous tap-root.

male flowers, who see it through the sunlit water, rise in their turn, full of hope, towards the one that rocks, that awaits them, that calls them to a new world. But when they have come half-way they feel themselves suddenly chained: their stalk, the very source of their life, is too short. They will never reach the abode of light, the only spot in which the union of the stamens and the pistil can be achieved. Is there a more cruel inadvertence or trial in nature? Picture the tragedy of that longing, the inaccessible that is almost attained, the transparent fatality, the impossible with not a visible obstacle. It would be insoluble, like our own tragedy on this earth, were it not that with a magnificent effort the finest, the most supernatural that I know in all the pageantry of the insects and the flowers, the males, in order to rise to happiness, deliberately break the bond that attaches them to life. They snatch themselves loose from their peduncle and, with an incomparable flight, amid bubbles and gladness, their crown of petals darts up and breaks the surface of the water. Wounded to death, but radiant and free, they float for a moment beside their heedless brides, the mysterious impregnation is accomplished, after which the victims drift away to perish, while the wife, already a mother, closes her corolla, in which lives that last breath, rolls up her spiral, and descends again to the chill and blue depths, there to ripen the fruit of the heroic kiss.

The parasitical plants, again, offer curious and mischievous sights, such as the astonishing *Cuscuta*, or Dodder: it has no leaves, and no sooner has its stalk attained a few inches in length than it voluntarily abandons its roots to twine about the victim which it has chosen and into which it digs its suckers. Thenceforth it lives exclusively upon its prey. Its perspicacity is not to be deceived; it will refuse any support that does not please it, and it will go some distance, if necessary, in search of the stem of Hemp, Hop, Lucerne, or Flax that suits its temperament and its tastes.

This *Cuscuta* naturally calls our attention to the Creepers, which have very remarkable habits, and which deserve a word to themselves. Those of us, for that matter, who have lived a little in

the country have often had occasion to admire the instinct, the sort of power of vision, that directs the tendrils of the Virginia Creeper or the *Convolvulus* towards the handle of a rake or spade resting against a wall. Move the rake and, the next day, the tendril will have turned completely round and found it again. Schopenhauer, in his treatise *Ueber den Willen in der Natur*, in the chapter devoted to the physiology of plants, recapitulates on this point and on many others a host of observations and experiments which it would take too long to set out here. I therefore refer the reader to this chapter, where he will find numerous sources and references marked out for him. Need I add that in the past sixty or seventy years these sources have been strangely multiplied, and that, besides, the subject is almost inexhaustible?

Among so great a number of different inventions, artifices, and precautions, let us mention also, for instance, the prudence of the *Hyoseris Radiata*, or Starry Swine's-Succory—a little yellow-flowered plant, not unlike the Dandelion, and often found on the walls of the Riviera. In order to insure both the dissemination and the stability of its race, it bears at one and the same time two kinds of seed: the first are easily detached, and are furnished with wings wherewith to abandon themselves to the wind, while the others have no wings, remain captive in the inflorescence, and are set free only when the latter is decomposed.

The case of the *Xanthium Spinosum*, or Spiny Xanthium, shows us how well conceived and effective certain systems of dissemination can be. This *Xanthium* is a hideous weed bristling with barbaric prickles. Not long ago it was unknown in western Europe, and no one, naturally, had dreamt of acclimatizing it. It owes its conquests to the hooks which finish off the capsules of its fruits, and which cling to the fleece of animals. A native of Russia, it came to us in bales of wool imported from the depths of the Muscovite steppes, and one might follow on the map the stages of this great emigrant which has annexed a new world.

The *Silene Italica*, or Italian Catchfly, a simple little white flower, found in abundance under the olive-trees, has set its thought working in another direction.

Apparently very timorous, very susceptible, to avoid the visits of importunate and indelicate insects it furnishes its stalks with glandular hairs, whence oozes a viscid fluid in which the parasites are caught so successfully that the peasants of the South use the plant as a fly-catcher inside their houses. Certain kinds of Catchflies, moreover, have ingeniously simplified the system. As it is the ants in particular that they dread, they discovered that it was enough, in order to prevent them from passing, to place a wide viscid ring under the node of each stalk. This is exactly what the gardeners do when they draw a circle of tar around the trunk of the apple-trees to stop the ascent of the caterpillars.

Before closing this chapter I wish to mention one more flower: not that it displays any extraordinary imagination, but it has invented a movement of love of extraordinary grace. I mean the *Nigella Damascena*, or Fennel-Flower, whose folk-names are charming: Love-in-a-Mist, Devil-in-a-Bush, Ragged Lady, etc.—happy and touching efforts of popular poetry to describe a little plant that pleases it. This plant is found in a wild state in the South, by the roadside, and under olive-trees, and is often cultivated in the North in old-fashioned gardens. Its flower is a pale blue, sim-

ple as a floweret in a primitive painting, and the "Venus' locks" or "ragged locks" that give the Ragged Lady its popular name in France are the light, tenuous, tangled leaves which surround the corolla with a "bush" of misty verdure. At the source of the flower, the five very long pistils stand closely grouped together in the centre of the azure crown, like five queens clad in green gowns, haughty and inaccessible. Around them crowd hopelessly the innumerable throng of their lovers, the stamens, who do not come up to their knees. And now, in the heart of this palace of sapphires and turquoises, in the gladness of the summer days, begins the drama without words or catastrophe which one might expect, the drama of powerless, useless, motionless waiting. But the hours pass that are the flower's years: its brilliancy fades, its petals fall, and the pride of the great queens seems at last to bend under the weight of life. At a given moment, as though obeying the secret and irresistible password of love, which deems the proof to have lasted long enough, with a concerted and symmetrical movement, comparable with the harmonious parabolas of a fivefold jet of water, they all together bow down, stoop forward, and gracefully cull on the lips of their humble lovers the golden dust of the nuptial kiss.

Withdrawn

BY JOHN B. TABB

I MISS thee everywhere;
The places dear to thee
Familiar shadows wear
As if for memory:

And where thou hast not been,
Thou seemest to repose
As near, tho' never seen,
As fragrance to the rose.

After the Wedding

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

The best room of a village house, after the bride and groom have gone and the wedding guests have left the father and the mother of the bride alone. They are a pair in later middle life, with hair beginning to be gray. The father stands at the window staring out. The mother goes restively about, noting this thing and that.

THE MOTHER: I thought we never should be rid of them!
The laughing, and the screaming, and the chatter,
I thought would drive me wild. Now they are gone,
And I can breathe a little while before I begin putting things in place again. But what confusion! I should think a whirlwind
Had swept the whole house through, up stairs and down.
It seemed as if those people had no mercy.
And she, before that wall of roses there, Standing through all so patient and so gentle,
And smiling so on every one that came To shake hands with her, or to kiss her—white
As the white dress she wore! Ah, no one knew,
As I knew what it cost her to keep up. I knew her heart was aching for the home
That she was leaving, so that when it came
To the good-by, I almost felt it break Against my own. Dearest, you do believe
He will be good to her? You do believe—
What are you looking at out of the window?

THE FATHER, *without turning*:
At the old slippers they threw after her. The rice lies in the road as thick as snow.

THE MOTHER: Those silly customs, how I hate them all!

But if they help to keep our thoughts away—

You do see something else!

THE FATHER: No, nothing else.

I was just wondering if I might not hear The whistle of their train.

THE MOTHER: And have you heard it?

THE FATHER: Not yet.

THE MOTHER: Then come and sit down here by me,

And tell me how it was when we were married.

He comes slowly from the window and stands before her.

Do you suppose I looked as pale as she did?

I know I did not! I was sure of you For life and death. Why do not you sit down?

He sinks absently beside her on the sofa. She pulls his arm round her waist.

There, now, I do not feel so much afraid!

THE FATHER: Afraid of what?

THE MOTHER: How can I tell you what?

Afraid for her of all that I was then

So radiantly glad of for myself.

Do you believe we really were so happy?

I was one craze of hope and trust in you,

But was that happiness? Do you believe

He will be good to her as you have been To me?

THE FATHER: Oh yes.

THE MOTHER: Why do you answer so,

Sighing like that?

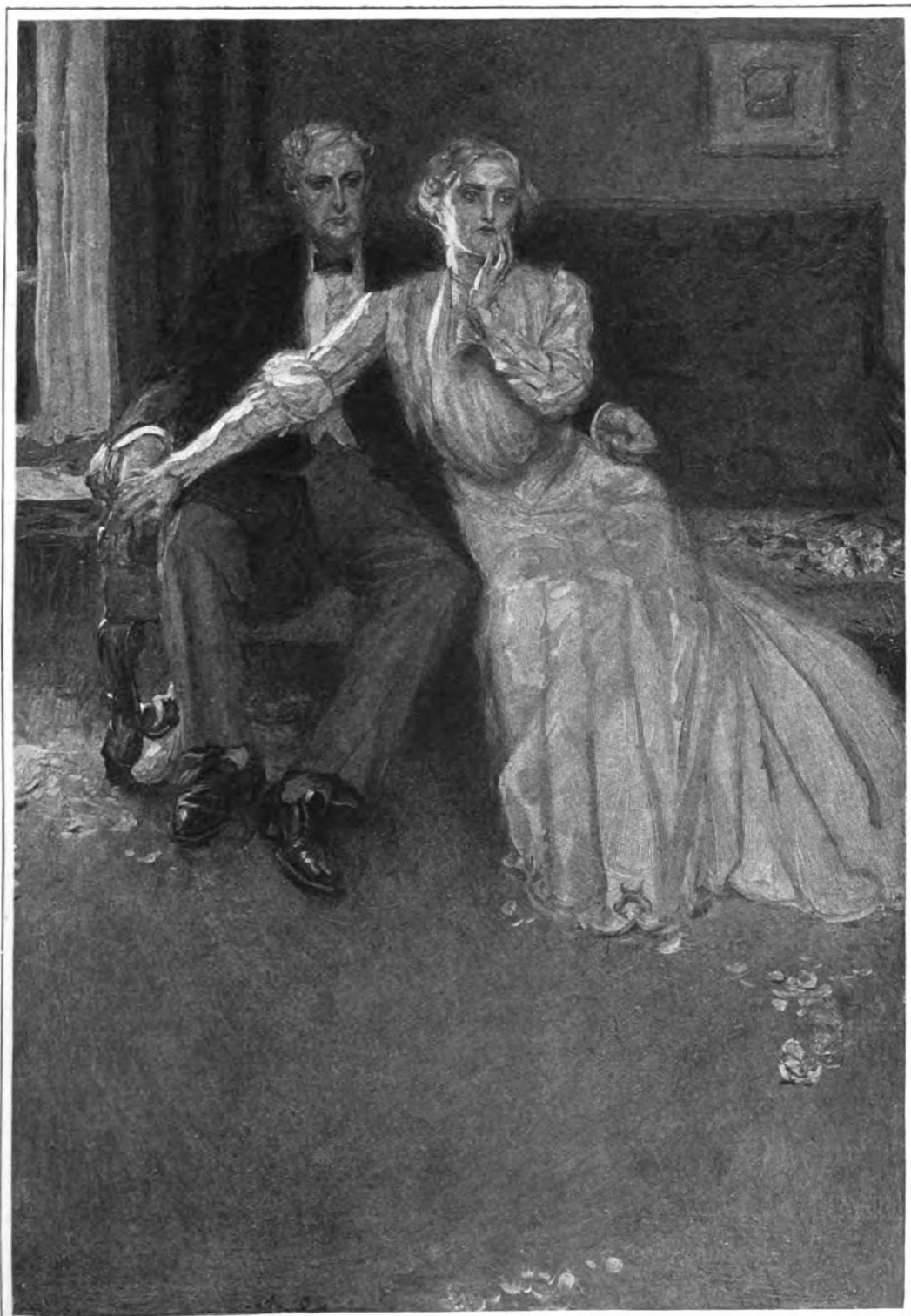
THE FATHER: Because men are not good,

As women are.

THE MOTHER: Yes, I kept thinking that,

Through the whole service, when the promises

He made seemed broken in the very making.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hichcock

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THERE, NOW, I DO NOT FEEL SO MUCH AFRAID!"

How little we know about him! A few months

Since she first saw him, and we give her to him

As trustfully as if we had known him always.

THE FATHER: And we ourselves, we had not known each other

Longer than they when we were married.

THE MOTHER: Oh, But that was different!

THE FATHER: No, it was the same

And it was like most of the marriages That have been and that shall be to the end.

They liked the charm of strangeness in each other.

THE MOTHER: But men and women are quite strange enough,

Merely as men and women, to each other, When they have lived their whole lives long together.

And we ourselves, we took too many chances.

I did not think you ever would be harsh, And when you spoke the first harsh word to me—

I believe, if he is ever unkind to her, That I shall know it, wherever it may be. She will come to me somehow in her grief,

And let me comfort her poor ghost with mine,

For it would kill us both. Do you suppose—

Do you believe he ever will be harsh With her?

THE FATHER: I almost think you ask me that

Just to torment me.

THE MOTHER: There, that is so like you!

You cannot talk of her as if she were A woman after all. But, I can tell you, She in her turn can bear all I have borne;

And though she seems so frail and sensitive,

She is not one to break at a mere touch. But men are that way, I have noticed it;

They think their wives can endure everything,

Their daughters nothing. You are not listening!

THE FATHER: Yes, I am listening. What is it you mean?

THE MOTHER: You are tenderer of your children than your wives

Because you love what is yourselves in them,

And you must love somebody else in us.

Cannot you give me a moment's sympathy

Now when I have nobody left but you?

What are you thinking of, I'd like to know?

THE FATHER, *going back to the window, and kneeling on the window-seat, with his forehead against the pane:*

The night when she was born.

THE MOTHER: I knew it! I

Was thinking of it too, and how it seemed

As if she had somehow chosen us to be Her father and her mother.

THE FATHER: Why not him,

Then, for her husband, by a mystery

As sacred?

THE MOTHER: Oh, why do you ask? Because

There is no other world, now, as there was

Then, where the mystery could shape itself—

No hitherto, as there is no hereafter.

We have destroyed it for ourselves and her,

And love for all of us is as much a thing Of earth as death itself.

THE FATHER: I never said That world did not exist.

THE MOTHER: Oh, no, you only

Said that you did not know, and I have only

Bettered your ignorance a little and said I knew. Women must have some faith

or other.

Even if they make a faith of disbelief;

They cannot halt half-way in yes and no;

And she is more like me than you in that,

Though she is like you in so many things.

That shattered fantasy—or, what you please—

Cannot be mended now and used again; And howsoever she has chosen him,—

Or, if you like, he has been chosen for her,—

The choice is made between his love and ours.

The home she seemed to bring, then,
when she came,

Now she is gone, it lies here in the dust.
Oh, I can pick the house up, after while,
But never pick the home up, while I
live!

Well, let it be! I suppose you will
call it

Nature, and preach that cold philosophy
Of yours: that every home is founded on
The ruin of some other home and shall
be

The ruin out of which still other homes
Shall grow in turn, and so on to the end.
I find no comfort in it, and my heart
Aches for the child that is not less my
child

Because she is her husband's wife. Oh,
yes,

If we were two fond optimistic fools,
I dare say we should sit here in this
horror,

And hold each other's hands and smile
to think

Of what a brilliant wedding it had been;
How everybody said how well she looked,
And how he was so handsome and so
manly;

And try to follow them in imagination
To their new house, and settle them
in it;

And say how soon we should be hearing
from her,

And then how soon they would come
back to us

Next summer. But we have not been
that kind.

We have always said the things we
really thought,

And not shrunk from the facts; and now
I face them,

And say this wedding— Hark! Was
that their train?

THE FATHER: It is the freight mount-
ing the grade. Their train

Is overdue, but it will soon be there.

THE MOTHER: If it would never come
or never go!

If all the worlds that whirl around the
sun

Could stop, and none of them go on
again!

Once I had courage for us both, and
now

You ought to have it. Oh, say some-
thing, do,

To help me bear it!

THE FATHER: What is it I
should say!

THE MOTHER: That it has been all my
own doing! Say
That I would have it, and am like the
mothers,

The stupid mothers, still uncivilized,
That wish their daughters married for
the sake

Of being married: that would help me
bear it.

If you blamed me then I could blame
you too,

And say you wished it quite as much
as I.

THE FATHER: We neither of us wished
it, and I think
We have always blamed each other need-
lessly.

THE MOTHER: Yes, and I cannot bear
it as I used

When she was with us. Now that she
is gone

And you are all in all to me again,
Dearest, you must be very good to me.

Did you hear something?

THE FATHER, *going to the window*:
Yes, I thought I heard
The coming of their train; but it was
nothing.

THE MOTHER, *unheedingly*: The worst
of all was having to part so—
Hurried and fluttered—up there in her
room,

Where she had been so long our little
child,

And with that hubbub going on down
here,

Not realize that we were parting. Oh,
If we could only have had a little time
And quiet for it! Hark! What noise
was that?

THE FATHER: What noise?

THE MOTHER: Something that
sounded like a voice!

Her voice! I know it must have been
her voice!

*She rushes to the window and stares
out.*

I always knew within my heart that she
Would call for me, if any unhappiness
Greater than she could bear should come
to her.

THE FATHER: But what unhappiness—

THE MOTHER: A tone, a look!

THE FATHER: With our arms round her
yet? He could not. That



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutcheon

"SHE MUST TAKE HER CHANCE AS I TOOK MINE"

Would be against nature.

THE MOTHER: Nature! How
you men

Are always talking about nature! Little
You understand her! Nature flatters
men.

She gives men mastery and health and
life,

And women subjection, weakness, pain
and death.

We know what nature is and you know
nothing.

She takes our youth and wastes it upon
you,

She steals our beauty for you, and she
uses

Our love itself to enslave us to you.
Nature!

THE FATHER: Has it been really so
with you and me?

THE MOTHER: How do I know? You
may have been unlike
Other men.

THE FATHER: No, but quite like other
men;

Not better. Shall she take her chance
with him?

Speak out now from the worst you know
of me,

And say if you would have her back
again.

THE MOTHER: It keeps on calling!
Can it be her voice?

THE FATHER: Then say it is her voice.
What will you answer?

Shall she come home and be our child
again?

THE MOTHER: You put it all on me!

THE FATHER: Then
if I take

The burden all upon myself, and choose—

THE MOTHER: What?

THE FATHER: That her longing
for us should have power

To bring her back?

THE MOTHER: To say good - by
again?

THE FATHER: To stay and never say
good-by again,

To leave her husband and to cleave to us.

THE MOTHER: I cannot let you choose!

For oh! it seems

That it would really happen if you chose.
Wait, wait a minute, while I try to think,
How would it be, if she came back again,
And crept once more into this empty
shell

Of life that has been lived! What is
there here,

But two old hearts that hardly have
enough

Of love left for each other? And she
needs

The whole of such love as I found in
you

When I had given you all the love I had.
No, she must go with him as I with you.

Because she has been all in all to us
So long, and yet for such a little time,

We have come to think that she must be
unlike

Others, and she must be above their
fate.

But that is foolish. She must take her
chance,

As I took mine, and as we women have
Taken our chance from the beginning.

There!

I give her up for the first time and last!
Tell her— I talk as if you were with her
There, and not here with me!

THE FATHER: And I—I
feel

As if we both were there with her and
with

Each other here.

THE MOTHER: And so we shall be
always;

And most with her when most we are
alone.

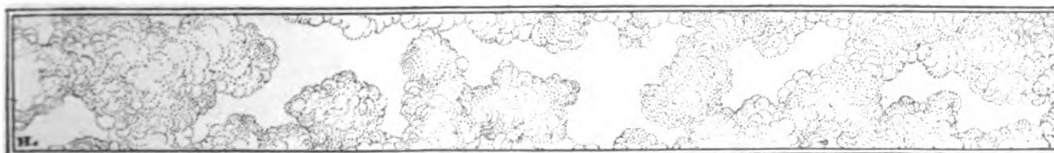
See, they have mounted to their train
together!

She stands a moment at the door and
waves

The hand that is not held in his to-
wards us—

And they are gone into their unknown
world

To find our own past in their future
there!



The Mind of a Child

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MULTIADES BENTON says that when he has worked long enough and accomplished all the duties of maintenance that are pressing, and is very tired, he expects to get some kind of a job to cooperate with small children in the pursuit of happiness. I don't know where he expects to find this employment. A place as toy-mender to a child's hospital might suit him. Or by the time he is ready to rest he may have grandchildren enough to afford him suitable society. His aspiration, whether he fulfils it or not, is a sound and natural one, entirely proper to a man of soldierly spirit, who wants, not only to earn a place on the retired list, but to like the place when he gets it. Moreover, it shows his capacity to appreciate that as childhood is the door through which we come into the workaday world of matter of fact, so it remains always a door through which those to whom it opens can escape for a time out of this world and into another country.

That childhood is such a door must be one reason for the softening of spirit that often comes at the end of a hard day from the mere sight of children, or, better still, from the touch and talk of them. The littler they are, the better, because farther removed from the world that is ours, and deeper placed in their own world. A good baby radiates peace. Every one who is rightly constituted smiles at the sight of it. Children playing in the street soothe the mind, provided it is a suitable street where trolley-cars do not run nor automobiles ravage. That the street is a good place for children can hardly be maintained, but there are many streets in great cities which are good places to observe them, because there are so many children to be seen, and an experience based on observations made in the most populous streets of New York is that children, even in an environment so far from ideal, appear

to much better advantage than a reasonable person would expect. They are busy, they are cheerful, as a rule they seem to be kind to one another. They are not bored, and unless the weather is insufferable, or they are sick, they are not depressed. With a pavement to play on and plenty of playmates most of them are happy, and are cheering in the impression they make upon a sympathetic observer. That is because of the wonderful power children have to make their own world and live in it. They do not see with grown-up eyes, nor judge by grown-up standards. They have no large experience of life and places out of which to make comparisons. The place where they are and which they know, be it street and tenement, farm or palace—that is the world to them, and they accept it without questioning and get what they can out of it.

What philosophers! What heroes! Is it strange that the attitude of an unperverted child should be the Christian ideal?

The great merit of children as companions lies in the breadth of their tolerations. They are easy to please, agreeable to most propositions, and not very critical. The very pith of successful companionship is a consensus of desires. It is not hard to get children to do what you want them to if you are ready to do it with them. With fairly good leadership they are ready for almost any adventure, provided they have not tried it before and condemned it. But they have not tried very many things, and have condemned very few. None of the natural objections of grown-ups to suggested adventures have weight with them. They are not afraid of crowds, or rain, or of being bored, or of getting tired. They are not daunted beforehand by details, nor have they obstinate preferences as to methods and routes. They do not "know better"; that



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MAKING ISLANDS

Vol. CXIV.—No. 679.—10

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THE LETTER TO THE MERMAIDS



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PAPER DOLL BOOKS



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

PLAYTHINGS

is one of their delightfulest traits. There are such a lot of grown-ups whose "know-betters" one has to humor or get around if there is to be any fun. Children will trust you, and that is one of the most gratifying compliments possible. You can have your own way about things if you are judicious in choosing it, and can follow out your own whims and exercise an undisputed judgment. Being judicious about choosing your own way consists in finding out what the children want to do, or will probably like to do, and doing as nearly that thing as circumstances and the limitations of childhood's strength and the compunctions of grown-up judgment will permit.

And in the company of children you have relief from considering what will pay. The things that they do and prefer to do, do not pay as a rule except in the doing of them. Children can be helpful and be happy in helpfulness and profit by it. There is useful work that children can do that is good for them to do—details of farm-work in the country, details of housework anywhere. So to help their elders is profitable, especially when the elders are worth helping. But the business of making children useful may so easily be overdone, that the restraint of it is a constant subject of legislation, or of efforts to get legislation, all over the country, and after proper laws are made it still requires incessant watchfulness to keep them enforced. The great business of a child is to grow up, gathering due development of mind and character as well as of body while it is about it. The value of a child's labor is insignificant compared with the value of its time if wisely bestowed in growing up.

There are a thousand profitable things that children, even very small ones, can do if they are put to it. They can be made horribly useful, under compulsion, from the time they are about seven years old. By no means let any such mischance befall them. Be wary of setting tasks for them. Their instinctive preference for play that is untainted by material profit is sound and fit to be respected. Let them make scrap-books, scrap-books that take hours and days in the making and that are good for nothing when made. Our modern world

abounds enormously in excellent scrap-book material. The advertising sections of the magazines yield illimitable spoil to the scissors and paste-pot of childhood, and incidentally bring developing minds into close and rapturous touch with contemporary people and contemporary merchandise. To get them in touch with nature there are few things so good as a running brook. Ever so small a brook will do if only it runs, for every running stream is water-power, and that is a live playmate, that can be dammed, diverted, and waded in day after day and week after week. And in the winter it freezes and in the spring it has floods. It came from somewhere and it goes somewhere, and it can be followed both ways. It is hard to beat a brook as a plaything for children.

And the sea is another great plaything for children who have it, and flowers are things of great delight to grow, to pick, to paint, or to imitate in paper. The scrap-books will find their way back to the paper-mill, the brook will run on forever, unimproved by the children, the flowers will wither, and the sea will wipe out the sand forts; but from all these playtime employments and associations the child will get a benefit that never will perish.

Out of school the most important business of young children is play, and the busier they are about it the better. Lucky for them if a large part of their early lives is spent away from the great cities, with their cramped quarters, and air that is too much used to be good for young lungs.

Happily the material things that are most important to childhood are neither dear nor scarce. Simple food is fairly abundant in this country. Outside of the largest cities clean air is easily come by. The necessary clothes are cheap, and elementary education is within the reach of almost all American children. The advantage of association with wise and stimulating elders is the rarest of all the advantages that children profit by. Wise elders who are qualified to train the mind of a child are pretty scarce. The next best thing is the elder who is wise enough to respect the child's mind, and give it a chance to develop in a sympathetic atmosphere by its own natural processes.

Wainwright and the Little Gods

BY MARGARET CAMERON

STILL ruminating, as he had been all the afternoon, upon his adventure of the morning, Wainwright betook himself rather earlier than usual to the suburb where resided his friends Mr. and Mrs. Robert Howard, whose guest he was.

As he entered the door he heard Mrs. Howard's distressed voice at the telephone in the upper hall.

"But I tell you I *must* have some one! I have a dinner on. . . . I say I am giving a dinner to-night. . . . No, not a large dinner, but a *very* important one. . . . What? . . . No, no! She won't do at all! I have no time to instruct anybody! I must have a thoroughly trained, competent waitress *immediately*. . . . What? . . . Can't you send me *any one*? . . . Oh *de-ear!*" She ended with an unmistakable sob.

Wainwright mounted the steps three at a time, to find his hostess in a disconsolate, weeping heap at the top.

"What's the matter, Lady Bob?"

"Matter? *Everything's* the matter! The fish is too large and the birds are too small! The mayonnaise curdled—we had to make it all over!—and the rolls haven't come yet! The florist sent the wrong flowers, the water has been turned off nearly all day, I've been to the city once and down-town three times, and now—at this hour!—Ilma has lost her temper and departed, just because I told her that she really must not wear her hair to-night in the outlandish fashion she has been affecting lately! Oh, Clif, she's *gone!*"

"Gone! Not your waitress!"

"Yes, my waitress! Guests coming in two hours, and nobody to serve! I've telephoned and telephoned, and there isn't a trained waitress to be had. Bob was so anxious that everything should be just right to-night, and I've tried so hard, and—oh, what *am* I going to do!" Again tears seemed imminent.

"Hold hard, there! Let's think. You can't borrow a maid in the neighborhood?"

"No. I tried that first. Mrs. Chalmers has guests herself, and Mrs. Ford's girl has gone to the city. It's her day off. And there are no others that I'd trust."

"You've tried all the intelligence offices?"

"Every one."

"Well, why not get along without a waitress? We can pass things ourselves, in good old country fashion."

"You don't know Beverly Brown!"

"Who's he, that he shouldn't pass the butter?"

"He's—Beverly Brown, and he'd rather break all ten of the commandments into small smithereens than bend one of his pet conventions. He never makes any allowance for other people's emergencies, and is incapable of understanding that any one can differ from him on a social question and still be within the pale. His hobby is genealogy and his fetish is family. And he never passed the butter in his life!"

"H'm! His horizon must be—limited!"

"It is; though he's clever, in a way. He's taken a fancy to Rob, and I haven't shocked him out of it—yet. You know, he's interested in the new company—in fact, he's a very important director—and Rob wants to convert him to his policy before he goes away. He's going to Cuba, or South America, or somewhere next week. So we planned this dinner—and it's Rob's last chance. Mr. Brown is most easily approached by way of his palate,—and you know yourself we have a good cook."

"I do that!"

"The funny thing about her is that she belongs here, in this little town. But everything has gone wrong all day, and now that wretched Ilma! He'll be irritated and argumentative, and he'll disagree with every single thing Rob

says, and convince himself irrevocably that Rob's policy is all wrong, and then he'll oppose it forevermore! You see? It looks trivial, but it isn't. It's the wreck of a man's hopes!"

"No, it isn't! Not yet! There must be a way out of this, and we'll find it, or perish in the— I'll tell you, Lady Bob! Easy! I'll buttle for you!"

"You!"

"Sure thing! I'm a bully butler!"

"Clifford Wainwright! You never in your life—"

"Yes, I have, too! I butttled once in a play—*Thank Goodness the Table is Spread* was the name of it—and they all said—"

"Oh, Clif, don't joke!"

"I'm not joking, Lady Bob. I was never more serious in my life. Honestly! Even if I am a bachelor, I have some pretty definite ideas about table service, and I'm sure I could pull it off all right."

"Of course you could 'pull it off'! It isn't that! But it's so absurd. Besides, I need you to talk to the daughter."

"What daughter?"

"Miss Brown."

"Thanks," dryly. "If she's a chip of the old block, I'd rather buttle."

"She isn't. She's the one thing in Beverly Brown's life that he hasn't been able to order. She's so independent that if she were anybody's else daughter, he wouldn't let his associate with her. As it is, he comes as near adoring her as a man of his sort can."

"So? Well, I've rather outgrown my youthful fancy for pert young girls."

"She isn't pert! And she is young, but not in that sense. She's been out several seasons. I don't know a more attractive girl than Frances Brown."

"Frances!" He bent a sharp glance upon her. "Is her name Frances?"

"Yes. Why not?"

"True," carelessly; "why not? It's a common enough name. And it might as well be Hecuba, as far as I am concerned. It's me to the butler's pantry. This seems to be my day for adventures."

"Why? What else has happened?"

"Ah," darkly, "'I could a tale unfold'—but I won't! Not while your mind is divided by an unserved dinner! I shall first win your undying gratitude by saving your feast from—"

"But you'll break up my party! My table won't balance!"

"Who else is coming?"

"Miss Sewell. Just six of us."

"Should I remember Miss Sewell?"

"No, you've not met her."

"Good! Isn't there some unattached male pusson whom you can hale in on short notice to take my seat?"

"Yes, there's Edgar Trumbull,—but he can't talk."

"Can he buttle?"

"Mercy, no!"

"Well, as Mr. James says, 'There you are.' Between the Scylla of an unbutttled dinner and the Charybdis of Mr. What's-his-name's conversational disabilities, which do you choose?"

"Oh," she miserably conceded, "I must have somebody to serve dinner!"

"Kismet! I buttle. Lucky thing that visitor and vassal wear the same livery in this country!"

"Of course you know that Rob will be furious."

"If he were the little tin god that you try to make him out, that might be serious, but since really he's a mere man, he can't help himself, can he?"

"He'll be sure to forget and call you Clif. By the way, I suppose you'd rather not be spoken to as Wainwright?"

"No. Call me—" He hesitated for a moment, ruminating, and then, whimsically smiling, he said, "Call me—Harris."

As his wife had prophesied, Howard rebelled vigorously against the plan when he reached home, but to no purpose. It was too late to change the arrangement, and he had barely time to scramble into evening clothes before the guests arrived.

When Mrs. Howard, giving the last touches to the table, called, "There they come, Clif!" Wainwright lazily pulled himself up from the easy chair in which he had been lounging and glanced toward the gate.

"The devil!" said he then, tensely.

"What? What did you say, Clif?"

"Nothing!" he replied, curtly, and went into the hall, feeling that his "day for adventure" promised to prove a long one.

Some hours earlier he had been about to take a train at the Astor Place station

of the Subway, when he saw a lady coming toward him gayly smiling and holding out her hand. Her manner was a charming compound of delicacy, vivacity, and the poise which is the result only of social experience, and he wondered, even then, that he had met her and forgotten the circumstance. However, he was sure that he should remember in a moment who she was.

"How do you do?" she cried, as he took her hand. "Who knew that you were in New York?"

"I arrived only last week," he replied, "and I'm staying out of town for the present. Are you taking this train?"

"No; I had just left it when I caught sight of you, and— Oh! perhaps it was important that you should take it!"

The gates had closed noisily.

"No, I'm in no haste."

"Really? Then—have you time to walk home with me? It isn't far—Washington Square, you know,—and we can chat as we go—about London," she added, with a fleeting upward glance.

"By all means." Still finding no clue to her identity, Wainwright's perplexity increased as they climbed to the street and turned briskly west.

"But first," she lightly continued, "I think I'd better explain why you are so suddenly forced into a modern travesty of a medieval situation."

"Oh—am I?" he asked, rather blankly.

"You are. You have succored, single-handed, a maiden in distress, and you are now bearing her away in safety to her father's castle."

"Banners waving, plumes floating from my helmet, and Shanks' mare gayly caracolled beneath me," he suggested.

"Precisely. I'm glad you have a sense of environment. You see— It's a little difficult to explain, but—"

"Then why bother?"

"I prefer to." A tinge of hauteur darkened her tone, and as quickly disappeared. "But it's the sort of thing that only happens, in our day and generation, between paper covers—yellow ones at that, I'm afraid. Did you notice, as we left the Subway, a middle-aged man with burning dark eyes, who stared—unpleasantly?"

"Come to think of it, I did encounter a malevolent glance—"

"But you didn't realize that you had just unhorsed him and left him prostrate on the field? You do those things so easily!" she mocked, laughing.

"Who is he?"

"He's an anachronism. He's an old and trusted retainer of my father's—his bookkeeper, to be exact—who is suffering from a mild type of dementia, resulting from overwork and disordered nerves."

"He is a bit out of place in helmet and cuirass."

"Isn't he? But that's the form his vagary takes. He *will* be a knight, and he—he—"

"Sues for your favor," quietly supplied Wainwright. "I think I understand."

"Now, if you remember anything at all about my father"—her glance was full of humor—"you know that he has a truly medieval inability to understand nervous phenomena of that character, and an equally medieval practice of inflicting summary chastisement, so far as he can, on those who offend him." He nodded, vainly trying to recall such a person among his acquaintances. "Consequently, it has seemed desirable that he should not be told of this man's eccentricity."

"Truly the quality of mercy gets no straining at your hands. It falls on the—"

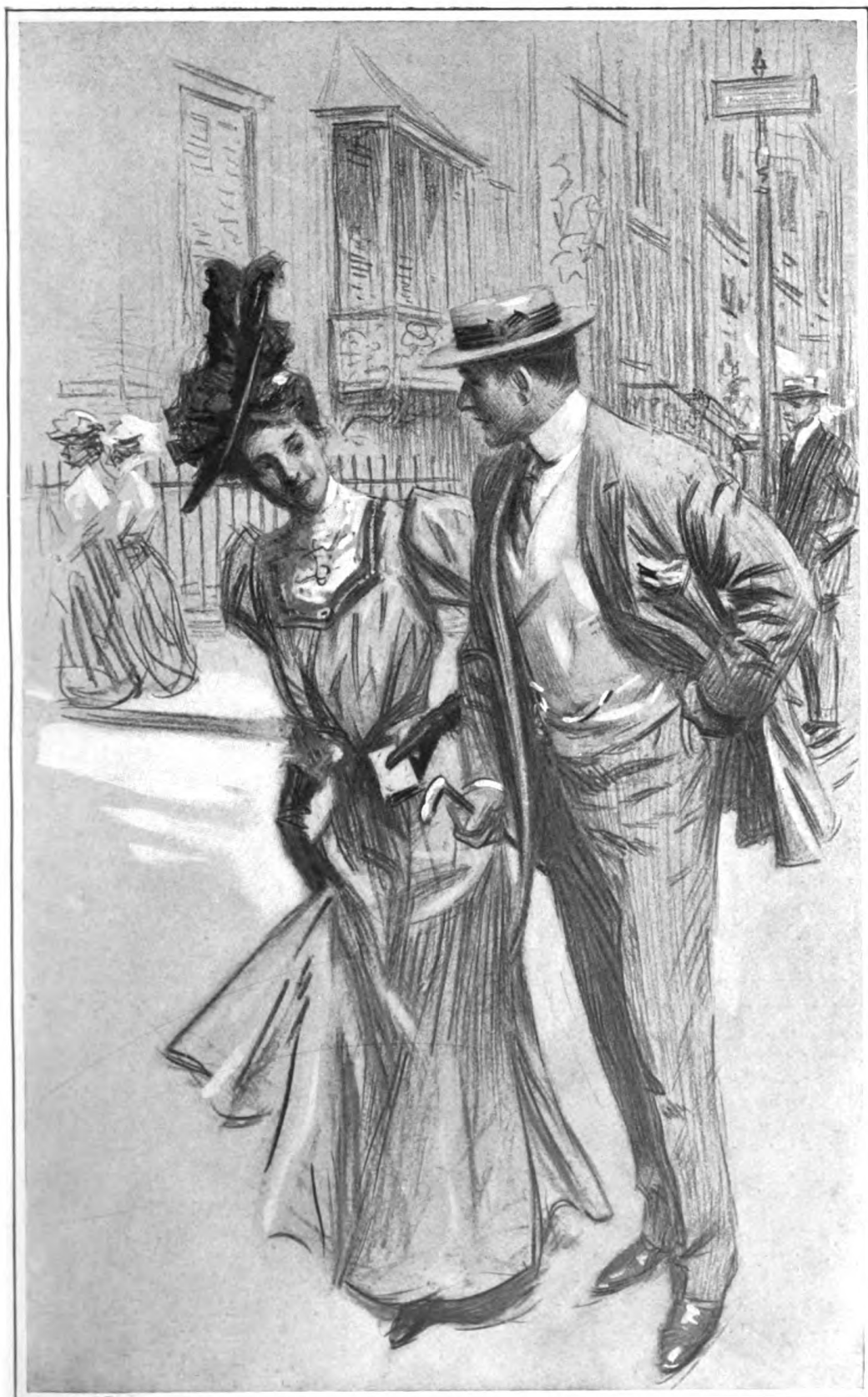
"Ah, now you come to the melodrama! And don't you remember that in every properly constructed thriller there is a dependent family to be spared? In this case it takes the form of a widowed sister and four small children, whom he supports and is angelically good to."

"But if he persistently annoys you—"

"He doesn't—at least, not much. I generally manage to keep out of his way. Besides, he has never been in the least violent before."

"You should have him taken in charge. Some day he'll—"

"No, he won't. He can't. We're going away for several months. I suppose that's why he was so desperate to-day. And it isn't as if he were vicious, or really insane. It's just a sort of obsession that will wear away as he grows stronger. But I *was* frightened when I got off that



Drawn by William T. Smedley

"AH, NOW YOU COME TO THE MELODRAMA"

train, for I knew he was following me, and I didn't want to call a policeman. And then I saw you, and I knew at once that—I mean, I recognized you at once. Or almost at once. I was a little in doubt, because I didn't know you were on this side, until I saw your English clothes. There! I've bored you with this long story because I wanted you to understand why you were suddenly metamorphosed into a hero of melodrama." A little wave of her hand dismissed an unpleasant subject. "Now tell me all about London. You've been over a long time, haven't you?"

"Four years," said he. "How late is your information?"

"My last news came in a letter from Isabel Danby"—he wondered why she looked so mischievous—"but, of course, it was all about the most wonderful baby in the world."

"Ah!" Here at last was a glimmer of light. "Then perhaps you know what they're going to name him? They hadn't decided when I sailed."

"Why, do you know—" Her eyes rounded in astonishment, but she caught her quick words midway, demurely concluding: "I mean, *don't* you know? They call him Richard, after— My land!" They were crossing University Place, and her tone suggested calamity.

"What's the matter?"

Before she had time to reply, they were joined by an elderly man whose inflexibility of appearance and manner left little doubt in Wainwright's mind that they had met the father whom she had earlier described.

"Ah, Frances," said the newcomer, "I have been at the house to see you. Aren't you rather late in returning?" His glance just touched her companion.

"I was detained, and on my way back I met—" For an instant Wainwright held her glance, and he fancied that she seemed disconcerted, but she concluded, apparently with perfect composure: "Father, you remember Mr.—Harris?" Then, slowly, she flushed crimson.

"Harris? I do not remember having met you, sir."

Wainwright was about to correct the error, when she lightly responded:

"Oh, don't you? Well, it's possible that you've never met, after all. London

is rather devious. At any rate, he's a friend of the Danbys. What brings you up-town at this hour?"

While her father explained that he was to meet some business acquaintances at luncheon in the neighborhood, Wainwright rapidly decided that his wisest course lay in immediate departure. She had evidently mistaken him for some one else, but to correct her error and proclaim his own identity in that crisis, he reflected, would profit him little and would embarrass her. Her father would unquestionably fail to understand a mistake of that nature, and she would find it difficult to make the full explanation he would demand without disclosing the situation she had been at such pains to conceal.

"Oh, must you go?" As she gave him her hand he felt a comforting assurance that the warmth of her tone was meant for the present rather than for the previous Harris, whoever he might be. "I'm sorry that we're going away so soon, for we shall probably not see you again. However, our next meeting may be as unexpected as it was this morning. Who knows?"

"At any rate, I hope it may be soon."

Inwardly resolved that it should be soon if human ingenuity and Isabel Danby could bring it about, Wainwright went his way. Six hours later he was bitterly convinced that the reckless little gods were playing at dice with his destiny, as, in his self-imposed character of butler, self-dubbed Harris, he gravely opened the door for Mr. and Miss Brown, who passed him without a glance.

Nor did they notice him when he announced dinner and stood stiffly beside the door as the little party entered the dining-room; but the moment came, during a lull in the conversation, when Frances Brown lifted her careless glance to his face. He saw the first amazement give way to incredulity and consternation in her eyes before he discreetly turned away his own. When he looked at her again, she was talking animatedly to the laconic Trumbull, her head held high, and a slow, deep flush had crept upward to her hair.

Presently the lightly drifting chat touched London and Americans living

there, and Mr. Brown turned to his daughter, asking,

"By the way, Frances, who is the Mr. Harris with whom I met you this morning?"

"Oh, he's just a man who—knows the Danbys," she indifferently replied. "There's no reason why you should remember him. I don't know why I did."

"I thought him fine-looking."

"Oh, did you? I used to think him clever"—her emphasis of the past participle was as unmistakable as it was delicate—"but, physically, he belongs to a type rather too frequently met to be distinguished."

At that moment, for the first time, her father got his eye on the butler, and put up his glasses to assure himself that his sight had not tricked him.

"Y-yes," he dryly acquiesced, looking searchingly at his inattentive daughter, "the type is, as you say, somewhat—common."

The dinner proceeded smoothly, enlivened by quips and soft laughter. The misadventures, so far as Mrs. Howard was concerned, had exhausted themselves with the departure of the recreant maid, and the spirits of the hostess brightened as course succeeded perfect course, Mr. Brown's affability waxing with each.

Wainwright, however, slipping silently around the table, alert and competent, knew that not a movement of his escaped the observant elderly guest; and he read alike the indignation of the woman who saw herself hoodwinked by a friend's servant, and the grim purpose of the man who believed both his daughter and his host to be the victims of an unprincipled impostor. While he deftly replaced plates and refilled glasses his mind was busy seeking a solvent for the situation, which should neither disclose the Howards' makeshift nor betray Frances Brown's confidence.

Coffee was served on the veranda, in the furtherance of a deep scheme to engage Trumbull in chat with the women, leaving the host free to devote himself to Mr. Brown. Presently, when the two had finished both their cigars and their business chat, Howard, successful and elate, turned to the others, suggesting:

"Wouldn't you like to go down to the end of the garden to see a little kiosk sort of thing that we've been building? The lanterns aren't in yet, so it may be a bit dark, but it's our latest toy, and we like to play with it."

Accordingly, they all sauntered off down the scented paths, the young moon faintly lighting their way. This was the cue for "Harris," waiting in the hall, to follow with a tray of cool beverages.

A few moments later, therefore, when a dark figure paused at the entrance to the little summer-house, the Howards remained serenely quiescent, until Wainwright's deep voice dropped like a bomb into their complacency.

"Good evening," said he. "May I come in?"

At the sound, Frances Brown turned sharply toward him, peering vainly through the dusk in an effort to see his face; Mrs. Howard caught her breath; and her husband sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"What the— Who is that?"

"It's I, Bob. Did I startle you?" The voice was reassuring in its steadiness.

"Oh, hello, Clif!" faltered Howard, scrambling for his lost composure. "I—I thought it was Harris. I—I was looking for him."

"He'll be along in a minute, I fancy. He said you were down here, so I came on ahead. I hope I'm not—"

"No, no! Come in! Delighted to see you!" protested his bewildered friend, and introductions followed.

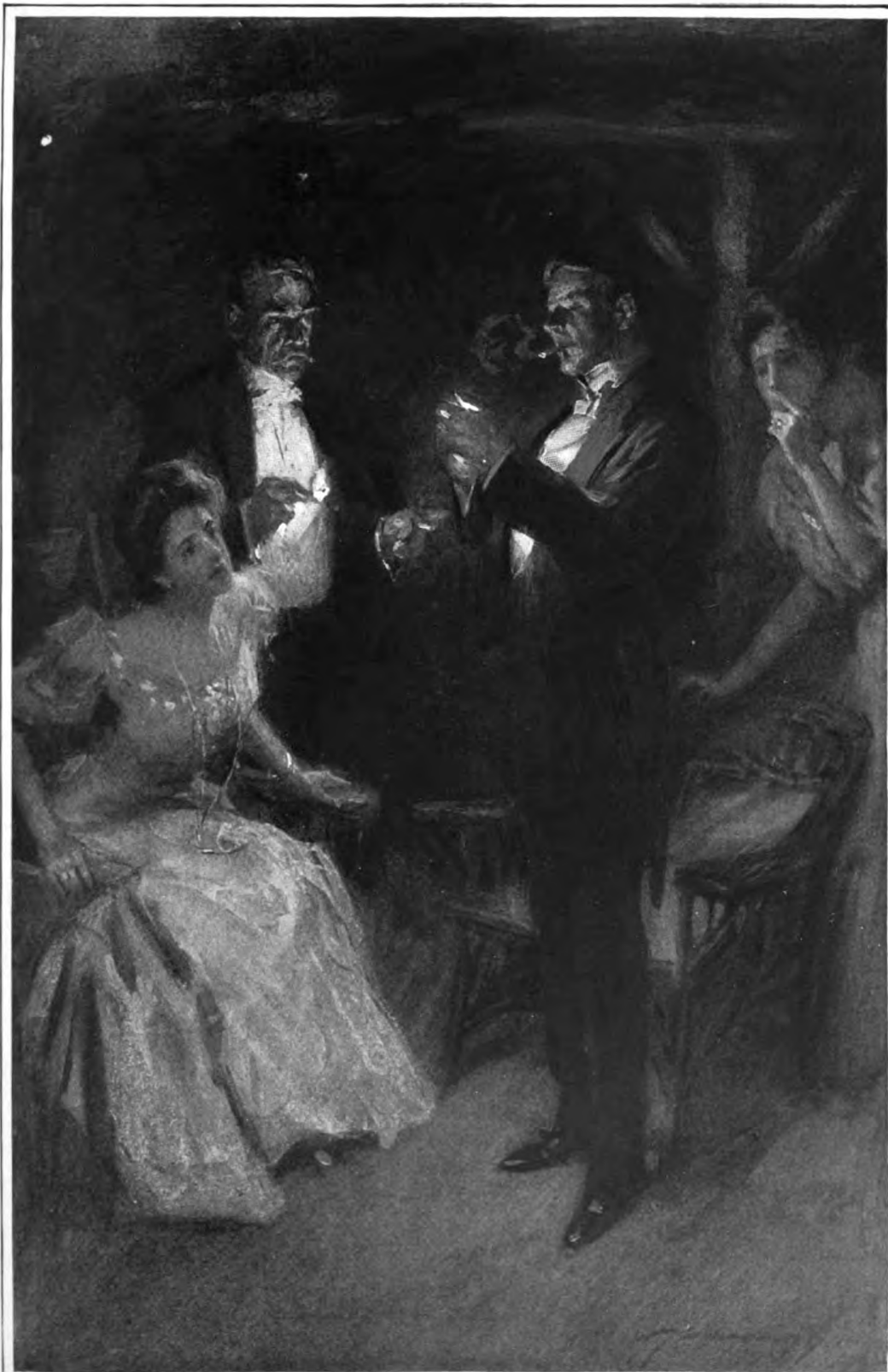
Mr. Brown turned from shaking hands with the newcomer to ask,

"Mr. Howard, did I understand you to speak of your man just now as Harris?"

"Maris," quietly inserted Wainwright.

"Yes, yes, Maris," repeated Robert, blindly. "His name is Maris. Have a cigarette?"

To his consternation, Wainwright not only accepted, but immediately struck a match and held it a moment between curved hands, nursing its flame, his face standing sharply out from the dark in the reflected glow. Frances Brown leaned forward, gripping her chair with both hands, and her father all but permitted his own blazing match to scorch his fingers while he sternly challenged Wain-



Drawn by William T. Smedley

WAINWRIGHT STRUCK A MATCH AND HELD IT BETWEEN HIS CURVED HANDS

wright's steady, indifferent glance. An instant later the burnt matches had been tossed aside and the keen faces had merged again into the dusk.

"Ah?" said Mr. Brown, deliberately. "His name is Maris. And—pardon my inquisitiveness, but I have a reason for asking—have you had him long?"

"N-no, not very long. He came to us quite recently—from England."

"From England! Ah! You—were satisfied with his references?"

"Perfectly. Why?" Howard desperately decided to try aggression.

"He resembles—*strikingly* resembles a man representing himself to be a gentleman, and calling himself Harris, who—whom I have recently met."

"Perhaps he is a gentleman in disguise," calmly suggested Wainwright. "Bob, you may be sheltering an angel unaware."

"A gentleman never needs a disguise," significantly replied the older man.

"Isn't that a little sweeping?" inquired Miss Sewell. "It's not impossible, I suppose, for a man of quite unassailable social position to find himself suddenly without money in a foreign country, and—"

"It is improbable that he would seek employment as a household servant in any emergency," said Beverly Brown, "and quite impossible that, occupying such a position, he would permit himself to accompany, publicly, a lady whom he had formerly known."

"Oh—probably!" she conceded. "But can't you imagine circumstances—for fun—to prove he could—to win a wager? Why, there are a dozen reasons why a man might temporarily assume a disguise."

"My imagination does not soar so far," was the dry response. "To my mind there can be no possible excuse, much less a reason, for a man's making a mountebank of himself. I speak, of course, of a man of our world—a man of breeding, of position, with traditions to sustain—in short, a gentleman. When he becomes a mountebank, he ceases, in the finer sense, to be a gentleman. Do you agree with me, Mr.—Wainwright?" There was just enough hesitation before the name to give it emphasis.

"I should rather say," unconcernedly

returned the suspect, "that being a gentleman, it is quite impossible for him to be a mountebank."

"Ah? Well, it comes to the same thing in the end. It would be an impossible thing, I repeat, for a gentleman to do. Of course there is a type of man who changes his *alias*—and his social position—with the need of the hour."

"Oh!" exclaimed Howard, fancying he caught the drift. "Well, that's not my man. He's all right. I know all about him. In fact"—with a flash of inspiration—"he has lived in the family of friends of mine for years."

"Really? Doubtless you are right, then, but the likeness is striking. I might almost say startling."

"After all, isn't it strange that there are not more physical duplicates in the world," said Wainwright, casually, "considering that we are all built on the same general plan?"

"I dare say. But, then, there's the similarity of the name. It's a little queer."

"As to that," again Wainwright caught the ball, "would any of us accept without doubt, if we saw them in print about somebody else, any of the queer—not to say fantastically incredible—things that have happened to all of us? We talk of chance and coincidence, but I have a notion that most of these things are the workings of the destiny that shapes our ends."

"Rough?" quietly suggested Frances Brown, who had overheard only the latter part of the discussion.

"Oh, I'm no thoroughgoing fatalist," said he. "Destiny is rather likely to drop the job after she has indicated our lines, I fancy, and leave the polishing to us."

"Also leaving us to the unpractised hacking of any chance passer-by," she retorted.

"Apropos of destiny," said Howard, "who's going to get swatted next in this rage of reform that possesses us?"

"Isn't it disheartening?" sighed Miss Sewell. "Everything we were brought up to believe has been disproved, and now everybody we pinned our expiring faith to is being exposed. What are we coming to?"

"An ancestor of mine," Wainwright replied, "once said that the public mo-

rality is like the tide—ever ebbing and flowing; but the public conscience is like the sea, mighty and undefilable, purifying even itself.”

Mr. Brown turned sharply toward him. “Judge Peyton Wainwright said that.”

“Exactly. He was my great-grandfather.”

“Really! A notable man in his day. An ancestor to be proud of, sir.”

“I think so,” was the quiet reply.

“I know several of the Wainwright family,” Mr. Brown continued. “It’s odd that I never met you before.”

“Not particularly. I’ve lived abroad for several years.”

“You must be of the Rhode Island branch.”

“I am. Endicott Wainwright was my father.”

“Really!” said Mr. Brown, thoughtfully.

A man came down the path, carrying a tray full of tinkling glasses. There was nothing in his size or general outline to suggest that he was other than the butler who had served earlier in the evening, and it was too dark to see his face. Wainwright arose and strolled over to where his hostess sat breathless.

“What on earth!” she whispered. “Who is he?”

“Give it up! I believe he’s the cook’s cousin’s son-in-law,—that woman of yours is a jewel, Lady Bob!—and the clothes belong to Jerry Stranahan, if you know who he is. I don’t, but he’s a friend and a brother,” he chuckled.

“How did you manage it?”

“By counsel with the cook-lady, and by telephoning, and by—well, it was a bit expensive, perhaps,—but it’s worth it!”

“You poor boy! But”—doubtfully—“of course it’s all right out here in the dark, but when we go back to the house—”

“That ’ll be all right too. Just you trust me, Lady Bob. There’s more in this than meets the eye, but you sha’n’t suffer.” He turned away and dropped into a chair beside Frances Brown. “Are you going to forgive me?” he asked.

“Why should I?” coldly.

“At first I thought I had met you somewhere and forgotten it—though I might have known I never should have done that!—and at the last, when I un-

derstood, it seemed better, all things considered, to leave well enough alone, until I could get Isabel Danby to set me straight with you.”

“It’s to be regretted that later counsels prevailed.”

“But how was I to know that you were *you*, and were coming here to-night? And—I’m sure Mrs. Howard wouldn’t mind *your* knowing that there was a domestic cataclysm at the last moment—”

“Evidently you were born to heroic deeds, as the sparks fly upward,” she murmured, ironically. “What a pity that valor is separable from its better part!”

“Discretion is not alone in a chance external resemblance to other—unrelated qualities,” he daringly retorted. “Is it possible that what seems to you—what, for example, does it seem to you?”

“Assurance,” said she, promptly.

“That what seems to you assurance,” he imperturbably continued, “is really discretion, unrecognized and misinterpreted?”

“H’mph!” She turned an impatient, scornful shoulder to him, and a short silence ensued between them. Finding, however, that he made no further attempt to exonerate himself, she presently resumed, “Is it permitted to inquire what deep purpose is served by this—discreet—piling of Ossa on Pelion?”

“At least, you are convinced that you were not imposed upon by a cheeky servant.”

“You discredit my intelligence.” Whereat he laughed a little.

“And it seemed desirable all around that your father should abandon his theory that your English friend and Howard’s butler were one and the same,—and that one a crook.”

“And now you underestimate my father’s tenacity.”

At that moment, as the serving-man was about to retire, they heard Mr. Brown say,

“By the way, Mr. Howard, will you ask your man whether my cab has come?”

“No, sorr,” replied a strident tenor voice. “Annyway, not whin I lift the house it hadn’t.”

“Good Lord!” muttered Wainwright.

“Let me know when it comes.”

“Yis, sorr.”

"That's an odd accent to come out of England," quietly observed Mr. Brown.

"You see?" breathed the girl.

"Oh, did you understand me to say that he was an Englishman?" recklessly temporized Howard, inwardly execrating Wainwright as the moving cause of the whole absurd, humiliating situation. "I said that Maris came to us directly from England, but surely that brogue speaks for itself!"

"Did he say—*Harris*?" gasped Frances. "Surely you didn't—"

"Yes, but I did," he confessed. "We changed it to Maris, though, for your father's benefit. By the way, I suppose it's none of my business, but—who is Harris?"

For a moment she hesitated. Then, with a short laugh, she said: "Well, you don't deserve it, but—it isn't quite fair to make you bear it all. So, since you've asked,—I don't believe there's no such a person."

"Sairy Gamp!" he ejaculated.

"Oh, *please* understand! I was in such straits! And I was sure you were—what you are,—and it seemed so much simpler—then—just to take it for granted that—oh, *don't* you see?" At the moment she failed to understand his silence, and hurried on. "Then, when father appeared so suddenly, I ought to have said that I'd forgotten your name for the instant, but—I was startled, and—I'd just been rereading *Chuzzlewit*—*Are you laughing?*"

"Oh, please! please!" It was his turn to gasp. "How can I help it! To think that you—"

"You might try to understand—"

"And that is the one explanation that never dimly occurred to me!"

"Av ye plaze, sorr, the caab's coom."

"Which means that I must say good night," said Wainwright, arising, laughter still in his voice.

"You—you won't go up to the house with us, Clif?" uncertainly suggested Mrs. Howard.

"No, thanks. You know it's nearer for me to go across lots. I'm staying in the neighborhood," he explained to the others, "and have learned the short cuts."

"I'm sorry not to have seen more of you, Mr. Wainwright," said Mr. Brown.

"And I regret that my daughter and I are leaving town so soon."

"Thank you," replied the younger man. "I shall soon be leaving myself, however. At least—I hope to sail on Thursday for Cuba."

"Cuba!" exclaimed several voices.

"Yes. That is—I haven't quite decided yet. It depends, to a certain extent, on—the advices I receive later."

"This is very odd," said Mr. Brown, "for my daughter and I expect to sail on Thursday for Havana, on our way to South America."

"Is it possible! Cuba's an interesting country, Miss Brown."

"Is it?" she said. "I have a fancy that it may bore me."

"I hope not. I am anticipating—all sorts of delightful things, if I am fortunate enough to go at all."

"Really? I doubt," pregnantly, "if you would find the climate pleasant at this season.—Is there any danger that we may miss that train?"

Good-nights were hastily said, and Wainwright left them. As she reached the first turn in the winding way, Frances looked furtively back and saw him coolly sauntering toward a path that only he and the Howards knew led behind the shrubbery straight to the kitchen door.

When the hurrying party arrived at the house, the man who had served them at dinner stood, erect and expressionless, beside the door he held open. Mercifully he was not called upon to speak, for he needed all his breath just then.

Passing him on the way out to the carriage, however, Mr. Brown paused.

"I think I'll put on my overcoat, after all," said he. "These early summer evenings are cool." Then, as Wainwright helped him into the garment, "Do you think it's likely to rain, Maris?"

All but Miss Sewell and Trumbull, both entirely out of the running, saw the trap, and there was a general suspension of breath.

"No, sorr," replied Wainwright, in a high, strident voice, which, however it may have differed from that of the cook's cousin's son-in-law, was so unlike his own deep tones that Howard choked

with sudden laughter. "No, sorr. It's a foine noight, sorr."

"Thank you," said Mr. Brown, and passed on.

Wainwright and Howard went to the carriage with them, and Frances was no sooner seated than she exclaimed:

"Oh, bother! I've dropped my handkerchief out this other side!"

Howard would have sprung to restore it to her, but the butler was before him.

"Good-by—Harris," she whispered. "And—if you should see Mr. Wainwright, you may tell him—"

"Yes, yes! Go on!"

"Tell him that I think—maybe—he may find Cuba pleasant after all."

"T'ank ye, Miss Brown. Good night, sorr," said the butler.

After a period of thought, as they drove to the station, Mr. Brown said: "Frances, I think there must be something wrong with my eyes. I'm going to see Blake about them to-morrow. Did you notice a striking likeness between your Mr. Harris and that butler and young Wainwright?"

"There's a general resemblance, certainly," she thoughtfully admitted; "but then, as we said at dinner, the type is not an uncommon one."

"They all looked precisely alike to me," he confessed.

"Did they?" said his daughter. "How odd!"

Edax Rerum

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

GRIEF came and stood before my door
Upon a winter night;
The wind that swirled along the moor
Drew figures on the sanded floor
And fanned the fagots bright.
Who but a foe, with hand on sword,
On such a night would ride abroad?

Let Grief depart the way he came,
I know him not nor like his name.

Around my little room I look
That holds, though strait its wall,
A stoup of wine, an open book,
A cricket in the ingle-nook
And Love, lord over all.
This is my harvest, mine to reap
And mine 'gainst all the world to keep.

The sands run low, the hour will pass—
Well, I have but to turn the glass.

The level lights of evening lie
Upon the browning wold;
The book is shut, the stoup run dry,
The swallows build, with twittering cry,
Within the chimney cold;
And Love, grown old and gaunt and gray,
Sits silent at my side alway.

O fool, to bar the way to Grief,
Yet turn the glass for Time the thief.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER VII

THE COMPACT

ONE by one the lights went out in the Palace. The excited guests were now knocking at the doors of Cairene notables, bent upon gossip of the night's events, or were scouring the clubs for ears into which to pour the tale of how David was exalted and Nahoum was brought low; how, before them all, Kaïd had commanded Nahoum to appear at the Palace in the morning at eleven, and the Inglesi, as they had named David, at ten. But they declared to all who crowded upon their words that the Inglesi left the Palace with a face frozen white, as though it was he that had met *débâcle*, while Nahoum had been as urbane and cynical as though he had come to the fulness of his power.

Some, on hearing this, said, "Beware Nahoum!" But those who had been at the Palace said, "Beware the Inglesi." This still Quaker, with the white shining face and pontifical hat, with his address of "thee" and "thou," and his forms of speech almost Oriental in their imagery and simplicity, himself an archaism, had impressed them with a sense of weird power. He had prompted old Dias Pasha to speak of him as a reincarnation, so separate and withdrawn he seemed at the end of the evening, yet with an uncanny mastery in his dark-brown eye. One of the Ulema, or holy men, present had said in reply to Dias, "It is the look of one who hath walked with Death and bought and sold with Sheitan the accursed." To Nahoum Pasha, Dias had said, as the former left the Palace, a cigarette between his fingers: "Sleep not nor slumber, Nahoum! The world is not lost by one earthquake." And Nahoum

had replied with a smooth friendliness, "The world is not reaped in one harvest."

"The day is at hand—the East against the West," murmured old Dias as he passed on.

"The day is far spent," answered Nahoum, in a voice unheard by Dias; and, with a word to his coachman, who drove off quickly, he disappeared in the shrubbery.

A few minutes later he was tapping at the door of Mizraim, the Chief Eunuch. Three times he tapped in the same way. Presently the door opened, and he stepped inside. The lean, dark figure of Mizraim bowed low; the long slow fingers touched the forehead, the breast, and the lips.

"May God preserve your head from harm, saadat el pasha, and the night give thee sleep," said Mizraim. He looked inquiringly at Nahoum.

"May thy head know neither heat nor cold and thy joys increase," said Nahoum, mechanically, and sat down.

To an European it would have seemed a shameless mockery to have wished joy to this lean, hateful dweller in the between-worlds; to Nahoum it was part of a life which was all ritual and intrigue, gabbling superstition and innate fatalism, decorated falsehood and a brave philosophy.

"I have work for thee at last, Mizraim," said Nahoum.

"At last, saadat el pasha?"

"Thou hast but played before. To-night I must see the sweat of thy brow."

Mizraim's cold fingers again threw themselves against his breast, forehead, and lips, and he said:

"As a woman swims in a fountain, so shall I bathe in sweat for thee, who has given with one hand and hath never taken with the other."

"I did thee service once, Mizraim—eh?"

"I was as a bird buffeted by the wind; upon thy masts my feet found rest. Behold, I build my nest in thy sails, saadat."

"There are no birds in last year's nest, Mizraim, thou dove," said Nahoum, with a cynical smile.

"When I build, I build. Where I swear by the stone of the corner, there am I from dark to dark and from dawn to dawn, saadat." Suddenly he swept his hand low to the ground and a ghastly sort of smile crossed over his face. "Speak—I am thy servant. Shall I not hear? I will put my hand in the entrails of Egypt, and wrench them forth for thee."

He made a gesture so cruelly, so darkly, suggestive that Nahoum Pasha turned his head away. There flashed before his mind the scene of death in which his own father had lain, butchered like a beast in the shambles, a victim to the rage of Ibrahim Pasha, the son of Mehemet Ali.

"Then listen, and learn why I have need of thee to-night."

First, Nahoum told the story of David's coming, and Kaïd's treatment of himself, the foreshadowing of his own doom. Then of David and the girl, and the dead body he had seen; of the escape of the girl, of David's return with Kaïd—all exactly as it had happened, save that he did not mention the name of the dead man.

It did not astonish Mizraim that Nahoum had kept all this secret. That crime should be followed by secrecy and further crime, if need be, seems natural to the Oriental mind. He had seen removal follow upon removal, and the dark Nile flow on gloomily, silently, faithful to the helpless ones tossed into its bosom. It would much have astonished him if Nahoum had not shown a gaping darkness somewhere in his tale; and he felt for the key to the mystery.

"And he who lies dead, saadat?"

"My brother."

"Foorgat Bey!"

"Even he, Mizraim. He lured the girl here—a madman ever. The other madman was in the next room. He struck—come, and thou shalt see."

Together they felt their way through the passages and rooms, and presently entered the room where Foorgat Bey was lying. Nahoum struck a light, and, as

he held the candle, Mizraim knelt and examined the body closely. He found the slight wound on the temple, then took the candle from Nahoum and held it close to the corner of the marble pedestal. A faint stain of blood was there. Again he examined the body, and ran his fingers over the face and neck. Suddenly he stopped, and held the light close to the skin beneath the right jaw. He motioned, and Nahoum laid his fingers also on the spot. There was a slight swelling.

"A blow with the fist, saadat el pasha—skilful, and English." He looked inquiringly at Nahoum. "As a weasel hath a rabbit by the throat, so is the Inglesi in thy hands, O saadat!"

Nahoum shook his head. "And if I went to Kaïd, and said, 'This is the work of the Inglesi,' would he believe? Kaïd would hang me for the lie—would it be truth to him? What proof have I save the testimony of mine own eyes? And Egypt would laugh at that! Is it the time, while yet the singers are beneath the windows, to assail the bride? All bridegrooms are mad. It is all sunshine and morning with the favorite, the Inglesi. Only when the shadows lengthen may he be stricken. Not now."

"Why dost thou hide this from Kaïd, O thou brother of the eagle?"

"For my gain—and thine, keeper of the gate. To-night I am weak, because I am poor. To-morrow I shall be rich—and—it may be, strong. If Kaïd knew of this to-night, I should be a prisoner before cockcrow. What claims has a prisoner? Kaïd would be in my brother's house at dawn seizing all that is there and elsewhere, and I on my way to Fazougli, to be strangled before sunset."

"O wise and far-seeing! Thine eye pierces the earth. What is there to do? What is my gain—with thine?"

"Thy gain?—The payment of thy debt to me."

Mizraim's face lengthened. His was a loathsome sort of gratitude. He was willing to pay in kind; but what Oriental ever paid a debt without a gift in return, even as a bartering Irishman demands his lucky penny.

"So be it, saadat, and my life is thine to spill upon the ground, a scarlet cloth for thy feet. And backsheesh?"

Nahoum smiled grimly. "For back-sheesh, thy turban full of gold."

Mizraim's eyes glittered—the dull black shine of a mongrel terrier's. He caught the sleeve of Nahoum's coat and kissed it, then kissed his hand.

Thus was their bargain made over the dead body; and Mizraim had an almost superstitious reverence for the fulfilment of a bond, the one virtue rarely found in the Oriental. Nothing else had he, but of all men in Egypt he was the best instrument Nahoum could have chosen; and of all men in Egypt he was the one man who could surely help him.

"What is there now to do, saadat?"

"My coachman is with the carriage at the gate by which the English girl left. It is open still. The key is in Foorgat's pocket, no doubt; stolen by him, no doubt also. . . . This is my design. You will drive him"—he pointed to the body—"to his palace, seated in the carriage as though he were alive. There is a secret entrance. The bowob of the gate will show thee the way; I know it not. But who will deny thee? Thou comest from high places—from Kaïd. Who will speak of this? Will the bowob? In the morning Foorgat will be found dead in his bed! The slight bruise thou canst heal—thou canst?"

Mizraim nodded. "I can smooth it from the sharpest eye."

"At dawn he will be found dead. But at dawn I shall be knocking at his gates. And before the world knows I shall be in possession. All that is his shall be mine, for at once the men of law shall be summoned, and my inheritance secured before Kaïd shall even know of his death. And I shall take my chances for my life."

"And the coachman, and the bowob, and others it may be?"

"Shall not these be with thee—thou, Kaïd's keeper of the harem—the lion at the door of his garden of women. Is it strange that Foorgat, who ever flew at fruit above his head, perilous to get or keep, should be found on forbidden ground, or in design upon it? Would it be strange to the bowob or the slave that he should return with thee stark and still? Would they not but count it mercy of Kaïd that he was not given to

the serpents of the Nile? A word from thee—would one open his mouth? Would not the shadow of thy hand, of the swift doom, be over them? Would not a handful of gold bind them to me? Is not the man dead? Are they not mine—mine to bind or break as I will?"

"So be it—wisdom is of thee as the breath of man is his life. I will drive Foorgat Bey to his home."

A few moments later all that was left of Foorgat Bey was sitting in his carriage beside Mizraim the Chief Eunuch—sitting upright, stony, and still, and in such wise was driven swiftly to his palace.

CHAPTER VIII

FOR HIS SOUL'S SAKE AND THE LAND'S SAKE

DAVID came to know a startling piece of news the next morning—that Foorgat Bey had died of heart-disease in his bed, and was so found by his servants. He at once surmised that Foorgat's body had been carried out of the Palace, no doubt, in order that it might not be thought he had come to his death by order of Kaïd. His mind became easier. Death, murder, crime, in Egypt was not a nine days' wonder; it scarce outlived one day. When a man was gone, none troubled. The dead man was in the bosom of Allah—why should the living be beset or troubled? If there was foul play, why make things worse by sending another life after the life gone, even in the way of justice?

The girl David saved had told him her own name, and had given him the name of the hotel at which she was staying. He had an early breakfast, and prepared to go to her hotel, wishing to see her once more. There were things to be said for the first and last time, and then be buried forever. She must leave the country at once. In this sick, mad land, in this whirlpool of crime and secret murder and constant conspiracy, no one could tell what plot was hatching, what deeds were forward; and he could not yet be sure that no one save himself and herself knew who had committed the crime. Her perfect safety lay in instant flight. It was his duty to see that she went, and at once—this very day. He would go and see her.

He went to the hotel. There he learned

that she had left that morning with her aunt for Alexandria *en route* to England.

He approved her wisdom, he applauded her decision. Her presence of mind and swift thought the night before had proven her to be of remarkable character at least. She had done wisely in fleeing at once—yes, she had done wisely. Yet—yet, somehow, as he bent his footsteps towards his lodgings again he had a sense of disappointment, of revelation. She had done exactly what she ought to have done, that which was to have been his counsel to do; and yet the thought intruded itself that she had thought only of herself from first to last. What might happen to him—evidently that had not occurred to her. How could she know but that his life might be in danger; that, after all, they might have been seen leaving the fatal room? Well, she had gone, and with all his heart he was glad that she was safe. A great burden had been lifted off his mind, already burdened beyond endurance. Stranger though she was to him, he would gladly have given his life for her in the circumstances. She was a woman, and she had gone through an experience too terrible for one so young. If it had been Faith, he thought! Faith would have been more discreet; she never would have been involved in the same set of circumstances, yet, by dark accident, she might have been placed in a similar position.

His judgment upon last night's event was not colored or sullied by a single direct criticism upon the girl. But he could not prevent—was not the devil still at work in men's minds, whispering evil and attempting to sow suspicion, distrust, and malice?—he could not prevent the suggestion, suddenly flashing into his mind, that she had thought of herself first and last—a pardonable egoism. Well, she had gone; and he was here to face the future, unencumbered by aught save the weight of his own conscience.

Yet, the weight of his conscience! His feet were still free—free for one short hour before he went to Kaïd; but his soul was in chains. As he turned his course to the Nile, and crossed over the great bridge, there went clanking by in chains a hundred conscripts, torn from their homes in the Fay-

oum, bidding farewell forever to their friends, receiving their last offerings—for they had no hope of return. He looked at their haggard and dusty faces, at their excoriated ankles, and his eyes closed in pain. All they felt he felt. What their homes were to them, these fellaheen, dragged forth to defend their country, to go into the desert and waste their lives under leaders tyrannous, cruel, and incompetent, his old open life, his innocence, his integrity, his truthfulness and character, were to him. They had been to him at once peace and the justification of life. By an impulsive act, by a rash blow, he had asserted his humanity; but he had killed his fellow man in anger! He knew that as that fatal blow had been delivered, there was no thought of punishment—it was blind anger and hatred; it was the ancient virus working which had filled the world with war, and armed it at the expense, the bitter and oppressive expense, of the toilers and the poor. The taxes for wars were wrung out of the sons of labor and sorrow. These poor fellaheen had paid taxes on everything they possessed. Taxes, taxes, nothing but taxes from the cradle! Their lands, houses, and palm-trees would be taxed still, when they would reap no more. And having given all save their lives, these lives they must now give under the whip and the chain and the sword.

As David looked at them in their single blue calico coverings, in which they had lived and slept—shivering in the cold night air upon the bare ground—these thoughts came to him; and he had a sudden longing to follow them, and put the chains upon his own arms and legs, and go forth and suffer with them—and fight and die? To die were easy. To fight? . . . Was it, then, come to that? He was no longer a man of peace, but a man of the sword; no longer a man of the palm and the evangel, but a man of blood—and of crime! He shrank back out of the glare of the sun; for it suddenly seemed to him that there was written upon his forehead, "*This is a brother of Cain.*" For the first time in his life he had a shrinking from the light and the sun, which he had loved like a Persian, had, in a sense, unconsciously worshipped.

He was scarcely aware where he was. He had wandered on until he had come to the end of the bridge, and into the great groups of traffickers who at this place made a market of their wares. Here sat a seller of sugar-cane, there wandered clanking his brasses a merchant of sherbet, there shouted a cheap-jack of the Nile the virtues of a knife from Sheffield. Yonder a camel-driver squatted and counted his earnings; and a sheep-dealer haggled with the owner of a khiassa bound for the sands of the North. The curious came about him and looked at him, but he did not see or hear. He sat upon a stone, his gaze upon the river, following with his eyes, yet without consciously observing, the dark riverine population whose ways are hidden, who know only the law of the river and spend their lives in eluding it—pirates and brigands now, and yet again the peaceful porters of commerce.

Never a criminal in this land but less a criminal than he! For their standard was a standard of might the only right; but he—his whole life had been nurtured in an atmosphere of right and justice, had been a spirited demonstration against force. He was without fear, as he was without an undue love of life. The laying down of his life had never been presented to him; and yet, now that his conscience was his only judge, and it condemned him, he would gladly have given his life to pay the price of blood. Child of the new dispensation as he was, there was in him more of the ancient spirit—an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth—than he was at all aware.

But now that was impossible—his life was not his own to give, save by suicide; and that would be an insult to the God whom he had offended, to whom he had sent a life with all its sins unpurged, and without a prayer for forgiveness. He had given his word to the woman, and he would keep it, and, when he thought of her, he had no desire that it should be otherwise. In those brief moments she must have suffered more than most men suffer in a long life, the more so because her own indiscretion, though the indiscretion of innocence, had brought about a humiliation which must overshadow her thoughts as long as she lived. Not her hand, however, but his, had com-

mitted the deed. And yet—a sudden wave of pity for her rushed over him, because the conviction seized him that she would also in her soul take upon herself the burden of his guilt as though it were her own. He had seen it in the look of her face last night. For those she loved, or who loved her, it was her duty to save herself from the horror of discovery. For all her future it was her duty to shield herself from any imputation which might as unjustly as scandalously arise if the facts of that black hour ever became known—Ever became known? The thought that there might be some human eye which had seen, which knew, sent a shiver through him.

"I would give my life a thousand times rather than that," he said, aloud, to the swift-flowing river. "It is enough that one should suffer this secret misery—for mine was the sin and hers the misfortune—than that both should suffer, and one be shamed." His head sank on his breast. His lips murmured in prayer:

"But be merciful to me, Thou just judge of Israel, for Thou hast made me, and Thou knowest whereof I am made. For my sin, '*O my God, my soul is cast down within me; Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites from the Hill of Mazer.*' Here in this land will I dedicate my life to Thee for the land's sake. Not for my soul's sake, O my God. If it be Thy will, let my soul be cast away; but for the soul of him whose body I slew, and for his land, let my life be the long sacrifice."

Dreams he had had the night before—terrible dreams, which he could never forget; dreams of a fugitive being hunted through the world, escaping and eluding, only to be hemmed in once more; on and on till he grew gray and gaunt, and the hunt suddenly ended in a great morass into which he plunged with the howling world behind him. The gray dank mists came down on him, his footsteps sank deeper and deeper, and ever the cries, as of damned spirits, grew in his ears. Mocking shapes flitted past him, the wings of obscene birds buffeted him, the morass grew up about him; and now it was all a red moving mass like a dead sea heaving about him. With a cry of agony he felt the dolorous flood above his

shoulders, and then a cry pierced the gloom and the loathsome misery, and a voice he knew called to him, "David, David, I am coming!" and he had awaked with the old hallucination of his uncle's voice calling to him in the dawn.

It came to him now as he sat by the waterside, and he raised his face to the sun and to the world. The idlers had left him alone; none were staring at him now. They were all intent on their own business, each man laboring after his kind. He heard the voice of a river-man as he toiled at a rope, standing on the corn that filled his khiassa from end to end, from keel to gunwale. The man was singing a wild chant of cheerful labor, the soul of the hard-smitten of the earth rising above the rack and burden of the body:

"O, the garden where to-day we sow and
to-morrow we reap!
O, the sakkia turning by the garden
walls;
O, the onion-field and the date-tree
growing,
And my hand on the plough—by the
blessing of God;
Strength of my soul, O my brother, all's
well."

He did not understand the words, but the meaning of the song got into his heart. He pressed his hand to his breast with a sudden gesture. It touched something hard. It was his flute. Mechanically he had put it in his pocket when he dressed in the morning. He took it out and looked at it lovingly. Into it he had poured his soul in the old days—days, centuries away, it seemed now. It should still be the link with the old life.

As he walked towards his home again, lines from a singer of England came to him, and he repeated them to himself over and over again until he came to his own door:

"Now the midday heat and passion
burneth,
May my arm be strong;
To plough in life's broad field beside my
neighbor,
Singing with cheerful heart that lightens
labor
The old untiring song."

Rapine, murder, tyranny, oppression, were round him on every side, and the

ruler of the land called him to his counsels. Here a great duty lay—his life for this land, his life, and his love, and his faith. He would expiate his crime and his sin—the crime of homicide for which he alone was responsible, the sin of secrecy for which he and another were responsible. And that other? If there had been but one word of understanding between them before she left!

At the door of his house stood the American whom he had met at the citadel yesterday—it seemed a hundred years ago.

"I've got a letter for you," Tom Lacey said. "The lady's aunt and herself are cousins of mine more or less removed, and originally at home in the U. S. A. a generation or so ago. Her mother was an American. She didn't know your name—Miss Hylde Maryon, I mean. I told her, but there wasn't time to put it on." He handed over the unaddressed envelope.

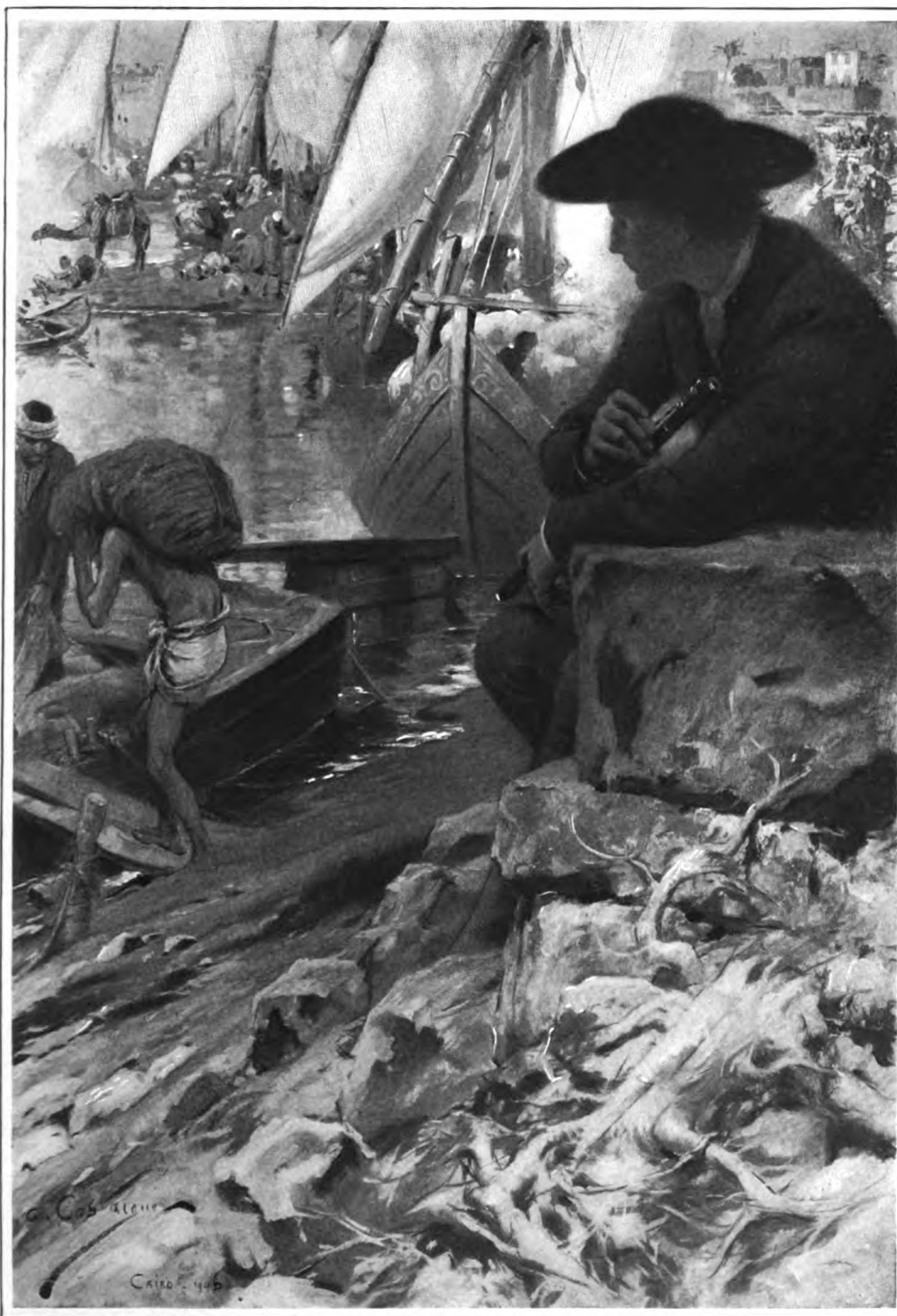
David opened the letter, and read:

"I have seen the papers. I do not understand what has happened, but I know that all is well. If it were not so, I would not go. That is the truth. Grateful I am, oh, believe me! So grateful that I do not yet know what is the return which I must make. But the return will be made. I hear of all that has come to you—how easily I might have destroyed all! . . . My thoughts blind me. You are great and good; you will know at least that I go because it is the only thing to do. I fly from the storm with a broken wing. Take now my promise to pay what I owe in the hour Fate wills—or in the hour of your need. . . . You can trust him who brings this to you; he is a distant cousin of my own. Do not judge him by his odd and foolish words. They hide a good character, and he has a strong nature. He wants work to do. Can you give it? . . . Farewell."

David put the letter in his pocket, a strange quietness about his heart.

He scarcely realized what Lacey was saying. "Great girl that—troubled about something in England, I guess. Going straight back."

David thanked him for the letter.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

FOR THIS LAND—HIS LIFE, AND HIS LOVE, AND HIS FAITH

Lacey became red in the face. He tried to say something, but failed.

"You wish to speak with me, friend?" asked David.

"I'm full up; I can't speak. But say—"

"I am going to the Palace now. Come back at noon if you will—if you wish to talk with me."

He wrung David's hand in gratitude. "You're going to do it. You're going to do it. I see it. It's a great game—like Abe Lincoln's. Say, let me black your boots while you're doing it, will you?"

David pressed his hand.

CHAPTER IX

THE LETTER, THE NIGHT, AND THE WOMAN

"TO-DAY has come the fulfilment of my dream, Faith. I am given to my appointed task; I am set on a road of life in which there is no looking back.

"My dreams of the past are here begun in very truth and fact. When in the night I heard Uncle Benn calling, when in the Meeting-house voices said, 'Come away, come away, and labor; thou art idle,' I could hear my heart beat in the ardor to be off. Yet I knew not where. Now I know.

"Here in Egypt lies the labor that shall purge my soul. And I pray God that it shall be for Egypt's good that I am come. But the path is steep, for I am now of the household and of the presence of the Viceroy of Egypt—agent, adviser, as one who has the voice of his master, who is the ear of his captain. And for such there is no primrose path.

"Last night the Prince Pasha called me to his Council—after he had come to terms with me upon that which Uncle Benn left of land and gold. Think not he tempted me. No glory of a palace, no lure of place drew me on. Alas! no; but in the dark, the dreadful dark, I reached out my hand for guide, and it touched one who had sinned a great sin, who had fallen by the way, and in his misery and anguish he told me the way to go. So, when the Pasha spoke I answered; for the whole land is sick, and my work is at my hand.

"Last night I saw favorites look upon

me with hate because of Kaïd's favor, though the great hall was filled with show of cheerful splendor, and men smiled and feasted. To-day I know that in the Palace where I was summoned to my first duty with the Prince, every step I took was shadowed, every motion recorded, every look or word set down and noted, haply that I might betray myself into some cause of offence. I have no fear of them. They are not subtle enough for the unexpected acts in the life of an honest man, which accomplish their purposes before design and craft can wreck them. Yet I do not wonder men fail to keep honest in the midst of this splendor, where all is strife as to who shall be uppermost, who shall have the Prince's favor; who shall enjoy the fruits of bribery, backsheesh, and monopoly; who shall wring from the slave and the toil-ridden fellah the coin his poor body mints at the *corvée*, in his own taxed fields of *dourha* and cucumbers.

"But these things you do not note upon the surface. When I saw Kaïd to-day he was full of crisp humor, so that you should have thought that Egypt was a land of smiling happiness, and the courtiers and the hangers-on were the only bane of life—good-natured banes! With a light hand he drew me into a field of plans for the good of his people, which might have filled my heart with joy, did I not know that he is a spendthrift of friendly words and generous purposes, which are swallowed up in a wide, dark flood of tyranny and extravagance. Once, it may be, Kaïd dreamed a dream of a well-governed, rich, and happy people, a frugal state, laws for welfare of the many, and privileges for none; but the good that he intended was twisted from its course by evil agents, who distorted his plans, to give riches to the rich and power to the oppressive. Even to-day with the old phrases on his lips, deluding none save himself, and maybe not himself, he must needs plan to check evil by evil, sink fortunes in the mad hope of redeeming fortunes, ruling by tyranny and—through those who deceive him—by fraud and force and cruelty.

"Is this like anything we ever dreamed at Hamley, Faith? Yet here am I set, and here shall I stay till the

skein be unravelled out; and here it may be you will come one day to see me striving to find far beneath the sands foundation for a new life. I feel that as the days wear on there will be many here who will gather to me. These must be the first grains for the coral wall; and when the wall is builded, though the grain be lost in the accomplished work, yet will its labor be well done, itself fulfilled. To fulfil one's self, is not that the law?

"Soon I shall go into the desert upon a mission to the cities of the South, to Dongola, Khartoum and Darfur and beyond; for there is trouble yonder, and war is near unless, by the grace of God, it is given me to bring peace. So I must bend to my study of Arabic, which I am thankful I learned long ago to write to Uncle Benn. And I must not forget to say that I shall take with me on my journey that faithful Moslem Ebn Ezra, in whom I have great faith, if he returns here in time. Others I shall take also, but of these I shall write hereafter. But before that day comes there is much to do here in Cairo, and in the Prince's Palace, to which I go in residence to-morrow.

"I shall henceforth be moving in the midst of things which I was taught to hate. I pray that I may not hate them less as time goes on. The glowing splendor of the East is the background of it all, and the lean and cruel face of barbarism lurks everywhere. Everywhere also I feel the stir of war; not the open rush of armies, but the night attack and the ambushade, the furtive fret of mutiny, the evil whisper of revolution and conspiracy. To-morrow I shall breathe the air of intrigue, shall hear footsteps of spies behind me wherever I go; shall know that even the roses in the garden have ears; that the ground under my feet will telegraph my thoughts. Shall I be true? Or shall I in the end breathe out the same air that I breathe in, the lungs of truth poisoned at last by the Palace exhalations, by the atmosphere of centuries of corruption? Shall I at last whisper, and follow and evade, believe in no one, much less in myself, steal in and out of men's confidences to use them for my own purposes? Shall I put the past to sleep, and live from hour

to hour only as men live here engaged in one vast speculation, and are in the way to become quickly rich by dark processes—in the way also to sudden oblivion in the Nile or in the fearful desert of Fazougli? Does any human being know what he can bear of temptation or of the daily pressure of the life around him? what powers of resistance are in his soul? how long the vital energy will continue to throw off the never-ending seduction, the freshening force of evil. Therein lies the power of evil, that it is ever new, ever fortified by continuous conquest and achievements. It has the rare fire of aggression; is ever more upon the offence than upon the defence; has, withal, the false lure of freedom from restraint, the throbbing force of sympathy.

"Such things I dreamt not of in Soolsby's hut upon the hill, Faith, though, indeed, that seemed a time of trial and sore-heartedness. How large do small issues seem till we have faced the momentous things! It is true that the larger life has pleasures and expanding capacities; but it is truer still that it has perils, events which try the soul as it is never tried in the smaller life—unless, indeed, the soul be that of the Epicurean. The Epicurean I well understand, and in his way I might have walked with a wicked grace. I have in me some hidden depths of luxury, a secret heart of pleasure, an understanding for the forbidden thing. I could have walked the broad way with a laughing heart, though, in truth, habit of mind and desire have kept me in the better path. But offences must come, and woe to him from whom the offence cometh! I have begun now, and only now, to feel the storms that shake us to our farthest cells of life. I begin to see how near good is to evil: how near faith is to unfaith; and how difficult it is to judge from outer actions only; how little we can know to-day what we shall feel to-morrow. Yet one must learn to see deeper, to find motive, not in acts that shake the faith, but in character which needs no explanation, which—" He paused, disturbed.

Then he raised his head, as though not conscious of what was breaking the course of his thoughts. Presently he realized a low, hurried knocking at his door. He

drew a hand over his eyes and sprang up. An instant later the figure of a woman deeply veiled stood within the room beside the table where he had been writing. There was silence as they faced each other, his back against the door.

"Oh, do you not know me?" she said at last, and sank into the chair where he had been sitting.

The question was unnecessary; and she knew it was so, but she could not bear the strain of the silence. She seemed to have risen out of the letter he had been writing, for had he not been writing of her, of what concerned them both? How mean and small-hearted he had been to have thought for an instant that she had not the highest courage, though in going she had done the discreeter, safer thing! But she had come—she had come.

All this was in his eyes, though his face was pale and still. He was almost rigid with emotion, for the ancient habit of repose and self-command of the Quaker people was upon him.

"Can you not see—do you not know?" she repeated, her back upon him now, her face still veiled, her hands making a swift motion of distress.

"I know," he answered, quietly. "Do I not hear your voice? Do I not see you? Has thee found in the past that thee is so soon forgotten?"

"Oh, do not blame me!" She raised her veil suddenly and showed a face as pale as his own, and in the eyes a fiery brightness. "I did not know. It was so hard to come—do not blame me. I went to Alexandria—I felt that I must fly, the air around me seemed full of voices crying out—did you not understand why I went?"

"I understand," he said, coming forward slowly. "Thee should not have come back. In the way I go now the watchers go also."

"If I had not come, you would never have understood," she answered, quickly. "I am not sorry I went. I was so frightened, so shaken. My only thought was to get away from the terrible Thing. But I should have been sorry all my life long, had I not come back to tell you what I feel and that I shall never forget. All my life I shall be grateful. You have saved me from a thousand deaths. Ah, if I could give you but one life! Yet—

yet—oh, do not think but that I would tell you the whole truth, though I am not wholly truthful. See, I love my place in the world more than I love my life: and but for you I should have lost all."

He made a protesting motion. "The debt is mine, in truth. But for you I should never have known what, perhaps—" He paused.

His eyes were on hers, gravely speaking what his tongue faltered to say. She looked and looked, but did not understand. She only saw troubled depths lighted by a soul of kindling purpose. "Tell me," she said, awed.

"Through you I have come to know—" he paused again. What he was going to say, truthful though it was, must hurt her, and she had been sorely hurt already. He put his thoughts more gently, more vaguely.

"By what happened I have come to see what matters in life. I was behind the hedge. I have broken through upon the road. I know my goal now. The highway is before me, leading through a dark country."

She felt the tragedy in his words, and her voice shook as she spoke. "I wish I knew life better—I could make a better answer. You are on the road, you say. But I feel that it is a hard and cruel road—oh, I understand that at least. Tell me, please, tell me the whole truth. You are hiding from me what you feel. I have upset your life, have I not? You are a Quaker, and Quakers are better than all other Christian people, are they not? Their faith is peace, and for me, you—" She covered her face with her hands for an instant, but turned quickly and looked him in the eyes—"for me you put your hand upon the clock of a man's life, and stopped it."

She got to her feet with a passionate gesture, but he put a hand gently upon her arm, and she sank back again. "Oh, it was not you; it was I who did it," she said. "You did what any man of honor would have done—what a brother would have done. You helped me in my worst need."

"What I did is a matter between me and my own soul," he responded quickly. "Had I never seen your face again it would have been the same. You were

the occasion; the thing I did had only one source, my own heart and mind. There might have been another way. For that way, or for the way I did take, you could not be responsible."

"How generous you are!" Her eyes swam with tears; she leaned over the table where he had been writing, and the tears dropped upon his letter. Presently she realized this, and drew back, then made as though to dry the tears from the paper with her handkerchief. As she did so the words that he had written met her eye: "*But offences must come, and woe to him from whom the offence cometh!* I have begun now, and only now, to feel the storms that shake us to the farthest cells of life."

She became very still. He touched her arm and said heavily, "Come away, come away."

She pointed to the words she had read. "I could not help but see, and now I know what this must mean to you."

"Thee must go at once," he urged. "Thee should not have come. Why should that matter? Thee was safe—none knew. A few hours and it would all have been far behind. We might never have met again. I would have remembered only that through a woman I came to know myself, and through myself my fellow men."

Suddenly she gave a low hysterical laugh. "You think you hide the real thing from me. I know I'm ignorant and selfish and feeble-minded, but I can see farther than you think. You want to tell the truth about—about *it*, because you are honest and hate hiding things, because you want to be punished, and so pay the price. Oh, I can understand! If it were not for me you would not. . . ." With a sudden wild impulse she got to her feet. "And you shall not," she cried. "I will not have it." Color came rushing to her cheeks. "I will not have it. I will not put myself so much in your debt. I will not demand so much of you. I will face it all—I will stand alone."

There was a touch of indignation in her voice. Somehow she seemed moved to anger against him. Her hands were clasped at her side rigidly, her pulses throbbing. He stood looking at her fixed-

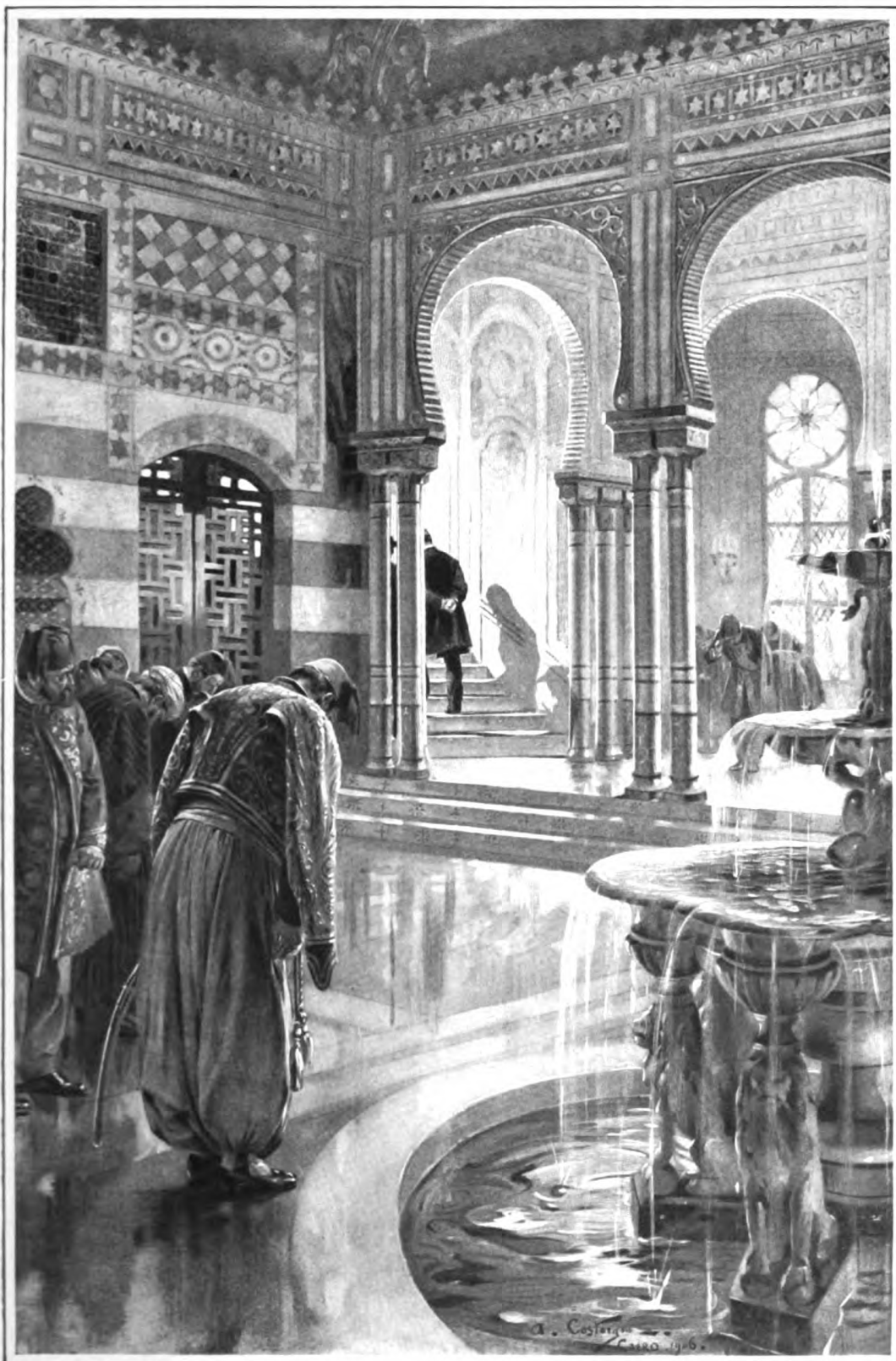
ly, as though trying to realize her. His silence agitated her still further, and she spoke excitedly.

"I could have, would have killed him myself without a moment's regret. He had planned, planned—to ruin me. He would have treated me—ah, God, can you not see it all! I would have taken his life without a thought. I was mad and foolish to go upon such an adventure, but I meant no ill. I had not one thought that I could not have cried out from the housetops, and he had in his heart—he had what you saw. But you—you repent that you killed him—by accident—it was by accident. Do you realize how many times others were trapped by him as was I? Do you not see what he was—as I see now? Did he not say as much to me before you came, when I was dumb with terror? Did he not make me understand what his whole life had been? Did I not see in a flash others, how many! whose lives he had spoiled and killed? Would I have had pity? Would I have had remorse? No, no, no! I was frightened when it was done, I was horrified, but I was not sorry; and I am not sorry. It was to be. It was the true end to his untruth and vileness. Ah!"

She shuddered, and buried her face in her hands for a moment, then went on: "I can never forgive myself for knowing him, for going to the Palace with him. I was mad for adventure, for mystery; I wanted more than the ordinary share of knowledge. I wanted to probe things. Ah, I guessed little what I should find if I probed! Yet I meant no wrong. I thought then nothing of which I shall ever be ashamed. But I shall always be ashamed because I knew him, because he thought that I—oh, if I were a man, I should be glad that I had killed him, for the sake of all honest women."

He remained silent. His look was not upon her, he seemed lost in a dream; but his face was fixed in trouble.

She misunderstood his silence. "You had the courage, the impulse to—to do it," she said sharply; "you have not the courage to justify it. I will not have it so. I will tell the truth to all the world. I will not shrink. I shrank yesterday because I was afraid of the world; to-day I will face it, I will—"



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

"THE GLOWING SPLENDOR OF THE EAST IS THE BACKGROUND OF IT ALL"

She stopped suddenly, and another look flashed into her face. Presently she spoke in a different tone; a new light had come upon her mind. "But I see," she added. "To tell all is to make you the victim, too, of what *he* did. It is in your hands; it is all in your hands; and I cannot speak unless—unless you are ready also."

There was an unintended touch of scorn in her voice. She had been troubled and tried beyond bearing, and her impulsive nature revolted at his silence. She misunderstood him, or, if she did not wholly misunderstand him, she was angry at what she thought was a needless remorse or sensitiveness. Did not the man deserve his end?

"There is only one course to pursue," he rejoined quietly, "and that is the course we entered upon last night. I neither doubted yourself nor your courage. You must not turn back now. Already I have planned my future by what happened. You must not alter the course which was your own making, and the only course which you could or I should take—the only course which I would take, though all the world were against me. I have planned my life according to the word I gave you. I could not turn back now, though your own happiness depended on it; and your happiness depends on the course of silence to which we agreed. We are strangers, and we must remain so. You will go from here now, and we must not meet again. I am—"

"I know who you are," she broke in. "I know what your religion is; that fighting and war and bloodshed is a sin to you."

"I am of no family or place in England," he went on calmly. "I come of yeoman and trading stock; I have nothing in common with people of rank and riches. I have nothing in common with you. Our lines of life will not cross. It is well that it should be so. As to what happened—what I may feel has nothing to do with whether I was justified or no. It has nothing to do with the man's character or his vile and evil plans—nothing to do with the wrong to you, nor all the wrongs that ever he did to your sex, or to any good woman. What I feel belongs to my own soul, and

in the end the thing must be solved by a Power which will not take our little views into account. But if you have thought that I have repented doing what I did, let that pass forever from your mind. I know that I should do the same, yes, even a hundred times, and not by accident, if I were placed again where I was placed. I know what was in my heart at the moment, and I did according to my nature. You say you will not have me remain silent unless I am unprepared to face the penalty! But your first thoughts were right. You had done no wrong, intended no wrong. Your fault, if fault there was, came from defiance of those conventions which are for the protection of the strong as well as the weak; for the strongest may be the innocent victims of their own independence. Having defied convention—having placed yourself in a position where injury was possible and evil placed you at a disadvantage, you must not now be punished cruelly for a thing you did not do. Silence is the only way of safety or of justice. We must not speak of this again. We must each go our own way. We must not change our course."

Her eyes were moist. She reached out a hand to him timidly. "Oh, forgive me," she added brokenly, "I am so vain, so selfish, and that makes one blind to the truth. It is all clearer now. You have shown me that I was right in my first impulse, and that is all I can say for myself. Silence, at least, will save me; and I shall pray all my life that it will do you no harm in the end."

She remained silent, for a moment adjusting her veil, preparing to go. Presently she spoke again: "I shall always want to know about you—what is happening to you—how could it be otherwise?"

She was half realizing one of the deepest things in existence, that the closest bond between two human beings is a bond of secrecy upon a thing that vitally, fatally concerns both or either. That two people shall hold in common a fact which they only know is like laying a wire between two points upon which the electricity plays, producing a common current of understanding. It is a power at once malevolent and beautiful. A

secret like that of David and Hylde, so far-reaching in its consequences, will do in a day what a score of years could not accomplish, will insinuate confidences which might never be given to the nearest or dearest. In neither was any feeling of the heart begotten by their experiences; and yet they had gone deeper in each other's lives than any one they had known in a lifetime. They had struck a deeper note than love or friendship. They had touched the chord of a secret and mutual experience which had gone so far that their lives would be influenced by it forever after. Each understood this in a different way.

Hylde looked towards the letter lying on the table. It had raised in her mind, not a doubt, but an undefined, undefinable anxiety. He saw the glance, and said: "I was writing to one who has been as a sister to me. She was my mother's sister, though she is almost as young as I. Her name is Faith. There is nothing there of what concerns thee and me, though it would make no difference if she knew." Suddenly a thought seemed to strike him. "The secret is of thee and me. There is safety. If it became another's, there might be peril. The thing shall be between us only, forever?"

"Do you think that I—"

"My instinct tells me a woman of sensitive mind might one day, out of an unmerciful honesty, tell her husband—"

"I am not married—"

"But one day—"

She interrupted him. "My life is my own, and it shall not be the absolute possession of any man. My own conscience shall decide. Sentimental egotism will not rule me. Tell me," she added, "tell me one thing before I go. You said that your course was set—what is it?"

"I remain here," he answered, quietly.

"I remain in the service of Prince Kaïd."

"You—you—with Kaïd Pasha—here!" she gasped. "It is a dreadful government, an awful service—"

"That is why I stay."

"Ah, I know. You are going to try and change things here—you alone."

"I hope not alone—in time."

"You are an honest man. They will kill you."

"Then an honest man will have come by an honest end."

"You are going to leave England, your friends, your family, your place—in Hamley, was it not? My aunt has read of you—my cousin—" she paused.

"I had no place in Hamley. Here is my place. Distance has little to do with understanding or affection. I had an uncle here in the East for twenty-five years, yet I knew him better than all others in the world. Space is nothing, friend, if souls are in sympathy. My uncle talked to me over seas and lands. I felt him, heard him speak."

"You think that minds can speak to minds, no matter the distances—real and definite things?"

"If I were parted from one dear to me, I would try to say to him or her what was in my mind, not by written word only, but by the flying thought."

She sat down suddenly, as though overwhelmed. "Oh, if that were possible!" she said. "If one could send a thought like that!" Then with an impulse, and the flicker of a sad smile, she reached out a hand. "If ever in the years to come you want to speak to me, will you try to make me understand—as your uncle did with you?"

"I cannot tell," he answered. "That which is deepest within us obeys only the laws of its need. By instinct it turns to where help lies, as a wild deer, escaping from captivity, makes for the veldt and the watercourse."

She got to her feet again. "I want to pay my debt," she said solemnly. "It is a debt that one day must be paid—so awful—so awful!" A swift change passed over her. She shuddered, and grew white. "I said brave words just now," she added in a hoarse whisper, "but now I see him lying there cold and still, and you stooping over him. I see you touch his breast, his pulse. I see you close his eyes. One instant full of the pulse of life, the next struck out into infinite space. Oh, I shall never—how can I ever—forget!" She turned her head away from him, then composed herself again, and said quietly, with anxious eyes: "Why was nothing said or done? Perhaps they are only waiting. Perhaps they know. Why was it announced that he died in his bed at home?"

"I cannot tell. When a man in high places dies in Egypt it may be one death or another. No one inquires too closely. He died in Kaïd Pasha's Palace, where other men have died, and none has inquired too closely! To-day they told me at the Palace that his carriage was seen to leave with himself and Mizraim the Chief Eunuch. However it was done, whatever the object, he was secretly taken to his house from the Palace, and that his brother Nahoum, whose place I now shall hold, seized upon his estate in the early morning. I think that no one knows the truth. But it is all in the hands of God. We can do nothing more. Thee must go. Thee should not have come. In England thee will forget, as thee should forget. In Egypt I shall remember, as I should remember. Thee must leave to-morrow. Thee will permit me to take thee back to the hotel? Thee should not have come alone."

"*Thee*," she repeated softly. "I love the Quaker *thee*. My grandmother was an American Quaker. She always spoke like that. Will you not use the *thee* and *thou* in speaking to me always?"

"We are not likely to speak together in any language in the future," he answered. "But now thee must go, and I will—"

"My cousin, Mr. Lacey, is waiting for me in the garden," she answered. "I shall be safe with him."

She moved towards the door. He caught the handle to turn it, when there came the noise of loud talking, and the sound of footsteps in the courtyard. David opened the door slightly and looked out, then closed it quickly.

"It is Nahoum Pasha," he said. "Please, the other room," he added, and pointed to a curtain. "There is a window leading on a garden. The garden gate opens on a street leading to the Esbekiah and your hotel."

"But, no, I shall stay here," she said. She drew down her veil, then taking from her pocket another, arranged it also, so that her face was hidden.

"You must go," he said—"go quickly." Again he pointed.

"I will remain," she rejoined, with determination, and seated herself in a chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Sign

BY LILY A. LONG

HOW beauty fills the world!
Men strive and sin,
And higher heap the burden of Earth's ill.
And weave a web of wrong for her,—and still
'Tis beauty fills the world.

No blot in all the world!
The creeping green,
The water flashing down in shining ways,
The light that breaks in drenching color sprays,
With beauty fill the world.

If beauty fills the world,
Then all is said.
The secret joy of one small perfect flower
Were proof enough of God,—His love, His power,—
And beauty fills the world!

A Portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds

WHEN Reynolds, fresh from his sojourn in Italy, began his career in London, his style met with denunciation from his fellow painters; accustomed to the artificiality of Lely and Kneller, they could not bring themselves to accept the new view of life as it presented itself to Reynolds's eyes. It was a new world in which physical life was touched with grace and beauty. With the manners of a courtier, Reynolds set forth the world of taste and fashion about him. He felt its vivacity and distinction, its hope and felicity, its buoyancy and freshness. His portraits show neither sorrow nor world-weariness; there is no questioning of life's problems, no aspiration or desire, but rather a joy in life for itself, a delight in the ecstasy of living. In accord with this spirit is his airy brushwork and the sparkle of what Haydon called his "gemmy surface." He worked for character, for color and effect, and betrayed no mood of sorrow or dejection. For him there was no unloveliness in life, and he was haunted by no spirit of brooding melancholy. He lacked the technical mastery of the great Venetians and of Rembrandt, whom he greatly revered, which led to his experimenting for certain results; but his earlier portraits, among which this belongs, are always firmer in modelling even though less striking in effect.

Kitty Fisher, the most celebrated Traviata of her time, sat frequently to Reynolds, there being at least a dozen portraits of her between her fifteenth and twenty-fifth years. At twenty-one she married, and at twenty-six, died—"a victim to cosmetics," says a writer of the time. During her brief life this daughter of a German stay-maker made a brilliant impression by her personal charms, her sparkling wit, and abounding spirits. Of authentic portraits of her by Reynolds this one with the doves and the Garrick miniature, acquired by Mr. Lenox in 1848, is in Sir Joshua's happiest manner.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



A PORTRAIT BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

The Magnetic Hearth

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

"CLANCY was laying his course that day,
Clipping it out o' Fortune Bay—"

and so on to the further details, the fifteen hundred barrels of frozen herring in his hold, and a breeze that sung lullabies of home, when one of his crew had to fall sick.

"And of all times!" exploded his mates. "The first cargo of the season; and now Glover 'll beat us out—ready to sail when we left." But there was nothing for it but to put back to St. Marys and ship another man in his place.

The new man was but fairly over the rail—Man! but the jaunty chap he was!—when he had to break out with: "So this is the Tommie Clancy I've been hearing so much about? The great Tommie Clancy—Clancy the sail-carrier! Well, I've yet to see the man that could carry sail enough for me."

Of course that was too good for the crew to keep; and while they were getting under weigh again they started to tell the skipper of what the new man had said, thinking to touch his professional reply and sting him to one of his famous rejoinders, perhaps set him to teach the fellow a lesson. But they were grievously disappointed. He did not let them half finish. "To the devil with what he said!" exploded the irate Clancy. He had only himself just leaped aboard, after seeing the sick man attended to ashore. "Look now!" and held up a letter. "Ought to have been given me a week ago. Only I stepped into the post-office on the way down, I'd never got it at all. If I'd got it when I ought to, we'd been half-way home by now, with that sick man taking his chances out of the medicine-chest. And more than that," and he held aloft a telegram, although, instead of telling them what that was about, he thrust it into an inside pocket.

"Hush!" warned one, a subtle one, a man who had essayed to report the new man's

words about sail-carrying. "Maybe he's put out about Glover, who left for home last night," meaning it to reach the skipper's ears, which it did.

"To the devil with Glover!" said Clancy. "We won't be home any later because he's left before us."

"But the market, skipper?"

"To hell with the market, too—what's the matter with that anchor? Is that anchor cat-headed yet? No? Well, why isn't it? And another heave or two on the throat-halyards. And, Lord in heaven! bend your backs. Some o' you act as though you thought you were pulling on pack-threads."

And in that spirit they left for home. At dark they had sunk the headlands of Cannargie, at dawn they raised the cliffs of Whitehead, which truly was going some, as Sam Leary put it when after an arduous trick to the wheel he dropped below, dodging as he leaped from the lowest step the heavy rods which held the *Duncan* together forward. "Some day they'll cut a man's head off coming below in a hurry."

"I cal'late by the way she's hoppin', Sammie, that it's blowin' some." This from the cook.

"Go up and have a look for yourself, cookie. *Some* water on her deck."

"No need to go on deck to see loose water, Sam. I c'n get that here. I wish she was a little tighter. There's blessed little comfort wearin' rubber boots all the time below. Don't you think she's a bit loose for a winter passage, Sammie? Look at them things, now." He pointed to the heavy strengthening stays which Sam had dodged, and which stretched across the forec's'le just abaft the butt of the foremast. Even as he gazed they were quivering under the impact which came of the vessel plunging into heavy seas before an immense press of canvas. "Some day, Sammie, them 'll part, and then she'll

split in two like a Boston cracker and down she'll go."

"If, instead of swearing at them so much, cook, you'd once in a while take a marlinespike to the turnbuckle and screw 'em a little tighter—" Sam followed his own advice. "There; that looks better."

"But she is loose, Sammie."

"Loose? Of course she's loose. But that's no fault of hers. Look back at the passages she's made. Sure 'tisn't in nature for a vessel to be driven as this man's driven this one for years now and she not be loose. But that only affects a vessel's comfort. For sailin' 'tis no harm. Ain't it notorious that a loose vessel sails fastest?"

"H-m-m—then this one ought to be about the fastest thing that ever wiped her nose in a winter westerly."

"And so she is. I'd hate to say what I think she's logging now, for fear of what you'd call me. But what odds if she is loose, so she's standin' up well? And she's standin' up—well enough to carry her mains'l anyway, and all the vessels that's carryin' a whole mains'l hereaway to-day c'n be counted on the thumbs of a one-armed man, I'll bet."

"And no slack now, Sammie, till he's home, I s'pose?"

"Slack? Slack?" Leary looked into the cook's face to assure himself no joke was meant. "This man slack on a passage home? Well, if—there goes another shelf of crockery, cookie. You ought to know better than leave them around so careless—and the way this vessel's bein' jolted. If I know him, he's got a picture in his eye now of cradles and babies and a lone woman by the fire. No, sir, if it was blowin' 16-inch guns out of the water he wouldn't slack now."

And never a slack did Clancy think of. Cruel it certainly seemed. Wind just forward of her beam then, and so allowing of sheet enough to keep all the bouncing life in her. And the sea? She was picking it up over her knight-heads and passing it along deck, smothering hatches, house, and wheel-box, and over the taffrail roaring. "Like an express-train on the other track," said the next man off watch after Leary. "Honest, I caught myself looking back at her wake to see if I couldn't see the

cars going out of sight around the curve. Man! if she don't bust all the records this trip!"

And that started them to figuring out how long before she would be here, there, and finally into Gloucester, which is known of any old Gloucester fisherman to be the surest way to discount any good luck in store. It was only inevitable, then, that the vengeful wind should jump to the westward. The skipper was the first to note the veering, and it was, "Blast your hoary old face!—can't you stay with a man in a hurry for two days running?" And to the man at the wheel then, "Let her come about, and don't trip her, either."

Almost to Sable Island Northwest Light it was on that tack. Abreast of Cape Sable they hoped it would be on the inshore tack. But no; the wind headed them off again and developed into a westerly hurricane, of which, between one tack and the other, they got thirty hours, she reeling off her express speed under four lowers the meantime. It was then her planks first gave warning. Clancy was not deaf to the indications. "But no fear; she won't give in. I never could make her give in. She'll keep going, this one, till the planks are torn from her frame. That's the spirit of her. But here's this devil's breeze heading us off again."

It was on that next tack she showed herself the wonderful vessel altogether. And Clancy standing right there to see her. "Did you ever see her like?" he asked, and so fired with admiration of her that—she was carrying her four lowers then—he thought to try her with the stay-sail. And did. And she stood up under that; not without some further creaking and groaning of her joints, it is true, but still right side up. "M-m!" murmured Clancy, in sheer admiration, and after that gave her the balloon. Blue times it was then, spume and foam and a clawing sea—a great occasion altogether. Grand, yes—life well worth living; and then—it was the forward watch who, thinking he heard an unusual gurgling overboard, stuck his head over her windward bow. And immediately hopped back with warning arms: "Skipper! oh, skipper, she's all opened up for'ard!"

"Then slap it to her on the other tack,"



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

CLANCY TOOK THE WHEEL HIMSELF

said Clancy, and never even smiled, for the madness of making a passage was on him.

And while on that other tack came a glorious southeasterly, and riotous joy prevailed aboard the *Duncan*. A southeasterly gale for home-bound vessels, especially in winter! It is a softening, albeit at times a howling, influence. Particularly does it add to the joy of man when it follows a hard westerly, serving then to melt the ice. And straight down the Cape Shore went the *Duncan* before it, while Tommie Clancy, standing on her quarter, smiled the smile of a boy with a slice of bread and molasses. To Sam Leary's query, "Will you beat him out?" he asked, "Beat who out?"

"Why, Glover."

"Oh, him! Ten hours start? I don't know. And what's more, Sammie, I don't know's I care. We're sailing now, that's sure," and the frequent seas threatening to overhaul and smother her, he took the wheel himself; and for fourteen hours stood to it, lifting a hand from the spokes only to gulp down the cups of hot coffee which were brought when chance offered. And sang little songs to himself the while—songs of home, and hearth, and wife, and children,—songs the Celtic people sing as the mother rocks the babies, the fathers as they meditate on life, death, and what comes after.

In the milder spells of that run the water on her quarter piled to Clancy's thighs, but later it came to his waist; and there was one inspiring stretch of four hours when the solid water came boiling to his breast. And a man of sweeping height was Clancy. She must have been a sight to please the gods; certainly she was a joy to all she met along the way. They breasted a fleet of outbound trawlers hove to inside La Have, under double-reefed foresails all. To the rail of one, the *Buccaneer*, stood Crump Taylor. "What is it?" hailed Crump.

"I don't know," yelled back Tommie, "but I'll know before a great while an this breeze holds out."

"Well, what's your hurry?" asked the master of the next one, which herself rocked to the sea's surge till her fore-keel could be seen to the waist.

"Oh, no great hurry—just going to the west'ard," retorted Clancy.

"Excuse me!" said that one.

"Drive her!" yelled the next. On the *Duncan* they couldn't hear the words, so rapidly was she sweeping by; but they knew what he meant by the swishing sweep of his oilclothed arm.

Not until they rounded Cape Sable and were getting the wind fair abeam did Clancy give over the wheel. After three days and nights on his feet he was beginning to feel the need of rest. It was three o'clock in the morning then. "Keep her as she is—nothing to. If anything, keep her off. If I don't wake before, call me at seven," and turned in on the lockers.

But they didn't have to call him, for in his sleep he felt the unusual motion. He rolled to his side and waited. A moment and she came up almost standing; another moment and she was tearing away. A minute or two and she was brought up again; another and she was off. Clancy stood up. The clock indicated a few minutes after six. Two or three of the crew, expecting the call to coffee—there had been no table since the beginning of the westerly—were already sitting around on the lockers. Again she fetched up, and again she was off again. "How's it above?" asked Clancy.

"'Bout the same; maybe a breath more wind, if anything."

"Has it been going on for long, that luffing?"

"Since this man's had the wheel."

The unusual readiness to fix the blame arrested Clancy's attention. Forgetfully he lowered his head to look up the companionway to see who it was; but the boards which two days before had been set up to keep the deck water from the cabin were still there, and the man to the wheel could not be seen.

"And who is it?"

They were more than willing to tell him. "It's the sail-carrier you shipped in Fortune Bay."

"Oh-h—"

"And now that he's to the wheel, his eyes are white with fear of the world to come."

Clancy said nothing, but presently went on deck; and there stood by the wheel and casually observed the progress of things. No getting around it, 'twas a wild-looking morning.

With the master at his side the new man kept his nerve for perhaps five minutes, by which time he could stand it no more. In the face of a mountainous sea that looked as if it was surely going to engulf them, he hurriedly put down the wheel. Even while the wave was sweeping her decks, ere yet it had passed on, with its grand backwash receding musically down her sloping deck, Clancy was warning his helmsman.

"Don't do that. Keep her to the course,—nothing to. If anything, keep her off. A good full always to keep the life in her. That kind of work discourages a vessel; she's going home, mind."

"Yes, sir," and on her course again was the *Duncan* put. And for perhaps another five minutes the new man held her to it; but the prospect proving too much for him, again he luffed her.

Clancy laid a gentle arm on the wheelman's shoulder and spoke softly. "I told you not to do that, and you mustn't. Don't do it again. This one's a little loose maybe, but she'll take all you can give her. I know her better than you, mind, and I'm telling you to trust her. And even if she wasn't reliable, which she is, mind—this is no time for jogging. We're going home now—going home, boy."

After that Clancy thought the man was cured. But no. Five minutes perhaps and again she was luffed.

Clancy laid a hand on the wheel. "You needn't bother about steering any more. I'll stand your watch out, and do you go below. And if you'll take my advice, and no offence meant, when you get to Gloucester you'll take to farming; for cert'nly the Lord never intended you for a fisherman."

Be sure they heard that below—an ear to the binnacle-box assured it; and when he came below among them furtive glances stole around the company. But, like gentlemen, they said never a word. Nor did he then; only sat down on a locker and drew off his oilskins, first his jacket and trousers, then followed his jack-boots, wearily, and got into his slipshods; after which he reached back and from under the mattress of his bunk drew out a plug of tobacco and rolled it in the palm of his hands, and filled his pipe, and stretched his feet then toward the stove.

In that position he smoked meditatively, and, after a while—puff—puff—and a great sigh: "Well, a hundred times I've crossed the Bay of Fundy, but this is the first time ever I crossed under water."

The disgraced helmsman's mate was at that time forward, considering how foolish it all was to attempt to stand watch. He was making no pretension to look out; simply curled up and waited for his hour to come to an end. "And I might's well been below for all the good I was doing," he explained when he did get below. "Might as well lock her up forward and let her go her way, for it's nothing but a solid ledge of clear white water ahead of her, and into that she's everlastin'ly pilin'."

"And how's the skipper? Looking tired yet?"

"Him tired? And the vessel goin' to the west'ard? Man! he's just beginnin' to beam!"

"Still singin' the little songs to himself, rhymin' as he goes along?"

"Ay, still singin',

West half no'the and drive her, we're abreast now of Cape Sable,
'Tis an everlastin' hurricane, but here's the craft that's able—

singin' away, and his eyes shinin' like Thacher's after you've come a passage from Flemish Cap."

The prospect moved Sam Leary to ascend to the deck, where his eyes at once caught a faint column of smoke. "That the Yarmouth steamer, skipper, down to le'ward?"

"That's the old lady, Sam. Raised her at eight o'clock this morning, and by one o'clock—the way we're sliding along now—we'll have rubbed even that blotch of smoke off the sky-line, Sam."

"And they say she averages her fourteen knots one year's end to the other? Well, that's tearin' 'em off some." He took a fresh grip of the weather-rigging and gazed with yet more respectful interest at her deck. "Lord! Lord! loose as cinders and fair leapin' for home. And—hullo, what! Thacher's already? Lord! skipper, but she's cert'nly been pushin' the suds out of her way. I'll bet you were glad to see 'em." He nodded to the twin shafts ahead.

"I could kiss the whitewashed stones of 'em, Sammie. And here"—Clancy

slipped the life-line from about his body—"here, Sam, and mind you keep her going."

They kept her going, with never a slack till she was safe to the dock; and up the dock, ere yet her lines were fast or her lowering sails down, Clancy flew.

A dozen would have stopped him. By their smiles he knew that he had brought home the first load of frozen herring of the season; but small glory in that for him now. All along the coast, when around his lashed body the green seas curled, 'twas not of herring, or bonus, or anything with the mark of money on it, that was holding thrall his fancy. The *Duncan* herself could hardly have taken longer leaps before the gale than did Clancy up the dock.

An empty buggy, with a sleepy-looking horse between the shafts, was standing before the door of an office at the head of the wharf. A boy was huddled on some steps near by. "Whose gear?" asked Clancy, who by then was on the seat and reaching for the whip.

"Belongs to a runner selling fish-hooks inside."

"Well, tell him I took it when he comes out. Chk-chk—get up, you fat loafer!"

"Oh, Captain—oh, Captain!" the owner called from the doorway of an office, but he called too late. Up the street a plump, astonished horse was flying with a rattling buggy, and a cloud of dust in his wake. Through the streets of Gloucester went Clancy; jibed a corner, then away for fair sailing on a straight stretch; another corner, a beat up an incline, one more corner and another fine straight stretch, and then fetched up all standing, with the sides of the poor beast shaking like a mainsail in the wind.

Fifty yards away was Clancy's home. But he did not go clattering to that; the courage of him was now failing. He slacked down, halted even, and, leaning a hand against the tree before the door, drew a full breath or two. So much could happen in a week! At the door he tried to fit the key to the lock, but it would not turn. The cold sweat came over him. What did it mean? He tried again. Still no turn. He tried the knob then—and the door opened. It hadn't been locked at all. And then he remem-

bered: "There'll be no lock on the door, Tommie, once I hear you are on the way home. Night or day you won't have to stop to open the lock."

Perhaps all was well, after all. He stepped into the hall. Hearing a noise in the kitchen, he headed that way. Maybe—but no; it was the old helper. Before he could reach her he heard her, talking to herself, as was her habit.

"Tea and toast," she was saying. "Mustn't cut the slices too thick for toast—tea and toast for the poor creature!"

"And who's the poor creature? How is she?"

The old woman started and turned at the sound of that hoarse voice. "Oh, Captain Clancy!"

"And how is she?"

"Oh, but the lovely baby boy—the day after we sent the telegram."

Clancy gripped the door-frame and came nigher to the old woman. "But Ann?"

"Man alive, have no fear! Would I be standing with a quiet mind here and the poor girl not well? She's sitting up to-day."

He started to say something, but his tongue would not act. "Up-stairs? in her room?" he managed to whisper at length.

The old woman smiled and nodded.

"I must go up—but wait. I mustn't make any noise, must I? Don't tell her—don't call. I want myself to bring the first word. She'll like it better."

"Yes, and more than the word she'll like the man that brings it. And go soon, Captain, for there's that now in your eyes would win queens from their thrones."

Clancy removed his boots, the same great boots that till now had not been drawn from his feet since he had left Newfoundland. Up-stairs he crept. A sound, well-built house it was, and the stairs did not creak under his weight. As he went up he heard her voice crooning softly. Changed it was, with new tones in it, but still her own voice always—no other voice like it. She was singing now; and on the landing, with the half-open door of her room no more than an arm's length away, he stopped and listened. And listening, waited, wondering curiously just why he waited. Night and day he had been driving—snow, ice,



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE STOPPED AND LISTENED

hail, gales of wind, and great seas—and during it all but one thought, to be where he was now. A hundred times he had pictured himself bounding up the stairs and into her arms. Yet now that he was here, he was waiting; now that he was so near, he lacked the courage to go in. And even while he hesitated the dear voice broke into a new song:

“Home to his sweetheart your father is
sweeping,
Home through the gale his brave vessel
is leaping,—
Home through the foam of the turbulent
ocean,
Over the shoals, over the knolls, over the
wild western ocean to thee!”

A wavelike flame swept over him. How well she knew!

“Over the shoals, over the knolls, over the
wild western ocean to thee!”

He waited no longer; and as through the door he had heard, so now in the doorway she saw him. And her face!—He clasped her, mother and baby he clasped them both, and pride as well as love rang in his voice. “Ann, Ann, but where’s the man wouldn’t carry sail for you!”

“Tommie—Tommie—home again!” and laid the baby in his arms and cried on his breast.

Harry Glover got home that night. His crew lost no time in getting ashore. It had been a notable passage, and they were wistful to ease the strain and to boast of some pretty fair work against a hard westerly along the way. And did boast, until they heard that Clancy was in before them. “Well, I’m damned!” it was with them then—with all of them, that is, but Steve Clifford.

Clifford met Sam Leary along the way. “I half expected it, Sam, as the rest of the crew ’ll tell you. We were passing the fleet anchored on La Have. They hailed out something we couldn’t quite get. But the skipper thought it was something in praise of the sail he was carrying. He had her under four lowers then and was some proud. He called to me, knowing I’d been with Clancy a few trips. ‘Where’s your *Johnnie Duncan*?’ he says,—‘where’s Tommie Clancy at this writing, do you s’pose?’

“‘Where?’ says I. ‘Well, if I know Tommie Clancy and the *Johnnie Duncan*, she’s playin’ leap-frog across the Bay o’ Fundy by this time—ho! ho! so help me, Sam—playin’ leap-frog across the Bay o’ Fundy—yes. And he liked to kill me then—yes.’”

Later still Clancy met Glover—Glover the Diplomat, but with curious streaks of good nature in him. Clancy, with a package under one arm, was running like a little boy whose mother has sent him on an errand and told him to make haste. He had been to the drug-store, he explained, for a bottle of peptonized something or other—he was not just sure what it was—he only knew that he had to hurry back.

“Tommie,” said Glover, “what d’ y’ say to a little touch?”

“No time, Harry, now.”

“Oh, make time. You ought to after that passage. No? Not even one for the baby?”

“Who told you about him?”

“Oh, forty people. And I hear he’s a wonder, too.”

“Harry, as God is my judge”—Clancy in a rapture held his free arm aloft—“he grips my mustache only just now, and d’ y’ think I could make him let go? Not him. Man! but what a grip he’ll have for a wheel, if ever he lives to grow up and has to go fishing!”

“Let’s hope he’ll never have to go fishing.”

“There you said it, Harry.” Clancy laid the free arm on Glover’s. “No, let’s hope he won’t. It ’ll do for us, but not for our children. But if he does”—he held the glass to the light—“and if ever he takes his mains’l in to any—”

“If he does, he’ll be no boy of yours, Tommie. And so he’ll never take it in to any that’s afloat. And now, Tommie, before we drink the boy’s health—that bet I made with you just before we left on the passage—”

“That, Harry? And we drinking to the boy? Why, it’s the next thing to a christening! No; put your money back.”

“But what ’ll I do with it?”

“Lord! I don’t care what you do with it. Heave it overboard, or buy bait with it, or give it to the foreign missions. I know I don’t want it, nor won’t take it. Here’s to the boy—and his mother—God bless her!—that bore him.”

Lincoln As I Knew Him

BY WILLIAM H. CROOK (*HIS BODY-GUARD*)

COMPILED AND WRITTEN DOWN BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

IT was in November, 1864, that four police officers were detailed by Mr. William B. Webb, who was then chief of police in the District of Columbia, to be a special guard for President Lincoln. They were to act on instructions from headquarters, and were also to be subject to any orders the President might give. The men were Elphonso Dunn, John Parker, Alexander Smith, and Thomas Pendel. All but Thomas Pendel have since died. They reported immediately to the White House. Not long after the appointment a vacancy in the position of doorkeeper occurred, and the place was given to Pendel. On the 4th of January I was sent to the White House to act as the fourth guard.

There was rotation in the service, although the hours were not invariable. The general plan was this: Two men were on duty from eight in the morning to four in the afternoon. These officers guarded the approach to the President in his office or elsewhere in the building, accompanied him on any walks he might take—in general, stood between him and possible danger. At four another man went on duty and remained until midnight, or later if Mr. Lincoln had gone outside the White House and had not returned by that time. At twelve the second night-guard went on duty, and remained until he was relieved, at eight in the morning. The night-guards were expected to protect the President on his expeditions to and from the War Department or while he was at any place of amusement, and to patrol the corridor outside his room while he slept. We were all armed with revolvers.

The reasons why the friends of Mr. Lincoln insisted on this precaution were almost as evident then as they became later. Marshal Ward Lamon and Secretary Stanton had been begging him, it

is said, since 1862 not to go abroad without protection of some kind. Mr. Lamon has said himself that he was especially fearful of the President's showing himself at the theatre. He considered that a public place of amusement offered an opportunity for assassination even more favorable than Mr. Lincoln's solitary walks or the occasional drive or horseback ride he took to the Soldiers' Home. Mr. Stanton is known to have been angered by a lack of caution which, on the part of a man so indispensable to the welfare of the nation as its President, he regarded as foolhardiness. For the President had always been inclined, in his interest in the thing that absorbed him, to forget that he was vulnerable. Every one remembers how, when he was watching Early's threatened attack on the fortifications north of Washington, he exposed himself recklessly to chance bullets. He hated being on his guard, and the fact that it was necessary to distrust his fellow Americans saddened him. He refused to be guarded as long as it was possible for a sane man to persist.

But toward the end of 1864 so much pressure was brought to bear on him, particularly by Marshal Lamon and Secretary Stanton, that he finally yielded. He had admitted to Ward Lamon before this that he knew there was danger from a Pole named Garowski, who had been seen skulking about the White House grounds. He told Lamon of a shot that had barely missed him one day when he was riding to the Soldiers' Home. Conspiracies to abduct or assassinate the President were constantly being rumored. At first he contended that if any one wanted to murder him no precaution would avail. Finally, although he was always more or less of this opinion, the President gave way to the anxieties of

those near to him. He consented to the guard of police officers and, on longer journeys, to a cavalry guard.

There were many reasons why this fact was not known at the time and has not been generally understood since. In the first place, the President's bravery—rashness some called it—was so universally recognized, he had refused for so long to take any precautions, that people were not looking for him to change. In the second place, both from his own feelings and as a matter of policy, he did not want it blazoned over the country that it had been found necessary to guard the life of the President of the United States from assassination. It was not wise—especially at this critical time—to admit so great a lack of confidence in the people. He was sensitive about it, too. It hurt him to admit it. But realizing that he had been chosen to save the country from threatened destruction, he forced himself, during the last months of his life, to be somewhat more cautious. When he had yielded, however, because of all these reasons he wished as little show as possible of precaution. We wore citizen's clothes; there was no mention of the appointment in the papers or in official records; we walked with him, not behind him. The President was simple in his manners; he was in the habit of talking freely with any one who wished to speak to him. So it happened that a passer-by had no way of knowing that the man in plain clothes who walked by Mr. Lincoln's side was any other than the friend, office-seeker, petitioner, adviser, who helped to fill up every minute of the President's waking time.

I was very much surprised when the order came to report to the President for duty and naturally elated. It was one Monday morning. I had never been inside the White House. I had seen Mr. Lincoln and regarded him vaguely as a great man, but had never spoken to him. The first few days I was getting my bearings and accustoming myself to the new duties. On the 9th I was put on night duty, covering the first part of the night. And so it happened that I was on guard at the first evening reception of the year, on the 9th of January. I knew the White House very well by this time—

that is, the state apartments of the first floor and the President's office in the southeast corner up-stairs. The spectacle awed me at first. I had never seen anything like it before. The reception, or "levee," as the name was then, was crowded. It was generally considered a brilliant affair. I know it dazzled me.

The President and Mrs. Lincoln stood in the octagon Blue Room, near the western door. I was in the main entrance just outside, near where the broad flight of steps used to go up to the second floor. The guests entered the northern door, left their wraps in the cloak-rooms which had been constructed in the corridor, assembled in the Red Room, made their way to the Blue Room, where they were received. Then they progressed, greeting friends in the crowd, through the Green Room to the great East Room, where they remained. On the right of the President was Mr. John G. Nicolay, one of the two secretaries; on his left Deputy-Marshal Phillips. Commissioner French presented the guests to Mrs. Lincoln. I suppose I could hardly be expected to remember what the ladies wore. But my wife saw in the paper the next day that Mrs. Lincoln wore white silk trimmed with black lace. She had a wreath of white flowers in her hair and wore a necklace of pearls. I suppose the costume, hoop-skirts and all, would look ugly to me to-day. But we all thought Mrs. Lincoln looked handsome. To my mind she was a pretty woman, small and plump, with a round baby face and bright black eyes. Senator Sumner was present and Senator Chase with a party. That reminds me of what was to me the most exciting moment of the reception.

My orders were to allow no one who wore wraps of any kind to pass into the Blue Room. The reason for this is not hard to find. Precautions were being redoubled, and this was one of them. It would be the easiest thing in the world for a would-be assassin to smuggle weapons in under the voluminous cloaks then worn. It had been announced that guests were expected to leave their wraps in one of the rooms appointed for them. I had been instructed to make absolutely no exceptions. The newspaper the next day said, "The rule of decorum

relating to wraps was very generally observed." They didn't know about my little experience.

Several guests had attempted to enter still wearing their cloaks. But no one resisted the order when it was made known. Finally a very handsome young woman came in who asked for Senator Chase's party. She wore a wrap that completely hid her dress. She could have brought in a whole arsenal of weapons under its folds. I told her that she could not enter until she left her cloak in the cloak-room. She became angry.

"Do you know who I am?" she demanded, haughtily. I was rather nervous, for it was my first experience saying "Must not!" to White House guests. But I managed to say I did not know who she was.

"I am Mrs. Senator Sprague," she announced, as if that were final. I had heard of Kate Chase Sprague, of course, as had every one else in Washington, and of her father's ambition and her own brilliant career. But I tried to be courageous, and told her as politely as I could what my orders were and why they were given. When she saw the reason of the restriction she took off her cloak and went in to meet her friends quite graciously.

By this time most of the guests had arrived, so I had an opportunity to look about me. It was all bright and gay. For this evening at least there was no sign of the gloom that was pretty general throughout the city.

The people who crowded the rooms were in keeping with their brilliant character. The men were marked by a shade of extravagance in the cut and material of their evening clothes. There were many army officers in full uniform among the guests. The women looked like gorgeous flowers in their swaying buoyed-out skirts. They were gayly dressed, as a rule, with the off-shoulder style of low-necked gown; they all wore wreaths of flowers in their hair. The general effect of the scene was brilliant.

About eleven the President with Mrs. Dennison, the wife of the new Postmaster-General, on his arm, followed by Mrs. Lincoln escorted by Senator Morgan, entered the East Room. They talked for a few minutes with their

guests and then retired—Mrs. Lincoln to her own room and the President to the library up-stairs. The levee was supposed to be over at eleven, but some people remained until nearly twelve. After they had all left, Mr. Lincoln wrapped himself in the rough gray shawl he usually wore out-of-doors, put on his tall beaver hat, and slipped out of the White House through the basement. According to my orders I followed him, and was alone with President Lincoln for the first time.

We crossed the garden, which lay where the executive offices are now. Mr. Lincoln was bent on his nightly visit to Secretary Stanton at the War Department. I stole a glance up at him, at the homely face rising so far above me. The strength of it is not lessened in my memory by what would seem to me now the grotesque setting of rough shawl and silk hat. He looked to me just like his picture, but gentler. I will confess that I was nervous when I accompanied him that first time. I hope it was not from any fear for myself. I seemed to realize suddenly that there was only myself between this man and possible danger. The feeling wore off in time, though it was apt to come back at any moment of special responsibility, as, for instance, on the entrance into Richmond—but I mustn't get ahead of my story.

That night, as I said, I was a little nervous. The President noticed it. He seemed to know how I felt, too. I had fallen into line behind him, but he motioned me to walk by his side. He began to talk to me in a kindly way, as though I were a bashful boy whom he wanted to put at his ease, instead of a man appointed to guard him. In part, of course, his motive must have been the dislike of seeming to be guarded, of which I have spoken. But his manner was due to the intuitive sympathy with every one, of which I afterward saw so many instances. It was shown particularly toward those who were subordinate to him. The statesmen who came to consult him, those who had it in their power to influence the policy of the party which had chosen him, never had the consideration from Mr. Lincoln that he gave the humblest of those who served him.

A few strides of the President's long

legs—a few more of mine—brought us to the old-fashioned turnstile that divided the White House grounds from the enclosure of the War Department. Mr. Lincoln talked, in his slow soft voice, chiefly about the reception through which he had just gone.

"I am glad it is over," he said.

I ventured to ask if he was tired.

"Yes, it does tire me to shake hands with so many people," he answered. "Especially now when there is so much other work to do. And most of the guests come out of mere curiosity."

With these words and the half-sigh which followed we entered the east door of the War Department. In those days that was a small, mean, two-story building, just in front of the Navy Department. We went immediately to Mr. Stanton's office, which was on the second floor, on the north front, and overlooked Pennsylvania Avenue and the White House. There, at the door, I waited for him until his conference with Secretary Stanton was over. Then I accompanied him back to the White House. From the moment Mr. Lincoln spoke to me so kindly I felt at home in my new duties. I never lost the feeling which came then that while the President was so great, he was my friend. The White House never awed me again.

For the next three weeks, while I was on duty the first half of the night, I went to the War Department with Mr. Lincoln every evening. He usually talked to me. Several times the topic was the one my presence naturally suggested—the possibility of an attempt being made on his life. Later on I will speak of this more in detail. One time while he was talking he reached out and took my hand, and I walked on for a few paces with my hand in his warm, kind grasp. We always took the same route because there was less chance of being observed than if we went by the big north entrance. There was no telegraph station in the White House, so the President had to go to Secretary Stanton's office to get the latest news from the front. Since there was practical advantage in going himself, as he could be more free from interruption there when he remained to discuss matters of policy—if the news of the night necessitated

any action—it would never have occurred to Mr. Lincoln to regard his own personal dignity and wait for his Secretary to come to him. I had opportunity to observe the difference in the attitude of Secretary Stanton's employees from ours toward the President. The great War Secretary was a martinet for discipline. And none of the clerks wanted to be around when there was bad news from the front. He always seemed to me a very bitter, cruel man. Still, there is no doubt that he was a great man. His own subordinates, though they might be afraid of his irascible temper, admired him and were loyal.

Beginning with the 1st of February, I was on duty the second half of the night, from twelve to eight in the morning. Often I had to wait for the President to return from the War Department; even when he came back comparatively early it was midnight before he got to bed. His bedroom was a small chamber in the southwest corner of the house. Mrs. Lincoln's was a larger room adjoining it. Mr. Lincoln always said, "Good night, Crook," when he passed me on his way to his room, but gave no instructions for my guidance. He was not interrupted after he retired unless there were important telegrams. Even when awakened suddenly from a deep sleep—which is the most searching test of one's temper that I know—he was never ruffled, but received the message and the messenger kindly. No employee of the White House ever saw the President moved beyond his usual controlled calm. When the first of these interruptions occurred and I had to enter the President's room, I looked around me with a good deal of interest. The place the President slept in was a noteworthy spot to me. It was handsomely furnished; the bedstead, bureau, and washstand were of heavy mahogany, the bureau and wash-stand with marble tops; the chairs were of rosewood. Like all the other chambers, it was covered with a carpet.

All night I walked up and down the long corridor which, running east and west, divided the second story of the White House in half. Usually the household, with the exception of Mr. Lincoln, was asleep when I began my watch. Oc-

casionally, however, something kept them up, and I saw them go to their rooms. I learned very soon who slept behind each door that I passed in my patrol. Somehow one feels acquainted with people when one is the only one, besides the door-keeper, awake in a great house and is responsible for the safety of them all. As I said before, the corridor divided the private apartments of the White House into two long rows, one facing south, the other north. Beginning at the west was the President's room, Mrs. Lincoln's just east of it and communicating. Then followed a guest-room, which communicated with Mrs. Lincoln's. Next to this was the library, just over the Blue Room, and, like it, an octagon in shape; this was used as the family sitting-room. In Mr. Lincoln's time a private passageway ran through the reception-room adjoining the library to the President's office beyond. By this the President could have access during his long working-day to his own apartments without being seen by the strangers who always filled the reception-room. The small room in the southeast corner was the office of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries—Mr. Hay and Mr. Nicolay. On the other side of the corridor Mr. Nicolay, when he slept in the White House, had the chamber at the eastern end. Next to his was the state guest-room, which, unlike any other room in the house, possessed a large four-poster bed with a tester and rich canopy. Between this and Taddie's room—Taddie was the only child at the White House at this time—three smaller rooms and a bath-room intervened. The boy was just opposite his father.

When in my patrol I came near to the door of the President's room I could hear his deep breathing. Sometimes, after a day of unusual anxiety, I have heard him moan in his sleep. It gave me a curious sensation. While the expression of Mr. Lincoln's face was always sad when he was quiet, it gave one the assurance of calm. He never seemed to doubt the wisdom of an action when he had once decided on it. And so when he was in a way defenceless in his sleep it made me feel the pity that would have been almost an impertinence when he was awake. I would stand there and listen until a sort of panic stole over me.

If he felt the weight of things so heavily, how much worse the situation of the country must be than any of us realized! At last I would walk softly away, feeling as if I had been listening at a keyhole.

On the 15th of February I went on day duty. During that time I necessarily saw more of the every-day life of the President and his family. Everything was much simpler than it is now. More of the family life was open to the scrutiny of the people about. I remember very well one incident which would have been impossible at any time since. I was sent for by the President, who was in his own room. In response to my knock he called out, "Come in!" I entered. To my great surprise I saw that he was struggling with a needle and thread. He was sewing a button on his trousers. "All right," he said, looking at me with a twinkle in his eye. "Just wait until I repair damages."

Mr. Lincoln, as I saw him every morning, in the carpet slippers he wore in the house and the black clothes no tailor could make really fit his gaunt bony frame, was a homely enough figure. The routine of his life was simple, too; it would have seemed a treadmill to most of us. He was an early riser; when I came on duty, at eight in the morning, he was often already dressed and reading in the library. There was a big table near the centre of the room; there I have seen him reading many times. And the book? We have all heard of the President's fondness for Shakespeare, how he infuriated Secretary Stanton by reading *Hamlet* while they were waiting for returns from Gettysburg; we know, too, how he kept cabinet meetings waiting while he read them the latest of Petroleum V. Nasby's witticisms. It was the Bible which I saw him reading while most of the household still slept.

Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln breakfasted at nine. Mr. Lincoln was a hearty eater. He never lost his taste for the things a growing farmer's boy would like. He was particularly fond of bacon. Plentiful and wholesome food was one of the means by which he kept up his strength, which was taxed almost beyond endurance in those days. Even hostile newspapers commented angrily on the

strain to which the President was subjected, and prophesied that he would collapse unless some of the pressure of business was removed. But in spite of his gauntness he was a man of great physical endurance. Every inch of his six feet four inches was seasoned and tempered force.

He needed all of it. For from half past nine, when he came into his office, until twelve, when he went to bed, his work went on, almost without cessation. He had very little outdoor life. An occasional drive with Mrs. Lincoln in the afternoon, a more occasional horseback ride, a few moments to fill his lungs with outside air while he walked the few paces to the War Department, was the sum of it. Mrs. Lincoln was anxious that he should have some recreation. I have carried messages to him for her when he was lingering in his office, held by some business. One beautiful afternoon she sent for him so many times that she became impatient and told me to tell him that he must come. He got up with an expression of great submission and said,

"I guess I would better go."

The friends who were with him teased him a little about Mrs. Lincoln's show of authority.

"If you knew how little harm it does me," he said, "and how much good it does her, you wouldn't wonder that I am meek." And he went out laughing.

The White House and its surroundings during war-time had much the appearance of a Southern plantation—straggling and easy-going. On the east side of the house beyond the extension—since removed—which corresponded to the conservatory on the west, was a row of out-houses, a carriage-house and a woodshed among them. Back and east were the kitchen-garden, and the stable where the President's two horses were kept. South of the house was a short stretch of lawn bounded by a high iron fence. Still beyond was rough undergrowth and marsh to the river. In front and to the west was a garden, divided from the rest of the grounds by tall fences. It was a real country garden, with peach-trees and strawberry-vines as well as flowers. It was winter, of course, when I was there, but the people about the house

told me that Mrs. Lincoln used to pick the strawberries for the table herself.

I saw a good deal of Mrs. Lincoln while I was on day duty. Very few who were not about the house realized how exacting were the duties of her position. She was, of course, much absorbed by social duties, which presented difficulties no other President's wife has had to contend against. The house was filled, the receptions were crowded, with all sorts of people, of all varieties of political conviction, who felt, according to the temper of the time, that they had a perfect right to take up the President's time with their discourse and to demand of Mrs. Lincoln social consideration. Nor could there be discrimination used at the state dinner-parties; any man who was bearing a part in the events of the day must be invited—and his women folks. Jim Lane, rough old Kansas fighter, dined beside Salmon P. Chase with his patrician instincts. The White House has never, during my forty years' service, been so entirely given over to the public as during Mr. Lincoln's administration. The times were too anxious to make of social affairs anything more than an aid to more serious matters. It was necessary, of course; but it made it difficult for a first-lady-in-the-land with any preferences or prejudices not to make enemies on every hand.

Mrs. Lincoln had to give some time to household affairs. Everything was comparatively simple at that time; there were fewer servants than have been considered necessary since. The first duty of Mrs. Lincoln's day was a consultation with the steward, whose name was Stackpole. The cook was an old-time negro woman. A good deal of domestic supervision was necessary with the mistress of the house. For state dinners the regular staff was entirely inadequate; a French caterer was called in, who furnished everything, including waiters. It fell to Mrs. Lincoln to choose the set of china which the White House needed at this stage. It was, in my opinion, the handsomest that has ever been used there. In the centre was an eagle surrounded by clouds; the rim was a solid band of maroon. The coloring was soft and pretty, and the design patriotic. The President's wife found time, too, to in-

investigate cases of need that were brought to her attention, and to help. I know of such cases. She was kind to all the employees of the White House. I think she was very generally liked.

Robert Lincoln was an officer on General Grant's staff, and was in Washington only at inauguration time and for a few days at the time of his father's death. But he was a manly, genial young fellow, and we all liked him. Taddie—he was christened Thomas—was the pet of the whole household. He was ten years old at the time. I wish I could show what a capital little fellow he was. I think I will have to take a few minutes to talk of Taddie.

Since the death of the older boy, Willie, which almost broke his father's heart, Mr. Lincoln had kept Tad with him almost constantly. When he had a few minutes to spare he would make a child of himself to play with the boy. We all liked to see the President romp up and down the corridors with Tad, playing horse, turn and turn about, or blind man's buff. Mr. Lincoln was such a sad-looking man usually, it seemed good to have him happy. And he was happy when he was playing with the boy. I am sure the times when he was really resting were when he was galloping around with Tad on his great shoulders. And when the President was too busy to play with him, Tad would play quietly, near as he could get, making a man of himself to be company to his father. That was the sort of a little fellow he was.

He was a tender-hearted boy. Of course all sorts of people found it out and tried to get at the President through him. Mr. Lincoln was criticised sometimes for being too lenient when the boy begged for some one he had been asked to help. But I don't believe mercy was a bad thing to be overdone in those days. Tad's loving heart was just the same thing that made the President suffer so when he had to be severe. The boy was like his father; he looked like him. But with Tad there was no realization of anything else to confuse him. And when Mr. Lincoln was what some people called too indulgent he was just listening to what I believe was the greatest thing in him—his great human heart. And I

don't believe that anything but good ever came of it, either.

I remember one poor woman who came to the White House to get her husband out of prison. She found Taddie in the corridor and told him that her boys and girls were cold and starving because their father was shut up and couldn't work for them. Poor little Taddie couldn't wait a minute. He ran to his father and begged him to have the man set free. The President was busy with some important papers and told him, rather absent-mindedly, that he would look into the case as soon as he had time. But Tad was thinking of the woman, and he clung to his father's knees and begged until the President had to listen, and, listening, became interested. So, after all, Taddie could run back to tell the woman that her husband would be set at liberty. I wish you could have seen the child's face. The woman blessed him and cried, and Taddie cried, and I am not sure that my own eyes were above suspicion.

Tad had a great many friends among the men who were about the White House in various capacities. I myself have a letter from him written from Chicago in July, 1865, a few months after the family had left the White House. It was written for Tad by Mrs. Lincoln, and the business part of it—I had asked if there would be a good opening for me in Chicago—was her own, of course. But the rest is all Taddie:

NEAR CHICAGO July 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I received your letter two weeks since and circumstances prevented an earlier reply. If you come out to Chicago, I expect you can do as well here as anywhere else. We will be very glad to have you live here, for I consider you one of my best friends. You could get a pass, perhaps, from the War Department and come out here and have a try at least. Your board would not cost you more than in Washington—you will know best about it. A gentleman who does business in the city wants a clerk, he lives out here and goes in every day. He says he must write a good hand and not be very slow. Tell us how Charlie is coming on and Dana Pendel—none of them ever write. Tell us about the New people in the house. All news will interest us.

Your friend truly

TADDIE.

"Charlie" was Charles Forbes, an Irishman. He was the footman and one

of Tad's friends. "Dana" Pendel was Thomas Pendel, the doorkeeper, of whom Taddie was also very fond.

James Haliday was another friend. He was a carpenter who worked about the place, and was directed by the President to put up a stage and arrange things for theatrical performances in the little room just over the entrance. That was when Tad was stage-struck and found it necessary to endow a theatre of his own. Perry Kelly—a boy of about Tad's age, whose father was a tinner on Pennsylvania Avenue between Seventeenth and Eighteenth streets—was the only other actor, and the audience was composed chiefly of the employees of the place.

Haliday, who is living now in Boston, was also a member of Tad's military company. Like all other boys of those exciting times, Tad had the military fever. But he was allowed to gratify it in a way not open to other boys. The Secretary of War gave him a lieutenant's commission and an order on the arsenal for twenty-five guns; a pretty uniform was made for him. The guns were kept in the basement in a room opening off of the furnace-room, and the Lieutenant had his headquarters in a little place opposite the laundry. He not only drilled his company outside and marched them through the house, but he kept them on guard duty at night to relieve the "buck-tails," as the military guard of the White House was familiarly called. The first night of this military despotism Haliday, who had been appointed a sergeant, appeared before his superior. He saluted and said,

"Mr. Lieutenant, I would like to have a pass this evening." The lieutenant acknowledged the salute and replied,

"All right; I will give the sergeant a pass." He scribbled something on a piece of paper and handed it to him. The other members of the company were kept up until ten o'clock that night on guard duty. The next day Haliday, knowing what he had escaped, again sought Lieutenant Tad in his basement headquarters. Taking off his hat, he asked for a pass. But the lieutenant "got mad."

"What kind of a soldier are you? You want a pass every evening!" he said.

"All right, Mr. Lieutenant." Haliday was meek enough now. "I will be on duty to-night."

In about an hour Tad sent his sergeant to the National Theatre and left word with another underling that when Haliday returned he was to be given his pass, after all. That night the rest of the company was kept on duty until one o'clock. But that was somewhat too strenuous. Either there was mutiny or the commander-in-chief interfered, for that was the last night they were on duty outside.

Tad's taste of command in military matters was so pleasing that he began to enlarge his field of operations. Haliday, aided by the gardener, was about to take up the carpet in the Congressional, or state, dining-room. The long table made it somewhat difficult, and they were debating about which end to attack it from, when Tad appeared. He surveyed the field.

"Jim," he said to Haliday, "I have a favor to ask of you. Jim, grant it," he coaxed.

Jim of course said "Yes," as every one had a way of doing—and yet it wasn't because it was the President's son.

"Now, Jim," he said, taking an attitude of command, "you work with the other man. I will boss the job." And Haliday, talking about it, asserts to this day: "He told us just how to go about it. And there was no one could engineer it better than he did." Haliday tells, too, that Tad often borrowed money of him when some poor man asked him for help and the boy had nothing in his pockets. "And he always paid me back. He never forgot it."

Taddie could never speak very plainly. He had his own language; the names that he gave some of us we like to remember to-day. The President was "papa-day," which meant "papa dear." Tom Pendel was "Tom Pen," and I was "Took." But for all his baby tongue he had a man's heart and in some things a man's mind. I believe he was the best companion Mr. Lincoln ever had, one who always understood him and whom he always understood.

Additional records of these recollections will appear in later issues of this Magazine.

Achilles Goes To Chicago

BY JENNETTE LEE

ACHILLES ALEXANDRAKIS was arranging the fruit on his stall in front of his little shop on Clark Street. It was a clear, breezy morning, cool for October, but not cold enough to endanger the fruit that Achilles handled so deftly in his dark, slender fingers. As he built the oranges into their yellow pyramid and grouped about them figs and dates, melons and pears, and grapes and pineapples, a look of content held his face. This was the happiest moment of his day.

Already, half an hour ago, Alcibiades and Yaxis had departed with their push-carts, one to the north and one to the south, calling antiphonally as they went, in clear, high voices that came fainter and fainter to Achilles among his fruit.

They would not return until night, and then they would come with empty carts, and jingling in their pockets coppers and nickels and dimes. The breath of a sigh escaped Achilles's lips as he stood back surveying the stall. Something very like homesickness was in his heart. He had almost fancied for the minute that he was back once more in Athens. He raised his eyes and gave a quick, deep glance up and down the street—soot and dirt and grime, frowning buildings and ugly lines, and overhead a meagre strip of sky. Over Athens the sky hung glorious, a curve of light from side to side. His soul flew wide to meet it. Once more he was swinging along the "Street of the Winds," his face lifted to the Parthenon on its Acropolis, his nostrils breathing the clear air. Chicago had dropped from him like a garment, his soul rose and floated. . . . Athens everywhere—column and cornice, and long, delicate lines, and color of marble and light. He drew a full, sweet breath.

"How much for them peaches?"

Achilles's eye returned from Athens; it dropped through gray soot. "Five cen's," he said, dreamily.

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The young woman's back was turned to him. She was hurrying on.

"You no want them?" said Achilles, gently.

There was no reply. The young woman was gone.

Achilles sighed a little and picked up the basket beside him and entered the little shop. It was darker within, darker than in the street. The light came, almost grudgingly, through the open window and door; and only the glowing yellow disks of oranges and lemons and grapefruit relieved its gloom. Achilles placed the basket carefully on a side shelf and turned once more to the street. A man had paused before the stall, looking down. Achilles hastened to the door, welcome in his dark face.

The man looked up. There was a deep line between his eyes. It focussed the piercing glance. "How much for your melons?"

Achilles moved forward with quick, stately step. He wore a seersucker coat and black cotton trousers, but for the moment he had forgotten that his garments did not float a little as he moved. He ran a hand along the smooth, green, crinkling stripes of the melon. "Thirty-five, these—forty, these ones," he said, courteously.

The man lifted an eye. "Got a paper—for the address? I want them sent."

"I take in my haid," said Achilles, with clear glance.

The man hesitated a second. "All right. Don't forget; 1383 Sheridan Road. Send four. They'll pay when you deliver."

"I send right off," said Achilles, cheerfully. "I pick you nice ones. Good day, sir."

But the man was gone—without response—far down the street, and the crowd was shoving past. The day had begun. In and out of the gloomy shop Achilles moved with quick, gliding step.

taking orders, filling bags, making change—always with his dark eyes seeking, a little wistfully, something that did not come to them. . . . It was all so different—this new world. Achilles had been in Chicago six months now, but he had not yet forgotten a dream that he had dreamed in Athens. Sometimes he dreamed it still, and then he wondered whether this, about him, were not all a dream—this pushing, scrambling, picking, hurrying, choosing crowd, dropping pennies and dimes into his curving palm, swearing softly at slow change, and flying fast from street to street. It was not thus in his dream. He had seen a land of new faces, turned ever to the West, with the light on them. He had known them, in his dream—eager faces, full of question and quick response. His soul had gone out to them and, musing in sunny Athens, he had made ready for them. Each morning when he rose he had lifted his glance to the Parthenon, studying anew the straight lines—that were yet not straight—the mysterious, dismantled beauty, the mighty lift of its presence. When they should question him, in this new land, he must not fail them. They would be hungry for the beauty of the ancient world—they who had no ruins of their own. He knew in his heart how it would be with them—the homesickness for the East—all its wonder and its mystery. Yes, he would carry it to them. He, Achilles Alexandrakis, should not be found wanting. This new world was to give to him money, wealth, better education for his boys, a competent old age. But he, too, had something to give in exchange. He must make himself ready against the great day when he should travel down the long way to the Piræus, for the last time, and set sail for America.

He was in America now. He knew, when he stopped to think, that this was not a dream. He had been here six months, in the little shop on Clark Street, but no one had yet asked him of the Parthenon. Sometimes he thought that they did not know that he was Greek. Perhaps if they knew that he had been in Athens, had lived there all his life from a boy, they would question him. The day that he first thought of this, he had ordered a new sign painted. It bore his name in Greek characters,

and it was beautiful in line and color. It caused his stand to become known far and wide as the "Greek Shop," and within a month after it was put up his trade had doubled—but no one had asked about the Parthenon.

He had really ceased to hope for it now. He only dreamed the dream, a little wistfully, as he went in and out, and his thought dwelt always on Athens and her beauty. The images stamped so carefully on his sensitive brain became his most precious treasures. Over and over he dwelt on them. Ever in memory his feet climbed the steps to the Acropolis or walked beneath stately orange-trees, beating a soft rhythm to the sound of flute and viol. For Achilles was by nature one of the lightest-hearted of children. In Athens his laugh had been quick to rise, and fresh as the breath of rustling leaves. It was only here, under the sooty sky of the narrow street, that his face had grown a little sad.

At first the days had been full of hope, and the face of each newcomer had been scanned with eager eyes. The fruit, sold so courteously and freely, was hardly more than an excuse for the opening of swift talk. But the talk had never come. There was the inevitable and never-varying, "How much?" the passing of coin, and hurrying feet. Soon a chill had crept into the heart of Achilles. They did not ask of Athens. They did not know that he was Greek. They did not care that his name was Achilles. They did not see him standing there with waiting eyes. He might have been a banana on its stem, a fig-leaf against the wall, the dirt that gritted beneath their feet, for all that their eyes took note. . . . Yet they were not cruel or thoughtless. Sometimes there came a belated response—half surprised, but cordial—to his gentle "good day." Sometimes a stranger said, "The day is warm," or, "The breeze from the Lake is cool to-day." Then the eyes of Achilles glowed like soft stars in their places. Surely now they would speak. They would say, "Is it thus in Greece?" But they never spoke. And the days hurried their swift feet through the long, dirty streets.

A tall woman in spectacles was coming toward him, sniffing the air a little as she moved. "Have you got any bananas?"

"Yes. They nice." He led the way into the shop and reached to the swinging bunch. "You like some?" he said, encouragingly.

She sniffed a step nearer. "Too ripe," decisively.

"Yes-s. But here and here—" He twirled the bunch skilfully on its string. "These—not ripe, and these." His sunny smile spread their gracious acceptableness before her.

She wrinkled her forehead at them. "Well—you might as well cut me off six."

"A pleasure, madame." He had seized the heavy knife.

"Give me that one." It was a large one near the centre; "and this one here—and here."

When the six were selected and cut off they were the cream of the bunch. She eyed them doubtfully, still scowling a little. "Yes. I'll take these."

The Greek bowed gravely over the coin she dropped into his palm. "Thank you, madame."

It was later now, and the crowd moved more slowly, with longer pauses between the buyers.

A boy with a bag of books stopped for an apple. Two children with their nurse halted a moment, looking at the glowing fruit. The eyes of the children were full of light and question. Somewhere in their depths Achilles caught a fitting shadow of the Parthenon. Then the nurse hurried them on, and they, too, were gone.

He turned away with a little sigh, arranging the fruit in his slow, absent way. Something at the side of the stall caught his eye, a little movement along the board, in and out through the color and leaves. He lifted a leaf to see. It was a green and black caterpillar, crawling with stately hunch to the back of the stall. Achilles watched him with gentle eyes. Then he leaned over the stall and reached out a long finger. The caterpillar, poised in midair, remained swaying back and forth above the dark obstruction. Slowly it descended and hunched itself anew along the finger. It travelled up the motionless hand and reached the sleeve. With a smile on his lips Achilles entered the shop. He took down an empty fig-box and transferred

the treasure to its depths, dropping in after it one or two leaves and a bit of twig. He fitted the lid to the box, leaving a little air, and taking the pen from his desk, wrote across the side in clear Greek letters "πεταλούδα." Then he placed the box on the shelf behind him, where the wet ink of the lettering glistened faintly in the light. It was a bit of the heart of Athens prisoned there; and many times, through the cold and snow and bitter sleet of that winter, Achilles took down the fig-box and peered into its depths at a silky bit of gray cradle swung from the side of the box by its delicate bands.

It happened, on a Wednesday in May, that Madame Lewandowska was ill. So ill that when Betty Harris, with her demure music-roll in her hand, tapped at the door of Madame Lewandowska's studio, she found no one within.

On ordinary days this would not have mattered, for the governess, Miss Stone, would have been with her, and they would have gone shopping or sightseeing until the hour was up and James returned. But to-day Miss Stone, too, was ill, James had departed with the carriage, and Betty Harris found herself standing, music-roll in hand, at the door of Madame Lewandowska's studio—alone in the heart of Chicago for the first time in the twelve years of her life.

It had been a very carefully guarded life, with nurses and servants and instructors. No little princess was ever more sternly and conscientiously reared than little Betty Harris, of Chicago. For her tiny sake herds of cattle were slaughtered every day; and all over the land hoofs and hides and by-products and soap-factories lifted themselves to heaven for Betty Harris. If anything were to happen to her, the business of a dozen States would quiver to the core.

She tapped the marble floor softly with her foot and pondered. She might sit here in the hall and wait for James—a whole hour. There was a bench by the wall. She looked at it doubtfully. . . . It was not seemly that a princess should sit waiting for a servant—not even in marble halls. She glanced about her again. There was probably a telephone somewhere—perhaps on the ground floor.

She could telephone home and they would send another carriage. Yes, that would be best. She rang the elevator bell and descended in stately silence. When she stepped out of the great door of the building she saw, straight before her, the sign she sought—"Pay Station."

But then something happened to Betty Harris. The spirit of the spring day caught her and lifted her out of herself. Men were hurrying by with light step. Little children laughed as they ran. Betty skipped a few steps and laughed softly with them. . . . She would walk home. It was not far. She had often walked as far in the country, and she knew the way quite well. . . . And when she looked up again, she stood in front of the glowing fruit-stall, and Achilles Alexandrakis was regarding her with deep, sad eyes.

Achilles had been dreaming down the street when the little figure came in sight. His heart all day had been full of sadness—for the spring in the air. And all day Athens had haunted his steps—the Athens of dreams. Once when he had retired into the dark, cool shop, he brushed his sleeve across his eyes, and then he had stood looking down in surprise at something that glistened on its worn surface.

Betty Harris looked at him and smiled. She had been so carefully brought up that she had not learned that some people were her inferiors and must not be smiled at. She gave him the straight, sweet smile that those who had cared for her all her life loved so well. Then she gave a little nod. "I'm walking home," she said.

Achilles leaned forward a little, almost holding his breath lest she float from him. It was the very spirit of Athens—democratic, cultured, naïve. He gave her the salute of his country. She smiled again. Then her eye fell on the tray of pomegranates near the edge of the stall—soft and pink. She reached out a hand. "I have never seen these," she said, slowly. "What are they?"

"Pomegranates— Yes— You like some? I give you."

He disappeared into the shop and Betty followed him, looking about with clear, interested eyes. It was like no place she had ever seen—this cool, dark

room, with its tiers on tiers of fruit, and the fragrant, spicy smell, and the man with the sad, kind face. Her quick eye paused—arrested by the word printed on a box on the shelf to the right. . . . Ah, that was it! She knew now quite well. He was a Greek man. She knew the letters; she had studied Greek for six months; but she did not know this word—"π-ε-ρ-α-λ - - —" She was still spelling it out when Achilles returned with the small box of pomegranates in his hand.

She looked up slowly. "I can't quite make it out," she said.

"That?" Achilles's face was alight. "That is Greek."

She nodded. "I know. I study it; but what is it—the word?"

"The word?—Ah, yes, it is— How you say? You shall see."

He reached out a hand to the box. But the child stopped him. A quick thought had come to her.—"You have been in Athens, haven't you? I want to ask you something, please."

The hand dropped from the box. The man turned about, waiting. If heaven were to open to him now—!

"I've always wanted to see a Greek man," said the child, slowly,— "a real Greek man. I've wanted to ask him something he would know about. Have you ever seen the Parthenon?" She put the question with quaint seriousness.

A light came into the eyes of Achilles Alexandrakis. It flooded the room.

"You ask me—the Parthenon?" he said, solemnly. "You wish me—tell that?" It was wistful—almost a cry of longing.

Betty Harris nodded practically. "I've always wanted to know about it—the Parthenon. They tell you how long it is, and how wide, and what it is made of, and who began it, and who finished it, and who destroyed it, but they never, never"—she raised her small hand impressively—"they *never* tell you how it looks!"

Achilles brought a chair and placed it near the open door. "Will it—kindly—you sit?" he said, gravely.

She seated herself, folding her hands above the music-roll, and lifting her eyes to the dark face looking down at her. "Thank you."

Achilles leaned back against the coun-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hütchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

HE FLUNG THE WORDS FROM HIM LIKE A CHANT

ter, thinking a little. He sighed gently. "I tell you many things," he said at last.

"About the Parthenon, please," said Betty Harris.

"You like Athens?" He said it like a child.

"I should like it—if they would tell me real things. I don't seem to make them understand. But when they say how beautiful it is—I feel it here." She laid her small hand to her side.

The smile of Achilles held glory in its depths. "I tell you," he said.

The clear face reflected the smile. A breath of waiting held the lips. "Yes."

Achilles leaned again upon his counter. His face was rapt, and he spread his finger-tips a little as if something within them stirred to be free.

"It stands so high and lifts itself"—Achilles raised his dark hands—"ruined there—so great—and far beneath, the city lies, drawing near and near, and yet it cannot reach. . . . And all around is light—and light—and light. Here it is a cellar"—his hands closed in with crushing touch—"but there—!" He flung the words from him like a chant of music, and a sky stretched about them from side to side, blue as sapphire and shedding radiant light upon the city in its midst—a city of fluted column and curving cornice and temple and arch and tomb. The words rolled on, fierce and eager. It was a song of triumph, with war and sorrow and mystery running beneath the sound of joy. And the child, listening with grave, clear eyes, smiled a little, holding her breath. "I see it—I see it!" She half-whispered the words.

Achilles barely looked at her. "You see—ah, yes—you see. But I—I have not words!" It was almost a cry. . . . "The air, so clear—like wine—and the pillars straight and high and big—but light—light—reaching. . . ." His soul was among them, soaring high. Then it returned to earth and he remembered the child.

"And there is an olive-tree," he said, kindly, "and a well where Poseidon—"

"I've heard about the well and the olive-tree," said the child; "I don't care so much about them. But all the rest—" She drew a quick breath. "It is very beautiful. I knew it would be. I knew it would be!"

There was silence in the room.

"Thank you for telling me," said Betty Harris. "Now I must go." She slipped from the chair with a little sigh. She stood looking about the dim shop. "Now I must go," she repeated, wistfully.

Achilles moved a step toward the shelf. "Yes—but wait—I will show you." He reached up to the box and took it down lightly. "I show you." He was removing the cover.

The child leaned forward with shining eyes.

A smile came into the dark, grave face looking into the box. "Ah, he has blossomed—for you." He held it out to her.

She took it in shy fingers, bending to it. "It is beautiful," she said, softly. "Yes—beautiful!"

The dark wings, with shadings of gold and tender blue, lifted themselves a little, waiting.

The child looked up. "May I touch it?" she asked.

"Yes— But why not?"

The dark head was bent close to hers, watching the wonderful wings.

Slowly Betty Harris put out a finger and stroked the wings.

They fluttered a little—opened wide and rose—in their first flutter of light.

"Oh!" It was a cry of delight from the child.

The great creature had settled on the bunch of bananas and hung swaying. The gold and blue wings opened and closed slowly.

Achilles drew near and put out a finger.

The butterfly was on it.

He held it toward her, smiling gently, and she reached up, her very breath on tiptoe. A little smile curved her lips, quick and wondering, as the transfer was made, thread by thread, till the gorgeous thing rested on her own palm.

She looked up. "What shall I do with it?" It was a shining whisper.

Achilles's eyes sought the door.

They moved toward it slowly, light as breath.

In the open doorway they paused. Above the tall buildings the gray rim of sky lifted itself. The child looked up to it. Her eyes returned to Achilles.

He nodded gravely.

She raised her hand with a little

"p-f-f"—it was half a quick laugh and half a sigh.

The wings fluttered free, and rose, and faltered, and rose again—high and higher, between the dark walls—up to the sky, into the gray—and through.

The eyes that had followed it came back to earth. They looked at each other and smiled gravely—two children who had seen a happy thing.

The child stood still with half-lifted hand. . . . A carriage drove quickly into the street. The little hand was lifted higher. It was a regal gesture—the return of the princess to earth.

James touched his hat—a look of dismay and relief battling in his face as he turned the horses sharply to the right. They paused in front of the stall, their hoofs beating dainty time to the coursing of their blood.

Achilles eyed them lovingly. The spirit of Athens dwelt in their arching necks.

He opened the door for the child with the quiet face and shining eyes. Gravely he salaamed as she entered the carriage.

Through the window she held out a tiny hand. "I hope you will come and see me," she said.

"Yes, I come," said Achilles, simply. "I like to come."

James dropped a waiting eye.

"Home, James."

The horses sprang away. Achilles Alexandrakis, bareheaded in the spring sunshine, watched the carriage till it was out of sight. Then he turned once more to the stall and rearranged the fruit. The swift fingers laughed a little as they worked, and the eyes of Achilles were filled with light.

The Night-Watch

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

O WATCHER of the gates of Sleep,
 Let not a word, a sigh, breathe through,
 A sigh,—a sound remotely blown,
 Lest all my walls of Life fall down
 Wind-swept before a shoreless Sea
 That bears me with it, willing, free!
 While Earth hath any right in me,
 O Watcher of the gates of Sleep,
 Let not my Dead return to me.

O Warder of the silent Hours,
 What time the naked soul lies bare,
 Keep better watch—lest one escape,
 Lest haply through those gates there fare
 One wandered from the sleeping Shape,
 A truant seeking larger air,
 A ghost more to the ghostly hours!

New Orleans

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

A GREAT open street fringed by two and three story buildings of nameless architecture; crowded trolley-cars and two policemen; a wide expanse of hazy sky and yellow clouds of dust hovering over an idle crowd that shuffles slowly back and forth beneath the arcades, going nowhere in particular. Such is one's first impression of New Orleans, for it seems inevitable that every stranger must make his initial entrance to the Crescent City through Canal Street. But if Mardi Gras is not far distant one will lose sight of the banalities of this great thoroughfare in the personnel of its floating population.

Race-track touts, book-makers, jockeys, commercial travellers, a few long-shoremen from the levee, "viveurs" from the neighboring cities, German marines on shore leave from the visiting battle-ships, a few clubmen making for their afternoon at the "Pickwick" or "Boston," naval officers with shimmering epaulets—in short, one is apt to see here at some hour of the day anybody from a St. Louis capitalist to the man who came the night before with no change of linen, and seven dollars sewn in his waistcoat. One would take this to be the greatest idling community in America; as a matter of fact it is—for out-of-town people like oneself. The representative Orleanais does not loiter here; he merely passes through with a definite purpose.

If you were to follow Royal Street, a few steps over the border-line would take you from the confused clatter of an active modern commercial centre into the pastoral quiet of an eighteenth-century byway.

This is the genuine New Orleans, glowing with luminous color, steeped in romantic legend and tradition, with rare vistas of faded stucco, and its heavy batten shutters securely bolted across the high French windows, and graceful

spiked balconies of corroded wrought iron, each with the former owner's insignia cunningly twisted into the general design, running like ivy over the crumbling stucco of the houses. Bordering the street are the narrow shops of antiquarians, thickly coated with fine strata of yellow dust, wearing a mournful air of excommunication, and here and there you may pass some gloomy wareroom littered with old mahogany, crystal, and Sheffield plate, dismantled possibly from these very houses across the street—eloquent suggestions of more prosperous days and of the desperate means resorted to by the *ancien régime* to stem the changing of the tides.

One's first impression—that of an utterly abandoned neighborhood—is soon relinquished when through the open wicket in some ponderous *porte-cochère* one catches a glimpse of a cool arcaded court with high-arched mullioned windows peeping above the heavy magnolia foliage. The great Spanish earthenware pots bristling with tropical plants, the roses running wild over the golden stucco, and the ruin of what may once have been a fountain relieved against the dull-red pavement, with its dainty sculpture stained to a deep umber, form an ensemble not unworthy of the most exacting of the Versailles monarch's innamoratas.

Many a modest disciple of Omar Khayyam still resides in Royal Street, for it is honeycombed with similar courtyards. To sit in one's quiet court far from the sounds of an outer world, to chuckle contentedly when a basketful of last century's stucco detaches itself from beneath the eaves-trough and falls with a gentle thud on the busy pedestrian without, to hear his oath and receding footsteps come muffled through the grilled wicket, and, when the shadows have enveloped everything except the graceful arches of the Spanish windows—the familiar ring, the rustle of a skirt,

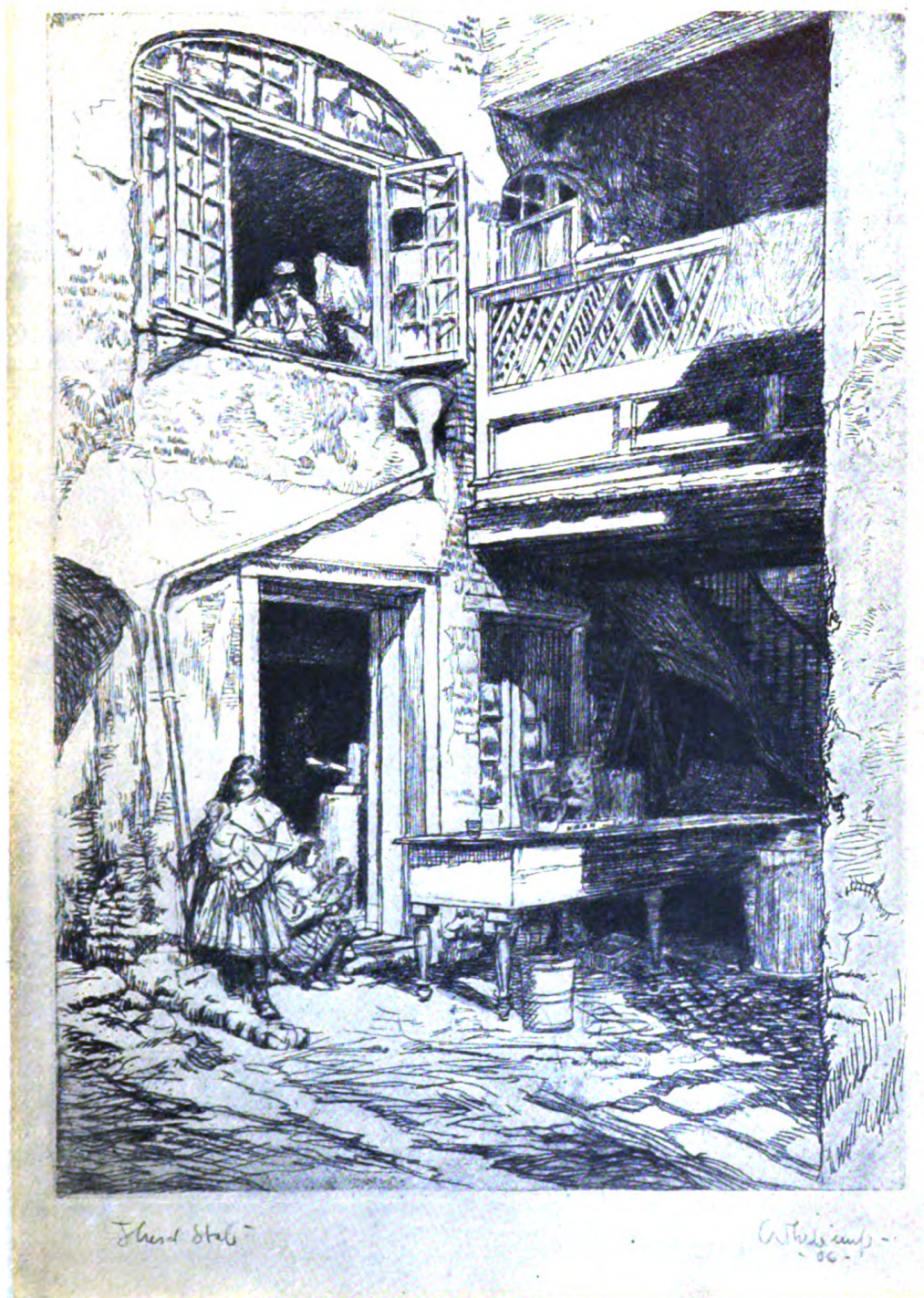
and tête-à-tête at the little table beneath the magnolia blossoms—surely this is living!

In early days this was the Faubourg St.-Germain of New Orleans; indeed, even as late as the "fifties" the old St. Louis Hotel, a few streets below, poured into this narrow channel its clientele of wealthy planters, and Royal Street echoed to the cheerful hum of an active, prosperous thoroughfare. Yet even the popularity of the St. Louis began to wane; bad management and the gradual shifting of the business centre up-town may have been responsible for this—howbeit Royal Street closed her great batten shutters, bolted the heavy *porte-cochères*, and settled down to a long Arcadian summer. To-day, when you come upon a yellow wilderness fringed by two-story buildings, where as late as 1903 many of the most beautiful and historic landmarks of New Orleans had stood since 1813, and see stretching across the entire width of this deserted square the old St. Louis, with its mighty colonnade and yellow façade, all stains, seams, and broken window-panes, still defiantly holding its ground in the midst of this desolation, you feel strangely alone and out of place.

If you enter this ancient hostelry quietly on Royal Street—the main entrance is securely bolted—you pass from the glare of high noon into a cellar damp and twilight gloom; for even at midday the light penetrates with difficulty the intricate network of abandoned spider-webs festooned across the windows. A spacious stairway leads to the floor above, with its labyrinth of gloomy corridors and endless rooms, where a heavy silence weighs on one like a pall. At rare intervals the distant rattle of falling plaster reaches the ear faintly, and, as you grope your way in the obscurity of some blind corridor, a door may open violently behind you with a tinkling of falling glass, as a sudden gust sweeps from the great yellow expanse of the Mississippi and bursts through a window-pane, carrying the dust in whirling eddies in its headlong race through the passageway, like the disembodied spirit of some former guest searching for an exit. It has a restless atmosphere.

Few things in New Orleans are associated with more graceful tradition than the old ballroom on this floor, with its high pier-glasses spotted with mildew and shimmering with pale reflections. The famous subscription balls of antebellum days were held here, and even the most prosaic Philistine must feel a little moved by the vast changes that have taken place, and catch himself striving to people the old ballroom with its former life and movement: the stately minuets, the rustling crinolines, the old gallants in high stocks, the endless Virginia reels, and the warm glow of soft candle-light playing over the white shoulders of former belles that moved rhythmically across the well-waxed floors to strains of music long since forgotten.

More corridors, suites of rooms, and twisting staircases, with a cat racing in terror at your approach, and you are making the descent into the cryptlike atmosphere of the old rotunda. In early days this was the main entrance, and its great circle of Corinthian columns carried the eye upward until it rested on an imposing cupola, frescoed by a nephew and pupil of Canova. The effect was that of a lofty cathedral nave, and put to shame the barbaric display of gold-leaf and overelaboration of the pretentious modern hotel. If in its present ruin you are tempted to doubt the brilliancy of its former patronage, run your eye over the old registry-books—they are still there—and you will find—but why stir up the dead? Henry Clay, General Boulanger, even President McKinley, passed beneath the portico. Before the war this was used as a prominent slave-mart. A large stone slab is still in its place between two of the massive columns and served as an auction-block; even the name of the slave-dealer is still visible on the gray stones above, and it requires little effort of the imagination to evoke the old rotunda, with its by-gone clientele of wealthy planters, prominent professional men, and the Southern *jeunesse dorée* that crowded about, making the gray walls echo with their spirited bidding, when many a beautiful quadron ascended the rostrumlike platform and stood framed between the noble Corinthian columns like some pagan goddess, to be sold to the highest bidder.

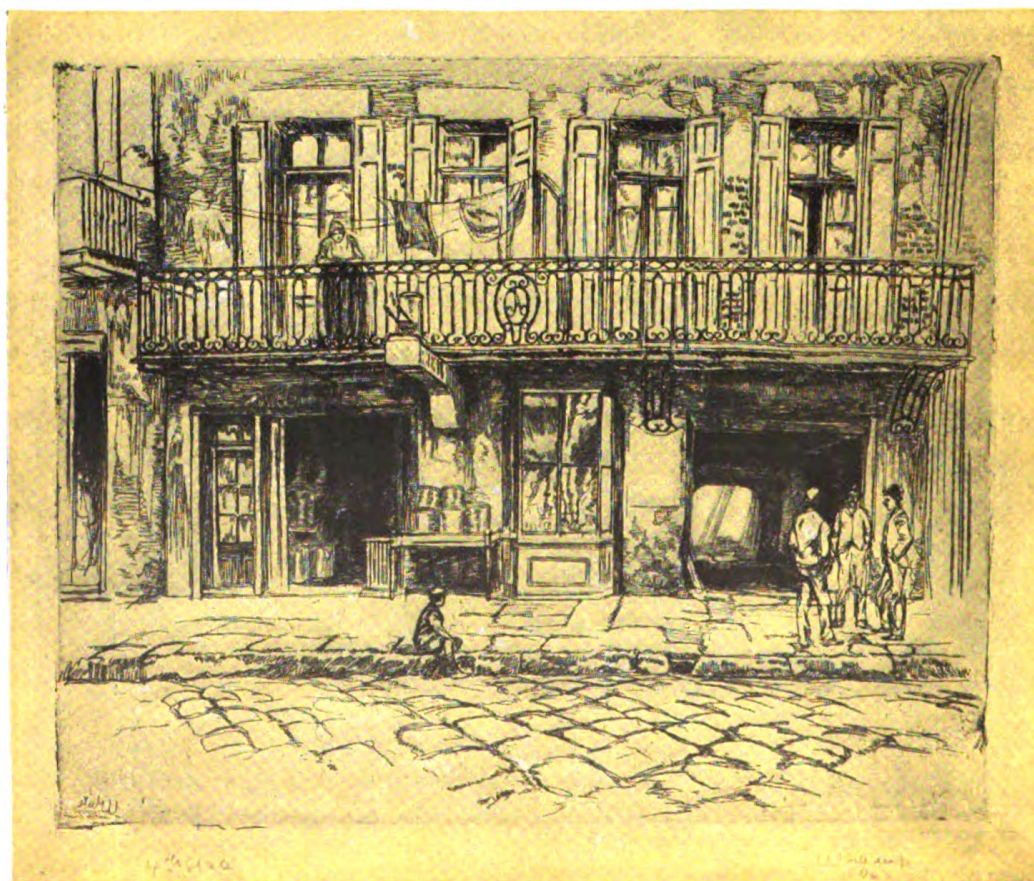


(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)
A FRENCH COURTYARD IN NEW ORLEANS

In Charles Street there is a balcony—of course there are balconies everywhere in this delightful city; a man must have his bit of wrought iron if only to hang his parrot on, where he may curse in his broad Southern accent the day when first the innovations began in the old town—but this particular balcony has a sentimental interest to me, entirely apart from the beauty of its design, or the fact that the sombre *porte-cochère* beneath it leads to the most picturesque spot in the United States. It will always remain associated with the person of a tall, active fellow who suddenly emerged from the shadows of the wide gallery, hurriedly stepped into the clear sunlight, crossed the street, anticipated my intention when I opened my camp-stool, and prevented me from putting in an active day's work. Had I seen the courtyard? No. Well then I must follow him immediately. There was an ease

and cordiality in his manner, together with a cheerful devil-may-care way of taking things for granted, that made a refusal out of the question. His name was D'Armas; he was a creole and wished it distinctly understood that he was not colored. Having thus introduced himself we crossed the street.

"Better keep to the right and move lively," he advised, when we had passed the threshold of the *porte-cochère* and penetrated half-way through the damp tunnel-like entrance to the courtyard. "Some day those bricks are coming down," he explained, pointing to the dilapidated arch above us, "and the man who catches a bunch of them on the top of his head will be laid out in a nice clean white shirt with some one moving slow behind him next morning." And now, had I seen Beau Brummel? This was the second question put to me in this drowsy ruin of a beautiful court,



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

IN THE FRENCH QUARTER

after my host had offered me a cigarette, the freedom of the house, and a soap-box to sit on.

"Once in New York," I answered, letting my eyes wander from the pale cobalt of the Franco-Spanish window to the green jalousied gallery above us, saturating myself with the perfection of the place: the great fantastic blots on its dilapidated walls, the rambling galleries twining their way to the jalousie above. Venice or Paris in their most unusual phases cannot surpass the beauty of New Orleans in her finer moods, and yet all this is in America!

"I see you don't understand," he put in, after a decent pause, bringing me out of my reverie with a start. "I mean *our* Beau Brummel; lives up there in that hole in the wall above the gallery, and never has been known to do a stroke of work . . . pays two dollars a month, and is as regular as clockwork. Some people think he has money," he continued, whistling a few bars from *La Bohème*. His name? Oh yes. Last year it was Monsieur d'Albert, and now it is Monsieur d'Etainville, but that was common in Chartres Street. D'Armas bent over and whispered, "He may sell lottery tickets; in fact once—" Here my host ended his rambling narrative abruptly by digging me in the ribs, for a door had opened on the gallery above, and a figure emerged, as he had said, from a mere crevice in the wall. A narrow mirror swung on the outside of the door, for a man must have infinite resource to live comfortably in a closet seven feet by five, with no window. It was the figure of a man advanced in years, with white hair and a bristling mustache, muffled to the eyes in a heavy coat. Spectacles, so strong that they magnified his deep-set eyes, and a large felt hat completed the costume. No man ever was more hypercritical about his person than this elderly tenant on the gallery above, as he stood before his narrow strip of glass performing the last rites of an exquisite toilet, brushing the threadbare coat with renewed fury, flicking a possible microbe from his coat lapels, peering anxiously at the dim reflection within, until he became exacting to the point of morbidness, seeming to demand of his mirror the very soul of its quicksilver.

"Year in and year out it's just the same," my host observed, sadly,—after the elderly recluse had descended the dilapidated staircase from the gallery and swept past us with a ceremonious "*Bon soir, sseurs*";—"and mark my words," he continued, gravely, "he'll keep on brushing until he brushes himself silly." There is little sympathy for a tidy man on Chartres Street.

If you were to follow the emerald-green span of the gallery connecting this wing with the main portion of the house, you would find, sprawled on the floor of a cavity in the wall even smaller than that occupied by Monsieur d'Albert, the antithesis of the latter's cold formality, in the person of the unknown tenant—a Gascon—who pays one dollar a month, expects nothing of anybody, and in turn imparts nothing. Where Monsieur d'Albert is brushed to excess the tenant above is very much dishevelled; rises late when he does rise, and spends his time at the "*Rendezvous des Amies de l'Art Culinaire*," a few doors below, in Chartres Street. The ample curves of his midriff speak of the fleeting nature of his investments. He is a bachelor, usually intoxicated, and extremely happy.

In spite of its beauty and varied interest this was a demoralizing place to work in. Even when you had ceased to listen to the broad French oaths coming in fits and starts from the mansard room, or to the confused babble of French and Spanish patois of the cigarette-girls on the floor above, there was always an idler or two to smoke with you in the court and make life interesting if not productive. Then, of course, there was always the possibility of D'Armas appearing on the scene, approaching you with a knowing wink and whispering: "Let me put your things in the desk where they'll be safe. I've got the wagon and am going to show you something." This was corrupting because you knew that he could.

These were golden days, when, as we rolled down Chartres Street, my host drew from his rich and unassorted store of information concerning men, women, and their intimate affairs many a precious and spicy item, and imparted them to me between the violent lurching of the wagon over the deep furrows of the old

Spanish pavement. Here at the corner was the house the creole "sang-pur" had built for Napoleon, but the English had fixed that, as I knew; and across the street in that very garden I admired so much I might see, if it were only summer-time, old Pierre Besan planting a few dozen brass candlesticks, to be excavated in the winter for the antique stores on Royal Street. I had come at a poor time, he said, for him to show me anything. And now, while we were passing it, I might take note that on the first floor of the old house with the fine monogram in iron I could sleep in Lafayette's

bed and never knew the difference; but personally he preferred to sleep on the floor above, for reasons that must be whispered, as he did, and not written.

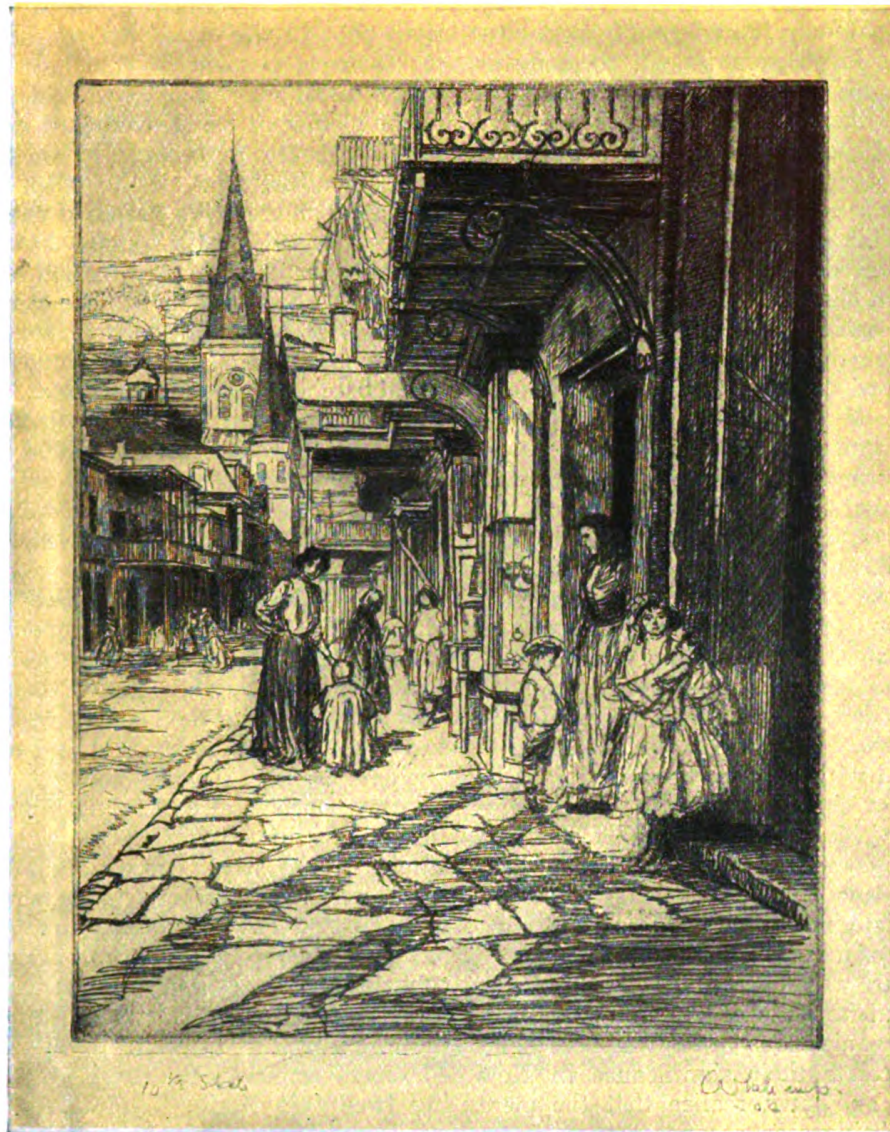
Here was a man whose antecedents entitled him to the highest consideration eking out an existence in the most humble position. He was waiting for something decent to turn up, he said. The family plate, mahogany, and crystal had long since passed through the dealers' hands in Royal Street, but he assured me that he still had a small legacy, some real estate. We visited it together. It was chaste and simple, with

Ionic fluted pilasters framing a weather-beaten marble tablet, beautifully spaced with quaint French inscriptions, and dated 1830. It stands in the old St. Louis Cemetery and is as fine a tomb as any man could desire. Cases like this are not uncommon among the creoles. Generations of ancestors in whom the art of living had reached a meridian of perfection have left them an inherited taste for the finer elements of a well-rounded existence and poorly equipped to cope with present conditions. To the creole, music, for instance, has ceased to be a luxury; it is as much a necessity as the claret with the *déjeuner*, and must be included in the household expense account. The small boy passes you warbling an aria from *Faust* in the same spontaneous manner as the Northern gamin whistles his "rag-time." Indeed, such is the demand for good music in New Orleans, that I know of a case where an extremely plain and worthy woman spent many years in Bourbon Street without a suitor, until she obtained the ice-water privilege at the Opera House, when she



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

ROYAL STREET



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

THERE IS LITTLE SYMPATHY FOR A TIDY MAN IN CHARTRES STREET

was courted and married immediately. The admission, of course, is gratuitous to her husband, and he never misses a night. If you would see where many a modest hoard of pennies is depleted, go to this old French Opera House and take a seat in the *troisième* or *paradis*, and observe the densely packed galleries. You will notice many early patrons of the house: venerable old men and feeble women with a faint air of the "sixties" in the cut of their clothes; and indolent creole belles, with boys and girls, all spell-bound, breathlessly intent, devouring a

delicate piece of orchestration, and rising spontaneously at a stirring climax with shouts of "Bis!" . . . "Encore!" and sonorous "Bravos!"

The creole would rather do without a few meals than miss a good opera with a fine cast; nor does this admirable spirit merely apply to the middle classes. Many a charming little creole lady who might point to a Marigny on her escutcheon would not hesitate, if hard pressed, to do her own housework in order to be able to blossom out at night in her proper place—radiant and exquisite—in a *loge grillé* at the Opera.

It matters little in New Orleans to what unfortunate straits adversity may have driven a lady; even though she may do typewriting for people whom she meets socially, there are enough noble-minded people of the *ancien régime* who will help her to forget the pinch of poverty and see that she receives the greatest consideration. This inbred chivalry is one of the most marked and endearing traits of the Southern character, lending to the South an atmosphere free from our parasitical flunkeyism over mere money or its insignia.

Much of the social life of New Orleans is centred in this old playhouse, which, though built in 1860, still remains the best-designed opera-house in America. On either side of the parquet are the *baignoires*, or covered boxes, shaped very much like a bathing-chair, and the first tier above is composed of the *loges découvertes* (open boxes), separated by comfortable aisles. Behind these, forming a second horseshoe, are the quaint *loges grillés*, in the form of miniature *baignoires*, and until quite recently equipped with grill-work which might be opened or shut according to the requirements within. With the grills closed it was considered quite proper for a lady in deep mourning to attend the opera. These delightful contrivances have gone the way of most of our fine old customs.

In the week preceding Mardi Gras, the exquisite balls of the numerous carnival organizations are given here; and to appreciate their significance in New Orleans one must realize that the mere fact of being seen at one of these functions gives one a certain distinction or standing. It is the social Parnassus to which all whose ambitions are of a worldly or fashionable trend look forward anxiously through the idle summer months; and the influence that has made it possible to sustain the ever-increasing interest in the carnival festivities, since the first parade in 1827, may be found in the one word—mystery. Apart from the knowledge that the maskers of each organization are recruited from the gentry of New Orleans, little is known; and it is as futile to-day to speculate upon the identity of the present maskers as it was in the early “forties.” A masonic secrecy puts an impenetrable barrier to every available source of information.

Such is the reticence of these organizations that in the event of one's desiring to become a member he can find nobody to whom he may apply. He must trust to the chance of being overheard expressing his desire to become a masker by some member, who, if he thinks him desirable, submits his name to the committee of expulsion, the personnel of which is unknown even to the maskers themselves. It is rumored that this is composed of three men, prominently representative of the professional, business, and social world, but this is mere hearsay. Their word is final, and in case of an adverse decision one had better take the first car up Canal Street to the station and buy a through ticket to the North if one has social aspirations in New Orleans. If, however, the name has been passed upon favorably, the applicant will receive an anonymous letter, stating an hour and place where he may meet a member who will give him further instructions. It is not unlikely that the member will prove to be one of your most staid and elderly business friends, the last man you could possibly conceive of as lending himself to the public impersonation of a chubby Cupid in the street procession. He, in turn, presents you to other members, and after having sworn never to reveal any of the secrets of the organization or your connection with it, you are measured for a costume, and are thenceforth subject to the orders of the Captain of the Krewe. The member enjoys the privilege of issuing twenty invitations and three “call-out” cards—the greatest favor a masker can confer upon a lady—which are all subject to being ruled out by the secret triumvirate.

And so ever since the “thirties” the pretty little Orleanaises have danced into the small hours of the morning without a clue to their partners' identity, for with wig and mask completely covering the head, the masker's incognito may well defy detection. Indeed, even if a lady were able to recognize a masker through some peculiarity of his speech, she would be careful to keep her discovery to herself. Frequently, I am told, extremely droll incidents have resulted from a crafty expedient resorted to by married men to keep their wives in doubt regarding their whereabouts on

the night of the ball. This usually consists of an agreement between two maskers to call out their respective wives. Not long ago two gentlemen who had formed a similar pact danced through the night without either of the ladies suspecting their identity, when the one masker—a doctor—pleased with the way the scheme was progressing, and seeing his wife glide past on the arm of his partner's husband, chose to add an additional convincing note to the deception by exclaiming, "Why, there goes the doctor's wife!"

"Yes," replied his pretty partner, examining his wife with a hypercritical eye; "isn't she an *awful* mess?"

It is the special privilege of ladies possessing the distinction of a "call-out" card to dance the first six or eight dances with maskers only on the floor, and the only flaw one might find in the brilliant management of the carnival balls is the number of dances the maskers of each organization reserve for themselves only, making it necessary for ladies not hold-

ing a special card to wait almost until midnight, watching their hosts and more fortunate sisters enjoying themselves, before being permitted to participate. Indeed, this prevailing weakness has made present conditions such that it is almost impossible to get a lady who is accustomed to the "call-out" distinction to attend a ball with the ordinary invitation.

Yet one is in a poor position to criticize the masker. He pays one hundred dollars for the privilege of dancing one night, and if he belongs to only four organizations his expense account of four hundred dollars is a rather large item for one week's merriment, as this does not include the handsome favors for the ladies. Yet a man must belong to several of these if he would not feel cramped during carnival week. Why will he pay so much for his pleasure? Possibly for the reason that he may reserve his privilege of calling out the lady of his choice until the night of the ball, when, having searched the boxes with



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

THE FRENCH OPERA HOUSE



(Etched out-of-doors directly on copper by C. H. White)

THE OLD SPANISH PRISON

a careful eye, he may turn to a floor-committeeman and whisper, "Just beside the Corinthian column to the left there is a little creole."

"The one in pink?"

"No, in gray . . . black hair, with the lovely shoulders and lorgnette."

"Her name?"

"I don't know, but please bring her to me." And the committeeman will

take the steps leading to the tier of boxes above like an ambulance surgeon on an emergency call, for the masker is a privileged character. It is safe to say that when she appears the whiteness of her cheek will betray a slight flush, for to be singled out from the floor is a more noticeable distinction than the "call-out" card, and once beneath the white ribbon there is no way of making her return.

The Informer

BY JOSEPH CONRAD

MR. X came to me with a letter of introduction from a good friend of mine in Paris, specifically to see my collection of Chinese bronzes and porcelain.

My friend in Paris is a collector too. He collects neither porcelain, nor bronzes, nor pictures, nor medals, nor stamps, nor anything that could be profitably dispersed under an auctioneer's hammer. He would reject, with unaffected surprise, the name of a collector. Nevertheless, that is what he is by temperament. He collects acquaintances. It is a delicate work. He brings to it the patience, the passion, the determination of a true collector of curiosities. His collection does not contain any royal personages. I don't think he considers them sufficiently rare and interesting; but, with that exception, he has met and talked with every one worth knowing on any conceivable ground. He observes them, listens to them, penetrates them, measures them, and puts the memory away in the galleries of his mind. He has schemed, plotted, and travelled all over Europe in order to add to his collection of distinguished personal acquaintances.

As he is wealthy, well connected, and unprejudiced, his collection is pretty complete, including objects (or should I say subjects?) whose value is unappreciated by the vulgar, and often unknown to popular fame. Of those specimens my friend is naturally the most proud.

He wrote to me of X. "He is the greatest insurgent (*révolté*) of modern times. The world knows him as a revolutionary writer whose savage irony has laid bare the rottenness of the most respectable institutions. He has scalped every venerated head, and has mangled at the stake of his wit every received opinion and every recognized principle of conduct and policy. Who does not remember those flaming red revolutionary pamphlets whose sudden swarmings used

to overwhelm the powers of every Continental police like a sudden plague of crimson gadflies? But this extreme writer has been also a man of action, the inspirer of secret societies, the mysterious unknown Number One of desperate conspiracies suspected and unsuspected, matured or baffled. And the world at large has never had an inkling of that fact. This accounts for him going about amongst us to this day, a veteran of many subterranean campaigns, standing aside now, safe within his reputation of merely the greatest destructive publicist that ever lived."

Thus wrote my friend, adding that Mr. X was an enlightened connoisseur of bronzes and china, and asking me to show him my collection.

X turned up in due course. My treasures are disposed in three large rooms without carpets and curtains. There is no other furniture than the glass cases and the *étagères* whose contents shall be worth a fortune to my heirs. I allow no fires to be lighted, for fear of accidents, and a fire-proof door separates them from the rest of the house.

It was a bitter cold day. We kept on our overcoats and hats. Middle-sized and spare, his eyes alert in a long, Roman-nosed countenance, X walked on neat little feet, with short steps, and looked at my collection intelligently. I hope I looked at him intelligently too. A snow-white mustache and imperial made his nut-brown complexion appear darker than it really was. In his fur coat and shiny tall hat that terrible man looked fashionable. I believe he belonged to a noble family, and could have called himself *Vicomte X de la Z* if he chose. We talked nothing but bronzes and porcelain. He was remarkably appreciative. We parted on cordial terms.

Where he was staying I don't know. I imagine he must have been a lonely man. Anarchists, I suppose, have no fam-

ilies—not, at any rate, as we understand that social relation. Organization into families may answer to a need of human nature, but in the last instance it is based on law, and therefore must be something odious and impossible to an anarchist. But, indeed, I don't understand anarchists. Does a man of that—of that—persuasion still remain an anarchist when alone, quite alone and going to bed, for instance? Does he lay his head on the pillow, pull his bedclothes over him, and go to sleep with the necessity of the *chambardement général*, as the French slang has it, of the general blow-up, always present to his mind? And if so, how can he? I am sure that if such a faith (or such a fanaticism) once mastered my thoughts I would never be able to compose myself sufficiently to sleep or eat or perform any of the routine acts of daily life. I would want no wife, no children; I could have no friends, it seems to me; and as to collecting bronzes or china, that, I should say, would be quite out of the question. But I don't know. All I know is that Mr. X took his meals in a very good restaurant which I frequented also.

I used to sit with him at a little table. With his head uncovered, the silver top-knot of his brushed-up hair completed the character of his physiognomy, all bony ridges and sunken hollows, clothed in a perfect impassiveness of expression. His meagre brown hands emerging from large white cuffs came and went breaking bread, pouring wine, and so on, with quiet mechanical precision. His head and torso above the table-cloth had a rigid immobility. This firebrand, this great agitator, exhibited the least possible amount of warmth and animation. His voice was rasping, cold, and monotonous in a low key. He could not be called a talkative personality; but with his detached calm manner he appeared as ready to keep the conversation going as to drop it at any moment.

And his conversation was by no means commonplace. To me, I own there was some excitement in talking quietly across a dinner-table with a man whose venomous pen-stabs had sapped the vitality of at least one monarchy. That much was a matter of public knowledge. But I knew more. I knew of him—from my friend

—as a certainty what the guardians of social order in Europe had at most only suspected, or dimly guessed at.

He had had what I may call his underground life. And as I sat, evening after evening, facing him at dinner, a curiosity in that direction would naturally arise in my mind. I am a quiet and peaceable product of civilization, and know no passion other than the passion for collecting things which are rare, and must remain exquisite even if approaching to the monstrous. Some Chinese bronzes are monstrously precious. And here (out of my friend's collection), here I had before me a kind of rare monster. It is true that this monster was polished and in a sense even exquisite. His beautiful unruffled manner was that. But then he was not of bronze. He was not even Chinese, which would have enabled one to contemplate him calmly across the gulf of racial difference. He was alive and European; he had the manner of good society, wore a coat and hat like mine, and had pretty near the same taste in cooking. It was too frightful to think of.

One evening he remarked, casually, in the course of conversation, "There's no amendment to be got out of mankind except by terror and violence."

You can imagine the effect of such a phrase out of such a man's mouth upon a person like myself, whose whole scheme of life had been based upon a suave and delicate discrimination of social and artistic values. Just imagine! Upon me, to whom all sorts and forms of violence appeared as unreal as the giants, ogres, and seven-headed hydras whose activities affect, fantastically, the course of legends and fairy-tales!

I seemed suddenly to hear above the festive bustle and clatter of the brilliant restaurant the mutter of a hungry and seditious multitude.

I suppose I am impressionable and imaginative. I had a disturbing vision of darkness, full of lean jaws and wild eyes, amongst the hundred electric lights of the place. But somehow this vision made me angry, too. The sight of that man, so calm, breaking bits of his bread, exasperated me. And I had the audacity to ask him how it was that the hungry

proletariat of Europe to whom he had been preaching revolt and violence had not been made indignant and angry by his openly luxurious life. "At all this," I said, pointedly, with a glance round the room and at the bottle of champagne we generally shared between us at dinner.

He remained unmoved.

"Do I feed on their toil and their heart's blood? Am I a speculator or a capitalist? Did I steal my fortune from a starving people? No! They know this very well. And they envy me nothing. The miserable mass of the people is generous to its leaders. What I have acquired has come to me through my writings; not from the millions of pamphlets distributed gratis to the hungry and the oppressed, but from the hundreds of thousands of copies sold to the well-fed bourgeois. You know that my writings were at one time the rage, the fashion—the thing to read with wonder and horror, to turn your eyes up at my pathos . . . or else to laugh in ecstasies at my wit."

"Yes," I admitted. "I remember, of course; and I confess frankly that I could never understand that infatuation."

"Don't you know yet," he said, "that an idle and selfish class loves to see mischief being made, even if it is made at its own expense? Its own life being all a matter of vestment and gesture, it is unable to realize the power and the danger of real ache and of words that have no sham meaning. It is all fun and sentiment. It is sufficient, for instance, to point out the attitude of the old French aristocracy towards the philosophers whose words were preparing the Great Revolution. Even in England, where you have some common sense, a demagogue has only to shout loud enough and long enough to find some backing in the very class he is shouting at. You too like to see mischief being made. The demagogue gets the amateurs of emotion with him. Amateurism in this, that, and the other thing is a delightfully easy way of killing time, and of feeding one's own vanity—the silly vanity of being abreast with the ideas of the day after to-morrow. Just as good and otherwise harmless people will join you in ecstasies over your collection without having the slightest notion in what its marvellousness really consists."

I hung my head. It was a crushing illustration of the sad truth he advanced. The world is full of such people. And that instance of the French aristocracy before the Revolution was extremely telling, too. I could not traverse his statement, though its cynicism—always a distasteful trait—took off much of its value, to my mind. However, I admit I was impressed. I felt the need to say something which would not be in the nature of assent and yet would not invite discussion.

"You don't mean to say," I observed, airily, "that extreme revolutionists have ever been actively assisted by the infatuation of such people?"

"I did not mean exactly that by what I said just now. I generalized. But since you ask me, I may tell you that such help has been given to revolutionary activities, more or less consciously, in various countries. And even in this country."

"Impossible!" I protested with firmness. "We don't play with fire to that extent."

"And yet you can better afford it than others, perhaps. But let me observe that most women, if not always ready to play with fire, are generally eager to play with a loose spark or so."

"Is that a joke?" I asked, smiling.

"If it is, I am not aware of it," he said, woodenly. "I was thinking of an instance. Oh! mild enough in a way. . . ."

I became all expectation at this. I had tried many times to approach him on his underground side, so to speak. The very word had been pronounced between us. But he had always met me with his impenetrable calm.

"And at the same time," Mr. X continued, "it will give you a notion of the difficulties that may arise in what you are pleased to call underground work. It is sometimes difficult to deal with them. Of course there is no hierarchy amongst the affiliated. No rigid system."

My surprise was great, but short-lived. Of course amongst the extreme anarchists there could be no hierarchy; nothing in the nature of a law of precedence. The idea of anarchy ruling among anarchists was comforting, too. It could not possibly make for efficiency.

Mr. X startled me by asking, abruptly, "You know Hermione Street?"

I nodded doubtful assent. Hermione Street has been, within the last three years, improved out of any man's knowledge. The name exists still, but not one brick or stone of the old Hermione Street is left now. It was the old street he meant, for he said:

"There was a row of two-storied brick houses on the left, with their backs against the wing of a great public building—you remember. Would it surprise you very much to hear that one of these houses was for a time the centre of anarchist propaganda and of what you would call underground action?"

"Not at all," I protested. Hermione Street had never been particularly respectable, as I remembered it.

"The house was the property of a distinguished government official," he added, sipping his champagne.

"Oh, indeed!" I said, this time not believing a word of it.

"Of course he was not living there," Mr. X continued. "But from ten till four he sat next door to it, the dear man, in his well-appointed private room in the wing of the public building I've mentioned. To be strictly accurate, I must explain that the house in Hermione Street perhaps did not really belong to him. It belonged to his grown-up children—a daughter and a son. The girl, a fine figure, was by no means vulgarly pretty. To more personal charm than mere youth could account for, she added the seductive appearance of enthusiasm, of independence, of courageous thought. I suppose she put them on as she put on her picturesque dresses and for the same reason: to assert her individuality at any cost. You know, women would go to any length almost for such a purpose. She went to a great length. She had acquired all the appropriate gestures of revolutionary convictions;—the gestures of pity, of anger, of indignation against the anti-humanitarian vices of the social class to which she belonged herself. All this sat on her striking personality as well as her slightly original costumes. Very slightly original; just enough to mark a protest against the philistinism of the overfed taskmasters of the poor. Just enough, and no more. It would not have

done to go too far in that direction—you understand. But she was of age, and nothing stood in the way of her offering her house to the revolutionary workers."

"You don't mean it!" I cried.

"I assure you," he affirmed, "that she made that extremely effective gesture. How else could they have got hold of it? The cause is not rich. And, moreover, there would have been difficulties with any ordinary house-agent, who would have wanted references and so on. The group she came in contact with through going about in the poor quarters of the town (you know the gesture of charity and personal service which was so fashionable some years ago) accepted with gratitude. The first advantage was that Hermione Street is, as you know, miles away from the suspect part of the town, specially watched by the police.

"The ground floor consisted of a little Italian restaurant, of the flyblown sort. There was no difficulty in buying the proprietor out. A woman and a man belonging to the group took it on. The man had been a cook. The comrades could get their meals there, unnoticed amongst the other customers. This was another advantage. The first floor was occupied by a shabby Variety Artists' Agency—an agency for performers in inferior music-halls, you know. A fellow called Bomm, I remember. He was not disturbed. It was rather favorable than otherwise to have a lot of foreign-looking people, jugglers, acrobats, singers of both sexes, and so on, going in and out all day long. The police paid no attention to new faces, you see. The top floor happened, most conveniently, to stand empty then."

X interrupted himself to attack impassively, with measured movements, a *bombe glacée* which the writer had just set down on the table. He swallowed carefully a few spoonfuls of the iced stuff, and asked me, "Did you ever hear of Stone's Dried Soup?"

"Hear of what?" I asked, completely put off.

"It was," X pursued evenly, "a comestible article, once rather prominently advertised in the dailies, but which never, somehow, gained the favor of the public. The enterprise fizzled out, as you say here. Parcels of their stock could be

picked up at auctions at considerably less than a penny a pound. The group bought some of it, and an agency for Stone's Dried Soup was started on the top floor. A perfectly respectable enterprise. The stuff, a yellow powder of extremely unappetizing aspect, was put up in large square tins, of which six went to a case. If anybody ever came to give an order, it was, of course, executed. But the advantage of the powder was this, that things could be concealed in it very conveniently. Now and then a special case got put on a van and sent off to be exported abroad under the very nose of the policeman on duty at the corner. You understand?"

"Perfectly," I said, with an expressive nod at the remnants of the *bombe* melting slowly in the dish.

"Exactly. But the cases were useful in another way, too. In the basement, or in the cellar at the back, rather, two printing-presses were established. A lot of revolutionary literature of the most extreme kind was got away from the house in Stone's Dried Soup cases. The brother of our anarchist young lady found some occupation there. He wrote articles, helped to set up type and pull off the sheets, and generally assisted the man in charge, a very able young fellow called Sevrin.

"The guiding spirit of that group was a fanatic of social revolution. He is dead now. He was an engraver and etcher of genius. You must have seen his work. It is much sought after by certain amateurs now. But he began by being revolutionary in his art, and ended by becoming a revolutionist, after his wife and child had died in want and misery. He used to say that the bourgeois, the smug overfed lot, had killed them. That was his real belief. He still worked at his art and led a double life. He was tall, gaunt and swarthy, with a dark beard and deep-set eyes. You must have seen him. His name was Horne."

At this I was really amazed. Of course years ago I used to meet Horne about. He looked like a powerful, rough gipsy, with a red muffler round his throat and buttoned up in a long, shabby overcoat. He talked of art with exaltation, and gave one the impression of being strung up to the verge of insanity. A small

group of connoisseurs appreciated his work. Who would have thought that this man Amazing! And yet it was not, after all, so difficult to believe.

"As you see," X went on, "this group was in a position to pursue its work of propaganda, and the other kind of work too, under very advantageous conditions. They were all resolute, experienced men of a superior stamp. And yet we became struck at length by the fact that plans prepared in Hermione Street almost invariably failed."

"Who were 'we'?" I asked pointedly.

"Some of us in Brussels—at the centre," he said hastily. "Whatever vigorous action originated in Hermione Street seemed doomed to failure. Something always happened to baffle the best-planned manifestations in every part of Europe. It was a time of general activity. You must not imagine that all our failures are of a loud sort, with arrests and trials. That is not so. Often the police work quietly, contenting themselves by defeating our combinations by a sort of counterplotting. No arrests, no noise, no alarming of the public mind and inflaming the passions. It is a wise procedure. But at that time the police were too uniformly successful from Mediterranean to the Baltic. It was annoying and began to look dangerous. At last we in Brussels came to the conclusion that there must be some untrustworthy elements amongst the London groups. And I came over to see what could be done quietly.

"My first step was to call upon our young Lady Patroness of anarchism at her private house. She received me in a flattering way. I judged that she knew nothing of the chemical and other operations going on at the top of the house in Hermione Street. The printing of anarchist literature was the only 'activity' she seemed to be aware of there. She was displaying very strikingly the usual signs of severe enthusiasm, and had already written many sentimental articles with ferocious conclusions. I could see she was enjoying herself hugely, with all the gestures and grimaces of deadly earnestness. They suited her big-eyed, broad-browed face and the good carriage of her shapely head. Her black hair was done in an unusual and becoming style.

Her brother was there, a serious youth, with arched eyebrows and wearing a red necktie, who struck me as being absolutely in the dark about everything in the world, including himself. By and by a tall young man came in. He was clean-shaved, with a strong jaw and something of the air of a taciturn actor or of a fanatical priest: the type with heavy black eyebrows—you know. But he was very presentable indeed. He shook hands at once vigorously with each of us in turn. The young lady came up to me and murmured sweetly, 'Comrade Sevrin.'

"I had never seen him before. He had little to say to us, but sat down by the side of the girl, and they fell at once into earnest conversation. She leaned forward in her deep arm-chair, and took her nicely rounded chin in her beautiful white hand. He looked attentively into her eyes. It was the attitude of love-making, serious, intense, as if on the brink of the grave. I suppose she felt it necessary to round and complete her assumption of advanced ideas, of revolutionary lawlessness, by falling in love with an anarchist. And this one, I repeat, was extremely presentable, notwithstanding his fanatical black-eyed aspect. After a few stolen glances in their direction, I had no doubt that he was in earnest. As to the lady, her gestures were unapproachable, better than the very thing itself in the blended suggestion of dignity, sweetness, condescension, fascination, surrender, and reserve. She interpreted her conception of what that precise sort of love-making should be with consummate art. And so far, she too, no doubt, was in earnest. Gestures—but so perfect!

"After I had been left alone with our Lady Patroness I informed her guardedly of the object of my visit. I hinted at our suspicions. I wanted to hear what she would have to say, and half expected some perhaps unconscious revelation. All she said was, 'That's serious,' looking delightfully concerned and grave. But there was a sparkle in her eyes which meant plainly, 'How exciting!' After all, she knew little of anything except of words. Still, she undertook to put me in communication with Horne, who was not easy to find except in Hermione Street, where I did not wish to show myself just then.

"I met Horne. This was another kind of a fanatic altogether. I exposed to him the conclusion we in Brussels had arrived at, and pointed out to him the significant series of failures. To this he answered with exaltation:

"'I have something in hand that shall not fail to strike terror into the heart of these gorged brutes.'

"And then I learned that by excavating in one of the cellars of the house he and some companions had made their way into the vaults under the great public building I have mentioned before. The blowing up of a whole wing was a certainty as soon as the materials were ready.

"I was not so appalled at the stupidity of that move as I might have been had not the usefulness of our centre in Hermione Street become already very problematical. In fact, in my opinion it was much more of a police trap by now than anything else.

"What was necessary now was to discover what, or rather who, was wrong, and I managed at last to get that idea into Horne's head. He glared, perplexed, his nostrils working as if he were sniffing treachery in the air.

"And here comes a piece of work that will no doubt strike you as a sort of theatrical expedient. And yet what else could have been done? I wished to find out the untrustworthy member of the group. But no suspicion could be fastened on one more than another. To set a watch upon them all was not very practicable. Besides, that proceeding often fails. In any case, it takes time, and the danger was pressing. I felt certain that the premises in Hermione Street would be ultimately raided, though the police had evidently such confidence in the informer that the house, for the time being, was not even watched. Horne was positive about that point. Under the circumstances it was a bad symptom. Something had to be done quickly.

"I decided to organize a raid myself upon the group. Do you understand? A raid of other trusty comrades personating the police. A conspiracy within a conspiracy. You see the object of it, of course. When apparently about to be arrested I hoped the informer would be-

tray himself in some way or other; either by some unguarded act or simply by his unconcerned demeanor, for instance. Of course there was the risk of complete failure and the no lesser risk of some fatal accident in the course of resistance, perhaps, or in the efforts at escape. For, as you will easily see, the Hermione Street group had to be actually and completely taken unawares, as I was sure they would be by the real police before very long. The informer was amongst them, and Horne alone could be let into the secret of my plan.

"I will not enter into the detail of my preparations. It was not very easy to arrange, but it was done very well, with a really amazing effect. The sham police invaded the restaurant, whose shutters were immediately put up. The surprise was perfect. Most of the Hermione Street party were found in the second cellar, enlarging the hole communicating with the vaults of the great public building. At the first alarm, several comrades bolted through impulsively into the aforesaid vault, where, of course, had this been a genuine raid, they would have been hopelessly trapped. We did not bother about them for the moment. They were harmless enough. The top floor caused considerable anxiety to Horne and myself. There, surrounded by tins of Stone's Dried Soup, a comrade, nicknamed the Professor (he was an ex-science student), was engaged in perfecting some new detonators. He was an abstracted, vaguely smiling, sallow little man, armed with large round spectacles, and we were afraid that under a mistaken impression he would blow himself up and wreck the house about our ears. I rushed up-stairs and found him already at the door on the alert, listening, as he said, to 'suspicious noises down below.' Before I had quite finished explaining to him what was going on, he shrugged his shoulders and turned away to his balances and test-tubes. His was the true spirit of an extreme revolutionist. Explosives were his faith, his hope, his weapon, and his shield. He perished a couple of years afterwards in a secret laboratory through the premature explosion of one of his improved detonators.

"Hurrying down again, I found an impressive scene in the vast gloom of the

big cellar. The man who personated the inspector (he was no stranger to the part) was speaking harshly, and giving bogus orders to his bogus subordinates for the removal of his prisoners. Evidently nothing enlightening had happened so far. Horne, saturnine and swarthy, waited with folded arms, and his patient, moody expectation had an air of stoicism well in keeping with the situation. I detected in the shadows one of the Hermione Street group surreptitiously chewing up and swallowing a small piece of paper. Some compromising scrap, I suppose; perhaps just a note of a few names and addresses. He was a true and faithful 'companion.' But the fund of secret malice which lurks at the bottom of our sympathies caused me to feel amused at that perfectly uncalled-for performance.

"In every other respect the risky experiment, the theatrical *coup*, if you like to call it so, seemed to have failed. The deception could not be kept up much longer; the explanation would bring about a very embarrassing and even grave situation. The man who had eaten the paper would be furious. The fellows who had bolted away would be angry too.

"To add to my vexation, the door communicating with the other cellar, where the printing-presses were, was flung open, and our young lady revolutionist appeared, a black silhouette in a close-fitting dress and a large hat, with the blaze of gas flaring in there at her back. Over her shoulder I perceived the arched eyebrows and the red necktie of her brother.

"The last people in the world I wanted to see then! They had gone that evening to some amateur concert for the delectation of the poor people, you know; but she had insisted on leaving early on purpose to call in Hermione Street on the way home, under the pretext of having some work to do. Her usual task was to correct the proofs of the Italian and French editions of the *Alarm Bell* and the *Firebrand*." . . .

"Heavens!" I murmured. I had been shown once copies of these publications. Nothing, in my opinion, could have been less fit for the eyes of a young lady. They were the most advanced things of the sort; advanced, I mean, beyond all bounds of reason and decency. One of them preached the dissolution of all so-

cial ties; the other advocated systematic murder. To think of a young girl calmly tracking printers' errors all along the sort of abominable sentences I remembered was intolerable to my sentiment of womanhood. And Mr. X, after giving me a glance, pursued steadily:

"I think, however, that she came mostly to exercise her fascinations upon Sevrin, and to receive his homage in her queenly and condescending way. She was aware of both—fascination and homage—and enjoyed them with, I dare say, complete innocence. And we have no ground in expediency or morals to quarrel with her on that account. Charm in woman and exceptional intelligence in man are a law unto themselves. Is it not so?"

I refrained from expressing my abhorrence of that licentious doctrine because of my curiosity.

"But what happened then?" I hastened to ask.

X went on crumbling slowly a small piece of bread with a careless left hand.

"What happened, in effect," he confessed, "is that she saved the situation."

"She gave you an opportunity to end your rather sinister farce," I suggested.

"Yes," he said, preserving his impassive bearing. "The farce was bound to end soon. And it ended in a very few minutes. And it ended well. It might have ended badly had she not come in. Her brother, of course, did not count. They had slipped into the house quietly some time before. The printing-cellar had an entrance of its own. Not finding any one there, she sat down to her proofs, expecting Sevrin to return to his work at any moment. He did not do so. She grew impatient, heard through the door the sounds of a commotion, and naturally went to see.

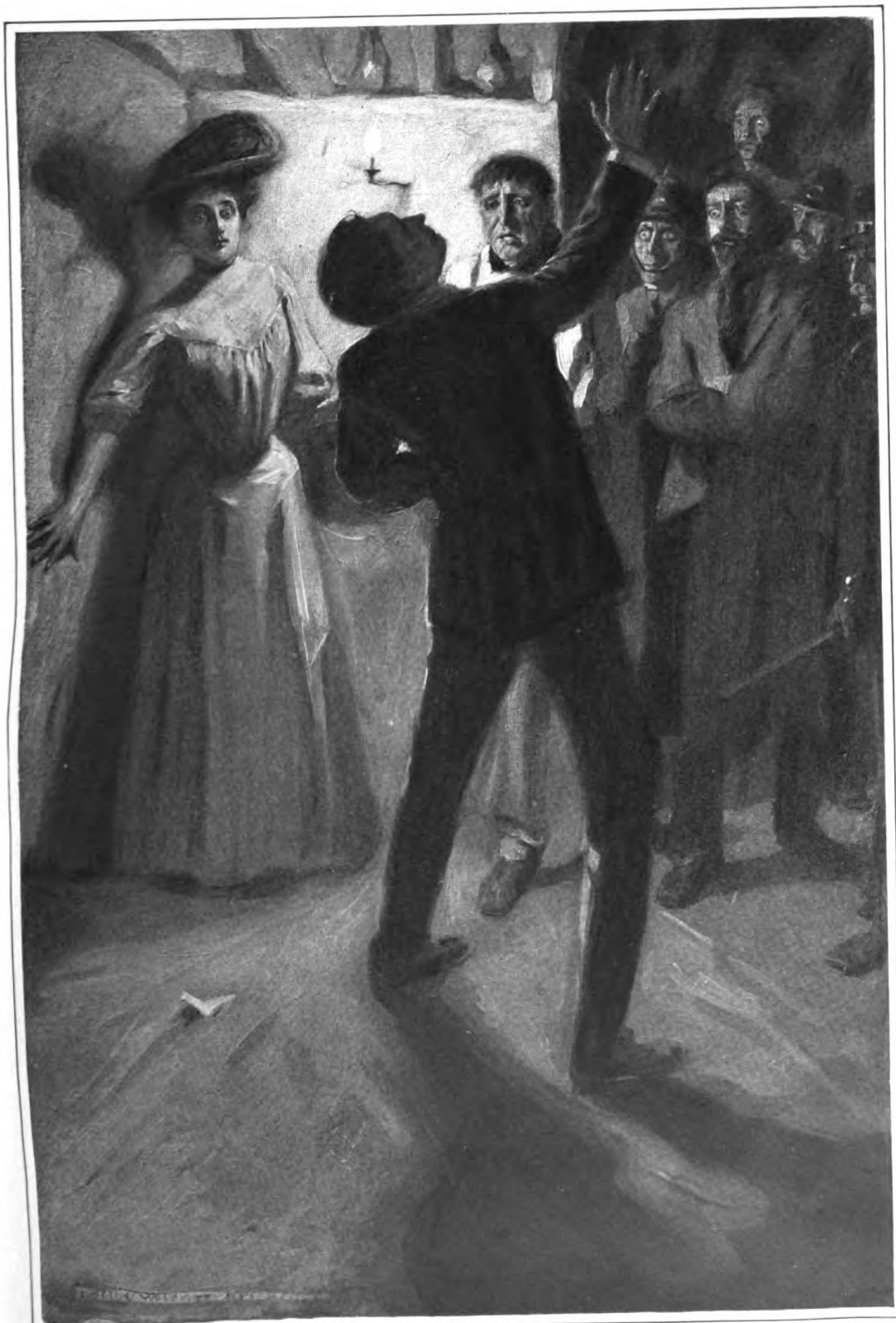
"Sevrin had been with us. At first he had seemed to me the most amazed of the whole raided lot. He appeared for an instant as if paralyzed with astonishment. He stood rooted to the spot. He never moved a limb. A solitary gas-jet flared near his head; all the other lights had been put out at the first alarm. And presently, from my dark corner, I observed on his shaven actor's face an expression of puzzled, vexed watchfulness, with a knitting of his heavy eyebrows. The corners

of his mouth dropped scornfully. He was angry. Most likely he had seen through the game, and I regretted I had not taken him from the first into my complete confidence.

"But with the appearance of the girl he became obviously alarmed. It was plain. I could see it grow. The change of his expression was swift and startling. All other sensations and emotions were swept away by a wave of sheer terror. And I did not know why. The reason never occurred to me. I was merely astonished at the extreme alteration of the man's face. Of course he had not been aware of her presence in the other cellar. But that did not explain the shock her advent had given him. For a moment he seemed to have been scared into imbecility. He opened his mouth as if to shout, or perhaps only to gasp. At any rate, it was somebody else who shouted. This somebody else was the heroic comrade whom I had detected swallowing a piece of paper. With laudable presence of mind he let out a warning yell.

"It's the police! Back! Back! Run back, and bolt the door behind you."

"It was an excellent hint; but instead of retreating, the girl for whom it was meant continued to advance, followed by her long-faced brother in his knickerbocker suit, in which he had been singing comic songs for the entertainment of a joyless proletariat. She advanced not as if she had failed to understand—the word 'police' has an unmistakable sound—but rather as if she could not help herself. She did not advance with the free gait and expanding presence of a distinguished amateur anarchist amongst poor, struggling professionals, but with slightly raised shoulders, and her elbows pressed close to her body, as if trying to shrink within herself. Her eyes were fixed immovably upon Sevrin. Sevrin the man, I fancy; not Sevrin the anarchist. But she advanced. And that was natural. For all their assumption of independence, girls of that class are used to the feeling of being specially protected, as, in fact, they are. This feeling accounts for nine-tenths of their audacious gestures. Her face had gone completely colorless. Ghastly. Fancy having it brought home to her so brutally that she was the sort



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

SHE THREW OUT HER ARMS IN DISMAY AND STEPPED ASIDE

of person who must run away from the police! I believe she was pale with indignation, mostly, though there was, of course, also the concern for her intact personality, a vague dread of some sort of rudeness. And, naturally, she turned to a man, to the man on whom she had a claim of fascination and homage—the man who could not conceivably fail her at any juncture.”

“But,” I cried, amazed at this analysis, “if it had been serious, real, I mean—as she thought it was—what could she expect him to do for her?”

X never moved a muscle of his face.

“Goodness knows. I imagine that this charming, generous, and independent creature had never known in her life a single genuine thought; I mean a single thought detached from small human vanities, or whose source was not in some conventional perception. All I know is that after advancing a few steps she extended her hand towards the motionless Sevrin. And that at least was no gesture. It was a natural movement. As to what she expected him to do, who can tell? The impossible. But whatever she expected, it could not have come up, I am safe to say, to what he had made up his mind to do, even before that entreating hand had appealed to him so directly. It had not been necessary. From the moment he had seen her enter that cellar, he had made up his mind to sacrifice his future usefulness, to throw off the impenetrable solidly fastened mask it had been his pride to wear—”

“What do you mean?” I interrupted, puzzled. “Was it Sevrin, then, who was—”

“He was. The most persistent, the most dangerous, the craftiest, the most systematic of informers. A genius amongst betrayers. Fortunately for us, he was unique. The man was a fanatic, I have told you. Fortunately, again, for us, he had fallen in love with the accomplished and innocent gestures of that girl. An actor in desperate earnest himself, he must have believed in the absolute value of conventional signs. As to the grossness of the trap into which he fell, the explanation must be that two sentiments of such absorbing magnitude cannot exist simultaneously in one heart. The danger of that other and uncon-

scious comedian robbed him of his vision, of his perspicacity, of his judgment. Indeed, it did at first rob him of his self-possession. But he regained that through the necessity—as it appeared to him imperiously—to do something at once. To do what? Why, to get her out of the house as quickly as possible. He was desperately anxious to do that. I have told you he was terrified. It could not be about himself. He had been surprised and annoyed at a move quite unforeseen and premature. I may even say he had been furious. He was accustomed to arrange the last scene of his betrayals with a deep, subtle art which left his revolutionist reputation untouched. But it seems clear to me that at the same time he had resolved to make the best of it, to keep his mask resolutely on. It was only with the discovery of her being in the house that everything—the forced calm, the restraint of his fanaticism, the mask—all came off together in a kind of panic. Why panic, do you ask? The answer is very simple. He remembered—or, I dare say, he had never forgotten the Professor alone at the top of the house, pursuing his researches, surrounded by tins upon tins of Stone’s Dried Soup. There was enough in some few of them to bury us all where we stood under a heap of bricks. Sevrin, of course, was aware of that. And we must believe, also, that he knew the exact character of the man, apparently. He had gauged so many such characters! Or perhaps he only gave the Professor credit for what he himself was capable of. But, in any case, the effect was produced. And suddenly he raised his voice in authority.

“‘Get the lady away at once.’

“It turned out that he was as hoarse as a crow. Result, no doubt, of the intense emotion. It passed off in a moment. But these fateful words issued forth from his contracted throat in a discordant, ridiculous croak. They required no answer. The thing was done. However, the man personating the inspector judged it expedient to say roughly:

“‘She shall go soon enough, together with the rest of you.’

“These were the last words belonging to the comedy part of this affair.

“Oblivious of everything and everybody, Sevrin strode towards him and

seized the lapels of his coat. Under his thin bluish cheeks one could see his jaws working with passion.

"'You have men posted outside. Get the lady taken home at once. Do you hear? Now. Before you try to get hold of the man up-stairs.'

"'Oh! There is a man up-stairs,' scoffed the other, openly. 'Well, he shall be brought down in time to see the end of this.'

"But Sevrin, beside himself, took no heed of the tone.

"'Who's the imbecile meddler who sent you blundering here? Didn't you understand your instructions? Don't you know anything? It's incredible. Here—'

"He dropped the lapels of the coat he had been shaking. He plunged his hand into his breast and jerked feverishly at something under his shirt. At last he produced a small square pocket of soft leather, which must have been hanging like a scapulary from his neck by the tape, whose broken ends dangled from his fist.

"'Look inside,' he spluttered, flinging it in the other's face. And instantly he turned round towards the girl. She stood just behind him, perfectly still and silent. Her set, white face gave an illusion of placidity. Only her staring eyes seemed to have grown bigger and darker.

"He spoke to her rapidly, with nervous assurance. I heard him distinctly promise to make everything as clear as daylight presently. But that was all I caught. He stood close to her and never raised his hand, never attempted to touch her even with the tip of his little finger. And she stared at him stupidly. For a moment, however, her eyelids descended slowly, pathetically, and then, with the long black eyelashes lying on her white cheeks, she looked as if she were about to fall headlong in a swoon. But she never even swayed where she stood. He urged her loudly to follow him without losing an instant, and walked towards the door at the bottom of the cellar stairs without looking behind him. And, as a matter of fact, she did move after him a pace or two. But, of course, he was not allowed to reach the door. There were angry exclamations, the tumult of a short, fierce scuffle. Flung away violently, he came

flying backwards upon her. She threw out her arms in a gesture of dismay and stepped aside, just clear of his head, which struck the ground heavily near her shoe.

"He grunted with the shock. By the time he had picked himself up, slowly, dazedly, he was awake to the reality of things. The man into whose hands he had thrust the leather case had extracted therefrom a narrow strip of bluish paper. He held it up above his head, and, as after the scuffle an expectant uneasy stillness reigned once more, he threw it down disdainfully with the words, 'I think, comrades, that this proof was hardly necessary.'

"Quick as thought, the girl stooped after the fluttering slip. Holding it spread out in both hands, she looked at it; then, without raising her eyes, opened her fingers slowly and let it fall.

"I examined that curious document afterwards. It was signed by a very high personage, and stamped and countersigned by other high officials in various countries of Europe. In his trade—or shall I say, in his mission?—that sort of talisman might have been necessary, no doubt, for even to the police itself—all but the heads—he had been known only as Sevrin the noted anarchist.

"He hung his head, biting his lower lip. A change had come over him, a sort of thoughtful, absorbed calmness. Nevertheless, he panted. His sides worked visibly, and his nostrils expanded and collapsed in weird contrast with his sombre aspect of a fanatical monk in a meditative attitude, but with something, too, in his face of an actor intent upon the terrible exigencies of his part. Before him Horne declaimed, haggard and bearded, like an inspired denunciatory prophet from a wilderness. Two fanatics. They were made to understand each other. Does this surprise you? I suppose you think that such people are given to foaming at the mouth and snarling at each other?"

I protested hastily that I was not surprised in the least; that I thought nothing of the kind; that anarchists in general were simply inconceivable to me mentally, morally, logically, sentimentally, and even physically. X received this declaration with his usual woodenness and went on.



Painted by Lucius Wolcott Huchcock

"WHAT WILL THEY DO TO HIM?" SHE MURMURED

"Horne had burst out into eloquence. While pouring out scornful invective, he let tears escape from his eyes. They fell down his black beard unheeded. Sevrin panted quicker and quicker. When he opened his mouth to speak, every one hung on his words.

"Don't be a fool, Horne," he began. "You know very well that I have done this for none of the reasons you are throwing at me." And in a moment he became outwardly as steady as a rock under the other's livid stare. "I have been thwarting, deceiving and betraying you—from conviction."

"He turned his back on Horne, and, looking intently at the girl, repeated the words, 'From conviction.'"

"It's extraordinary how cold she looked. I suppose she could not think of an appropriate gesture. There can have been few precedents indeed for such a situation.

"Clear as daylight," he added. "Do you understand? From conviction."

"And still she did not stir. She did not know how to respond. But the luckless wretch was about to give her the opportunity for a beautiful and correct gesture.

"And I had in me the power to make you share it," he protested, ardently. He had forgotten himself. He made a step towards her. Perhaps he stumbled. To me he seemed only to be stooping low before her with an extended hand. And then the appropriate gesture came. She snatched her skirt away from his polluting touch and turned her head from him with an upward tilt. It was magnificently done, this gesture of conventionally unstained honor, of an unblemished high-minded amateur.

"Nothing could have been better. And he seemed to think so, too, for once more he turned away. But this time he faced no one. He was again panting frightfully, while he fumbled hurriedly in his waistcoat pocket, and then raised his hand to his lips. There was something furtive in this movement, but directly his bearing changed visibly. His labored breathing gave him a resemblance to a man who had just run a desperate race; a curious air of detachment, of sudden and profound indifference, replaced the strain of the striving effort. I did not

want to see what would happen next. I was only too well aware. I tucked the young lady's arm under mine without a word, and made my way with her to the stairs.

"Her brother walked behind us. Half-way up she seemed unable to lift her feet high enough, and we had to pull and push to get her to the top. In the passage she dragged herself along, hanging on my arm, helplessly bent like an impotent old woman. We issued into an empty street through a half-open door, staggering like besotted revellers. At the corner we stopped a four-wheeler, and the ancient driver looked round from his box with morose contempt at our efforts to get her in. Twice during the drive I felt her collapse on my shoulder in a half faint. Facing us, the youth in knickerbockers remained as mute as a fish, and, till he jumped out with the latch-key, more still than I would have believed it possible.

"At the door of their drawing-room she left my arm and walked in first, catching at the chairs and tables. She unpinned her hat, then, as if exhausted with the effort, her cloak still hanging from her shoulders; she flung herself into the deep arm-chair, sideways, her face half buried in a cushion. The good brother appeared silently with a glass of water. She motioned it away. He drank it himself and walked to a distant corner of the room—behind the grand piano, somewhere. All was still in this room where I had seen, for the first time, Sevrin, the anti-anarchist, captivated and spellbound by the consummate and hereditary grimaces that in a certain sphere of life take the place of feelings with an excellent effect. I suppose her thoughts were busy with the same memory. Her shoulders were shaken by dry sobs. A pure attack of nerves. When it quieted down she murmured drearily, 'What will they do to him?'

"Nothing. They can do nothing to him," I assured her, with perfect truth. I was pretty certain he had died in less than twenty minutes from the moment his hand had gone to his lips. For if his fanatical anti-anarchism went even as far as carrying poison in his pocket, only to rob his adversaries of their legitimate vengeance, I knew he would take care to

provide something that would not fail him when required.

"She sighed deeply. There were red spots on her cheeks and a feverish brilliance in her eyes while she exhaled her characteristic plaint.

"What an awful, terrible experience, to be so basely, so abominably, so cruelly deceived by a man to whom one has given one's whole confidence! She gulped down a pathetic sob. 'If I ever felt sure of anything, it was of Sevrin's high-mindedness.'

"Then she began to weep quietly, which was good for her. Then through her flood of tears, half resentful, 'What was it he said to me?—'From conviction!' It seemed worse than anything. What could he mean by it?

"That, my dear young lady,' I said gently, 'is more than I or anybody else can explain to you.'

Mr. X flicked a crumb off the front of his coat.

"And that was strictly true as to her. Though Horne, for instance, understood very well; and so did I, especially after we had been to Sevrin's lodging in a dismal back street of an intensely respectable quarter. Horne was known there as a friend, and we had no difficulty in being admitted, the slatternly girl merely remarking, as she let us in, that 'Mr. Sevrin had not been home that night.' We forced a couple of drawers in the way of duty, and found a little useful information. The most interesting part was his diary; for this man, engaged in such deadly work, had the weakness to keep a record of the most damnatory kind. There were his acts and also his thoughts laid bare to us. But the dead don't mind that. They don't mind anything.

"From conviction.' Yes. The vague but ardent humanitarianism which had urged him in his first youth to embrace the extreme revolutionary doctrines had ended in a sudden revulsion of feeling. You have heard of converted atheists. These turn often into dangerous fanatics. But the soul remains the same, after all. After he had got acquainted with the girl, there are to be met in that diary of his, mingled with amorous rhapsodies, bizarre, piously worded aspirations for her conversion. He took her sovereign grimace with deadly seri-

ousness. But all this cannot interest you. For the rest, I don't know if you remember—it is a good many years ago now—the journalistic sensation of the 'Hermione Street Mystery'; the finding of a man's body in the cellar of an empty house; the inquest; some arrests; many surmises—then silence—the usual end for many obscure martyrs and confessors. The fact is, he was not enough of an optimist. You must be a savage, determined, pitiless, thick-and-thin optimist, like Horne, for instance, to make a good revolutionist of the extreme type."

He rose from the table. A waiter hurried up with his overcoat; another held his hat in readiness.

"But what became of the young lady?" I asked.

"I happen to know," he said, buttoning himself up carefully. "I confess to the small malice of sending her Sevrin's diary. She went into retirement; then she went to Rome; then she went into a convent. I don't know where she will go next. What does it matter? Gestures! Gestures! Mere gestures of her class."

He fitted on his glossy high hat with extreme precision, and casting a slight glance round the room, full of well-dressed people, innocently dining, muttered between his teeth,

"And nothing else! That is why their kind is fated to perish."

I never saw Mr. X again after that evening. I took to dining elsewhere. On my next visit to Paris I found my friend all impatience to hear of the effect produced on me by this rare item of his collection. I told him all the story, and he beamed on me with the pride of his distinguished specimen.

"Isn't X well worth knowing?" he bubbled over in great delight. "He's unique, amazing, absolutely terrific."

His enthusiasm grated upon my finer feelings. I told him curtly that the man's cynicism was simply abominable.

"Oh, abominable! abominable!" my friend asserted effusively. "And then, you know, he likes to have his little joke sometimes," he added in a confidential tone.

I fail to understand the connection of this last remark. I have been utterly unable to discover where in all this the joke comes in.

Jeffreys of the Bloody Assizes

BY CHARLES WHIBLEY

GEORGE JEFFREYS, afterwards Baron Jeffreys of Wem and Keeper of the Great Seal, was born near Wrexham in Denbighshire, a year before Charles the First's head fell upon the block. Of honorable parentage, he received the best education that the times afforded, and being a boy of quick parts and tireless energy, he made the most of his opportunities. An injudicious historian, intent upon prejudice, has discovered that "at marbles and leap-frog he was known to take undue advantages," but such fables as this may be speedily dismissed, and it is enough to say that three great schools claim him as their pupil—Shrewsbury, St. Paul's, and Westminster, at which last he came under the rod of the admirable Busby; that after a year spent at Trinity College, Cambridge, where doubtless he recognized that academic distinction was not for him, he went to seek his fortune in London; and that, admitted to the Inner Temple, May 19, 1663, he never looked back until he had become, in the phrase of his best biographer, "the top fiddler of the town."

The London to which he came could not but have excited the ambition of so brisk and lively a youth. Splendor and gayety had come back with the restored monarch. Mistress Stewart had but yesterday replaced my Lady Castlemaine in the King's affection. The Duke of Monmouth stood so high in favor that he openly boasted of his succession and set the mode of pleasure and magnificence. "God knows what will be the end of it," said Pepys, whose doubt was presently resolved upon the field of Sedgemoor. Meanwhile the playhouses had once more opened their doors to present the masterpieces of Shakespeare and Jonson and to hail the rising genius of John Dryden. But not only was there in the brilliant life of the time the best incentive to enterprise, there was also a career open to all the

talents; and no man need despair of the future if he had but a ready courage and a determination to serve his King. Now, George Jeffreys was born at the very moment appropriate to his temper. He was fascinating, adroit, and unscrupulous. Above all, he was gifted with the genius of prosperity, and he measured his age with perfect accuracy. His sense of humor, moreover, was so sharp that he could laugh at penury; and if, as North tells us, his beginnings were low, we may be sure that from his garret window in the Temple he looked confidently towards Whitehall. He could make himself at home in all companies, he would drink with anybody who would crack a bottle—even with the shy attorneys that haunted the taverns of Fleet Street,—and he was a churl indeed who did not surrender to the charm of his voice and the sparkle of his wit. Called to the bar in 1668, he practised at the Old Bailey and the Sessions, where he cultivated that talent for impudent browbeating and scurrile rihaldry, wherein he surpassed the most turbulent of his contemporaries, even the eminent Scroggs himself. At first, if we may believe North, the briefs came haltingly. But Jeffreys, unabashed, "used to sit in coffee-houses and order his man to come and tell him that company attended him at his chambers; at which he would huff and say: Let them stay a little; I will come presently." This made a show of business. But the show was soon turned to reality, and not even his love of sedition hindered his advance.

For though we must accept the legends of biography with the utmost caution, there is little doubt that Jeffreys, like many other heroes of active and original intelligence, began his career as a sturdy champion of the people. The love of kings, which was presently to make and unmake his fortune, was not yet aflame in his breast. He would drink on his knees any toast "to the good old cause"

or "the immortal memory of Old Noll." This disloyalty may have been a mere indiscretion of youth, or was assumed, perchance, to catch clients. But whatever its origin, it was laid aside as soon as Jeffreys's affability had won him the patronage of the great. A man of the world while yet a boy, a diner-out welcome at all tables, he soon found his way to the court. Will Chiffinch, "the trusty page of the back stairs," whispered his name to the King; the Duchess of Portsmouth smiled approval upon him; and at twenty-three he was Common-Sergeant of the City of London. In quick succession he was appointed Solicitor to the Duke of York, Recorder of London, and Chief Justice of Chester. He discharged his duties with courage and energy, caring not for the countenance of any man. "This is a bold fellow," said King Charles, with perfect truth; and he was bold to some purpose when the Popish Plot and the misfortunes in which it involved the country gave him the great opportunity of his life.

It is a whimsical paradox that the age of Charles II., devoted as it was to the pursuit of gayety and pleasure, was yet darkened by a religious fanaticism which nothing but the good sense and easy tolerance of the King could have mitigated. On the one side were thousands of citizens who still remembered the freedom of the Commonwealth, who acknowledged the informal leadership of convinced republicans, such as Algernon Sidney, and who were ready to die rather than bend the knee to the Pope. On the other was a king who, while professing obedience to the English Church, cherished a secret sympathy with Rome, and an heir presumptive to the throne whose papistry was unconcealed. The Protestants, no doubt, had the juster cause, but in policy and honor neither side may claim a superiority, and the machinations of that perjured rascal Titus Oates sufficed to arouse an unreasoning fury against the Catholics. Oates himself was feasted, pensioned, and proclaimed "the Savior of the Nation." No attempt was made at the outset to check his falsehoods or to sift his evidence. He had but to open his mouth, and he was believed infallible. Even Jeffreys himself, loyal Abhorrer though he was, was "surprised" into

acquiescence, though his shrewd knowledge of men soon corrected a false impression. But the consequence of Oates's success was that the other side made instant reprisals, and for some years the courts of law were given over to the examination of rebels and dissenters.

This was Jeffreys's chance. There was nothing in the world he hated so bitterly as he hated the dissenters. He had a nose for them, he boasted: he could smell a Presbyterian at forty miles; and he attacked them, first as prosecutor, then as judge, with all the energy and resource of a violent temper. The brutality wherewith he assailed his enemies was unexampled, even in his own age, because, though his contemporaries would gladly have followed in his steps, not one could scale the lofty height of his insolence. He jested, he bullied, he denounced—always in "the sweet and powerful voice" which, as Lord Campbell allows, claimed attention, irrespective of what he said. His tongue and brain were never idle. He conspicuously proved his talent in the trial of Colledge, the London joiner, whom he covered with ridicule, disconcerted with quips, and at last saw triumphantly convicted. Three years later (1683) he assisted in the prosecution of Lord William Russell, and in reward for his zeal was appointed Lord Chief Justice of England.

It is for his conduct of this high office that Jeffreys has been most fiercely condemned, and if he be judged by the standard of to-day, little can be said in his defence. Though as prosecuting counsel he eagerly sought convictions, he sought them with infinitely greater passion as judge. Already proficient in the art of cross-examination, he practised it from the bench with a skill and ferocity which, in the opinion of experts, entitle him to the glory of having perfected that not too amiable method of justice. Worse still, he took for granted the guilt of every prisoner brought before him, and, contemptuous in his certitude, he did not scruple to relieve his sombre duty with flashes of rough humor and coarse repartee, for which perhaps a court of justice is not the best place. But ugly as his violence against a prisoner on trial for his life appears to our humaner minds, we must attempt to

view Jeffreys in his own environment, and we shall then have no difficulty in modifying our judgment. In the first place, he was called to the bench less to administer justice than to do the King's business. In the second place, "a criminal trial in those days," as Sir James Stephen, the most eminent authority, has pointed out, "was not unlike a race between the King and the prisoner, in which the King had a long start, and the prisoner was heavily weighted." In truth, Jeffreys did but adhere to the practice of his age; and he has been held up to obloquy ever since because, being incomparably better endowed in wits and style than his fellows, he has filled a larger space in history and legend than they could ever hope to fill.

Sidney and Armstrong were justly punished. In the trials of Rosewell and Richard Baxter, Jeffreys allowed his hatred of dissenters to outstrip the bounds of judgment and decency. Rosewell, a gentleman and a scholar, made an admirably moderate defence, but no sobriety could check the flaunts and gibes of the judge, who was bent upon a conviction and got it. Happily, Sir John Talbot, Rosewell's friend, had the ear of the King. "Sir," said he to Charles, "if your Majesty suffers this man to die, we are none of us safe in our houses;" and Charles, declaring that the prisoner must live, bade Jeffreys find some way to bring him off. Confronted by Baxter, Jeffreys was yet more ferocious, attempting to atone for the weakness of the evidence by the strength of his invective. "Yonder stands Oates in the pillory," he exclaimed, "and says he suffers for the truth; and so says Baxter; but if Baxter did but stand on the other side of the pillory with him, I would say two of the greatest rogues and rascals in the kingdom stood there." A reference to Baxter's sympathy with bishops delighted the Lord Chief Justice. "Baxter for bishops!" said he; "that's a merry conceit indeed! Turn to it, turn to it." And when Baxter would fain have addressed the court, Jeffreys broke out in his best manner: "Richard! Richard! dost thou think we'll hear thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old fellow, an old knave; thou hast written books enough to load a cart. Hadst thou been whipt

out of thy writing trade forty years ago, it had been happy." After these eloquent tirades, Baxter was found guilty by the jury, but he was absolved even of the light sentence which Jeffreys imposed, and thus by a piece of good fortune, which he did not deserve, the judge was saved from the consequences of two infamous actions.

Meanwhile James II. had succeeded to the throne, and Jeffreys, now raised to the peerage, served a fiercer, more implacable master. With a heart as hard as marble, and a brain as narrow as the edge of a sword-blade, James was nevertheless a man of force, and a sincere, if misguided, patriot. He would have been an excellent king of Spain, where he might have divided his allegiance between his country and the Pope; but he was completely unfitted by character and sympathy to govern England, which had already proved its love of free institutions, and which would on no account tolerate an understanding with Rome. Moreover, in the attainment of his ends he knew neither policy nor compromise. He was so harsh a fanatic that he would have rejected pity even had he deemed it profitable, and he found in Jeffreys the willing instrument of his severity. Nor was the opportunity, which both master and man desired, long in coming. On the 11th of June, 1685, Monmouth landed at Lyme-Regis; nine days later he took the title of King, in defiance of his principles; on July the 6th his army of peasants was defeated at Sedgemoor; and early in September Lord Jeffreys set out to do his thorough-stitch work in the west.

Now one of Jeffreys's most striking qualities was a sense of drama. He moved naturally with pomp and circumstance, and when he went down into the rebellious counties he omitted nothing that might add to the horror of his apparition. He was invested with military as well as with judicial powers, and throughout the "campaign," as James called it, he comported himself rather as a soldier than as a judge. The agony of a painful disease embittered his speech, and the harangues wherewith he opened his courts of justice exceeded all his previous efforts in rage, scurrility, and contempt.

A supporter of Monmouth, to whom unhappily we owe the sole account of Jeffreys's campaign, has not scrupled to represent it as an orgy of blood and brandy. This is obviously the language of passionate exaggeration. The number of rebels condemned by Jeffreys was two hundred and fifty-one—less by fifty than the King's soldiers who fell at Sedgemoor. Nor do the Whigs pretend that the victims of the judge's anger were innocent of rebellion; rather they proclaim them noble because they rose in open revolt against their King. Now, to offer armed violence to the state, even for a just cause, was a crime in the seventeenth century, as it is in the twentieth, and there was no adherent of Monmouth but deserved the death he suffered. For the rebellion was no holiday parade. Not merely was Monmouth proclaimed King, but James was denounced as an enemy, a traitor, and a fratricide. The most clement monarch that ever graced a throne could hardly regard this denunciation with equanimity; and James, knowing no clemency at all, instantly sent Jeffreys into the west on a mission of blood. We may deplore the King's imprudence; we cannot find language too severe wherein to condemn the greed and venality which sold pardons for vast sums of money; but to call the Chief Justice's executions in the west judicial murders, as historians are wont to call them, is to be guilty of a vain, dishonest prejudice.

So Jeffreys, having done his work without stint or pity, came back from the west to claim his reward, conscious that he had both served his master loyally, and meted out justice with a fair, if heavy, hand. But when misfortune overtook the King and his judge, each attempted to shift the blame of an unpopular policy upon the other. In each complaint there is a suspicion of truth. The severity, no doubt, was dictated by the King. The faults of style and taste were all Jeffreys's own. But, however the responsibility be divided, a speedy retribution overtook them both. Though Jeffreys was given the Great Seal, and for three years carried out his master's policy with disastrous industry, on December 11, 1688, James deserted his capital, and the Chancellor fled before the fury of the mob. Yet the last act of Jeffreys's

life was as dramatic as the Bloody Assize itself. Not even in ruin did his sense of theatrical effect desert him. Disguised as a sailor, he took refuge on a coal-barge; but wearied of confinement after a single night, he made his appearance at the Red Cow, in Anchor and Hope Alley, and ordered a pot of ale. There he was recognized by a scrivener whom he had once browbeat in court, and who promised then that he would never forget "the terrors of that man's face." Betrayed by the scrivener, he was brought before the Lord Mayor, and at the Mansion House he played his last trick of nonchalance. He so profoundly impressed the Mayor that he was bidden to dinner, even while the people clamored without. But flight was imperative, and Jeffreys was hustled into the Tower, the one corner of safety left him, where he cheated vengeance by a sudden and untimely death.

He was, as I have said, of rare talent and fascination. Though his legal abilities have been eclipsed by the scandal of his career, his bitterest enemies confess him a man of excellent parts, a lawyer of vigorous understanding and impressive eloquence. His judgments in civil cases were remarkable for their shrewdness and sanity, and though when he accepted the Great Seal he knew little of Chancery business, his native wit carried him triumphant through all his difficulties. The rough side of his tongue he reserved sternly for his profession, and the ease of his manners, conspicuous even in a courtly age, made him apt for all societies. That he was of a harsh temper may be admitted; it is true that he was determined to succeed by the most convenient avenue; but history affords no evidence that he was an unjust judge, delighting in the shedding of innocent blood. His heaviest misfortunes were to serve a cruel, impolitic prince, to touch the imagination of an ignorant populace, and to find a sentimental biographer in a miscreant whom he had condemned to be whipped at the cart's tail in every market-town of Dorsetshire. But a man is always nearer to truth than a monster, and the Jeffreys of fact wins our faith and holds our interest more easily than the zealot of blasphemy and murder imagined by Mr. Tutchin, Lord Macaulay, and other eminent historians.

The Tenson

RETOLD FROM THE FRENCH OF NICOLAS DE CAEN

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

HERE we have to do with another tale of the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, as heretofore, at discretion; and the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

In the year of grace 1265 (Nicolas begins), about the festival of St. Peter *ad Vincula*, the Prince de Gâtinais came to Burgos. Before this he had lodged for three months in the district of Ponthieu; and the object of his southern journey was to assure the tenth Alphonso, then ruling in Castile, that the latter's sister Elinor, now resident at Entréchat, was beyond any reasonable doubt the transcendent lady whose existence old romancers had anticipated, however cloudily, when they fabled in remote time concerning Queen Heleine of Sparta.

There was a postscript to his news, and a pregnant one. The world knew that the King of Leon and Castile desired to be King of Germany as well, and that at present a single vote in the Diet would decide between his claims and those of his competitor, Earl Richard of Cornwall. De Gâtinais chaffered fairly; he had a vote, Alphonso had a sister. So that, in effect—ohé, in effect, he made no question that his Majesty understood!

The Astronomer twitched his beard and demanded if the fact that Elinor had been a married woman these ten years past was not an obstacle to the plan which his fair cousin had proposed?

Here the Prince was armed cap-a-pie, and in consequence hauled out a paper. Dating from Viterbo, Clement, Bishop of Rome, servant to the servants of God, to his well-beloved son in Christ, stated that a compact between a boy of fifteen and a girl of ten was an affair of no

particular moment; that in consideration of the covenantors never having clapped eyes on one another since the wedding-day—even had not the precontract of marriage between the groom's father and the bride's mother rendered a consummation of the childish oath an obvious and a most heinous enormity—why, that, in a sentence, and for all his coy verbosity, the new pontiff was amenable to reason.

So in a month it was settled. Alphonso would give his sister to de Gâtinais, and in exchange get the latter's vote; and Gui Foulques, of Sabionetta—now Clement, fourth Pope to assume that name—would annul the previous marriage they planned, and in exchange get an armament to serve him against Manfred, the late and troublesome tyrant of Sicily and Apulia. The scheme promised to each one of them that which they very urgently desired, and messengers were presently sent into Ponthieu.

It is now time we put aside these Castilian matters and speak of other things. In England, Prince Edward had fought, and won, a shrewd battle at Evesham; the barons' power was demolished, there would be no more internecine war; and spurred by the unaccustomed idleness, he began to think of the foreign girl he had not seen since the day he wedded her. She would be a woman by this, and it was befitting that he claim his wife. He rode with Hawise d'Ebernoe to Ambresbury, and at the gate of the nunnery they parted, with what agonies are immaterial to the tale's progression; the tale merely tells that latterly the Prince went into Lower Picardy alone, riding at adventure as he loved to do, and thus came to Entréchat, where his wife resided with her mother, the Countess Jehane.

In a wood near by the castle he ap-

proached a company of Spaniards, four in number, their horses tethered while they drank about a great stone which served them for a table. Being thirsty, he asked and was readily accorded hospitality, so that within the instant these five fell into an amicable discourse. One fellow asked his name and business in those parts, and the Prince gave each without hesitancy as he reached for the bottle, and afterward dropped it just in time to catch, cannily, with his naked left hand, the knife-blade with which the rascal had dug at the unguarded ribs. He was astounded, but he was never a subtle man: here were four knaves who for reasons unexplained—but to them of undoubted cogency—desired the death of Prince Edward, the King of England's son: and manifestly there was here an actionable difference of opinion; so he had his sword out and presently killed the four of them.

Anon there came to him an apple-cheeked boy, habited as a page, who, riding jauntily through the forest, lighted upon the Prince, now in bottomless vexation. The lad drew rein, and his lips outlined a whistle. At his feet were several dead men in a very untidy condition; and seated among them, as throned upon the boulder, was a gigantic and florid person, so tall that the heads of few people reached to his shoulder; a person of handsome exterior, fair, and chested like a stallion, whose left eyebrow drooped so oddly that even in anger the stupendous man appeared to confide to you, quite confidentially, that the dilapidation he threatened was an excellent jest.

"Fair friend," said the page, "God give you joy! and why have you converted this forest into a shambles?"

The Prince told him of the half-hour's action as has been narrated. "I have perhaps been somewhat hasty," he considered, by way of peroration, "and it vexes me that I did not spare, say, one of these lank Spaniards, if only long enough to ascertain why, in the name of Termagaunt, they should have desired my destruction."

But midway in his tale the boy had dismounted with a gasp, and he was now inspecting the features of one carcass. "Felons, my Prince! You have slain

some eight yards of felony which might have cheated the gallows had they got the Princess Elinor safe to Burgos. Only two days ago this chalk-eyed fellow conveyed to her a letter."

Prince Edward said, "You appear, lad, to be somewhat overheels in the confidence of my wife."

Now the boy rose and defiantly flung back his head in shrill laughter. "Your wife! Oh, God ha' mercy! Your wife, and for ten years left to her own devices! Why, look you, to-day you and your wife would not know one another were you twain brought face to face."

Prince Edward said, "That is very near the truth." But, indeed, it was the absolute truth, and as concerned himself already attested.

"Sire Edward," the boy then said, "your wife has wearied of this long waiting till you choose to whistle for her. Last summer the Prince de Gâtinais came a-wooing—and he is a handsome man." The page made known all that de Gâtinais and King Alphonso planned, the words jostling as they came in torrents, but so that one might understand. "I am her page, my lord. I was to follow her. These fellows were to be my escort, were to ward off possible pursuit. Cry haro, beau sire! cry haro, and lustily, for your wife in company with six other knaves is at large between here and Burgos—that unreasonable wife who grew dissatisfied after a mere ten years of neglect."

"I have been remiss," the Prince said, and one huge hand strained at his chin; "yes, perhaps I have been remiss. Yet it had appeared to me— But as it is, I bid you mount, my lad!" he cried, in a new voice.

The boy demanded, "And to what end?"

"Oy Dieus, messire! have I not slain your escort? Why, in common reason, equity demands that I afford you my protection so far as Burgos, messire, just as equity demands I on arrival slay de Gâtinais and fetch back my wife to England."

The page wrung exquisite hands with a gesture that was but partially tinged with anguish and presently began to laugh. Afterwards these two rode southward.

For it appeared to the intriguing little

woman a diverting jest that in this fashion her own husband should be the promoter of her evasion. It appeared to her even more diverting that in two days' space she had become genuinely fond of him. She found him rather slow of apprehension, and was namelessly humiliated by the discovery that not an eyelash of the man was irritated by his wife's decampment; he considered, to all appearance, that some property of his had been stolen, and he intended, quite without passion, to repossess himself of it, after, of course, punishing the thief.

This troubled the Princess somewhat; and often, riding by his more stolid side, the girl's heart raged at memory of the decade so newly overpast that had kept her always dependent on the charity of this or that ungracious patron—on any one who would take charge of her while the truant husband fought out his endless squabbles in England. Slightings enough she had borne during the period, and squalor, and hunger even. But now at last she rode toward the dear southland; and presently she would be rid of this big man, when he had served her purpose; and afterward she meant to wheedle Alphonso, just as she had always done, and later still she and Etienne would be very happy: and, in fine, to-morrow was to be a new day.

So these two rode ever southward, and always Prince Edward found this new page of his—this Miguel de Rueda—a jolly lad, who whistled and sang inapposite snatches of balladry, without any formal ending or beginning, descanting always with the delicate irrelevancy of a bird-trill.

The Prince had quickly fathomed the meaning of the scheme hatched in Castile. "When Manfred is driven out of Sicily they will give the throne to de Gâtinais. He intends to get both a kingdom and a handsome wife by this neat affair. And in reason England must support my uncle against El Sabio. Why, my lad, I ride southward to prevent a war that would convulse half Europe."

"You ride southward in the attempt to rob a miserable woman of her sole chance of happiness," Miguel de Rueda estimated.

"That is undeniable, if she love this

thrifty Prince, as indeed I do not question my wife does. Yet is our happiness here a trivial matter, whereas war is a great disaster. You have not seen—as I have done, my little Miguel—a man viewing his death-wound with a face of stupid wonder?—a man about to die in his lord's quarrel and understanding never a word of it? Or a woman, say—a woman's twisted and naked body, the breasts yet horribly heaving, in the red ashes of some village? or the already-dripping hoofs that will presently crush it? Well, it is to prevent a many such spectacles hereabout that I ride southward."

Miguel de Rueda shuddered. But, "She has her right to happiness," the page stubbornly said.

"Not so," the Prince retorted; "since it hath pleased the Eternal Father to appoint us twain to lofty station, to intrust to us the five talents of the parable; whence is our debt to Him, being fivefold, so much the greater than that of common persons. And therefore the more is it our sole right, being fivefold, to serve God without faltering, and therefore is our happiness, or our unhappiness, the more an inconsiderable matter. For, as I have read in the *Annals of the Romans*—" He launched upon the story of King Pompey and his daughter, whom a certain duke regarded with impure and improper emotions. "My little Miguel, that ancient king is our Heavenly Father, that only daughter is the rational soul of us, which is here delivered for protection to five soldiers—that is, to the five senses to preserve it from the devil, the world, and the flesh. But, alas! the too-credulous soul, desirous of gazing upon the gaudy vapors of this world—"

"You whine like a canting friar," the page complained; "and I can assure you that the Lady Elinor was prompted rather than hindered by her God-given faculties of sight, hearing, and so on, when she fell in love with de Gâtinais. Of you two, he is beyond any question the handsomer and the more intelligent man, and it was God who bestowed on her sufficient wit to perceive it. And what am I to deduce from this?"

The Prince reflected. At last he said: "I have also read in these same *Gestes* how Seneca mentions that in poisoned

bodies, on account of the malignancy and the coldness of the poison, no worm will engender; but if the body be smitten by lightning, in a few days the carcass will abound with vermin. My little Miguel, both men and women are at birth empoisoned by sin, and then they produce no worm—that is, no virtue; but struck with lightning—that is, by the grace of God—they are astonishingly fruitful in good works.”

The page began to laugh. “You are hopelessly absurd, my Prince, though you will never know it,—and I hate you a little,—and I envy you a great deal.”

“Nay,” Prince Edward said, in misapprehension, for the man was never quick-witted,—“nay, it is not for my own happiness that I ride southward.”

The page then said, “What is her name?” And Prince Edward answered, very fondly, “Hawise.”

“Her, too, I hate,” said Miguel de Rueda; “and I think that the holy angels alone know how profoundly I envy her.”

In the afternoon of the same day they neared Ruffec, and at the ford found three brigands ready, two of whom the Prince slew, and the other fled.

Next night they supped at Manneville, and sat afterward in the little square, tree-chequered, that lay before their inn. Miguel had procured a lute from the innkeeper, and strummed idly as these two debated together of great matters; about them was an immeasurable twilight, moonless but tempered by many stars, and everywhere an agreeable conference of leaves.

“Listen, my Prince,” the boy said more lately; “here is one view of the affair.” And he began to chant, without rhyming, without raising his voice above the pitch of talk, what time the lute monotonously sobbed beneath his fingers.

Sang Miguel:

“A little while and Irus and Menepthah are at sorry unison, and Guinevere is but a skull. Multitudinously we tread toward oblivion, as ants tread toward sugar, and presently Time cometh with his broom. Multitudinously we tread a dusty road toward oblivion; but yonder the sun shines upon a grass-plot, converting it into an emerald; and I am aweary of the trodden path.

“Vine-crowned is she that guards the grasses yonder, and her breasts are naked. *Vanity of vanities!* saith the beloved. But she whom I love seems very far away to-night, though I might be with her if I would. And she may not aid me now, for not even love is all-powerful. She is fairest of created women, and very wise, but she may never understand that at any time one grows aweary of the trodden path.

“Yet though she may not understand, this woman who has known me to the marrow, I must obey her laudable behests and serve her blindly. At sight of her my love closes over my heart like a flood, so that I am speechless and glory in my impotence, as one who stands at last before the kindly face of God. For her sake I have striven, with a good endeavor, to my tiny uttermost. Pardie, I am not Priam at the head of his army! A little while and I will repent; to-night I cannot but remember that there are women whose lips are of a livelier tint, that life is short at best, that wine is a goodly thing, and that I am aweary of the trodden path.

“She is very far from me to-night. Yonder in the Horselberg they exult and make sweet songs, songs that are sweeter, immeasurably sweeter, than this song of mine, but in the trodden path I falter, for I am tired, tired in every fibre o’ me, and I am aweary of the trodden path.”

Followed a silence. “Ignorance spoke there,” the Prince said. “It is the song of a woman, or else of a boy who is very young. Give me the lute, my little Miguel.” And presently he, too, sang.

Sang the Prince:

“I was in a path, and I trod toward the citadel of the land’s Seigneur, and on either side were pleasant and forbidden meadows, having various names. And one trod with me who babbled of the brooding mountains and of the low-lying and adjacent clouds; of the west wind and of the budding fruit-trees; and he debated the significance of these things, and he went astray to gather violets, while I walked in the trodden path.

“He babbled of genial wine and of the alert lips of women, of swinging censers and of pale-mouthed priests, and his heart was troubled by a world profuse in beauty. And he leapt a stile to share



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

SO THESE TWO RODE EVER SOUTHWARD

his allotted provision with a dying dog, and afterward, being hungry, a wall to pilfer apples, what while I walked in the trodden path.

"He babbled of Autumn's bankruptcy and of the age-long lying promises of Spring; and of his own desire to be at rest; and of running waters and of decaying leaves. He babbled of the far-off stars; and he debated whether they were the eyes of God or gases that burned, and he demonstrated, very clearly, that neither existed; and at times he stumbled as he stared about him and munched his apples, so that he was all bemired, but I walked in the trodden path.

"And the path led to the gateway of a citadel and through the gateway. 'Let us not enter,' he said, 'for the citadel is vacant, and, moreover, I am in profound terror, and, besides, as yet I have not eaten all my apples.' And he wept aloud, but I was not afraid, for I had walked in the trodden path."

Again there was a silence. "You paint a dreary world, my Prince."

"Nay, my little Miguel, I do but paint the world as the Eternal Father made it. The laws of the place are written large so that all may read them; and we know that every path, whether it be my trodden one or some byway through your gayer meadows, yet leads in the end to God. We have our choice—or to come to Him as a laborer comes at evening for the day's wages fairly earned, or to come as some roisterer haled before the magistrate."

"I consider you to be in the right," the boy said, after a lengthy interval, "although I decline—and emphatically—to believe you."

The Prince laughed. "There spoke Youth," he said, and he sighed as though he were a patriarch, "but we have sung, we two, the eternal Tension of God's will and of man's desires. And I claim the prize, my little Miguel."

Suddenly the page kissed one huge hand. "You have conquered, my very dull and very glorious Prince. Concerning that Hawise—" but Miguel de Rueda choked. "Oh, I understand! in part I understand!" the page wailed, and now it was Prince Edward who comforted Miguel de Rueda.

For he laid one hand upon his page's

hair, and smiled in the darkness to note how soft it was, since the man was less a fool than at first view you might have taken him to be, and said:

"One must play the game, my lad. We are no little people, she and I, the children of many kings, of God's regents here on earth; and it was never reasonable, my Miguel, that gentlefolk should cog at dice."

The same night Miguel de Rueda sobbed through the prayer which St. Theophilus made long ago to the Mother of God:

Dame, je n'ose,
Flors d'aiglentier et lis et rose.
En qui li filz Diex se repose,—

and so on. Or, in other wording: "Hearken, O gracious Lady! thou that art more fair than any flower of the eglantine, more comely than the blossoming of the rose or of the lily! thou to whom was confided the very Son of God! Hearken, for I am afraid! afford counsel to me that am ensnared by Satan and know not what to do! Never will I make an end of praying. O Virgin debonaire! O honored Lady! Thou that wast once a woman—!"

You would have said the boy was dying; and in sober verity a deal of Miguel de Rueda died upon this night of clearer vision.

It was on the following day, near Bazas, that they encountered Adam de Gourdon, a Provençal knight, with whom the Prince fought for a long while, without either contestant giving way; and in consequence a rendezvous was fixed for the November of that year, and afterward the Prince and de Gourdon parted, highly pleased with one another.

Thus the Prince and his attendant came, in late September, to Mauléon, on the Castilian frontier, and dined there at the Fir Cone. Three or four lackeys were about—some exalted person's retinue? Prince Edward hazarded to the swart little landlord as the Prince and Miguel lingered over the remnants of their meal.

Yes, the fellow informed him: the Prince de Gâtinais had lodged there for a whole week, watching the north road as circumspect of all passage as a cat over a mouse-hole. Eh, monseigneur ex-

pected some one, doubtless—a lady, it might be,—the gentlefolk had their escapades like every one else. He babbled vaguely, for on a sudden he was very much afraid of his gigantic patron.

"You will show me to his room," Prince Edward said, with a politeness that was ingratiating.

The host shuddered and obeyed.

Miguel de Rueda, left alone, sat quite silent, his finger-tips drumming upon the table. He rose suddenly and flung back his shoulders, all resolution to the tiny heels. On the stairway he passed the black little landlord.

"I think," the little landlord considered, "that St. Michael must have been of similar appearance when he went to meet the Evil One. Ho, messire, will there be bloodshed?"

But Miguel de Rueda had passed the room above. The door was ajar. He paused there.

De Gâtinais had risen from his dinner and stood facing the door. He, too, was a blond man and the comeliest of his day. And at sight of him awoke in the woman's heart all of the old tenderness; handsome and brave and witty she knew him to be, past reason, as indeed the whole world knew him to be distinguished by every namable grace; and the innate weakness of de Gâtinais, which she alone suspected, made him now seem doubly dear. Fiercely she wanted to shield him, less from carnal injury than from that self-degradation she cloudily apprehended to be at hand; the test was come, and Etienne would fail. This much she knew with a sick, illimitable surety, and she loved de Gâtinais with a passion that dwarfed comprehension.

"O Madame the Virgin!" prayed Miguel de Rueda, "thou that wast once a woman, even as I am now a woman! grant that the man may slay him quickly! grant that he may slay Etienne very quickly, honored Lady, so that my Etienne may die unshamed!"

"I must question, messire," de Gâtinais was saying, "whether you have been well inspired. Yes, quite frankly, I do await the arrival of her who is your nominal wife; and your intervention at this late stage, I take it, can have no outcome save to render you absurd. Nay, rather be advised by me, messire—"

Prince Edward said, "I am not here to talk."

"—for, messire, I grant you that in ordinary disputation the cutting of one gentleman's throat by another gentleman is well enough, since the argument is unanswerable. Yet in this case we have each of us too much to live for; you to govern your reconquered England, and I—you perceive that I am candid—to achieve in turn the kingship of another realm. And to secure this, possession of the Lady Elinor is to me essential; to you she is nothing."

"She is a woman whom I have deeply wronged," Prince Edward said, "and to whom, God willing, I mean to make atonement. Ten years ago they wedded us, willy-nilly, to avert the impending war 'twixt Spain and England; to-day El Sabio intends to purchase all Germany, with her body as the price, you to get Sicily as her husband. Mort de Dieu! is a woman thus to be bought and sold like hog's flesh! We have other and cleaner customs, we of England."

"Eh, and who purchased the woman first?" de Gâtinais spat at him, and viciously, for the Frenchman now saw his air-castle shaken to the corner-stone.

"They wedded me to the child that a great war might be averted. I acquiesced, since it appeared preferable that two people suffer rather than many thousands be slain. And still this is my view of the matter. Yet afterward I failed her. Love had no clause in our agreement; but I owed her more protection than I have afforded. England has long been no place for women. I thought she would comprehend that much. But I know very little of women. Battle and death are more wholesome companions, I now perceive, than such folk as you and Alphonso. Woman is the weaker vessel—the negligence was mine—I may not blame her." The big and simple man was in an agony of repentance.

On a sudden he strode forward, his sword now shifted to his left hand and his right hand outstretched. "One and all, we are but weaklings in the net of circumstance. Shall one herring, then, blame his fellow if his fellow jostle him? We walk as in a mist of error, and Belial is fertile in allurements; yet always it is granted us to behold that sin



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

IN AN INSTANT THE PLACE RESOUNDED LIKE A SMITHY

is sin. I have perhaps sinned through anger, Messire de Gâtinais, more deeply than you have planned to sin through luxury and through ambition. Let us then cry quits, Messire de Gâtinais, and afterward part in peace, and in mutual repentance, if you so elect."

"And yield you Elinor?" de Gâtinais said. "Nay, messire, I reply to you with Arnaud de Marveil, that marvellous singer of eld: 'They may bear her from my presence, but they can never untie the knot which unites my heart to her; for that heart, so tender and so constant, God alone divides with my lady, and the portion which God possesses He holds but as a part of her domain, and as her vassal.'"

"This is blasphemy," Prince Edward now retorted, "and for such observations alone you merit death. Will you always talk and talk and talk? I perceive that the devil is far more subtle than you, messire, and leads you like a pig with a ring in his nose toward gross sin. Messire, I tell you that for your soul's health I doubly mean to kill you now. So let us make an end of this."

De Gâtinais turned and took up his sword. "Since you will have it," he rather regretfully said; "yet I reiterate that you play an absurd part. Your wife has deserted you, has fled in abhorrence of you. For three weeks she has been tramping God knows whither or in what company—"

He was here interrupted. "What the Lady Elinor has done," Prince Edward crisply said, "was at my request. We were wedded at Burgos; it was most natural that we should desire our reunion to take place at Burgos; and she came to Burgos with an escort which I provided."

De Gâtinais sneered. "So that is the tale you will deliver to the world?"

"When I have slain you," the Prince said,—"yes. Yes, since she is a woman, and woman is the weaker vessel."

"The reservation is wise. For once I am dead, Messire Edward, there will be none to know that you risk all for a drained goblet, for an orange already squeezed—quite dry, messire."

"Face of God!" the Prince said.

But de Gâtinais flung back both arms in a great gesture, so that he knocked a flask of claret from the table at his

rear. "I am candid, my Prince. I would not see any brave gentleman slain in a cause so foolish. And in consequence I kiss and tell. In effect, I was eloquent, I was magnificent—so that in the end her reserve was shattered like the wooden flask yonder at our feet. Is it worth while, think you, that our blood flow like its contents?"

"Liar!" Prince Edward said, very softly. "O hideous liar! already your eyes shift!" He drew near and struck the Frenchman. "Talk and talk and talk! and lying talk! I am ashamed while I share the world with a thing so base as you."

De Gâtinais hurled upon him, cursing, sobbing in an abandoned fury. In an instant the place resounded like a smithy, for there were no better swordsmen living than these two. The eavesdropper could see nothing clearly. Round and round they veered in a whirl of turmoil. Presently Prince Edward trod upon the broken flask, smashing it. His foot slipped in the spilth of wine, and the huge body went down like an oak, the head of it striking one leg of the table.

"A candle!" de Gâtinais cried, and he panted now—"a hundred candles to the Virgin of Beaujolais!" He shortened his sword to stab the Prince of England.

And now the eavesdropper understood. She flung open the door and fell upon Prince Edward, embracing him. The sword dug deep into her shoulder, so that she shrieked once with the cold pain of it. Then she rose, all ashen.

"Liar!" she said. "Oh, I am ashamed while I share the world with a thing so base as you!"

In silence de Gâtinais regarded her. There was a long interval before he said, "Elinor!" and then again, "Elinor!" like a man bewildered.

"*'I was eloquent, I was magnificent,'*" she said, "*'so that in the end her reserve was shattered.'*" Certainly, messire, it is not your death that I desire, since a man dies so very, very quickly. I desire for you—I know not what I desire for you!" the girl wailed.

"You desire that I should endure this present moment," de Gâtinais said; "for as God reigns I love you, and now am I shamed past death."

She said: "And I, too, loved you. It is strange to think of that."

"I was afraid. Never in my life have I been afraid before. But I was afraid of that terrible and fair and righteous man. I saw all hope of you vanish, all hope of Sicily—in effect, I lied as a cornered beast spits out his venom," de Gâtinais said.

"I know," she answered. "Give me water, Etienne." She washed and bound the Prince's head with a vinegar-soaked napkin. Elinor sat upon the floor, the big man's head upon her knee. "He will not die of this, for he is of strong person. Look you, Messire de Gâtinais, you and I are not. We are so fashioned that we can enjoy only the pleasant things of life. But this man can enjoy—enjoy, mark you—the commission of any act, however distasteful, if he think it to be his duty. There is the difference. I cannot fathom him. But it is now necessary that I become all that he loves—since he loves it—and that I be in thought and deed all which he desires. For I have heard the Tenson through."

"You love him!" said de Gâtinais.

She glanced upward with a pitiable smile. "Nay, it is you that I love, my Etienne. You cannot understand—can you?—how at this very moment every fibre of me—heart, soul, and body—may be longing just to comfort you and to give you all which you may desire, my Etienne, and to make you happy, my handsome Etienne, at however dear a cost. No; you will never understand that. And since you may not understand, I merely bid you go and leave me with my husband."

And then there fell between these two an infinite silence.

"Listen," de Gâtinais said: "grant me some little credit for what I do. You are alone; the man is powerless. My fellows are within call. A word secures the Prince's death; a word gets me you and Sicily. And I do not speak that word, for you are my lady as well as his."

But there was no mercy in the girl, no more for him than for herself. The big head lay upon her breast what time she caressed the gross hair of it ever so lightly. "These are tinsel oaths," she crooned, as rapt with incurious content; "these are but the protestations of a jongleur. A word get you my body? a word get you, in effect, all that you are capable of desiring? Then why do you not speak that word?"

De Gâtinais raised clenched hands. "I am shamed," he said; and more lately, "It is just."

He left the room and presently rode away with his men. I say that he had done a knightly deed, but she thought little of it, never raised her head as the troop clattered from Mauléon, with a lessening beat that lapsed now into the blunders of an aging fly who doddered about the pane yonder.

She sat thus for a long period, her meditations adrift in the future; and that which she fore-read left her nor all sorry nor profoundly glad, for living seemed by this, though scarcely the merry and colorful business which she had esteemed it, yet immeasurably the more worth while.

The Clue

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

"SCARCE seen, the all desired, the hope profound,
Love floats, a cloud, a vision, and a dream—
The fragrance of a flower never found,
The sound of a forever hidden stream."

So spake a sage from his austere abode.

But one gainsaid him with a timid phrase:

"Prithce, hast thou in patience sought the road?

He findeth not who seeketh not Love's ways."

Editor's Easy Chair

WHAT the Greeks did not know may be said, with an excess which the Greeks would have forborne, not to have been worth knowing, except in some such minor matters as ethics and physics. They knew above all things how not to expect too much, either from themselves or from others, how not to exact too much from conduct. Save that they were ridiculously unscientific, and worshipped some of the most immoral deities that ever were, in lives patterned very much upon the divine traditions, they made existence on the earth here a fine art; and not troubling greatly about existence anywhere else, they were able to evolve an ideal of happiness which has never been equalled, if we are to believe people who pretend to know about them. Possibly we are not to believe those people; but without entire reliance upon them we may plausibly conceive of the Greek ideal as an ideal of moderation, of temperance, of limitation, such as contented them with the little pleasures, and yet left them adequate to the great ones, if these ever came. A crust of bread, a cup of wine, rather inky or resinous in flavor, a bit of goat's-milk cheese, a comb of honey, in a beechen shade, sufficed for the wisely enjoying Greek; not quite the Greek of the Periclean age, perhaps, but of some idyllic period preceding it. We must not be too exigent as to times and places, and when we say Greek, we certainly do not mean the sophisticated Greek of the decadence when the brutal Romans easily prevailed over the Achaians. Allow that the sort of Greek we mean was largely a Greek of the mind, still he was imagined by real Greeks, and an advantage of his detachment from specific actualities is that you can have him anywhere and at any time. You can have him, for example, at the end of a New England summer, when the air is beginning to thrill, and the sun to pale

with the first premonition of autumn; at the moment, in fact, when we are ourselves seeking to sum up the impressions of the season, that they may come months hence to the reader beside his radiator in the soft glow of his evening bulb.

Retrospectively, retroactively, we can have had this sort of Greek with us through the lengthening and the shortening days the whole year round; we can have been this sort of Greek ourselves, if we have exercised self-denial in the great delights, and freely indulged in the little. Almost any one, from the store of his experience, can match us in the simple things which we shall not allege in detail for illustration. The child lying in bed and letting the long rays of the lamp slant into his sleepy eyes till the lids fall over them, has a foretaste of heavenly joys. Has there been anything in your later life to parallel the pleasure of watching the play of leaf shadows which the sunset once cast on a certain wall opposite your window? What could you have asked more of fate than to sit and see the curtain rise on the first play of the season when you had got back from the country? The play that came after was nothing to this keen ecstasy; and the most exquisite dinner which you remember as an event of the winter following was enjoyed before the soup was finished. What is it you recall from the books you have read? Great swashing incidents or intense prolongations of moral questions? Or is it some light touch of character, some fine insinuation of humor, some breath of bated pathos? The smile which has shed warmth and light over your days, was it divinest when you first caught its gleam, and could not have dreamt that it was to be yours forever, or was it when you began to bask in its perpetual glow? Joy comes by intimations, delight by delicate touches: touches imperceptible to the thick senses which grossly feed

from appetite. Happiness is always an accident, a surprise; it will not be overtaken by trying for it; no manner of preparation can grasp and keep it. Before you know it comes; before you know, and while you are fancying it will abide with you, it is gone.

Practically, if not consciously, our Greek of the mind made these truths his motives, and if he had been going a little journey across, or half across, the State of New Hampshire in the early part of last August, he would have been perfectly satisfied with the slightest experiences of travel. He would not have asked any wilder adventure than being kept a half-hour beyond the time at a junction where, while he waited, he could have the advantage of many summer types coming and going in the trains that crossed the tracks before his, or shuffled up and down beside it. He would have noted with philosophic interest how these types, in the changing conditions of modern travel, had reverted to the older and simpler kind of Americans. There were no Pullmans on the trains at this country junction, and the Pullman class of travel was therefore absent. Very likely that sort of travel was in large part motoring, and making its way afar from trains in its own cars. But in its place were nice-looking native varieties, mostly girls and women, of course, but also local lawyers, with green bags, and now and then a Catholic priest, and numbers of work-people, off on their brief holidays, or back from them. There would have been a half-grown boy, charming and dear, as half-grown boys often are in their trust of life, going to visit his grandmother at a distant hill-farm, and anxious not to be overtaken by the dark before he made ten miles to her house from the station on his bicycle: if the Greek showed the interest he must, the boy would have offered to share with him the different kinds of candy he had in his different pockets, and how delightful that would have been! There would have been two young Canadians in the seat back of him, who talked, in the ordered and artistic Latin manner, passing lightly from French to English and English to French, as the psychical impulse took them, or some fineness of expression re-

quired. It was wonderful to overhear them, and that Greek of the mind must have been moved to curious speculation concerning the future of a people so conglomerate as ours. In the large manufacturing town beyond the junction he would have still more food—in fact, a surfeit of food—for thought in the mixture of races and tongues in the thronged Saturday night streets. There he would have met fellow Greeks, not so much perhaps Greeks of the mind, in abundance, and Assyrians, and Arabs, and Poles and Irish and Germans, and Canadians, and Italians, all dwelling there in a common beginning of American citizenship, each no less and no more at home in the alien conditions than another.

But at the junction, which we should be loth to have him leave prematurely, he might see something more of the surviving and still dominant native types, in whose character, with his Greek subtlety, he would find a keen relish. He would require no more of them for the drama he witnessed than that one should be standing with his hand on the railing of his car steps, a blithe young fellow, while there advanced toward him beside a heavily laden baggage-truck a stout man in middle life, wearing the silk cap and the oily overalls of a railroad employee; probably a baggage-master with a baggage-slave to push the ponderous truck for him. As he approached the blithe young fellow, with no sign of acquaintance between them, the blithe young fellow rang out with ironic irrelevance,

“Everybody works but father,”

and the stout baggage-master kept on till they were quite abreast. Then he slanted up under the peak of his silk cap a humorous eye, and said, “You seem to be feelin’ pretty good,” and the other burst into an appreciative cackle of joy, and mounted into his train, which was by this time beginning to move. The Greek of the mind would then divine that they were affectionate friends, and that this little passage of fun between them was the blossom of their kindness for each other into which it rarely but preciously flowered.

If he was that Greek of the mind we like to fancy him, he would have been

happy also in the sight of the group of girls who had come down in hay-wagons and the like to the station from a neighboring camping-ground to welcome the friends that his train was bringing them after it left the junction. He would have found them as fair as so many shepherdesses of Arcady, and probably much brighter, and he would have liked the innocent boisterousness with which they and their friends kissed and embraced, and mounted to their hay-wagons and drove away through the dim, damp evening to their unseen sylvan retreat.

Then, in the thronged Saturday night streets of the great manufacturing town, which he strayed out into after supper, he would have found ample play for the sympathies through which a Greek of the mind would find most of his pleasure. He would not care that the sidewalks were so crowded that at times he could hardly get by the prettily dressed pretty factory girls, speaking their several jargons with free American laughter, and looking like princesses of the Homeric conditions. Neither would he be sorry to feel the pathos of certain eager and anxious shapes, past prettiness and pretty clothes, that made their way with the help of their baskets toward the provision-shops, in search of Saturday night bargains. Or would his sympathetic throe be a pleasure too modern for a Greek even of the mind? He could perhaps no more enjoy it than he could enjoy the pathos of the soldiers' monument that the Sunday morning sun would show him in the grassy grove which cities of that size like to call a park. That, indeed, may be a transport reserved for the native breast, which alone could realize the power halting so far behind the will in most of our public endeavors for the beautiful. Perhaps the sight of such a monument, with its literal artillerymen, cavalrymen, foot-soldiers and sailors standing at its several corners, and whatever genius or deity is atop, would only hurt such a Greek, and he might not be consoled even if he found a brother Greek lolling in the shade near by and reading a Romaic newspaper.

It is our nature and our human nature in which we Americans excel, and the spare beauty of these is what a Greek of the mind ought to be able to

relish. We are sure that if he visited, by one of the several chances that might take him there, one of the pretty villages not far from that manufacturing town, he could not help feeling its unpremeditated charm, as it lounged beside the windings of a clear brown river, and glassed the arches of its bridge in the dam gathering force to turn the mills of its modest prosperity. Surely nowhere else in the world are there homes of sweeter-looking quiet, whether cottage or mansion, with gardens of brighter flowers, and the summer yielding pensively to the autumn. Aging houses, behind elms as old, line the village streets and fray away into the farmsteads that follow the velvety roads deeper and deeper into the country, and mount with them into the breezy hills, where the wild grapes net the stone walls in unbroken meshes, and the chestnuts spread their belated blossoms in spiky tufts of pale yellow, and the golden-rod powders the rocky pastures thick, and the red apples of the orchards burn like red coals. The Greek has doubtless heard of the abandoned farms of New England, and here he would have a chance to confute a too prevalent superstition from his own witness of the contrary. The farms are so far from abandoned that not only every house is populous with the native life, but under the shade of verandas and the barnyard and door-yard trees there are children playing and women reading or talking whose attire betrays the city they have escaped from for certain glad days of the country. On the highest upland a tasteful and shapely hotel overlooks the landscape, where, if the Greek will ask for rooms, he will find that there is not a nook to be had before the first of September. But he will return without a regret to his own inn on the village street, where his hospitable landlord smokes on the porch, and welcomes him back in a tradition of the elderly kindness between host and guest which we too rashly fancy gone out of our workaday world everywhere. If he is hungry for supper, he may satisfy more than a modest Greek appetite at the table temptingly spread and prettily served. Then if he is for a stroll through the village again, there is the

elm - shaded public square, with the band-stand, but the band not presently playing, and a triangle of attractive shops, which he will find after he has passed the new high-school building, shapely and tasteful, and by two or three times fitly the largest edifice in the place. Would such a Greek disdain the idyllic strain of a walk from the station through the orchards and gardens of the kind old houses which privilege the hotel with a passage of their grounds? Not if he is the Greek we think him, and we are sure that if he stopped for dinner at the junction where the train leaves you to take your boat for the tour of the loveliest of the New England lakes, he would like its clean and wholesome sufficiency, and if he told the smiling landlord so, he would have the same quality of liking for the landlord's half-jocose invitation to stay and take all his meals there. Such amenities, as that Greek might well allow, would do much to muffle the bells and whistles of the locomotives backing and filling under the dining-room windows, and leave a gentle regret in the bosom of the parting guest. When his boat began to move over the still inland sea, he could not, however complaisant, pretend that our New Hampshire hills had the grandeur of his native tops, but he could not help feeling the soft loveliness of their rhythmic lines. In such drama as his fellow voyagers could offer him there would be little to distract him from that beauty, and yet perhaps that little would have the quality of nothing in overplus which, as a Greek, would most appeal to him. There would be that simple pastoral of the two young lovers, more or less embraced on two of the three chairs in front of him, and the friend of either or both or neither, who sat next the lover in the third chair, and absently played a variety of tunes on a mouth-organ while they wooingly whispered, wooingly laughed, and now and then took up some strain he played, and hummed snatches of it. The Greek would like to ask himself who and what they were, and just what were the conditions which cast them loose upon the tide of youth, to float them whither it would, unchaperoned and uncompanioned save by that mournful mouth-organist,

breathing his inattentive soul mostly in ragtime through the plaintive reeds. If watching the young girl in profile, he thought her almost a Greek type of beauty, he would know a subtle pang when she turned full face, and he saw that her mouth was silly. But this pang would itself be of the nature of an ultimate pleasure, and there would be compensation, if it were needed, in the presence of that mother and daughter who were no less American in their quiet high breeding than these children of the soil, or the factory, or the counter, whichever they were, off on their infrequent holiday. In accent, in dress, and in manner those ladies were as nearly perfect as the quietest ideal could render them. They talked low, but not mumblingly, as our civilization sometimes does when it wishes to be very select, and they laughed together like good comrades, though they were of different generations. The daughter was already overtaking the mother in gray hairs if not in years, yet she had a young cheerfulness of temperament which would keep her youth long beyond middle life. The mother tended to be some sort of invalid, and had the gentle whimsicality which sometimes goes with imperfect health. With their delicate charm, the Greek might have decided that the sight of them, he could not call it knowledge, was the most refined and perfectly balanced satisfaction of his New England journey. At the end of the boat's brief voyage they went ashore, and lost themselves on the landing as completely as if they had vanished into the air.

The air was darkening just then, for the thunder-storm which presently broke over the lake and the outdated little watering-place by the shore. There, in a friendly hotel, which tried to remember the former summer resort, the Greek could have sat on the upper veranda and watched the play of the lightning, and the falling rain, and the automobiles scurrying in for the shelter of the hotel garage. At the moment, these things would have formed the last touches of an experience which he would have found of an exquisite adequacy; and now, if he takes up the record of them in the antiquity to which he has withdrawn, we hope he will not think it too slight or trivial a story.

Editor's Study

THE attitude of the writer of fiction toward life, while it does not indicate the degree of his native power or the excellence of his art, determines the strength and scope of his appeal. Art, in the academic sense—that is, the farthest from Shakespeare's—seems to demand detachment from life, and the best art certainly enough detachment to relieve it from the entanglements and perversions of self-consciousness. Genius has sometimes—more often, it is true, in poetry than in fiction—created a world of its own quite different from our living human world, and so remote from all the concerns of our life that it has no appeal to the human heart, however it may haunt or enchant the imagination; but it has done its best for us, and its own best, when, foregoing such alien creations and the remoteness of allegory and masquerade, it has stood at our side, the Paraclete, speaking for us. The development of insight and sympathy is an essential part of the culture of genius.

The attitude of an observer is not sufficient. The writer must feel the realness of human experience down to the springs of action and passion in the human heart.

He must have joy in his work, both in the quest of truth and in its embodiment. Joyous work is eager and zestful. But it is work, however spontaneous it may seem. If the lilies of the field toil not, yet they are the product of an immense energy. The sum of human toil since the beginning of history is as nothing compared with the expenditure of force necessary to the growth of a single harvest.

We see laborious effort put forth by writers, resulting in worthless productions, just as in life conscious good resolutions fail to produce beautiful characters. Unless our conscious activities spring from and express our being—that which we essentially are—they are a vain exhibition and fruitless. In terms

of real work they represent an infinitesimal value as compared with that of a single spiritual moment of action or sensibility.

The writer waits upon imagination, and that is like waiting upon any native growth, as in a garden which we may deliberately cultivate, though no amount of deliberation will bring a single flower to blossom. We can supply the conditions of growth. We depend, too, for such conditions of imaginative creation very much upon society—especially upon the kind of education it provides for each new generation. But after all is done that can be done through conscious effort, individually or collectively, the issues themselves of genius in imaginative literature spring from hidden sources which lie beneath the field of consciousness and arbitrary volition; they are bound up with racial mysteries of instinct and destiny and with the occult currents of hereditary determination.

The most frequent defect in fiction submitted for magazine use, and, we might add, in most of the fiction that somehow gets published in book form, is its lack of spontaneity in construction and expression. The writer of this manufactured fiction has a certain pre-calculated effect in view, with reference to which he ambitiously contrives every incident and situation of his story. The harder he tries the more surely he fails of any genuine appeal to his readers. If he disguises his labor by a facile mastery of dramatic material and expression, he may succeed in reaching crude sensibilities and, because of his lower aim, may outsell his betters. The multitude is easily captivated by splendid artifice, which, in exceptional instances, has compelled the admiration of even the judicious. We shall find, however, upon close examination, that in such instances the writer has not by his strenuous effort wholly closed the door against all spontaneity. Poe came very near to the ex-

clusion, in his short stories, of such genius as was in him; but because he was by temperament a poet, a lover therefore of haunting melody and easily the creator of pregnant atmospheres, he could not completely shut himself out of his fiction. In our day polite literature must appeal to human sympathies, and the writer's fertility of invention is of little service.

The demand upon the writer of fiction, then, is upon his very life as a part of the common life of humanity and in harmony with all things natural. He creates because the life in him is creative. His communication with his readers, like the communication of life and nature with him, is creative. He is sure of being understood because he understands, sure of sympathy because he is comprehendingly sympathetic.

The writer of fiction who has not life in its quickness and its eager awareness, in its buoyant uplifting and delight, may as well lay his pen aside. If the wood, the meadow, the flowers, and the songs of the birds, and the laughter of children have no compelling charm for him; if he is not thrilled by the beauty of women and the supple strength of youth; if he does not drink deeply of the wine of life and is not deeply moved by its pathos, his imagination is stagnant at its fountain. The joy and pain of the heart are the mothers of all the graces and dignities of life and literature.

The writer of fiction is not, first of all, a preacher or a teacher, yet, without any defection of his art, his story may be an uplifting sermon or a beautiful lesson. His work is as natural as living is; and the best life is that which is inspired with truth, beauty, and goodness in every impulse and act, without calculation of consequences, and with no conscious reference to set goals. Whatever incidental purpose the novelist may serve, it is because he must, not because he wills.

No effort can furnish a substitute for the living current of thought and feeling; and, if this current is strong and full, it determines its own course and its limitations—its reserves and its graces. The writer of vital fiction must, for all that is positive in his work, trust this current. Yet the imagination does not at once reach its full stature, but

through years of nutrition. The very material for its outward embodiments is the result of its eager and vast assimilation. During the whole period of its growth it not only is nourished, but it is stimulated by the environment upon which it reacts: nature, society, books, and works of art.

What the nutriment and stimulation have been to the imagination of a writer depends upon its appetite more than upon the pasture afforded it, upon its power to react more than upon the elements encountered. It is in the degrees of this scale of appetite and power of reaction that writers are differentiated, as in business and pleasure and in all the affairs of life men are differentiated by the degrees of the passion which animates them. Through the psychical hunger and thirst of the imagination the writer lives into the world of nature and humanity and realizes his kinship therewith, and thus a divine kinship also. By a kind of osmosis that which "rolls through all things" is current in him.

The old mastery was that of genius detached from the intimacies of life in man or nature, wearing masks of typical significance, and availing altogether of commonly recognized symbols. The response, compelled rather than won, to the outward and impressive embodiments of a literature so objective, was very different from that accorded to the fiction of our time in which all masks and all symbols, save the words themselves, are thrown aside, and in which the writer and reader are in direct and familiar intercourse. Indeed, in the older time, though the drama flourished, such fiction was impossible.

The dramatic mask has survived every other—and it has imposed itself upon modern fiction to a considerable extent—especially upon that of Dickens. The tendency of the best fiction is away from the typical portrayal of life—where the mask serves—and toward wholly individual embodiments. The writer must be dramatic in situation and characterization, but the mask is unnecessary, and, in the use of it, he detaches himself, and his effects are better suited to stage representation than to fiction. A good short story may be like a play, because it culminates in a dramatic surprise, and

may yet be spontaneous and humanly real. So, too, there are plays which are impressive and charming, without availing of the dramatic mask. But usually the playwright's method betrays artifice and, at its best, a masterful handling which excludes the simple and natural manifestation of human character. Exaggeration seems to have the excuse of necessity. But in fiction there is no such excuse.

The short-story writer, it must be admitted, has more justification than the novelist has for masterful contrivance, on the plea that he has so little space for the natural development of character. At any rate he often yields to the temptation to substitute forced and striking phenomena for those which are simple and convincing. His expression, too, is likely to suffer the same strain. The temptation is so strong that the writer who resists it and who succeeds in making suggestion give the effect of amplitude wins a rare and well-merited distinction.

For some time—indeed, ever since we began to talk about spontaneity—we have seemed to hear protesting voices which now fairly clamor for a hearing. These are the voices of expert writers of fiction, expert in various kinds, who certainly ought to know more about this art than the editor, who does not write stories, but only reads them. They are well pleased with that word, "spontaneity," which puts upon their work the stamp of creative genius; yet they object to be driven altogether out of the Garden of Merit even into wild Eden.

"This work of ours," they say, "is not all subliminal. There is a point where the spontaneous current, which goes on of itself, like all things in the course of nature, comes under conscious control and is subject to our selection and to those determinations which constitute art. Our work, so far as we have part in it, goes on wholly in the field of consciousness, which is also the ground of our communication with readers.

"You may well say that thinking goes on of itself, independently of our volition; but it has a tentative aspect, is subject to arrest, and may come to a full stop in calm contemplation. Its current is broken, as if under our hand, when we

write; it seems to halt and wait for us, of its own grace if not at our command. We at least choose which of its many devious courses we will follow in our special work. The nucleus of an imaginative piece of work seems to emerge of itself, but that which might easily pass with no special notice in other minds is seized upon by us for its worth, its imaginative value, the appreciation of which and of its possibilities is peculiar to our habit and training.

"To a certain extent we must stand aside from our work; we must drive, or at least guide, the horses of our chariot lest our course be erratic and meaningless. We do not put meanings into things, but we do select elements of experience with reference to the meanings in them. We must keep wide awake, with keen awareness of the relation of things. This wakeful attitude would be prompted by our sympathetic interest in life, which you say is so essential, but, as artists, we keep our vigils, in rigid sentry upon ourselves, to shut out intruders and tramps and every element hostile to our art—to its organic form, economy, and perspective.

"We feel the necessity of laying stress upon this wakefulness, so long as it does not exclude or check the free movement of the imagination. If we close our eyes, or if we sleep, the movement still goes on and its freedom is absolute. There are authors, of native genius, who write poems and stories with almost this absolute freedom, and charm the world by the *naïveté* of expression and of their impressions. Perhaps they have won the secret of 'dreaming true.' But no sustained work of fiction is possible to such writers until they open their eyes—until the study of life and of the world gives them other stuff than that their dreams are made of for imaginative embodiment and interpretation.

"It is true that we must commit ourselves to vital currents, or we are lost in the sterile region of notional phantoms; but the mere vitality of fiction does not secure for it form or meaning or any distinct artistic value. We may go further and venture the assertion that one may, as you say, live into nature and the human world with all his heart and mind—and we admit that unless we have this cul-

ture we are failures—and yet lack that distinctive type and quality of imagination which is essential to mastery in the art of fiction. He may write profound, graceful, and effective essays, and may even present these in the guise of fiction, and yet be unable to produce a great novel. Even the study which we give to the material and form of the art, while indispensable, is the negative, not the positive condition of mastery in it.

"We hardly know what it would be wise on our part to say about 'masterful contrivance,' which you think characteristic of only the old masters, in other arts as well as our own—especially in stagecraft. We have thrown off the old masks which would be only in our way and given up that kind of masterful handling which disguises human realities in Victor Hugo and Dickens and to a marked degree in George Meredith—at least we hope that we have; but we instinctively cling to the dramatic masque. You see, we spell it differently to distinguish it from the old repellent thing which would make us appear to be like showmen in the marketplace. Ours is a very harmless affair, a transparency, and truly we cannot get on without it. It is a magic veil, a web of enchantment, cast about and including our whole creation, which would come to confusion if a single jagged edge of the web should be visible. The whole affair is a conjurer's trick—as if Prospero were at work—and all our little tricks are brought into a consistent harmony, so that we escape detection.

"It all seems so easy! But if you should draw aside the veil while we are at work you would lay bare numberless little ingenious contrivances which in the complete arrangement seem but ingenuous and pleasing tropes of speech and fancy. It is almost as if you were to surprise a poet in the very act of working out a sonnet, detecting every tentative reach of his conscious struggle toward deftness of structure and tone which will not come wholly of itself. Not quite like that, for we are at least free of the artifices of metre and rhyme. But we are apt to have a touch of that extravagance which is the besetting artifice of the

stage, and you will probably surprise us in a struggle to resist this tendency, to which a dramatic humorist or a disciple of Dickens, like Bret Harte, would yield, unabashed. It is we ourselves, as you will admit, who have of our own wills and by a kind of instinct in accord with the cultivated sensibility of readers, set ourselves against all unreality and against everything which gives the effect of it.

"But here again we avail of our advantages. The characters we create must have a spontaneous emergence, and they must have a life and movement of themselves as real living men and women, and, as far as possible, circumstance and situation must grow out of the characters themselves. But we find ourselves doing many things, arbitrarily, to make the story interesting. These elements introduced into our drama do not begin to be so queer as those we encounter in every-day life. We are driven into a corner. We do not dare to be as melodramatic as that every-day life is, or to let our lovers behave and express themselves as they really do; and, being forced off the beaten track, so full of incidents and situations wonderfully strange and interesting—but which in our pages would seem bizarre and implausible—we are compelled to contrive compensatory excitements. This is expected of us, and we delight in the play it offers us; besides it gives to fiction the superior distinction which art has over nature.

"Even in the matter of expression we have this supreme advantage, that, being so near to life, we can speak its own language and do not need to resort to artifice in our style. An individual style is as inevitable as an individual manner, but cleverness of expression, punctuated by epigram, is out of place in real fiction. The nearer we get to life the nearer we get to nature, at least in our expression; indeed, the more inclined we are to divest ourselves of all tricks and devices—excepting always those of the conjurer."

That all seems authoritative, and in so far as it is a modification of anything the editor had been saying before this interpellation, he accepts the amendment.

Editor's Drawer

Beverly's Circulating Cattery

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"FROM what I have already told you about my friend Beverly, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "you are aware that as an inventor his name

will stand out from the records of the ages with a glittering prominence. The facts which I now am about to set before you will demonstrate that through the oncoming eras equally will his name glitter as a promotor, and with a like obtrusiveness. In projecting his Circulating Cattery—"

"What the dickens is a circulating cattery?" asked the Doctor.

"Gently! Gently! my dear Doctor," put in the Bishop. "Saint James, you will remember, refers to the tongue—usually the phrase is misquoted—as 'an unruly evil.' The form of your question borders all too closely upon profanity. I beg that you will have care! Pardon, Colonel, my interpolation of this word in season—my cloth, you know, imposes duties upon me—and pray proceed."

"It is conceivable, Doctor," the Colonel resumed, with a perceptible touch of sarcasm in his tone, "that a mind of average intelligence might infer from my words that the subject about which you request information is precisely the subject about which I am in the act of giving it. I will, however, adapt my method to what I venture to term the eccentricity of your apprehension. You know, I presume, that a circulating library is a repository for the storage and dissemination of books? Well, a circulating cattery is a repository for the storage and dissemination of cats."

"Gosh!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Who wants cats disseminated?"

"According to the view of the matter taken by my friend Beverly," the Colonel



"PEOPLE WHO HAVE THE RIGHT KIND OF CATS ARE INDISPOSED TO LEND THEM"

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answered, "a great many people eagerly desire the dissemination of those interesting and pleasing animals. Beverly himself was quite devoted to cats, and it was his own unsatisfied longing for their agreeable companionship that prompted him to develop his admirable and benevolent scheme.

"As you doubtless remember, my friend was made a widower by the regrettable explosion of one of his most ingenious inventions—a pneumatic carpet-sweeper that he had brought almost to perfection when the catastrophe occurred—and that, along with Mrs. Beverly, two housemaids and the family cat were involved in the fatal wreck. You also will remember that the silver lining of that sombre household cloud was his invention of the Beverly Crematory and, a little later, of the clockwork cat—known as the 'Household Rat-ridder'—which now is in very general practical use throughout the world.

"But to a man of Beverly's affectionate nature a clockwork cat could not take the heart-filling place of a real cat—that would purr when you scratched its ears, and rub against your legs, and jump over an umbrella, and give you its paw. That was the sort of cat he wanted; but after Mrs. Beverly's explosive decease his life became so nomadic that the gratification of his longing was impossible. Sometimes for days together he would be travelling by rail. Frequently he made voyages to and from the ports of Europe. Even when he was what he called settled down, his settling rarely lasted for more than a month or two and always was in a lodging-house or a hotel. Under such transitory conditions, keeping a cat—at least, keeping the same cat—was quite out of the question. Usually, when his stay anywhere was to exceed a week, he tried to borrow or to hire a cat; but people who have the right

kind of cats are indisposed to lend them, and a little experience in hiring cats convinced him that only the wrong kind could be hired.

"It was out of that, to him, painful situation that his Circulating Cattery project was evolved. His primary purpose was that he himself might have a nice cat to pet wherever he wanted one and for as long a time as suited his convenience. But beyond this—Beverly was no visionary schemer—he had an eye to the substantial profit which he perceived would accrue from a cat-loan company run on business lines. With these two ends in view, he set about organizing with a characteristically energetic enthusiasm his Circulating Cattery Co., Limited: which he intended should be the nucleus, and the parent corporation, of a system of such institutions to be extended gradually into all the countries of the civilized world.

"As at first projected, his scheme went no farther than the establishment of depositories for cat circulation—framed on the plan of circulating libraries—in the principal cities of America and Europe. Each depository was to be a building of liberal size divided into liberally proportioned cubicles—his original notion of shelves and cages was discarded as too cramping to the cats—provided with a roof garden, plentifully planted with catnip, where the animals in



"MR. BEVERLY'S SCHEME DID NOT INCLUDE THE DISSEMINATION OF CATS OF THAT SORT"

assorted companies could take the air. Proceeding on library lines, access to the collections was facilitated by card catalogues: each card giving a specific cat's number (its name, during the hiring period, very properly being left to the individual fancy of its temporary possessor) and a description of its personal appearance and moral characteristics. To this information was appended the price to be paid for the cat as taken out by the month, week, or day—the rate varying, of course, with the animal's qualities or accomplishments: a good trick-cat, or an amiable lap-cat with a rich purr, naturally coming higher than a stolid rug-cat useful merely as a decorative adjunct to an open fire."

"What did he charge for a back-fence cat with a yowl warranted to carry two miles?" asked the Doctor.

"Mr. Beverly's scheme did not include the dissemination of cats of that sort," the Colonel answered, coldly. "Be good enough to observe, gentlemen, that the facts which I am presenting to you relate to a serious business enterprise seriously conceived in a spirit of philanthropy. Beverly was confident that a handsome financial return was to be expected from his somewhat unusual undertaking, but that was not the phase of the matter that most appealed to him. His strongest impelling motive in establishing his circulating catteries was his benevolent desire to enlarge the sum of human happiness by bringing cats to the catless; to enable cat-lovers—temporarily or permanently uncatted—everywhere to have opportunity, at a reasonably graduated cost, to cuddle little soft furry bodies, to stroke little round furry heads, to clasp fondly little furry paws!"

The Colonel spoke with emotion. After a moment of silence, he continued: "It was a just perception of the fact that his scheme did not really cover the whole field that led Mr. Beverly ingeniously to enlarge it: by providing for the cat-needs not merely of travellers temporarily sojourning in strange cities, but of travellers actually in transit by boat or rail. His plan was an adaptation of that by which, on European railways, rugs and pillows are rented for the night, and, on transatlantic steamers, deck chairs are rented for the voyage. At all terminal railway stations, and on steamer-



"HE ACQUIRED CATS IN SUFFICIENT QUANTITIES FOR HIS PERSONAL SATISFACTION"

docks on sailing-days, he proposed to establish dépôts of cats from which travellers could make their selections; and to provide for passengers who came late, or who neglected to avail themselves of their cat opportunities before starting, a small assortment of cats for circulation was to be carried on transatlantic steamers and on transcontinental trains. At the end of the run, or the voyage, authorized Cattery agents were to be on hand to collect the Company's property, and to receipt for its return in good condition; and such agents also were to be in attendance at important way-stations on the railway lines—to whom people who got tired of their cats, or who for any other reason wished to be rid of them, could turn them in. The charges for this transit service were somewhat in excess of ordinary circulation charges; and the cat-tickets had a contract clause printed on their backs by which the hirer was

bound to make good their value—inserted in a blank left for that purpose—in case they bolted out of the car window, or tumbled overboard, or otherwise were lost. For the convenience of habitual travellers, thousand-mile cat-tickets were provided—to be punched in one of four columns, according to the class of the cat, and also to be punched for the miles of cat used. In a smaller way, family ten-trip cat-tickets—

"Pardon me, Colonel," said the Judge, "for intruding at this point an observation based upon my personal feelings. Frankly, if my own attitude toward cats is in the least degree representative, your friend Beverly's cat-circulating scheme could end only in disastrous failure. Now we have at home, much against my will, a cat named Ginger—and I may say, briefly, that she lives up to her name. Indeed, she lives beyond it—for when that cat settles down to business she can make things hotter for the entire household than all the ginger that ever grew! Why, the other day—"

"My dear Judge," interrupted the Bishop, "you generalize over-hastily. Pray bear in mind that malevolence is very far from being a prevailing feline characteristic. Your Ginger may not be what she ought to be—but you just ought to know our Timothy! Really, he is one of the very nicest cats that ever lived! You will be amused, I am sure, when I tell you that we named him—the name being appropriate to his sex—in playfully derisive memory of that schismatic Monophysite of Egypt who, in the fifth century, usurped the Patriarchate and was known contemptuously as 'Timothy the Cat.' Conceivably, gentlemen, you have not given more than passing attention to the exceedingly curious episode in Patristic history in which that extraordinary man played so strange and so sinister a part. A word or two about the matter I am persuaded will be of interest to you. Firstly, I shall speak briefly of Timothy himself. I quote, initially, from Gregory, who—after lucidly reviewing the action taken in the premises by the General Council of Chalcedon, to which I shall refer later—lays bare before us the character of the usurping Patriarch in these terse but pregnant words: 'Ad captandum vulgus—'"

"Great Scott, Bishop!" broke in the Doctor. "Cheese it on your Latin—and let the Colonel have a chance! Patriarchs who knocked around in the fifth century are cold storage of the worst sort. What

the Colonel's giving us isn't much better; but, anyway, it's more or less alive."

"I had hoped, but as I now perceive vainly," said the Bishop with dignity, "that my momentary obligation to a topic of serious interest would be well received. My cloth, of course, forbids me to show resentment at being thus abruptly checked in an utterance not unworthy, I think, of considerate attention. I shall say no more than that in the present instance, as in regrettably numerous previous instances, my zeal to impart useful knowledge has made me oblivious to the uselessness of such well-meant effort in my present surroundings. I beg, my dear Colonel, that you will pardon my too-obviously ill-timed interruption and that you will proceed."

"Yes, go right ahead, Colonel," added the Doctor, "and tell us how Beverly's circulating cats circulated. I never happened to meet any of 'em myself. Did the thing fall through?"

"We await with interest, Colonel," said the Judge, suavely, but a little drowsily. "the conclusion of your interesting narrative. What I was going to say about our cat can wait till another time."

"I have no desire," the Colonel replied, with a biting severity, "to emulate the other members of this company in their disposition to interruption. When the Judge has quite finished his exposition of disagreeable facts concerning his cat Mustard—"

"Ginger," corrected the Judge.

"Pardon me, Ginger. When he has quite finished, I say, all that he has to tell about Ginger; and when the Bishop has concluded his eulogy of his cat Timothy, and with it his side-essay on Egyptian Patriarchs, I shall feel myself at liberty to add the very few words necessary to bring my little account of Mr. Beverly's Circulating Cattery project to an end. That is, of course, Doctor, unless you should see fit to intervene on your own account with some appositely inopportune remarks."

"Oh come off, Colonel. Let's have the rest of it. Even if the Judge is half asleep, and the Bishop has half his Early Christian back up, I'm listening all right—and I don't deserve to be jumped on. It's really a good enough cat-story—as such things go. How did it end?"

"It ended," the Colonel replied icily. "in Mr. Beverly's second marriage. Having once more a settled home, he acquired cats in sufficient quantities for his personal satisfaction and abandoned his larger scheme."

An Inherited Failing

THE caller who "drops in for half a minute" had exceeded the time-limit by about four hours, and there was no prospect of immediate relief, when the small boy of the house came in for the third time during the afternoon and stopped in amazement at seeing the visitor.

"Ain't you gone yet?" he asked frankly. "'Bout time for you to be goin', ain't it?"

"Hush, Freddie," cried his mother, in distress. "You mustn't mind what he says. Mrs. Jones; children don't seem to know any better than to blurt the truth right out sometimes, do they?"

Whereupon the caller gathered up her dignity and departed.



The Original Side-Show

Just the Same

THE American in England affords matter for much perplexity and astonishment to his English kinsmen. One of these was being shown an old church, wherein hundreds of people were buried. "A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a wave of his hand.

"So!" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?"

Just Struck Him

"COOL as a cucumber" is an old man at a certain pleasure resort, and it is a question whether an earthquake would startle him. The other day, using his oar as a punt-pole, he was just pushing off with a boat-load of people, when a rather timid young woman remarked that she hoped there was no danger.

"No, miss," returned the boatman. "There ain't no danger to be feared while I'm aboard. Twenty-odd year I've sailed this boat, and I never had but one accident, and that wasn't serious. Ye see, I wor just shoving off in this very boat, when the oar broke, and I lost it. Five year ago that wor, and I've never seen that oar again from that day to—"

At this very moment the oar he was using slipped to the bottom of the boat, and the boatman, losing his balance, fell overboard with a splash. When he scrambled into the

boat again, he was the coolest individual on board.

"It just struck me," he said, quite calmly, "to have a look for that theer oar I wor talkin' about, but I doan't see nowt on it!"

Amended Gems from Shakespeare

"Troilus and Cressida," Act IV., Scene 5.

"*T*IS he, I ken the manner of his gait." He always walks like that when out too late.

"Hamlet," Act I., Scene 2.

"A little more than kin, and less than kind," Is not so well adjusted to my mind As a little more than kind, and less of kin. (But breathe it not. Such heresy were sin!)

"As You Like It," Act IV., Scene 1.

"Men are April when they woo, December when they wed." And then become less August and assertive, it is said. And have to March like soldiers till they're dead, dead, dead!

"King Richard III," Act III., Scene 1.

"God keep me from false friends" And send me one who lends.

"Love's Labour's Lost," Act V., Scene 2.

"Past cure is still past care." How true that is of vanished hair!

Hot and Cold

THE question of water-supply was puzzling five-year-old Dorothy. "Mother," she asked, as she stood before the stationary wash-stand in the bath-room during the process of hair-curling, "where does the water come from before it gets into the pipes?"

"It comes from the rivers, my dear," replied her mother. "There are two rivers that flow by Philadelphia—the Delaware and the Schuylkill—and we get water from both."

"Oh, I see," said Dorothy, after some study. "One river is hot and the other is cold, and that's why we get hot water out of one spigot and cold water out of the other."

An Engagement

ONE day recently a young textile-worker in a certain cloth-mill called at the office of the overseer and asked permission to remain out a few days. Being short of help, the overseer asked him if he wanted to stay out for anything particular.

The operative, who was a Frenchman, replied: "Yaasir, I'm going to git married, un I'd lik' be there—that all."



UNCLE HENRY. "I'll bet ten cents, mother, that dress is made fer a dime-museum curiosity. Ain't nobody got arms short ez that 'nless they're a freak."

Incompetent

IN a lawsuit in Pennsylvania not long ago the question was put to a miner on the witness-stand:

"Were you ever hurt in the mines?"

"Indade I was," responded the man; "I was half kilt once."

"Now tell the court whether you were injured at any other time," continued the cross-examiner.

"Yes. I was half kilt in another accident shortly after that."

"Your honor," smilingly interjected counsel for the other side, "I object to this man's testimony."

"Upon what ground?" asked the judge.

"On the ground that, having been half killed twice, he is a dead man and therefore incompetent as a witness."

Helpful

AN Altoona woman, living in an apartment-house, was one morning obliged to order a piece of ice from her butcher, the iceman having failed to appear at the regular hour.

The boy from the butcher's shop, a German, brought the ice, which he placed on the dumb-waiter in the basement to be hoisted up several stories.

The housewife pulled at the waiter-cord with all her strength. "Gracious!" she exclaimed, "how heavy this is! The butcher must have given me good weight."

Continuing her great exertions, she succeeded after a while in getting the dumb-waiter up. What was her astonishment to find the butcher's boy seated on the ice! With what breath she had left, the good woman demanded angrily:

"What on earth do you mean by this?"

"I dought maybe der ice it was for you too heafy to lifd," humbly explained the boy, "so I come up mineself you to help vid it."

A Rainy Day

WHEN I woke up and saw the rain
In blurs upon the window-pane.

I said I hated such a day
Because I couldn't run and play
Out in the sunshine and the grass.
It's queer how such a day can pass
So soon before I know it 'most:
Now while I eat my milk and toast
Before I go to bed—I think
I never had a day so pink
And bright when sun could make the
shine—

This whole day long has been just mine
And Mother's in the fireplace glow—
Because it rained—it made it so.

AILEEN CLEVELAND HIGGINS.

Informal

A PROMINENT lawyer hailing from New England tells of a justice of the peace in a town of Vermont, known as "Square" Thomas. The "Square" was noted for the shortness of his memory. He carried about with him a slip of paper on which was written the brief marriage form that he used when called upon to unite a pair in the bonds of matrimony. Thomas never trusted himself to begin the ceremony without reference to this document.

It appears that one day, at a county fair, Thomas was approached by an elderly couple who expressed their wish to be married then and there. The "Square" agreed to perform the ceremony; and the three, with witnesses, repaired to a convenient horse-shed.

There Thomas began a fruitless search for the important paper, growing more and more perturbed as each succeeding pocket failed to disclose it. At last he abandoned the search.

"Are you willing to marry this woman?" asked he of the man, who replied with a prompt "Yes."

"Are you willing to marry this man?" asked the justice, turning to the bride.

"I am."

"Then," concluded the "Square," in his most impressive tone, "I hereby pronounce you married according to the memorandum left at home in my other trousers pocket."

Too Literal

A GEORGIA man tells of an old-fashioned home near Macon where, at dinner, the company once fell to discussing the woman question.

One of the men guests, after hearing all the arguments *pro* and *con*, facetiously remarked that two clergymen in his county were threshing over the same problem and they both agreed that it portended evil, "women being responsible for most of the evil in the world—in fact, women were worse than men."

Whereupon one of the women present indignantly retorted: "Indeed they are not! Women are the salt of the earth!"

"Dat's so, honey," put in the old darky cook from the kitchen. "dat's de Bible truf for shore. Jest think of Lot's wife!"



After you, my dear Mr. Stork

A Little Declaration of Independence

IT was quarter to four of a sleepy, sultry Friday afternoon, and the singing lesson at Carter's Crossing dragged lamely on. Johnny Burbank, in the last seat back but one, was staring sulkily out of the open window.

"Johnny," Miss Murray rapped the desk sharply, "why aren't you singing with the rest of the boys?"

"Don't wanter."

Miss Murray lifted an inquiring eyebrow. "Don't you ever do anything you 'don't wanter'?"

"Naw—not unless I wanter," was the dogged rejoinder.

Washout

A FORMER Speaker of the House once telegraphed a fellow politician to meet him in Pittsburg, and the recipient, wishing to escape what he feared might be an unpleasant interview, took advantage of interrupted communication due to heavy rains and replied:

"Sorry I cannot get to Pittsburg. Wash-out on line."

The Speaker wired back:

"Don't mind a little thing like that. Buy a new shirt and come on."

The politician kept the appointment.



MR. HIPPO. "This bath-tub won't do for me; as soon as I get in, the water goes out."

The Elocutionist's Curfew

BY W. D. NESBIT

ENGLAND'S sun was slowly setting—(Raise your right hand to your brow),
 Filling all the land with beauty—(Wear a gaze of rapture now);
 And the last rays kissed the forehead of a man and maiden fair
 (With a movement slow and graceful you may now push back your hair);
 He with sad, bowed head—(A drooping of your head will be all right,
 Till you hoarsely, sadly whisper) "Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Sexton," Bessie's white lips faltered—(Try here to resemble Bess,
 Though of course you know she'd never worn quite such a charming dress),
 "I've a lover in that prison"—(Don't forget to roll your r's
 And to shiver as though gazing through the iron prison bars).
 "Cromwell will not come till sunset"—(Speak each word as though you'd bite
 Every syllable to pieces)—"Curfew must not ring to-night."

"Bessie," calmly spoke the sexton—(Here extend your velvet palm,
 Let it tremble like the sexton's as though striving to be calm).
 "Long, long y'ars I've rung the curfew"—(Don't forget to make it y'ars
 With a pitiful inflection that a world of sorrow bears),
 "I have done my duty ever"—(Draw yourself up to your height,
 For you're speaking as the sexton)—"Gyurl, the curfew rings to-night!"

Out she swung, far out—(Now here is where you've got to do your best;
 Let your head be twisted backward, let great sobs heave up your chest,
 Swing your right foot through an arc of ninety lineal degrees,
 Then come down and swing your left foot, and be sure don't bend your knees;
 Keep this up for fifteen minutes till your face is worn and white,
 Then gaze at your mangled fingers)—"Curfew shall not ring to-night!"

O'er the distant hills came Cromwell—(Right hand to the brow once more;
 Let your eyes look down the distance, say above the entrance door)
 At his foot she told her story—(Lift your hands as though they hurt)
 And her sweet young face so haggard—(Now your pathos you assert,
 Then you straighten up as Cromwell, and be sure you get it right;
 Don't say "Go, your liver loves!")—well: "Curfew shall not ring to-night!"



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

Illustration for The Fair Lavinia

"THE FAIR LAVINIA COMES BY STAGE THIS AFTERNOON"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

JANUARY, 1907

No. DCLXXX

Free and Independent Luxemburg

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

DIRECTLY between Paris and Berlin; only a hair's breadth, indeed, from being on a straight line drawn between these two cities; there lies a little and independent country. By Americans it has been inexplicably overlooked. It contains multitude of ruined castles, perched craggily. It is of the diverting area of nine hundred and ninety-nine square miles. It presents phases of thriving modern life, yet there are extensive sections of wooded wilderness. In its wildest part I have seen the wild deer as I drove along the public road. It is saturated with historic association. There are regions of delectable charm. Its people take their autonomy with great seriousness, yet with the subtle sense of a jest in it all.

Although this almost unnoticed *Grossherzogthum* of Luxemburg, this Grand-Duchy, is in the very heart of most-travelled Europe, one may for a few francs and with the formality of an invitation join in the annual official chase of wild boar! A few dollars buys a license to hunt deer. At an inn one may find the right to miles of fishing included with room and food.

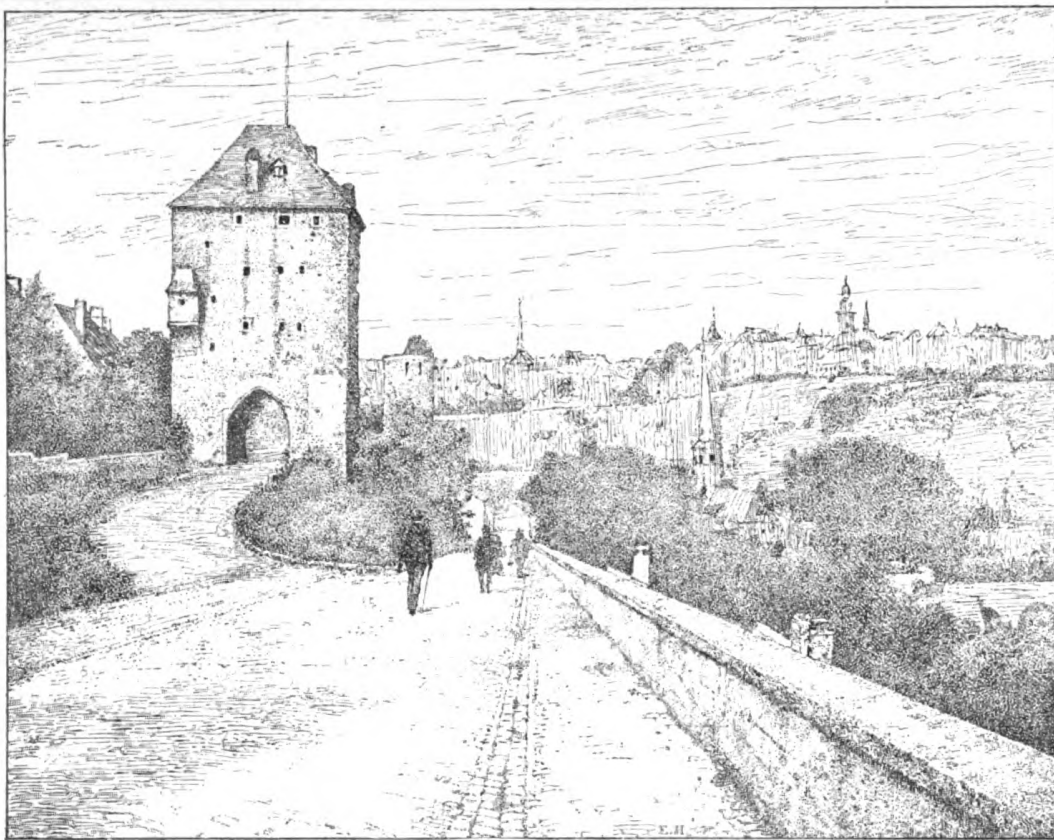
Luxemburg would not even now be independent had not Queen Wilhelmina been a girl. It would have remained a province of the Netherlands, although hedged in (such, again, the bewilderment of it) by Germany and Belgium

and France. But its constitution makes the succession hereditary in the male line of Nassau, and so at Wilhelmina's accession it eluded her grasp and placidly entered the family circle of independent European countries; not large for its age, this new member, for its size is less than a twelfth part that of tiny Holland.

In the quiver of the present Grand-Duke William there are six; but all are girls, and there are no other heirs. But to meet this confrontment there is to be invoked a constitutional interpretation not vouchsafed to pretty Wilhelmina, and the eldest of the six is to rule. For the people are resolved to give no pretext for the seizing of their land by France or Prussia, and especially by Prussia. The bells of the capital city ring out, preliminary to the striking of the hours, not the grave choral heard from the church towers of other parts of Europe, but this or that gay selection from opera or song, and nothing is so popular as the much-beloved tune, chimed with clangorous gusto: "*Wir wollen bleiben was wir sind! Wir wollen keine Preussen sein!*" (We will remain as we are! We will not be Prussians!) Thus with characteristic light-heartedness they daringly jest with what they dread.

Luxemburg, the capital of Luxemburg, is set proudly upon a plateau girdled by precipices two hundred feet

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THE BOULEVARDED LINE OF ONETIME FORTIFICATIONS

in height. Rivers wind circumfluent at the foot of the rocks, and from the boulevarded brink there are alluring views.

Until less than forty years ago the city was of a strength only second to that of Gibraltar, but by the Treaty of London, of 1867, the powers decreed that the Duchy should thenceforth be neutral, although it was a province of Holland, and that the fortifications of the capital should be destroyed. For centuries the city held a proud distinction, under the alternating rule of France and Germany, Austria, the Netherlands, and Spain; and the change has not come in order that nation shall not lift up sword against nation, but only that in case of war great armies may manœuvre without the check inherent in the very presence at this central spot of a powerful stronghold.

And so, the splendid haughtiness has gone, and only fragments of the fortifi-

cations remain. But what fragments! Rocks honeycombed with passages and pierced with embrasures; grim piles of stone; and here and there, projecting over the edges of the cliff, the noble Spanish Towers.

The powers decreed, too, that the army be reduced to a paltry three hundred, and the inhibition still holds. But the happy people, making a jest of necessity, smile when the handful march along with pomp of colors and blare of music; some sixth of the total army being band. But, with saving sense of humor, there is no extravagance of military title, and the commander-in-chief is but a major.

The decrees of the great powers may not be defied with impunity, for, after all, the little countries like Holland and Belgium and Andorra and Liechtenstein and Luxemburg preserve their independence only on sufferance, and at the price of a readiness to bow to the will

of their powerful and mutually jealous neighbors. It is well when, as with the cheerful folk of Luxemburg, the humors of their situation are appreciated. Smite Luxemburg anywhere, and humor bubbles forth.

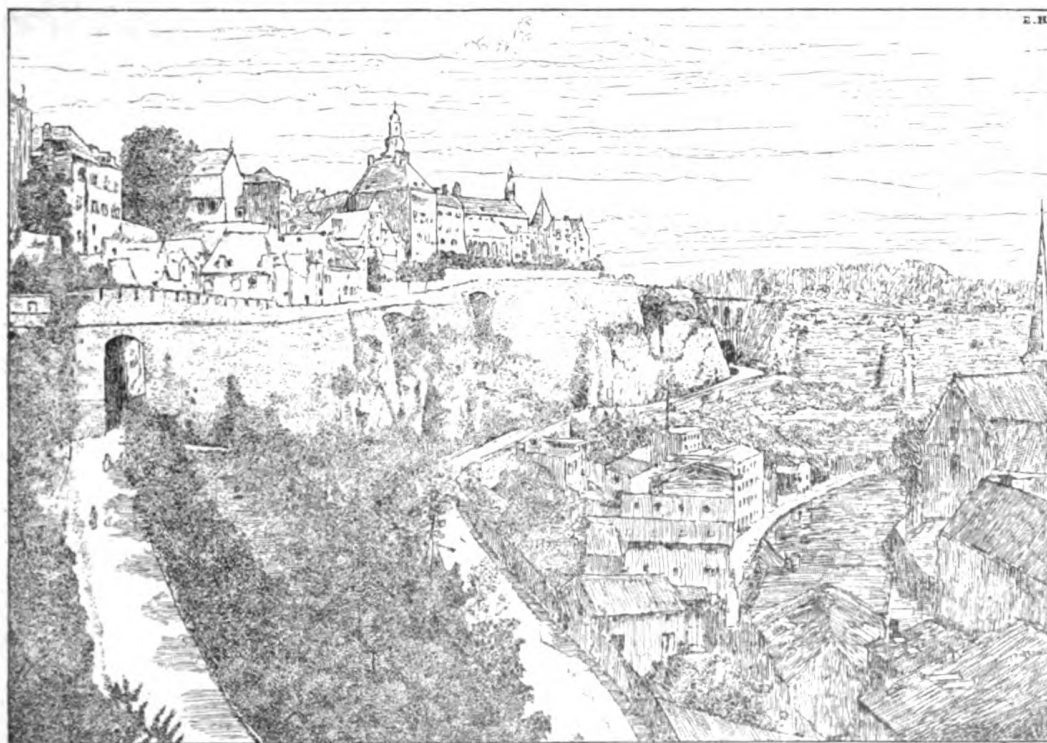
The fire department of the capital, and its hand apparatus and the few demands upon it, are one of the local jokes; but one of the fire officials, fearful lest I should belittle the basic importance of it all, told me, with paradoxical pride, that a few years ago the city had "one of the biggest fires in Europe"!

Once a year, through the streets of the capital, goes the unique March of the Muttons; a puzzled clump of snow-white lambs making their way through the amused and thronging people, close followed by volunteer musicians playing the ancient Mutton March.

Luxemburg must assuredly be the place to which the Pied Piper led the bewitched children, such a gay and a dancing folk these are.

On the evening of my arrival the people were celebrating the birthday of their Duke; they had really begun the day before, but had found one day insufficient for the expression of their jubilation. It was raining, but the population thronged the streets oblivious. A band was playing, and there, in the open square, a great number were dancing in the rain, some holding umbrellas and some not.

A city of some twenty thousand, this capital; and there are other and smaller towns, as, narrow-valleyed Vianden, on either side of which the mountains rise in mellow walls; Diekirch, set beside a smiling river, with glimmering meadows sentinelled by lofty heights; Echternach, where, once a year, on Whit-Tuesday, the Dancing Procession gathers from ten to twenty thousand, mostly pilgrims from distant places, under its rhythmic spell, to sway in spiritual ecstasy through the streets, three steps forward and two back, to the monotonous tune of "Adam,



THE CAPITAL IS GIRDLED BY PRECIPICES

he had seven sons," just as pilgrims have done here for a thousand years. There are interesting little villages away from the railroad. There is much of shadowy forest. There are serpentine streams in such number that one ceases to attempt differentiation.

It is the pride of Luxemburg that the principal reward of those who handle the public money consists in honorable decoration, and that there is consequently no embezzlement of public funds. "Why, if one were to steal he could have no decoration!"

Under the Grand-Duke is a Chamber of Deputies, of forty-eight members, chosen by the suffrages of such men of over twenty-five as pay an annual tax of ten francs. The Duke has power of veto, but that is but another Luxemburg joke for he never uses it.

But between the Chamber and the Duke, lest there should be too much of democracy, there is a Court; and it is a Court of title and ceremony.

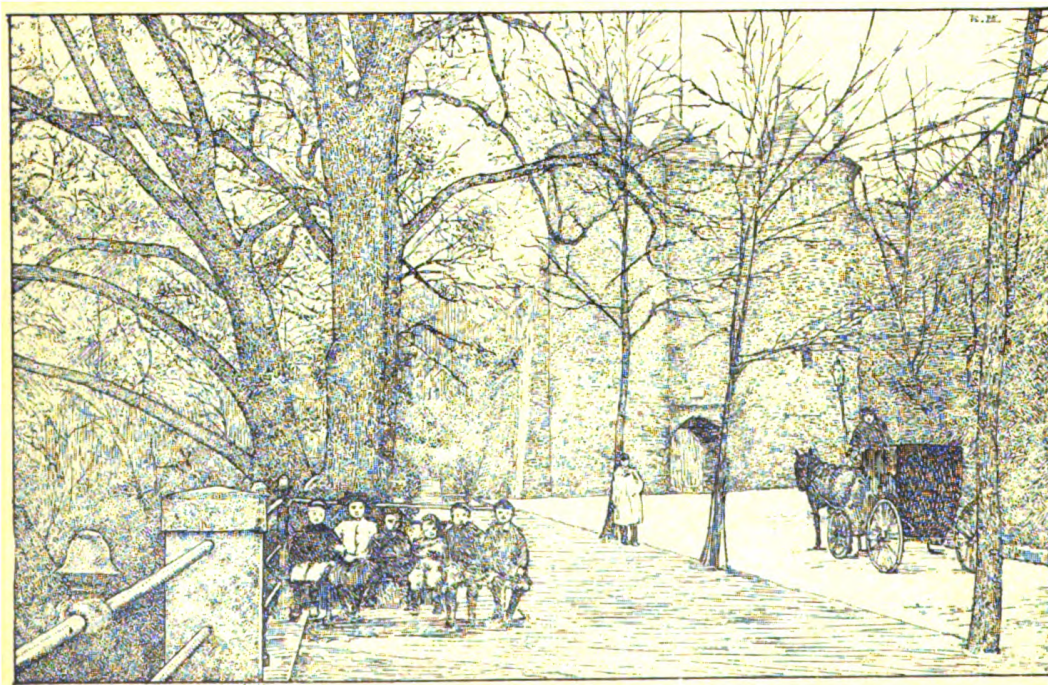
There is a grand-chamberlain; there are other chamberlains, with equeries and aides-de-camp, and a *maréchal de la cour*; there is a *grande-maitresse de la*

grande-duchesse; there are *dames du palais, d'honneur, du service, de la cour*.

The national colors are the red and white and blue; there are governmental departments of State, of Justice, of Agriculture, of the Interior, of Finance. The Minister of State sees personally the poor and the rich alike. The Department of Agriculture, alert to be of aid, gladly advises any farmer who presents a problem of seed or season or soil.

Ordinarily, there is dulness in statistics; but I was really pleased with the attention to detail of the official who compiled the census. Out of a total population of 236,543 all are Roman Catholics, with the exception of 1201 Israelites, 2269 Protestants, 49 "other Christians," and 186 who are rated as "not known." At once one wonders who and what are the 49, and what is the religion of the "not known."

The total annual revenue is small—only from two to three million dollars—yet the treasury always manages to hold a little surplus. The purposes for which a state spends money are always illuminative, and here, quoting from the report most recently published, I find that the



WALLS THAT HELPED TO MAKE THE CITY OF LUXEMBURG A SECOND GIBRALTAR



NOBLE SPANISH TOWERS PROJECT OVER THE EDGES OF THE CLIFFS

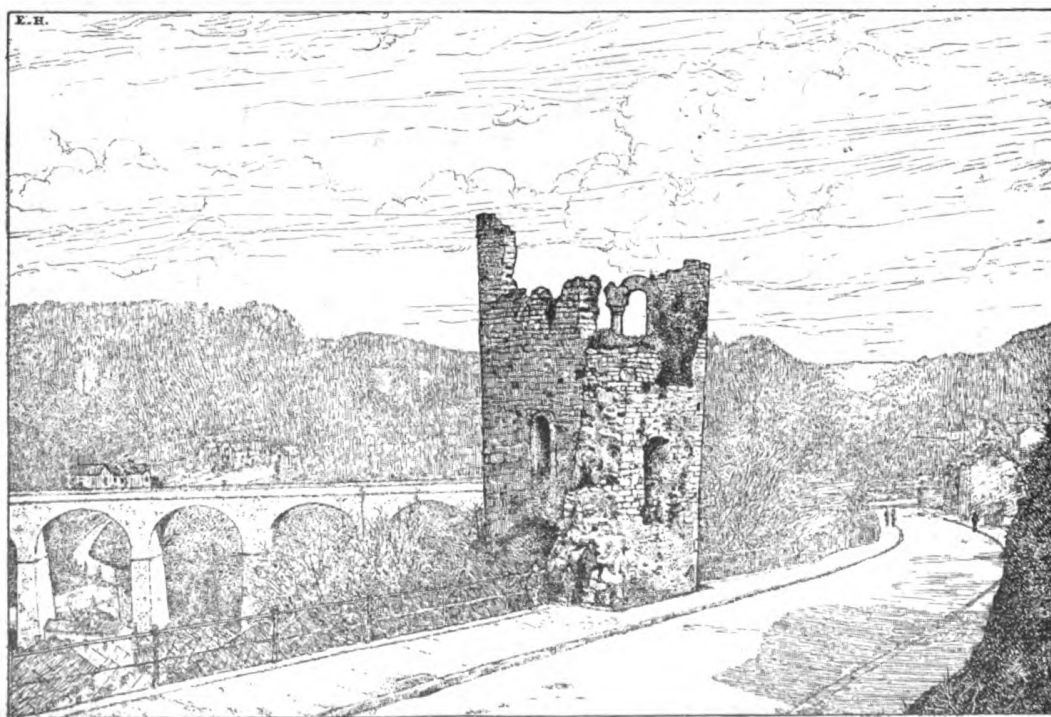
Chamber of Deputies costs but \$15,000; that prisons demand only \$50,000; the civil list and government, \$80,000; that religion and the army go hand in hand, each taking nearly \$100,000; that justice is given \$110,000, pensions, \$170,000, and agriculture, commerce, and industries, \$200,000; that "interior" expenses, one of the items under which is that of police, require \$230,000 (New York city spends annually on its police department alone \$13,000,000); that to public works goes over \$600,000; and that, under the noble classification of public instruction and the arts and sciences, Luxemburg gladly expends \$300,000.

It is a land of amenities. Ask a direction, and a man will quit his occupation, or turn back in his walk, to pilot you. Ask a question of the guardian of the gate at a railway station, and he is likely to lock his gate in the face of the other people and hurry off to find an answer for the stranger.

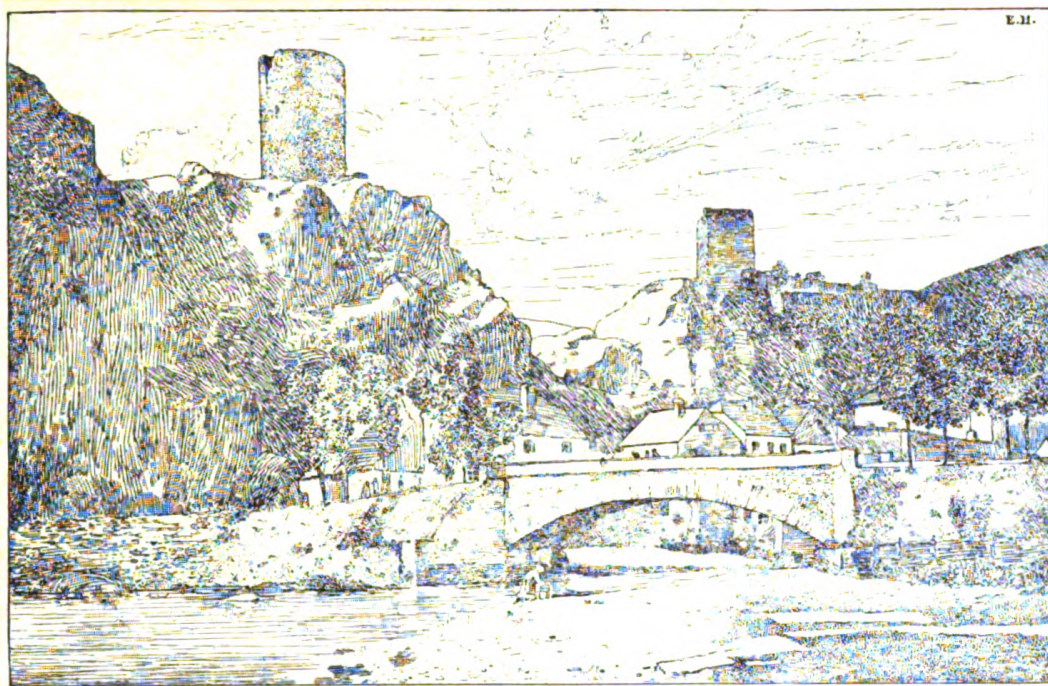
Luxemburg for centuries had an uneasy existence. In the pathway of the nations, army after army overran and harried it, changes of government were

frequent, shadowy claims and actual conquests succeeded one another. It escaped misuse in the Franco-Prussian war, because its neutrality had been decreed but a few years before.

The most picturesque of the men of Luxemburg was that John, the Blind King of Bohemia—hereditary ruler of Luxemburg, who set forth claims upon the Bohemian throne—who was slain at Crécy after heroically going into the battle linked to a knight on either side. "John the Errant," the old chroniclers term him, for he loved to roam about Europe, taking part, chivalrously, in as many quarrels as he could assume. Even when blindness came it did not cause him entirely to cease from activities, but permitted him to end his career in unique glory. In the hurly-burly of fight it may not have been possible to avoid killing him, but there is not in all history anything more unchivalrous recorded than the triumphant taking of the crest, the Three Feathers, of this slain old blind man, and its incorporation with the arms of the Prince of Wales as something to be transmitted as a proud heritage.



ONE OF THE GRIM PILES OF STONE



THE TOWERS OF ESCH, GLOOMING AT EACH OTHER ACROSS A ROCK-BOUND CLEFT

The general dislike and even dread of Germany are the more curious because the Luxemburg folk are mostly of Teutonic race, and only secondarily Walloon. More German than French is heard, but the common speech is a patois compounded from several languages.

By *diligence* or *postwagen* one may enter little-visited portions of the Duchy. I was so fortunate as to choose a time when, at some of the stopping-places, there was not a single visitor of any nationality. There are, however, portions that are freely visited by French and Belgians at certain seasons of the year.

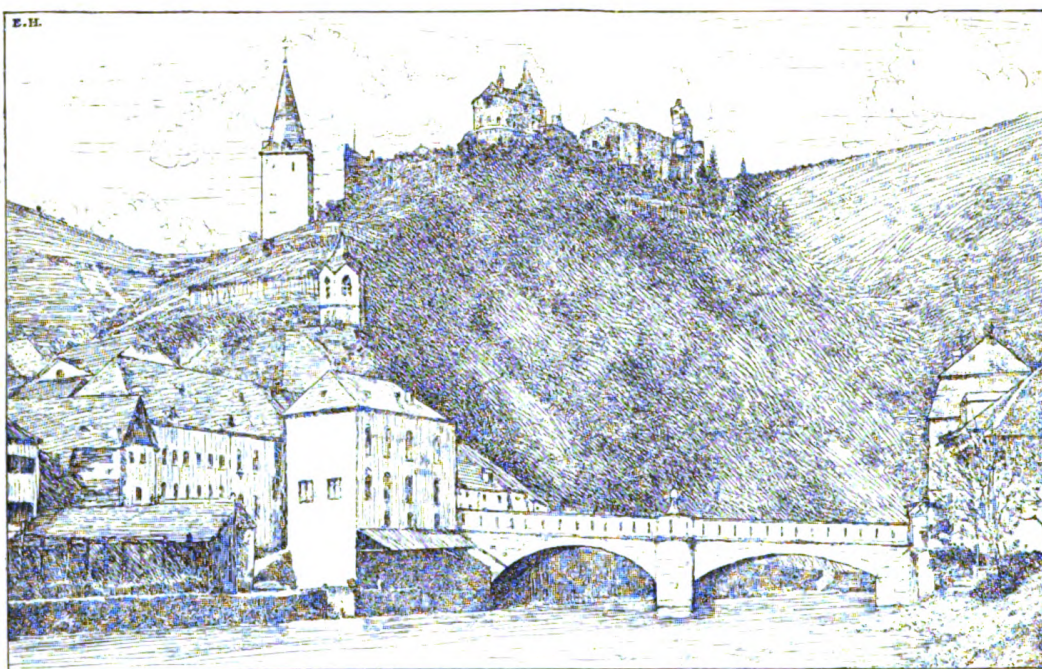
The *diligences* proceed with restful leisure, stopping at every wayside tavern and many a house. For one family the driver carries a loaf of bread; for another a bottle of medicine, and here he makes solicitous inquiry before going on; at another house he leaves a box, in regard to which there is uproarious but incomprehensible patois of joke: for although one may, by dint of great effort, master

the patois, he shall never come to comprehension of the patois humor.

One is given a general impression of long drives by the side of sparkling rivers, of villages strung attenuatedly through slim valleys, of idyllic glades where women tend the grazing flocks, of two-wheeled ox-drawn carts, of old, old houses where ancient women offer snuff from ancient boxes, and where there are black-mouthed fireplaces, and enormous beams, and winding stairs of stone, and carven doors, and stately standing clocks.

Most Americans in Europe wish primarily to go where splendor falls on ruined castle walls, and in Luxemburg they may plethorically satisfy this desire, for the number of ruins is astonishing for so small a region.

Among the many are the two towers of Esch, glooming at each other across a rock-bound cleft; the splendid fastness of Brandenburg, brooding over white houses beneath it; the stern remains of Bourseheid, deployed in crenellated com-



MIGHTY VIANDEN, LOOMING SOMBRE AND GRAY

plexity against the sky; mighty Vianden, looming sombre and gray, and with spacious expanse of the subterranean.

One will not so much care to learn their definite history. Their greatest charm lies in a glorified indistinctness of association. Splendidly setting forth the character and life of an entire age, they must needs summon up remembrance of things past, and kindle imaginative fire even in those least prone to imaginative enthusiasm.

Old tales haunt these ancient piles. Penetrate to the deepmost vaults of one, so the peasants believe, and there will be found two mail-clad warriors deep at play. "May the devil take him who first quits the table!" cried the two in unison, some sundry centuries ago, and at once the devil stood there, suave, smiling, expectant. Whereat the players, one may imagine with what chagrin, with what decision born of dire necessity, determined to play patiently on till the devil should be aware of waiting.

Between the rocky point of a castle and a rocky point beyond there was

stretched a slender plank for the convenience of men at work upon repairs. One day a mason hastened across the plank to meet his wife approaching with his dinner; thus doubly weighted the bridge broke, and the man was killed, and the woman, herself unhurt, set up a wail still remembered in this land of jests: "The good dinner; it is lost!"

One ruin is haunted by a fairy who sings softly in the brooding twilight; but woe to him so incautious as to utter criticism, for instantly he is metamorphosed into rock; and the rock-filled glen bears testimony to the legend's truth.

Far older than the castles are ancient Druid remains; and upon the summit of one Druid-haunted hill, topped by a great dolmen, the children build a fire upon one night of the year, and then, waving burning brands, come rushing down through the torch-lit darkness into the village at the mountain foot—rushing down, thus, out of none can tell what mistiness of vanished centuries.

Of many things are the people of Luxembourg proud, besides their independ-

ence. They are proud of their free press and free speech. They are proud of their schools, of which the government conducts not alone such as are for general education, but others for commerce, philosophy, gardening, farming, and manual training, and still others for instructing girls in housewifery.

There are agricultural societies for the purchase of machinery, and for combination and counsel in other lines, and for the handling and selling of milk and cheese and butter.

The important day for Luxemburg is that of the patron saint. Every one wishes to be at the capital on the annual day, and a vital point is that the saint must believe that all have pilgrimaged thither on foot. And so trains and wagons stop just outside of the city, and the people go walking gravely in!

A strongly religious folk these of Luxemburg. At a lonely hill village, one Sunday night, I entered the church, drearily perched under the shadow of a ruined castle. Shafts of pallid moonlight came through the narrow windows, but the church was in practical darkness, for the only other light was from three tiny candles that glimmered by the altar. The church was filled with people, almost indistinguishable in the gloom, the men upon one side and the women on the other. There was no priest or other leader, but the men and the women were antiphonally chanting, in almost ghostly resonance, a solemn service long since learned by heart. I left the church, and climbed to the ruin above, and there long listened to the antiphon coming up to me so effective and weird.

It is astonishing that in so small a land there are places which give the impression of being at a great distance from the beaten tracks of travel. One finds isolated villages, of houses gleaming white against the glaring green of hill-sides, where the landlord of the little inn will evince a desire to shake your hand on arriving. He will himself serve you with wine, or with strong waters distilled from plum-stone or cherry and bearing names all consonants, and his pretty daughter will wait upon you. You will sleep in a bed piled mountain high, with a mountainous bed to lie upon you. You will wake with the piping of birds and

look from your window upon the glory of lofty slopes white with cherry blossoms.

At one such village I was told that it was impossible to go on to the next; that I must needs go back by the *postwagen* by which I had come; but I found that not far away was the man who owned the solitary horse of the vicinity, and him I saw, and he hitched the soap-colored animal into his wagon and took me on my way. The horse was tight strapped within a tarpaulin, the wagon was without springs, the tugs were chains, and the man drove with a single rope—thus evidencing the prodigal waste of other lands, where two lines are required.

Beside the top of the front door of many a house is a little opening, and to this there runs a narrow ladder, usually placed as a staircase along the wall but sometimes standing out ladderwise. Bizarre in effect: but perhaps for children? one wonders—till one sees the ladders mounted, as evening comes on apace, by the family chickens.

The ploughing-oxen, the houses where wealth of pewter is preserved in deep old chests, the fairs where metal keepsakes are purchased for gifts interpretative by an ancient code of love, the grotto whose iron crowns cure headache, the discarding of a lover by the present of a black egg on Easter day—these are among the things of charm. At fascinating Vian-den, which Hugo loved, there is a church around which girls try to dance three times upon one foot and then to throw a stone into the stream that goes twinkling through the valley, for she who succeeds will be married within a twelvemonth.

A country piquant and fascinating. And when, on the *postwagen*, one approaches a mountain village through the mist of early morning, and the driver blows his horn, and the people gather where he stops, and he feeds his horses with big pieces of black bread, and the black-gowned priest, seeing that there is a stranger as passenger, hovers in the background and, divided between curiosity and dignity, bows till his tonsured spot shows shining, it is hard to realize that this is in the heart of Europe, that this is directly between the two great cities of Paris and Berlin—but in such fascinating incongruence lies much of the charm of this *Grossherzogthum* of Luxemburg.



A Truant Mountebank

BY CHESTER HOLBROOK BROWN

IT was surely hard, after yesterday, to come back to the same old humdrum life, to a Franklin speller and a Greenleaf's arithmetic, and to be packed off to school at half past eight with your face washed till it shone, your hair brushed in wet, flat curves over your forehead, and your necktie so fussed with and pulled at that it stood out a good six inches beyond your ears. Of course you always stopped when out of sight of the house and crumpled this flaring bow fiercely and thrust it inside your jacket, else you had been met with shouts of derision from your contemporaries. But of yesterday.

That had been a day of marvels and open-mouthed wonder; of dazzling pageantry and astounding feats; of close proximity to elephants and brown, shabby camels—in short, circus-day. We had a half-holiday; that was as far as the teacher's generosity could go. Since the circus was to be in town only two days, we judged it only right and fair that for those two days, at least, our minds should be free from any trivial matters of books and lessons. If the teacher had seen fit to add a day beforehand in which

to prepare for the coming prodigies, and a day after, that we might get our breaths again, we should have considered it handsome of her and worthy an attempt at good behavior for well-nigh a week. But no; it was a half-holiday.

We all saw the circus in one way or another. Charley Bates, whose father owns the woollen-mill and is rich, went in state and sat in a wicker chair that cost a dollar. Charley told me so afterwards. Joe Waters and I, who are not rich, got up early in the morning, and, while the circus men were at breakfast, cut a hole in the side of the tent, which we took turns peeking through all the afternoon. To be sure, we had to lie on our stomachs in the hot sun, and the backs of our necks got terribly blistered, but we were ever so much better off than Ik Henderson and Bunny Smith, who climbed a big hemlock to look over into the Museum of Wonders, and only saw an old man making brooms.

However, on this morning I am telling about, I started for school earlier and much more willingly than usual, for at breakfast I had devised the plan of going by way of the circus grounds. As I left

the table I remarked that I was going to call for George. You see, the circus grounds lay in quite the opposite direction from the village, and I felt that should my mother chance to look out of the kitchen window and see me cutting across the fields, my situation when I came home at night might be awkward. I said, therefore, I was going to call for George. Now my mother knew as well as I that George, who is a curly-headed, sheep-faced boy with very pink cheeks, always ran the whole way to school, that he might go in early and clean the blackboards for the teacher; and she also knew I should consider it a lasting disgrace to be seen with such a fellow at any time. So, lest these things occur to her and I be summoned back by a sharp rapping on the window-pane, I made the best of my way through our pasture, skirted a stretch of woodland behind George's house, and came out upon the highroad.

There were the big gray tents with their flags and streamers, and the wonderful colored pictures of giants and living skeletons and boa-constrictors. There were the gaudy painted wagons, the spotted ponies, and the magnificent drove of one Indian and two African elephants shuffling about in a square, roped enclosure, swinging their great trunks and flapping their great ears. The crowds were gathering to see the morning procession. Bands were playing; men were running here and there; people were laughing and shouting. It was all grand and lively and gay, and I was on my way to school!

As I watched I felt a lump coming in my throat, and since nobody was there to see, I sat in the grass by the roadside and let two big tears go rolling unheeded down my cheeks.

"Hullo! what's the matter now?" said some one, and turning, I saw a man squatting on a stone beside me.

He was dressed all in white, or in what had once been white; he wore a big ruff about his neck, and had queer turned-up shoes with bows upon them. On his head was a white, pointed cap; his face was painted white, with very red lips and nostrils, and there were black lines across his forehead and at the corners of his mouth and eyes. When I looked up he thrust out his tongue reassuringly.

"Hullo!" he repeated. "What's the matter now?"

"Why, why,—you—you're the clown!" I gasped.

At this he wagged his head solemnly, at the same time puckering up his face in the most amazing fashion.

"You're a boy," he said, in a sing-song voice, much as if he were reciting a lesson,—“you're a boy, and you're on your way to school, and you're crying because you don't want to go to school, but do want to go to the circus.” This came so very near being the truth that I began to choke again.

"Now see here," the clown went on, "I'm going to tell you something. You won't believe me, though," he added, doubtfully.

I expressed my willingness to believe anything he might tell me.

"Well, do you know," he said, putting his mouth close to my ear and speaking hardly above a whisper, "I'm just as anxious to get away from that circus as you are to get to it!"

He was joking, of course; clowns always do. But it was a sorry sort of jest, I thought, and I smiled pretty feebly.

"It's a fact," continued the clown, eying me sharply and twirling his pointed hat on the end of his finger; "and now what do you say if we change about? I'll go to school for you, and you take my place at the circus."

"Oh, I couldn't do that, sir," I answered, in some alarm. "Why, at the show yesterday you turned summersaults and—and everything. I couldn't see you from—from where I sat, but Charley Bates told me. I can't turn summersaults, you know."

"It's easy," he said, contemptuously. "I thought any one could turn a summersault."

"No, it isn't any use. I can't do it. I tried for half an hour out back of the barn this morning."

"Well, then I suppose we'll have to give the thing up," said the clown. "It was a good plan, though—a first-rate plan. Yet I don't know that I could manage your lessons," he went on, thoughtfully—"say sums, for instance. You have to do sums, don't you?"

"There was one about a farmer," I began, my voice trembling somewhat, for

he had opened an old wound. "He put a flock of forty sheep into a field surrounded by a fence four feet high and three feet broad. Five-eighths of the sheep jumped over the wall, just clearing it, and three-fourths of these jumped back again—"

"What did they do that for?" the clown interrupted.

"I don't know," said I. "Now, if

they began to jump two feet away from the wall and landed three feet away on the other side, how many feet did each sheep jump, and how many did the whole flock jump together?"

My companion pondered for a while, cocking his head on one side and screwing up one eye as if he were calculating to a nicety the prowess of each successive sheep. At last—

"Give us another," he said.

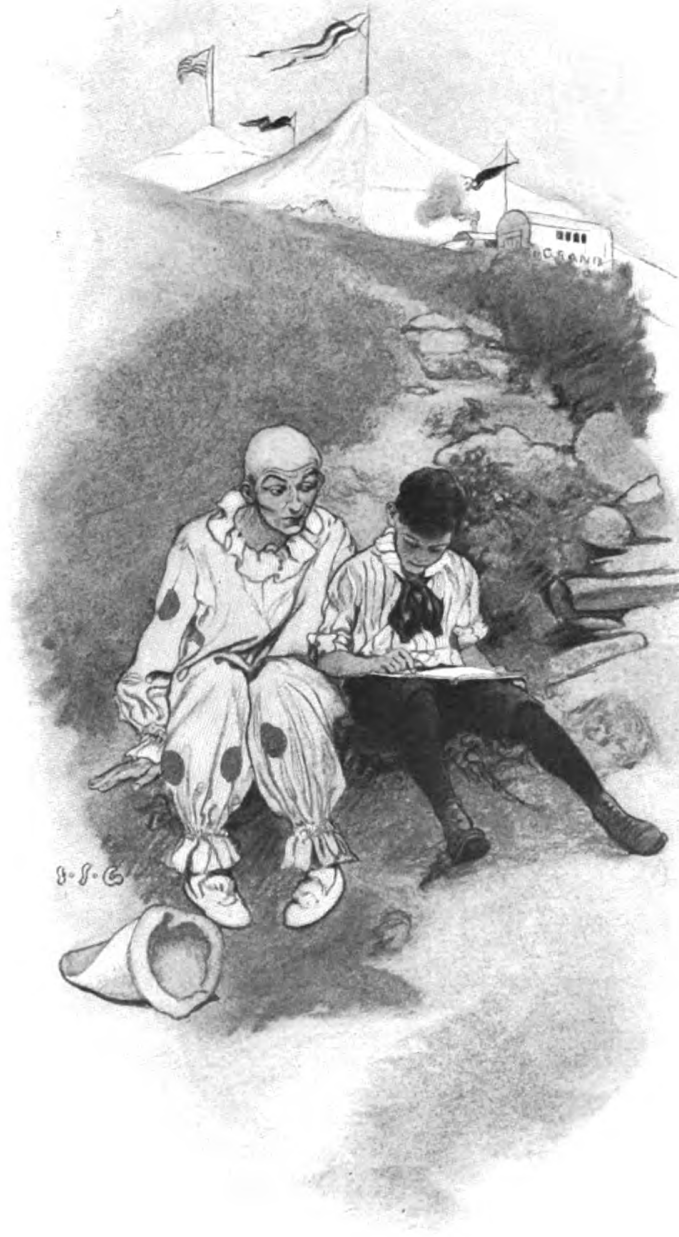
I opened my arithmetic at random.

"How many pounds of tea can be bought for $\$23\frac{5}{8}$ if $7\frac{1}{4}$ pounds cost $\$5\ 7-16$?"

"Oh dear me!" said the clown.

He seemed mightily cast down about it, and sat for a long time poking in the dirt with his white slipper. Then his face brightened and he jumped nimbly to his feet.

"There's just one thing for us to do," he cried, eagerly. "Now I'll make a bargain with you. We'll run away—off into the woods somewhere, or over on those hills—it doesn't make any difference where we go, you know; we'll have a splendid time, and if you will I'll give you a ticket for the show to - night. Come, what do you say?"



I OPENED MY ARITHMETIC AT RANDOM



"I'LL DO IT," I SAID, FIRMLY, AND WE SHOOK HANDS

My heart almost stopped beating.

"You—you mean," I faltered, "that I can see the whole circus—everything—from the inside?"

"Yes, to be sure. That's just what I mean."

All at once various difficulties rose in my mind. I had not played truant before, that term; still, my relations with the teacher would not admit of such an offence being lightly passed over. But a day with a real clown! Surely that was worth some risks. Suppose, though, I shouldn't see the circus, after all—sup-

pose— The clown was watching me anxiously.

"Come, what do you say?" he repeated.

"I don't believe my father would let me—go to the circus, I mean—at night."

"You might get to bed early and slide down the water-spout," suggested my tempter; "your house must have a water-spout, you know."

I swallowed hard. "I'll do it," I said, firmly, and we shook hands over the red clover-tops and daisies.

"Now that's talking like a man," said



WE SET OFF ACROSS THE FIELDS

the clown, capering about in great satisfaction. "We'll make a day of it and do all sorts of things."

Then of a sudden his face became grave, and he stood twirling his hat mechanically and frowning at the white bows on his shoes.

"We ought to take along something to eat, I suppose—we really ought," he said at length. "I don't like to speak of it at such a time, but *have* you any money about you?"

For answer I turned my pockets inside out and exhibited, among other

things, a big English halfpenny with a hole bored through it. I felt terribly uncomfortable and ashamed. It was as if I had broken my covenant at the very outset.

"That's bad—bad," said the clown, rolling his head from side to side, "for—you'd hardly believe it—but I haven't got much, either. I had a lot the day before yesterday. There was three dollars in bills and some change besides. I don't know where money goes to," he concluded, despairingly; "do you?"

"No," I answered, "I don't."

"If it wasn't for cream-puffs," my new friend went on in a mournful tone, "I might have had quite a sum laid by—I might have been a rich man. But, somehow, as soon as we come to a town I have to hunt up a bakeshop and buy cream-puffs. I have to do it; I can't help myself. You know how it is."

I nodded in sympathy. My own weakness was for those long, rubbery tubes of licorice candy through which water becomes nectar if sucked up slowly.

"However, we'll do the best we can," he said, more cheerfully. "You wait here for me—and, by the way, perhaps you'd better crawl in under those bushes. Some of the fellows might see you, you know, and tell." I never knew any one so full of good suggestions as this clown. I hid in the bushes till after it was time for school to begin, and then crept out to the road again.

In about half an hour I saw the clown come running toward me, carrying an immense paper bag in either hand. He seemed much elated over something.

"I did intend," he said, after he had got his breath a little,—“I did intend getting some cold meat and biscuits, but the more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that a day like this wouldn't be quite complete without cream-puffs,—so I took all the man had. I'd have got something else, too," he added, "only, you see, I didn't have any more money. Come on!"

We set off across the fields, the clown whistling and skipping along in a high good humor, and I trotting by his side, and having much ado to keep up with him.

"Your name is Toney, I suppose," I said as well as I could, for at the pace

we were making I was in danger of biting my tongue at every word. "You know, the bill-boards say, 'See the side-splitting clown, Toney!' That's you, isn't it?"

My companion stopped whistling.

"That's only my name on the bill-boards," he said, quite gravely; "my real name is Elisha."

I didn't think Elisha much of a name for a clown, and I rather doubted the truth of his assertion, but I was too polite to tell him so.

"I should dearly like to see the condors," I resumed, after a little; for, as the clown seemed occupied in looking about the country and made no attempt at conversation, I felt it incumbent upon me. "There's a picture of them on one of the big tents. I suppose you see them every day, though."

"Well, yes," the clown admitted, "I used to see a good deal of them; in fact, I tended them for a while when the keeper was sick. Do you know, sometimes I suspect—say! what is a condor, anyhow?"

I felt my eyes fairly starting from my head. To be walking with a man—yes, so close that I could touch him—who had associated intimately with condors, who had fed and cared for them, and had, no doubt, bandied pleasantries with them in leisure hours! This was worth a dozen trauancies. I strove to recall my geography.

"The condor," I began, though I couldn't for the life of me imagine why he asked the question, "is a huge bird measuring oftentimes nine feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. It flies to a great height over the Andes, now breasting the mountain gale, now hanging motionless in the blue heavens. Ever and anon it swoops down upon the peaceful villages, seizes a young lamb or a kid in its cruel talons, and bears it swiftly aloft. Then the inhabitants of the village rush out with drums and kettles and create such a din that the condor, affrighted, drops its prey, which, falling from such an altitude, is invariably killed. Whereupon the great bird, in its discomfiture, retreats to its nest on some dizzy peak. In this way the condor does much damage to the flocks and herds."

During my recital I had noticed that

the clown was looking at me with ever-increasing astonishment.

"Now see what a thing learning is!" he exclaimed, when I had finished. "If I had never met you, I should always have thought those birds in the tent there were condors."

By this time we were come to a grove of oaks beside a small pond, and here, since it was now past noon, my companion suggested we eat our lunch.

"I am sorry there are only twenty-three of these," he said, peering into the paper bags, "for, you see, you can't divide a cream-puff very well. But we'll fix it this way: whoever finishes eleven first gets the odd one."

I intimated that three, or perhaps four, puffs were all I could possibly desire. The clown looked puzzled and not a little relieved.

"Well, if you say so, I suppose it's all right," he said, after a minute; "and to tell you the truth I'm very glad you feel that way about it, for I hate to hurry over my food."

Nevertheless he began eating the puffs at a tremendous rate, as if he were in fear I should repent of my decision, and, when he had done, blew up the bags and burst them, which rather disconcerted me, for I was planning to do it myself. Then he lay back luxuriously in the soft grass and winked up at the sky. The sound of a gun came from the direction of the village.

"The show's beginning!" cried the clown, delightedly. "They fire a gun and I tumble out of a box at the top of the tent. Now the box will open and I sha'n't tumble! Oh Lord!" He rolled over and kicked up his heels in ecstacy.

"Come," he said, when he had in part recovered himself, "let's do something. Let's play marbles. You lend me some, and then if I win I'll give them back, and if you win you can keep them," he added, magnanimously.

So we played at marbles, the clown and I—"bunny" and "big ring" and "knuckles over." He was woefully out of practice, but he seemed to enjoy it and not to mind being beaten. Then we skipped stones across the pond, only his stones wouldn't skip, and afterward we played "stumps" for more than an hour, till I was red in the face and the clown's

white paint was moist and shiny. He was a terrible fellow at "stumps." He would take a fence or a stone wall at a bound and throw in a couple of summersaults besides; and when we came to "hop, skip, and a jump," he ended with a cart-wheel which took my breath away. I don't believe I could have endured being so worsted by Joe Waters or Ik Henderson, but this clown was so merry and good-natured about it, and withal so unassuming, that there was no bitterness in my envy.

"You don't happen," said he, when we were sitting on the shore of the pond to rest,—"you don't happen, I suppose, to have such a thing as a fishing-line about you?"

I took a piece of line from my pocket, and also the box of worms which I keep in case of emergency.

"There aren't any fish in this pond," I remarked, as I gave them to him, "except suckers, and they won't bite."

The clown cut an alder pole with great deliberation, and squatting on the bank, watched the cork bobbing on the water, with his mouth puckered as if he were going to whistle and the black lines on his forehead wrinkled into deep furrows. So long and so patiently he sat there that I grew tired and went off to look for a rabbit-hole I knew was thereabouts. When I came back he was still staring at the water.

"I guess you're right," he called out, gayly, as I came up. "I don't believe there's a single fish here. I haven't had a nibble. But I'm having a splendid time."

I think he would have stayed there all night had I been willing. But the shadows of the oaks were long and misty, and the sun, just resting on the hills, had such a late look that I suddenly remembered the cows waiting for me at the bars of the north pasture, and began to be fearful of the consequences should I not get them home in time for milking.

As we went back across the fields I noticed that the clown grew more and more thoughtful and less inclined to talk.

"I'm sorry I made you play truant," he said, after we had walked for some minutes in silence. "If I should see the



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

WHEN I CAME BACK HE WAS STILL STARING AT THE WATER

Vol. CXIV — No. 680. — 25

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"DO YOU KNOW,—I'D RATHER BE A BOY," SAID THE CLOWN

schoolmaster or something, don't you suppose I could fix it?"

"It isn't a master; it's a she," I corrected.

"Oh!" said the clown; "then I don't believe I could do anything about it. . . . You'll get a whipping, won't you?" he asked presently.

"Perhaps," I admitted.

"Resin is good," said he, "if you rub it in well. It doesn't hurt so much then."

"I generally use resin," I answered, and neither of us spoke again till we came to the highroad.

By this time it was almost dark. The clown perched on the stone wall and sat with his chin resting in his hand,

looking back toward the hills where the sky was all red and gold. I could see its light reflected on his white cheeks. Behind us, down in the village, a band was playing and the flare of torches showed among the trees.

"Have you ever wished," he asked, "that you were different from what you are—something you'd very much like to be, you know?"

"Oh yes," I answered, eagerly. "I'd like to be a clown and wear white clothes and have my face painted white, the way yours is, and do funny things to make people laugh."

"Do you know,—I'd rather be a boy," said the clown.

Christmas Vigil

BY CONSTANCE JOHNSON

IT is so still—outside the moonlight falls
On pure, unbroken snow;—day's mingled calls
Are silenced in the solemn winter night.
Within, too, there is peace,—no sound, no light
Save for a wand'ring moonbeam on the walls,
Save the soft breathing of the one at rest.
O Love Divine, O Spirit pure and blest,
Art Thou indeed come in to human halls,—
Incarnate now, a babe upon my breast!

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE "ALABAMA" ARBITRATION. AN INTERNATIONAL LAWSUIT

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE Hôtel de Ville of Geneva, Switzerland, an unpretentious public building of ancient origin, became the centre of interest for at least two of the great family of nations on the 15th of June, 1872, and attracted the attention of the entire diplomatic world, for on that day the arbitrators of the *Alabama* claims were to meet within its walls and attempt to settle an international dispute which had more than once brought England and America to the verge of war. Had it been absolutely certain that the officials would proceed with their work on the appointed day, there would, perhaps, have been less general interest in the event, but for months it had been an open secret that England was in anything but an amicable mood, and there were rumors that she intended at the last moment to withdraw from the arbitration and repudiate the treaty by which it had been authorized.

But although the political sky was dark, a fairer morning never dawned than that which greeted Geneva on the day of trial. Long before noon a group of experienced newspaper men, including several well-known English and American special correspondents, gathered at the Hôtel de Ville; but as they lounged about its picturesque entrance, comparing notes on the coming event, it was speedily discovered that none of them possessed any inside information. Beyond the fact that all the arbitrators were in town, and that both the contending nations were fully represented by close-mouthed counsel, there was no news to report. Rumor still had it, however, that England would repudiate her agreement to arbitrate; and if she did so, it was said that America would demand judgment against her by default, no matter what the consequences might be. There was another report that the clash

had already occurred, and that the arbitrators had abandoned their mission and would not even attempt to hold a session, but this was soon contradicted by the arrival of porters and messengers bearing books and papers for the tribunal, and as they carried their heavy burdens through the paved courtyard to the cobblestone stairway, up which in early times the state dignitaries rode their horses to the council-chamber, the journalists hastily followed them, intent upon reporting every preliminary detail. At the door of the Salle des Conférences, however, they were summarily halted by a Swiss functionary in scarlet and yellow, who politely but firmly informed them that none but the arbitrators and the English and American officials were to be admitted to the audience-chamber. Disappointing as this announcement was, it did not discourage the special correspondents, who relied on the influence of their journals to obtain the usual privileges, little dreaming that in the guarding of its secrets and in many other respects the impending proceeding was to create new precedents and furnish notable exceptions to several well-established rules. Meanwhile, all the reporters, great and small, remained in the anteroom, watching the stacks of books disappear through the guarded door, and vaguely wondering how many of those ponderous tomes the arbitrators had actually read.

The American "Case," as the history of the claims was called, was indeed a small library in itself, consisting of no less than eight bulky volumes, comprising more than five thousand printed pages, the contents of which had exasperated England to the point of repudiating a solemn treaty. Indeed, the wide-spread discussion of those volumes had given the foreign press a knowledge of the controversy which it would never have other-

wise possessed, and as public attention had been particularly attracted to America's documents, the story of her grievance was far more generally understood than was England's defence.

That story was ably told in the official pages—not, perhaps, with all the allowances and reserves which a wholly judicial review would demand, but with earnest conviction and scrupulous fidelity. It opened with a recital of the events leading to the civil war in the United States, disclosing the prompt request of the Secretary of State that no decisive action should be taken by the English government until the newly appointed American minister, then on his way to London, could communicate the views of his government. Nevertheless, it appeared that the first news which had greeted Mr. Adams on his arrival had been the Queen's proclamation of neutrality, and before he had been long at his post the unfriendly attitude of official England became painfully apparent. Another American had, seemingly, more influence with the English government than the accredited diplomat, for Captain James Bulloch, late of the United States navy, was busy at the port of Liverpool executing commissions for the Confederate government, and all Mr. Adams's official protests against his activities fell upon unheeding ears. In vain he reported that a vessel called the *Oreto*, in course of construction at the Miller yards at Birkenhead, was designed for a hostile errand against the

United States. The Foreign Office was polite but incredulous, replying that official inspection by the customs officials failed to disclose any irregularity or to confirm the minister's suspicions in any manner. Undiscouraged by this rebuff, Mr. Adams advised Lord Russell of the situation day after day, by word of mouth and written communication, and warned him of the inevitable result, until finally the *Oreto* sailed away to become the *Florida*, and begin the work of driving

American commerce from the seas.

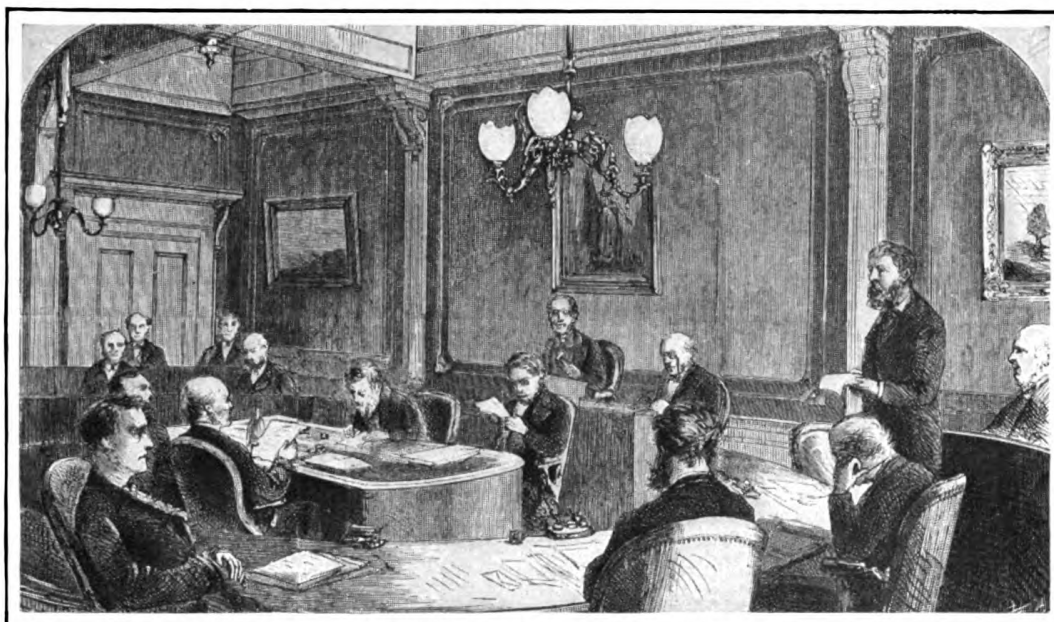
Meanwhile the keel of a mysterious vessel known as the 290 had been laid at the Lairds' yards in Birkenhead, and Mr. Adams soon reported Captain Bulloch's interest in her, following this with surprisingly accurate details of her construction and mission; but all the investigations of the English officials failed to unearth what Mr. Adams's

agents had readily discovered. The 290, it was admitted, might possibly be adapted for a war-vessel, but there were no guns upon her, and her mysterious numerals merely indicated her dock-yard name, she being the 290th vessel constructed by the Lairds.* Her real name, according to the

* By an extraordinary coincidence the existing United States battle-ship *Alabama* was the 290th vessel constructed by the Cramps at Philadelphia, and was known by that number in the yards. Messrs. Cramp inform the writer that this was not the result of design, but was entirely an accident, or rather of business sequence. Their 289th vessel was a ferry-boat called *Pittsburg*, the 290th the *Alabama*, and the 291st the Japanese cruiser *Kasagi*.



SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN
Arbitrator appointed by Great Britain



SALLE DES CONFÉRENCES, HÔTEL DE VILLE, WHERE THE GENEVA TRIBUNAL WAS HELD
From a sketch published in *Harper's Weekly*, May 18, 1872

records, was the *Enrica*, by which she had been regularly christened at her launching, and there was, to the official mind, no cause for her detention. All this was solemnly reported by the Foreign Office, and it was almost impossible for the American minister to appear unconscious of the veiled insincerity of these official communications. But Mr. Adams shut his ears to all that ruffled the temper, and keeping his eyes wide open, began preparing a case against Great Britain, knowing that sooner or later there must be a day of reckoning. In order that there might be no mistake, however, as to the legal bearing of his proofs, he submitted them to an English jurist of high authority, who expressed his opinion that the laws of England were being violated. Fortified with this decision, he once more visited the Foreign Office and called the facts and the legal opinion directly to Lord Russell's attention. Representations of this nature, of course, could not well be disregarded by the government, but it was slow to act upon them; and Captain Bulloch, receiving inside information that the authorities were contemplating the seizure of his vessel, took advantage of the delay to arrange a "trial trip" for the *Enrica*, which proved so eminently

satisfactory that she never returned to her dock. After a short stay at another British port she sailed for the Azores, where an English steamer met her with her arms and equipment, and with an English crew she sped away as the *Alabama* to capture and destroy all the unarmed commercial marine of the United States that crossed her path.

Meanwhile Mr. Adams continued to exercise the utmost vigilance in England. With even temper, exhaustless patience, and faultless phrase he warned the Foreign Office of the Confederate plans, and unremittingly supplied unwelcome information touching the infractions of English and international law, studiously disregarding official discourtesies, and remaining calm under exasperating hindrances and delays. Once, and once only, was he provoked into an exhibition of feeling, but when it became probable that two iron-clad rams whose character and purpose he had clearly exposed to the authorities would soon be delivered to Captain Bulloch and follow the *Alabama*, he closed his review of the facts with the significant utterance, "*It would be superfluous for me to point out to your Lordship that this is war.*" Those words penned by a man whose reserve, dignity, and patience had already im-

pressed Lord Russell startled him to instant action, and the outcome of the war being no longer in doubt, the British government found no difficulty in enforcing the law.

Such, in brief, was the history of the events recorded in the American "Case." It was not this statement, however, at

Johnson-Clarendon treaty was negotiated and submitted to the Senate at Washington. When it was discovered, however, that this treaty was modelled upon the old Claims Treaty of 1853, and merely provided for the reciprocal submission of individual claims by citizens of each country against the other, its fate

was sealed. In a speech of great power Sumner attacked it in the Senate, denouncing it as wholly incompatible with the dignity of the United States and utterly ineffective to secure a proper reconciliation. America would never win the respect of England or any other nation, he maintained, by accepting such a disposition of a national question. The treaty merely provided for the adjustment of a bundle of individual claims—the real issues were not touched. There was not a word in the entire document which recognized any duty that England had owed to the United States in the past, or which afforded any guarantee for the future, nor was there even a suggestion of regret on England's part for the injuries inflicted upon the United States, or any indication as to who the real complainant was. No such treatment of the grave questions at issue would be tolerated in America, he declared, and the Senate

promptly supported his view by rejecting the treaty by an overwhelming vote, only one member being recorded in its favor.

This emphatic action startled and irritated the British ministry and aroused deep resentment throughout the country. The mere suggestion that England ought to apologize for her conduct rendered further discussion impossible in the opinion of most Englishmen, and the very idea of such presumption would have been laughed at had it not been so annoying. The matter was therefore allowed to drop until 1871, when it was suddenly brought to a head by as skilful a move as was ever credited to a department of state.

In a message to Congress, President Grant reported that England did not appear willing to concede that the United States had any just cause of complaint, and he therefore recommended that a



BARON D'ITAJUBÁ
Nominated as Arbitrator by the Emperor of Brazil

which England had taken offence. The facts were substantially admitted, but *the claims under the facts* were in serious dispute, and the complications which threatened the arbitration with disaster did not appear in the formal record.

At the close of hostilities it had become Mr. Adams's duty to call attention to the claims of his government for the depredations committed by the *Alabama* and many other vessels wholly or partially equipped in England or sheltered in British ports, but his presentation of this matter instantly met with a cold reception at the Foreign Office.

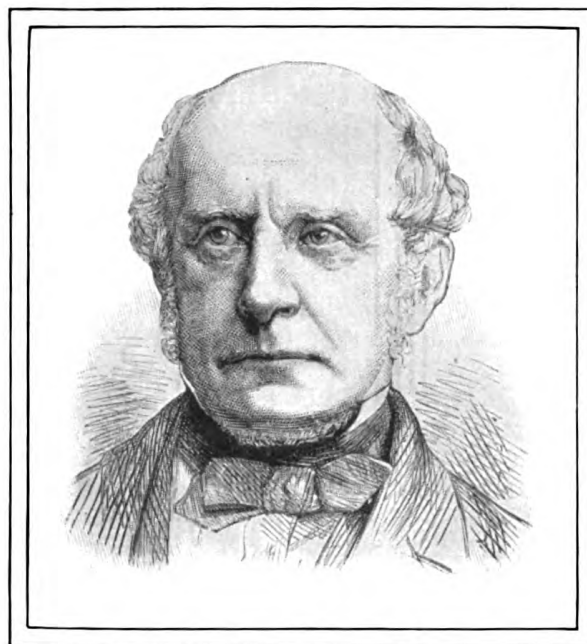
Meanwhile public opinion in the United States was intensely hostile to England, and nothing but the experience of a long and bloody war kept the popular feeling in check. This condition of affairs was mutually unsatisfactory, and in 1869 the

commission be appointed to take proof of the private claims for damages suffered from the *Alabama* or other vessels, with authority to settle the same by purchase, so that the *United States might own and control all such demands against Great Britain*. This quiet and significant manœuvre, coupled with the fear that the Franco-Prussian quarrel might draw England into war and render her own views of neutrality highly inconvenient, almost immediately resulted in unofficial advances from the English government, whose indifference toward the subject in dispute gave way to an undisguised anxiety for a prompt adjustment.

The preliminaries of this second negotiation were conducted with great prudence, every step being carefully considered, both sides realizing that another failure would arouse lasting resentment and embarrassment. Private unofficial conferences finally paved the way for the appointment of a Joint High Commission empowered to meet at Washington and negotiate a treaty for the settlement of all differences; and when the distinguished commissioners agreed upon a treaty providing for arbitration, it was confidently supposed that all the troublesome questions had been forever laid at rest.

Certainly the document approved by the Joint High Commissioners seemed to meet all the objections which had been so forcibly urged against the Johnson-Clarendon treaty. In the first place its expressed purpose was to provide for "the amicable adjustment of *all* causes of difference between the two countries"—a distinct recognition of the national character of the dispute. In the second place it specifically referred to "the claims of the United States generally known as the *Alabama* claims," and expressed "*the regret felt by her Majesty's government for the escape under whatever circumstances of the 'Alabama' and other vessels from British ports and for the depredations committed by those vessels*"—a most acceptable substitute for the "impossible" apology. Next it laid

down certain rules or principles of international law upon which it should be assumed that England had undertaken to act in the past, and which both nations agreed to observe in the future, and finally it provided for an impartial board of arbitration with ample powers to adjust all outstanding grievances. In



CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS
Arbitrator for the United States

a word, the document was a complete diplomatic triumph for the United States, and a virtual acknowledgment of the justice of the issues for which it had so long contended.

The arbitration clauses in particular left nothing to be desired. Their recitals read that "in order to remove *all* complaints and claims on the part of the United States, and for the speedy settlement of such claims," the contracting parties agreed that *all* said claims be referred to a tribunal of arbitration consisting of five persons to be appointed respectively by the President of the United States, the Queen of England, the King of Italy, the President of the Swiss Confederation, and the Emperor of Brazil, who should meet at Geneva "to examine and decide *all* questions which should be laid before them by either England or the United States,"

and that the award of the arbitrators should be accepted as a full, perfect, and final settlement of all claims *whether the same were or were not laid before the tribunal*. This disposition of the matter naturally met with the hearty approval of all Americans, and the Senate having promptly ratified the treaty, the arbitrators were appointed and the preparation of the American "Case" assigned to Mr. J. C. Bancroft Davis, the First Assistant Secretary of State, whose thorough study of the subject eminently qualified him for the task.

Mr. Davis had, however, no sooner exchanged his formidable treatise for the British "Case" prepared by the English agent, Lord Tenterden, than the London press began a furious attack upon the nature of the American claims, and a storm of indignant protest immediately followed. According to the English High Commissioners, it had been distinctly understood that America had waived what was known as the national or indirect claims arising out of the prolongation of the war, the increased payment of insurance, the transfer of the American merchant marine to the British flag, and other similar causes; yet in the face of this understanding the American "Case" called all these matters to the attention of the tribunal, and upon them based an enormous demand for damages. The American representatives protested that they had not waived, and had no right to waive, any of their country's claims, direct or indirect, and that the treaty itself distinctly provided for the settlement "of all differences" by arbitrators authorized "to examine and decide all questions that should be laid before them by either government." It was, however, pointed out that during the preliminary negotiations the indirect claims had been fully discussed, with the result that the protocol of the treaty recited that the United States estimated its direct claims at fourteen million dollars, and "in the hope of an amicable settlement" made no estimate of the indirect losses, "without prejudice, however, to the right to indemnification on their account in the event of no such settlement being made." The "amicable settlement" contemplated in this recital had been effected, according to the English commissioners, by the

agreement to arbitrate, and the United States had therefore no right to claim damages for the indirect losses or to submit them in any manner to the court.

There was unquestionably much force in this contention, and in view of the contradictory language of the treaty and the disagreement between the Joint High Commissioners as to its meaning, the United States was willing to leave the whole matter to the arbitrators and let them decide what was and what was not properly in suit. The English newspapers, however, denounced the whole proceeding, and, charging bad faith, urged the government to repudiate the arbitration unless the United States withdrew the objectionable items. In other words, one of the litigants, and not the court, was to pronounce judgment on part of its adversary's case—or there would be no trial!

Such was the situation when the contending governments faced each other in Geneva on that glorious June morning in the year 1872, and among the excluded journalists, anxiously awaiting the outcome, opinion was divided as to whether the Salle des Conférences was about to witness a union of the nations or an international breach of promise.

Meanwhile all the parties to the greatest international lawsuit in history were assembled in a large, high-ceilinged, plainly furnished room, with three windows looking out upon the Botanical Gardens. Dark-red curtains hung at the windows, and the rest of the chamber was decorated in harmony with the draperies, giving it a dull, formal, and ceremonious appearance, in keeping with the curved judicial bench erected on a low platform before the windows, and the semicircle of official desks extending to the right and left of the entrance and enclosing several tables covered with books and papers.

At the centre of the judicial desk, with his back to the windows, sat a tall, stout man with short side-whiskers, a bald head, and a round pleasant face. Although evidently well advanced in age, he carried his years with an unmistakable air of distinction, and his clear eyes and alert bearing bespoke a man in his intellectual prime. This was Count Frederic Sclopis, the arbitrator appointed by

the King of Italy and unanimously chosen president of the tribunal, not merely by reason of his seniority, but in recognition of his unquestioned attainments as a jurist, he being the author of one of the most famous legal treatises in Italy.

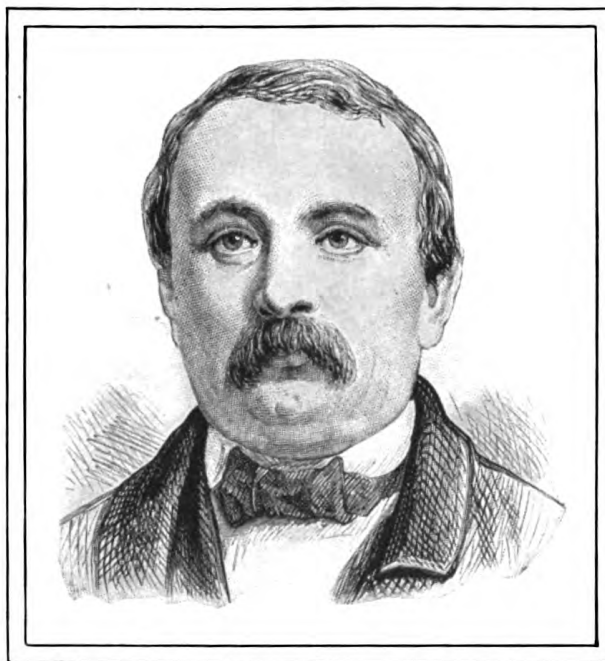
Immediately to his left sat the short, stoop-shouldered, studious-looking Brazilian ambassador to France, Baron d'Itajubá, a diplomat of forty years' experience, nominated by the Emperor of Brazil. On the other side of the president sat the youngest of the arbitrators, Jacob Staempfli, a self-made man of strong individuality and marked ability, whose original training had been in the law, but who had held almost every important

position under the Swiss government, including the Presidency, to which he had more than once been called. Of all the arbitrators, with the exception of Mr. Adams, this serious-minded statesman was unquestionably the most thoroughly prepared, for he had retired to his country-seat with all the official documents months before the tribunal met and conscientiously devoted himself to the case until he had completely mastered it in every detail. There was, however, nothing distinguished in his personality, and his heavy, stolid, Teutonic face contrasted unfavorably with the clean-cut, handsome features of England's representative.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, Lord Chief Justice of England, the arbitrator nominated by the Queen, was in point of scholarship and experience eminently

qualified for the important duty to which he had been assigned, but his florid face and aggressively superior manner indicated a temper and a temperament ill adapted to diplomatic success. Affable and courteous enough when nothing was at stake, he was utterly unable to bear opposition, and criticism fairly enraged him.

Moreover, he unfortunately chose to regard himself as England's chief defender rather than as her chief jurist, and having come to Geneva convinced that America was seeking an undue advantage from the treaty, he had no inclination to exert himself in saving the situation. In fact, he had already determined on a course which was well calculated to bring the proceedings



JACOB STAEMPFELI
Arbitrator appointed by Switzerland

to a speedy close; but in permitting himself to believe that this result was inevitable, he underestimated the skill and resourcefulness of his adversaries, who had every reason for wishing the arbitration to proceed. They knew that the treaty by which it had been authorized had placed the United States in the position of plaintiff and forced England into the rôle of an apologetic defendant, and that the principles of international law admitted and guaranteed were of the first importance, and that every detail of the case had been carefully prepared. No one appreciated the strategic value of these points better than the American arbitrator, Charles Francis Adams, and of all those gathered at the scene of action he had the deepest personal interest in the result. This was the moment for which he had anxiously waited and for

which he had prepared himself year after year, and he determined not only that America should retain every advantage she had gained, but that England should be left no loophole of escape.

No abler representative than Mr. Adams could possibly have been selected for the work at hand, and his temperament was exactly suited to the dual rôle of judge and advocate which his duties forced upon him. A less accomplished French scholar than Sir Alexander Cockburn, he was far more cosmopolitan and broad-minded, and among cultivated men his attractive personality and intellectual tastes gave him a distinct advantage over the irascible Chief Justice. Indeed, England and America were perfectly personified by their respective arbitrators. Both were keen, experienced lawyers, mentally well matched, and equally good fighters; but the moment they were pitted against each other the national characteristics were strongly in evidence.

At the circle of desks before the judicial bench sat the counsel—William M. Evarts's thin, sharp New England face contrasting strangely with Sir Roundell Palmer's clerical appearance. Beside Mr. Evarts—then at the height of his remarkable professional career—sat Morrison Waite, later Chief Justice of the United States, and near them were General Caleb Cushing and Mr. Charles C. Beaman, Jr., whose special study of the case at bar had made them expert advisers for the United States. At the other desks sat Professor Mountague Bernard of counsel for England, J. C. Bancroft Davis and Lord Tenterden, the official agents for the respective governments, and the remaining places were occupied by the private secretaries and translators—all young men of legal or diplomatic training.

Such was the company which Count Sclopis called to order at noon on the 15th day of June, 1872, and a more attentive audience probably never greeted a presiding officer, for the fate of the treaty trembled in the balance as the American agent rose, and, claiming the attention of the chair, filed the printed argument required by the rules. The die was then cast, for with that act America had complied with the last formality and stood prepared for action. What re-

sponse would England make to the challenge? The question was quickly answered, for Lord Tenterden immediately rose and moved that the tribunal adjourn for eight months—a proposition equivalent to adjourning *sine die* and ending the arbitration then and there. This emergency, however, had been thoroughly discussed by the American representatives, and recognizing that England had determined to block the proceedings, they had prepared to force her hand. Acting by prearrangement with his associates, Mr. Davis opposed the English agent's motion, and suggested as an alternative an adjournment for two days only. This counter-proposition was quickly accepted, and within an hour of their arrival all the officials were on their way from the Hôtel de Ville, pursued by the representatives of the press, who, in default of other information, advised their journals that the officials had dispersed and that the fate of the arbitration was sealed.

No such fiasco, however, was contemplated by the American representative. Calling the other arbitrators together informally, he outlined a proposition that they should deliver an extrajudicial opinion that the national or indirect claims afforded no proper basis for an award by the tribunal, he himself offering to vote in favor of their rejection. No more skillful move than this was ever recorded in diplomatic history, for without necessitating any withdrawal of America's claims, it forced England to accept a judicial disposition of them, which was what she had positively declined to do. Moreover, it demonstrated that America was seeking no undue advantage from the wording of the treaty, and was ready to bow to the authority of the tribunal, only asking that the decision be that of the court to which she had submitted her rights, and not that of her adversary. Had England voluntarily adopted this course, she might and probably would have succeeded in having the disputed claims rejected and thereby gained a notable victory. Instead of this, she was placed in the unenviable position of having threatened the violation of an international agreement because her demands were not complied with, thereby exhibiting not only disregard of her national obligations, but also lack of confidence

in the court before which the other issues in her case were to be heard—an error which she never retrieved during the subsequent proceedings.

This unexpected turn of affairs placed Sir Alexander Cockburn in a most embarrassing position. So sure had he been that the arbitration would prove abortive that he had come to Geneva wholly unprepared for any lengthy sojourn and almost entirely ignorant of the merits of his case, and when the sessions were resumed on the morning of June 29 he speedily found himself at a disadvantage. Annoying as this predicament would have been to any man, it was especially irritating to one of Cockburn's temperament, but the hearings could not be postponed to enable him to study the case, and plunging into the sea of details, he soon found himself beyond his depth, and began striking out right and left in a wild effort to keep his head above water.

By mutual agreement it had been determined to consider the evidence touching each vessel complained of in the American documents separately, and to reach a conclusion as to England's liability, reserving the question of damages for later discussion. Under this method of procedure the history of the *Oreto*, otherwise known as the *Florida*, was the first to occupy the attention of the court, and difficult questions of law were immediately raised which required clear analysis and careful deliberation. Sir Alexander did not, however, attempt to reason with his associates or persuade them to his point of view. With the voice of authority he endeavored to force his conclusions upon them, and his discourteous contradictions and ill-disguised contempt of "foreign" opinion were wofully lacking in good taste. Through long service in a court where his word was law he had become intolerant of the opinions of others, and utterly unable to adapt his conduct to the exigencies of the moment. Indeed, the hearings had not proceeded far before he attempted to ride roughshod over the very man whose conscientious and unprejudiced study of the case entitled him to the highest possible consideration. Mr. Staempfli, however, was not a man whom it would have been possible to brow-

beat with impunity under any circumstances, and his piercing dark eyes instantly responded in unmistakable challenge to Cockburn's first domineering utterance. From that moment the two men were in almost constant collision, and though the forms of courtesy were observed, nearly every interchange between them threatened a serious outbreak. The mere idea of the representative of an inland state having any notions on maritime law was absurdly preposterous to the Chief Justice's thinking, and he made no secret of his views in this regard. Had he, however, possessed even moderate tact, Sir Alexander could not have failed to perceive that his overbearing conduct was not only making an open enemy of one of the non-partisan arbitrators, but was seriously prejudicing the other two, for Mr. Staempfli had prepared careful opinions upon all the main issues of the case, and his thorough familiarity with the subject had impressed his colleagues and won their respect. Count Sclopis and Baron d'Itajubá were mild-mannered men of great personal dignity to whom bullying was intolerable, and they noted the Englishman's treatment of the Swiss arbitrator with astonishment and marked disapproval.

Mr. Adams, on the other hand, adopted an entirely different course. Recognizing that the success of his cause depended upon the representatives of Italy, Brazil, and Switzerland, he gave careful consideration to their opinions, welcomed their suggestions, answered their questions, and avoided controversy as far as possible. Indeed, it was not long before the American diplomat became the controlling force in the arbitration, and the discovery of this fact did not serve to soothe Sir Alexander Cockburn's temper. Moreover, the cause was going decidedly against him, for in considering the record of the *Florida* the majority opinion had been adverse to England's interests.

These reverses and the hot weather combined to exasperate the Chief Justice, and his encounters with his associates became more and more frequent as the case proceeded. Every day witnessed sharp exchanges between him and Mr. Staempfli, and with Mr. Adams he



kept up a running fight in which his increasing irritability often assumed the form of downright affront.

Finally it was decided that the legal champions should have a field-day, and Sir Roundell Palmer delivered a speech of considerable profundity upon the law of the case. Unfortunately for him,

able advocate whom he undertook to bait had made an exhaustive study of the case, and his answers were so cool and at times so sharp that the questioner was frequently left disconcerted.

Mr. Evarts's argument was delivered in English, but General Caleb Cushing was a French scholar of considerable proficiency, and his address, which was a masterpiece of tact, illustrated the difference between the English and the American attack. Sir Roundell Palmer had instructed his hearers upon English law with a profundity which left little to be desired. But however satisfactory his discourse may have been to the English arbitrator, who needed no persuasion, there is every indication that it failed to convince or even to interest the representatives of Brazil, Switzerland, and Italy. Mr. Cushing proceeded on entirely different lines. Without attempting any technical discussion he immediately entered upon a broad review of international duties, calling attention to the Italian laws, with which he showed a familiarity as agreeable as it was interesting to the venerable President Count Sclopis.

Next he commented upon

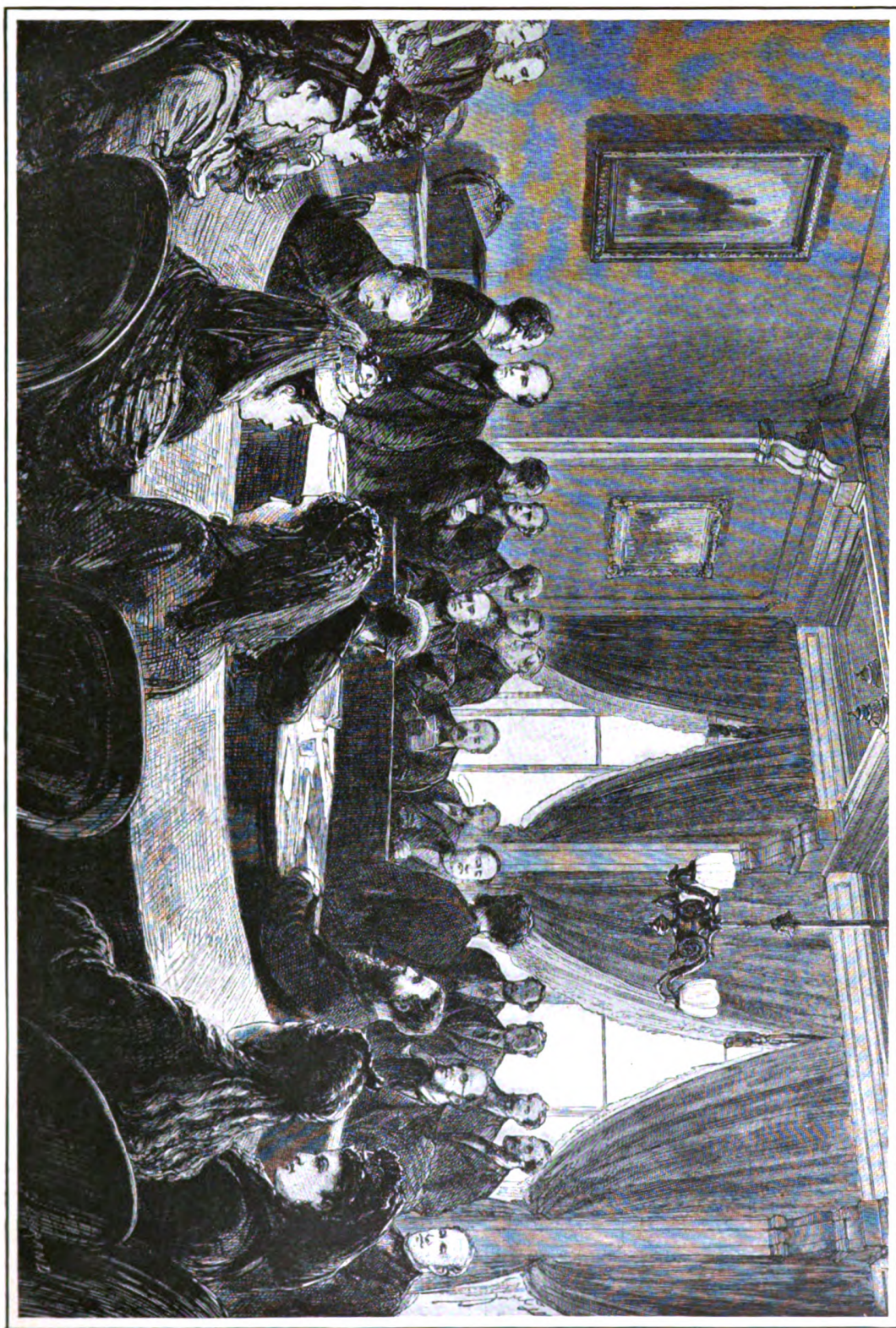
however, it was *his* advice that had governed the action or inaction of the Foreign Office during the civil war, and as the main question before the tribunal was the soundness of that advice he was at a disadvantage with his audience which it was difficult for him to overcome.

Mr. Evarts followed with an argument of great power, which was repeatedly interrupted by impatient and sometimes scoffing questions from the Chief Justice. But here again Sir Alexander damaged his cause, for although his knowledge of the laws of England was authoritative, and his extensive information concerning American diplomatic precedents might have been utilized most effectively, he displayed such bad judgment in handling his material that the opportunity was lost. Moreover, the

and commended the Brazilian laws, demonstrating that they recognized the principles of international comity for which America was contending, and then taking up the Swiss laws, he showed how her statesmen had observed and enforced neutrality under geographical and political surroundings of peculiar difficulty. A less skilful speaker might have injured his cause by an *ad hominem* argument of this character, but the entire address was so gracefully and artlessly delivered that its strategy was never offensive and its appeal was far from lost. The very tactfulness of such an approach, however, fretted Sir Alexander, and his antipathy for the speaker, which had been smouldering throughout the sessions, flared into open hostility before the arbitrators went into secret session to consider their award.



COUNT FREDERIC SCLOPIS
Italian Arbitrator, President of the Tribunal



FINAL SESSION OF THE GENEVA COURT OF ARBITRATION
From a sketch published in *Harper's Weekly*, November 2, 1872

Up to this time not one word of news had been obtained by the indefatigable journalists who daily thronged the Hôtel de Ville, and it is probable that never before had the secrets of a great international litigation been so strictly kept. Not even a rumor of the bitter personal struggle that had been fought behind the closed doors for over two months had found its way into print, and although the relations between the English arbitrator and the other officials had become so strained that they virtually never met except officially, no hint of this condition of affairs had publicly appeared when the arbitrators met on the 14th of September to publish their award.

This time the Salle des Conférences was crowded with guests, for the Geneva Conseil d'Etat had been invited to witness the ceremony, and the members of that body, dressed in official black, were assigned positions behind the judicial desk.

At the centre tables sat the counsel and the agents, and the circle of desks about them was occupied by ladies related to the various officials, while behind them were grouped the young secretaries and translators. At noon Count Sclopis assumed the president's chair, and with him appeared Mr. Adams, Mr. Staempfli, and Baron d'Itajubá, but the place on the president's extreme left, usually occupied by Sir Alexander Cockburn, was vacant, and minute after minute slipped by without witnessing his appearance. Finally at the end of nearly an hour's waiting he arrived, and Count Sclopis proceeded to announce the award, which was in many respects a complete surprise.

England was held responsible for all the depredations of the *Florida*, the *Alabama*, and their tenders or auxiliaries, and for some of the injuries caused by the *Shenandoah*, and fifteen million five hundred thousand dollars was awarded the United States. With an admirable display of fairness, however, and in a strictly judicial spirit, Mr. Adams had decided against the contentions of his own country in the cases of the *Georgia*, the *Sumter*, the *Nashville*, the *Sallie*, the *Tallahassee*, the *Chickamauga*, the *Music*, the *Jefferson Davis*, the *Boston*, and the

Joy, voting only against England in the cases of the *Alabama*, the *Florida*, the *Retribution*, and the *Shenandoah*.

Sir Alexander Cockburn, on the other hand, had voted against the United States and in favor of England in every instance except the *Alabama*, and then only for reasons of his own, with which the rest of his associates disagreed. Moreover, he refused to sign the award at all, and the moment Count Sclopis finished reading it he rose, picked up his hat, and to the intense astonishment of the assembled company, marched out of the room without even a word of farewell to the men with whom he had been daily associated for more than two months.

This extraordinary discourtesy was not, however, the climax of the Chief Justice's indiscretions. In a dissenting opinion of one hundred and eighty pages he attacked the findings of the award in an utterly unjudicial spirit and with a confusion of ideas and disregard of logic unworthy of his talents. In fact, like the Scotch advocate who had lost the thread of his argument,

"He gaped for't—he groped for't—
He found it was awa', mon,
But when his common sense fell short
He eked it out wi' law, mon."

The best English opinion sincerely deprecated this futile and ill-advised performance, and public opinion found nothing in the award to provoke anger or criticism. The decision, it is true, marked a diplomatic and legal triumph for the United States which had never been equalled and has never been surpassed, but Englishmen saw that the principles of neutrality which had been established inured to the benefit of both parties, and that international arbitration had been magnificently vindicated by the satisfactory solution of a problem of unparalleled difficulty. Indeed, the result was accepted by England without resentment and with little or no regret, and had her arbitrator recognized the human elements in his cause, and striven to do justice rather than battle for his country, it is more than probable that a far more favorable result might well have been her portion.

The Fair Lavinia

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE spring was wonderful that year: a year long ago; it was late, there had been many northeast storms, and frosts, but it was at last fairly triumphant. The trees were forth all together in a silently hustling crowd, and it seemed as if many of them, instead of taking their turns for flowering, and leafing as usual, were pushing to the front, regardless of all the laws of the vernal season. One looking from his window saw leaves of maples deepening from rose to green against the fixed green of others which had more direct sunlight. The dark limbs of oaks having dropped their last year's shag of russet, which had endured so long at their knotty knees, to be pierced by violets and spring beauties, showed tufts of gold. Between the greens, ranging in all tones, were the cherry boughs, so aerial with white blooms that it seemed as if they might float away into space, and the slowly deepening gray and rose and white of the apple-trees. The lilacs were tipped with brownish pink; the snowball-bushes bore faint green spheres; the birches were clad as lightly as nymphs, revealing their graceful limbs, white with the passion of the spring, through dim clouds of amber green; the willows wept with tears of liquid gold, and everywhere were the gold bosses of the dandelions upon the green shield of spring.

Young Harry Fielding, pacing up and down before the house of Parson Samuel Greene, where he was being fitted for Harvard, could not keep his mind upon the learned book in his hand. He too was affected by the mad, sweet turmoil of the spring. Greek imagery became real to him, and he was one to whom the real became always most fully evident through the lens of fancy. It was as if he had come suddenly upon a dance of nymphs led by the god Pan under the green arch of the trees. Wild music filled his brain: that music which the

first man had heard and followed. His own feet almost followed it. This music began and ended in the earth and the joy of life, but that in itself seemed eternal. The earth seemed no longer a passing and vain show, but an endless pageant of rapture. Harry felt that his state of mind must be sinful. He had always worn his New England conscience as a species of stay for his moral back, as the women of that day wore busks at their innocent bosoms. Now it swayed like a birch branch, bearing him along with it in a dizzy arc of delight. Had he been a Catholic, he would have crossed himself; as it was, his soul sent up a petition to the stern Divinity of whom he had been taught. But that stern God suddenly assumed a smiling face. He looked upon him through the eyes of countless flowers; He breathed love and reassurance through all the soft voices of the spring. Harry was gazing up with great black eyes, as full of wondering delight as a child's, at the blue crystal of the sky, against which tossed the gold feathers of the trees, when another young man, emerging from the parson's gate, purposely collided with him. Harry's hand which did not hold the book clenched involuntarily, and he frowned; for although destined for the ministry, he had fighting blood in his veins. Then he laughed, for it was only John Brooks, who was always playing off a jest upon some one whenever he was able.

John Brooks was tall and loose-jointed and clumsy. His blond streaky hair fell in straight lines over his high stock, which cut his double chin and forced his head back into a pose of obstinacy which well expressed him, in spite of the humorous twinkle in his prominent blue eyes. He clapped a heavy hand upon the other's shoulder. "What are you mooning about, sir?" he asked.

"I am not mooning."

"Not mooning? You are walking on the moon instead of the earth, and the wool which the moon-calves shed is clinging to you. The spring fever has got in your blood, brother. Purges both for the body and mind you need. I will prescribe—"

Harry gave the other young man an impatient shove. "Enough of this nonsense!" he cried, angrily.

"Nay, but wait a bit, sir. You have not heard my prescription. 'Tis no bitter pill, but the sweetest morsel that ever was. 'Tis my cousin Lavinia Creevy, otherwise known as the 'fair Lavinia,' and well she deserves to be so known. She comes by stage this afternoon with my aunt Elizabeth, to be present at the closing exercises. So look your best, Harry, and be on the alert, for the fair Lavinia is well versed in book-lore. She has some knowledge of Latin even; and yet she is a notable housewife. Shall I tell you how she is favored, Harry?"

Fielding looked at his book. "I have no time," he replied, in a curious, wavering, fascinated voice.

The other laughed. "That is what time is for in the spring," he said. "The fair Lavinia is tall and slender, but not too slender, and she has the way of a gentle and good woman; and yet she can laugh, when the matter be worth laughter, not giggling at naught as is the way with some maids. She is discreet and modest, and she is not shame-faced, since she knows well her own worth, though she is not puffed up by it. She has no megrims, nor need to dose with salts, and the like, for swooning, like most of her sex. For the rest, she is as fair as a lily, and it seems as if her veins ran silver; and her eyes are like violets, and her throat is long and white, and drooping in the swath of lace which veils its fairness; and her hair is long, with curls over the ears, and caught up with a high comb, and shining like gold. And her cheeks and lips are like blushing roses. She is the belle of all Whitfield, and indeed of the whole county; and yet she has seen no one to whom her heart inclined, although she is so gentle to all, and so pitying that she has not love to give them. Sometimes it seems to me that the maid will wed without loving, so sorrowful

she is for lack of love to return for love, and so willing to bestow her sweetness and kindness upon all."

"Nay, that she must not do," cried Fielding. Then his face flushed angrily at the other's laugh.

"Caught you are already at the mere tale of a maid's charms," cried John Brooks, with an elfish twinkle, "and what will you be at the sight of her? Your mouth is all ready for sweets, Harry. Make ready yourself in your best before the Whitfield stage arrives. Is any of your own family coming, Harry?"

"My father and Isabel Done."

"Isabel Done?"

"Isabel Done is a distant cousin, an orphan, who has lived with us since my mother died, and keeps house for my father."

"Young?"

"A year younger than I."

"Is she fair to see?"

"I know not."

"You know not? Why, have you not seen her, man?"

"As often as the face of the clock."

"And you know not how she looks? Then she is not fair."

"Who said she was not overfair? She is as fair as any. None ever said Isabel was not fair."

"And I dare say she has a disposition of the best."

"Who said she had not would need to reckon with me," cried Harry, hotly.

Brooks laughed. "Well, Harry," he said, "put on that flowered waistcoat of yours before the Whitfield stage comes in, bringing the fair Lavinia." Brooks laughed again mockingly at the eager look in Harry's eyes, but the boy was too possessed by the fair image which his friend had conjured up to notice the mockery. A strong imagination had Harry Fielding, and was given to writing poetry upon the sly, and his mental vision projected itself toward the future and the unseen to such an extent that he had a species of mental short-sightedness, but knew it not. Dreams were to him more real than verities, and a verity to become substantial to him must needs be transposed into a dream. All this John Brooks, who had a wit and understanding beyond his years, knew, and regaled himself upon, although his

friend knew nothing of it. Being of such a serious and enthusiastic nature, he had little sense of humor.

After John Brooks had left him, he continued to pace up and down before the parson's house, with its hip-roof and projecting second story, and its garden bordered by box, which was coming forth bravely. Harry smelled the strange acrid odor of the box, wrought into a bouquet of perfume with musk and clove-pinks and the almond of fruit blossoms and the vital breath of new grass, and now he could also realize emanating from his own soul a fragrance which accorded well with that of the spring. The fair Lavinia was what he had so innocently and wonderingly missed. Now he had her image close to his heart, as close as the maid herself could ever be—perhaps closer. He saw her: that gentle pitying creature of ivory and rose and silver, fashioned like some sweet idol of the emotions. He saw her before him with the eyes of his spirit; he noted the radiant droop of her golden curls, the mottled shell of the comb which crowned them, the wonderful soft radiance of her blue eyes, and her tender smile, which withheld nothing and offered nothing, but was wholly maidenly, and he smiled at her with his whole soul, and loved her with his whole soul.

The Whitfield stage was half an hour late that afternoon, on account of one of the leaders casting a shoe and having to delay at a smithy. The Boston stage, which was properly due some time later, arrived first. Harry in a brave flowered waistcoat was at the gate with John Brooks and some other of his fellows. Harry's face fell when the stage came fully into sight, for he had thought it would come from Whitfield, but he stepped forward to welcome his father and Isabel Done. However, only Isabel, clad in dove gray, with a little gray mantle and a bonnet with a gray plume, alighted to greet him. His father had been detained in Boston by a stress of business. Isabel paled a little when she first saw Harry, although she had but little color to lose in any case, but she greeted him with a gentle dignity and kindness, as was her wont, and pointed prettily her little satin-shod foot as she advanced up the box-bordered

path to the parson's house, with Harry by her side and the admiring glances of all the young men upon her. She saw these glances without seeming to see them, but she would have given them all for one such glance from Harry Fielding's eyes. She was a beauty, albeit of a singular type. Not a trace of rose was there in her smoothly curved cheek, which had instead a warm ivory-color, perhaps obtained through some Spanish ancestor whose blood had mixed with the Anglo-Saxon years ago. Her eyes were blue, with thick fair brows and lashes, and her hair rippling in great ripples so matched her ivory-toned skin that she might have been a statue for her whole coloring, except the faint rose of her lips. She was no sooner in her bedroom removing the dust of travel than John Brooks had Harry Fielding by the velvet collar and was shaking him. "And you knew not how that beauty looked," cried he. "Fie! man, hast no eyes in thine head?"

Fielding shook himself free. "Isabel is well enough to see," he replied, "but I have always seen her, and, to tell the truth, she looks to me as like other girls as one of those pinks in the bed yonder looks like all the other pinks." With that Fielding pointed to a bed of pinks which were bursting from their calyxes with excess of bloom and exhaling a breath of honey and cloves.

Brooks looked at him contemptuously. "As much like other girls as one of the pinks like the others!" mocked he. "She is a rose among common blooms, or a lily. You are thinking but of the fair Lavinia. How near is the cousinship between you and that beauty?"

"Not near," replied Harry, absently, staring down the road, from which columns of golden dust were slowly rising in the light of the setting sun. "I hear the Whitfield stage."

"Yes, so do I," mocked Brooks; "and now for the fair Lavinia, to whom without even one glimpse of her you have fallen captive!" Then the great stage rolled up with tramp of hoof and toot of horn and crack of whip, and the passengers swarmed forth. There were many, for a number of the young men who attended Parson Greene's school came from that section of the coun-



Painting by William Howard Lawrence

SHE COULD SING MANY A SONG LIKE "MARY OF ARCTYLE"

try. Fielding watched with his heart thumping. He saw his friend John Brooks step forward and greet with a kiss a small maiden who resembled him closely. Then he watched for the fair Lavinia; but after John Brooks's sister descended a monstrous stout lady, perspiring in a purple shot silk, with a long black wrought-lace veil to her bonnet, which the wind caught and so enveloped her that she was a long time in getting untangled and being able to alight at all. Then came two gentlemen with columnar necks stiffly set in high stocks, and a little girl with tight braids of flaxen hair tied with blue ribbons standing out at right angles, and dragged at the hand of her mother, then an elderly and thin woman in black who greeted a young man with a burst of soft tears, and divers others. At last the stage was emptied, the driver gathered up his reins and drove away, and there was no fair Lavinia. Brooks's sister had entered the house with the rest, and Harry approached him hesitatingly. Brooks shot a queer sidewise glance at him. He was switching with his slender cane a clump of heartsease which grew beside the path.

"Your sister came alone," said Harry, and he also switched with his cane at the heartsease.

"Yes, Harry; the fair Lavinia has, what one so fair should be exempt from, an attack of the quinsy, and the doctor thought it not safe for her to take the journey."

Harry's face fell. He did not look at his friend, whose face was full of high enjoyment.

The two presently began pacing up and down before the house, and again Brooks descanted upon the charms of Lavinia Creevy, and poor Harry's face lengthened more and more because she had not arrived. Then appeared Eliza Brooks, gayly arrayed in a shot silk of olive green, wearing a fine gold chain with a locket, and a high shell comb. Although so much like her brother, she was so fair a copy of him that she almost seemed a beauty beside him. She curtsied prettily to Harry, and there being yet some time before supper, she strolled down the road with him, while Brooks went back to the house. John

Brooks's sister Eliza echoed to the full her brother's praise of Lavinia Creevy. She said even more, were it possible, and enlarged greatly upon her accomplishments and sweetness of disposition.

"And there she lies at home suffering with a quinsy, the sweetheart, while I am junketing abroad," said she. "I would not have come had she not so sweetly urged it upon me, and had not dear Aunt Elizabeth, who is so good a nurse, been with her and also urged it. Dear Lavinia, she even wept at the thought that I might lose my pleasure upon her account. Never was such a darling and such a beauty."

When Harry Fielding seated himself at the supper-table by the side of Eliza, he had no thought for the light biscuits and preserves and cakes and tea, and cream in silver jugs. He had no thought for any one or any thing except that fair Lavinia Creevy, although now and then he looked with a kindly glance of good-fellowship at Isabel Done, and saw to it that she was well served.

Isabel looked to the mind of John Brooks, and the minds of many others, wonderfully fair in a gown of canary-colored silk, cut low enough to reveal the beautiful nape of her neck. After supper she was surrounded, and especially when it was discovered that she had a sweet voice, and could sing many a song like "Mary of Argyle" and "Sweet Afton," accompanying herself upon the little piano inlaid with mother-of-pearl. Harry sat in a window-seat with Eliza Brooks and listened, and talked between songs, and always the talk turned upon the fair Lavinia Creevy, although at last Eliza spoke of Isabel Done. "How the young men cluster about her! It is like bees around a cherry blossom," said she.

Harry gave a start and a quick frown, and looked at the cousin whose fair head gleamed dully among her swarm of admiring swains. Then his face relaxed as Eliza spoke again of the fair Lavinia. "Rather, I should say, as young men flock around Lavinia Creevy," said she, and was upon her favorite topic again, while Harry listened with intense interest, although now and then his eyes wandered toward Isabel in her window with her cluster of admirers around her.

After Isabel had played and sung again, Harry turned to Eliza. "Can Miss Creevy play music?" asked he.

"She plays the harp like an angel," replied Eliza, fervently, but she shrugged her shoulders a little and her eyes wandered toward the other young men. Presently she slipped away—although Harry gazed ruefully after her, for he wished to hear more of the fair Lavinia—and sought her brother. He was about to seek Isabel Done, but he turned at his sister's touch on his arm. "John, John," whispered Eliza, "find me some one save that youth, some one who has not so much fancy and sharper eyes. I have not worn my best gown for nothing, nor my gold chain. I will not be looked past for Lavinia."

John laughed again and stayed with a touch on the elbow a youth who was on his way to Isabel. "William Preston," said he, and the young man stopped, although with a passing annoyance. However, when John presented him to his sister, and Eliza made a pretty curtsy, and flashed her shrewd bright eyes at him, and smiled, he was not at all ill content, and followed her to another window-seat, and quitted her not during the whole evening, nor indeed for long for his whole life, since they were affianced soon after, and married when he had completed his college course.

Harry Fielding, being left by Eliza, sat a moment by himself hesitating, then he also sauntered over to his cousin, and sat down upon the outskirts of the throng. He could barely see the dull yellow gleam of her head, and occasionally the soft flash of her blue eyes, and the turn of her cheek as she spoke in answer to some question.

John Brooks came and sat beside him, but gradually pushed his way into the inner circle. Harry looked after him with a frown. For some reason he did not like it that John Brooks should so openly admire his cousin. Presently, therefore, he, too, almost rudely, forced his own way to Isabel, and spoke to her with almost harsh authority. "Isabel," said he, "pray come with me. I have something to say to you."

But Isabel looked at him gently and pleasantly, and answered in her sweet low voice with a question. "What is it,

Harry?" said she. "Cannot the matter wait until to-morrow?"

"No, it must be to-night," replied Harry. He felt his face flushing before the half-indignant, half-wondering eyes of his mates, but Isabel rose without another word and followed him amidst the crestfallen young men.

"Whither would you take me, Harry?" asked she, and there was a slight reproach in her tone, but at the same time a tender cadence.

"Come out and walk up and down before the house with me; 'tis pleasant moonlight," replied Harry.

"No, that I cannot do," said Isabel, firmly, "for it would make talk, and I am here alone with no older woman."

"But you are as my sister, Isabel."

"I am not your sister," said she, curtly. "Come and sit with me in yonder window-seat, and say what you have to say if you cannot wait until to-morrow."

So saying, Isabel settled herself with a soft flirt of canary-colored skirts in a window-seat, and Harry sat beside her, but was silent for a moment. Isabel looked away from him, and spoke first. "Well, what is this so important matter, Harry?" said she, and her ivory cheeks were flushed with the faintest rose.

Then Harry spoke, not even looking at her, and began asking with a fine assumption of anxiety as to the cause of his father's not coming.

Isabel tapped the carpet with her little foot, the rose faded from her cheeks, and she answered with veiled impatience. "Why, Harry, I have told you," said she. "The *Lone Star* from the Indies has but just come on, and your father had reason to think something wrong with the cargo and could not leave. Was that why you brought me over here, with such an assumption of high authority, before your friends? I will not have it so again."

"Nay, but sister," said Harry, catching at a fold of her canary skirt, which she immediately released gently but firmly, "I think it not entirely proper for a young woman to be so beset with young men."

"More proper than to be beset by one," replied she, with a toss of her head; "but you can remain and protect me, Harry,

for, faith! I see them all coming this way again."

As a matter of fact the whole bevy of admirers were nearing her with straggling steps. Harry frowned, but he remained and listened to what he esteemed the most foolish speeches from his friends. However, he could find no fault with Isabel, for she bore herself with such modesty that it would have seemed prudery had it not been for her gentleness and kindness. Still, Harry was annoyed, for he had wished to have her to himself, that he might confide in her concerning the fair Lavinia Creevy. Isabel had a power of grave understanding and sympathy, and he anticipated much comfort and encouragement from her. He had no thought of confiding in his father until all was settled. A stern man was Harry's father, Deacon Cyrus Fielding, and withal had a vein of whimsical humor and sarcasm which further intimidated. But Isabel was different. He could look to her, he was confident, although she seemed somewhat contrary that night, for the fullest sympathy and assistance when once he should confide his secret to her.

Harry sat beside the girl with the soft canary-colored folds of her gown touching his velvet knee and thought of the fair Lavinia, and his thought was like a sacred song. His whole being was filled with such a rapture of bliss that he became glorified in his own realization of himself. He knew himself as the lover and worshipper of that marvellous Lavinia, and it was as if he had never known himself before. He held his head high. He listened with contempt to the talk of his mates. He thought how differently he would talk to Her. But when Isabel spoke, he considered that no doubt the fair Lavinia had a voice to the full as sweet and low, and full of maidenly dignity as hers. He glanced at Isabel's delicate little hands, and knew for certain that Lavinia's would not be one whit less delicate and taper-fingered, and he thought that Lavinia, who doubtless had a fine taste for the adorning of such a lovely person as hers, must of a surety possess a canary-colored silk gown. It seemed to him that he could not wait until he returned to Boston to confide in Isabel; he hoped for an op-

portunity to do so the next day. But not one moment could he secure until the morning after their return, when his father, who was an importer of East India goods, had gone to his place of business, and Isabel was about her usual morning tasks, one of which was the cutting of a loaf of sugar into regular blocks. This was never intrusted to the black servants, lest they be tempted to purloin the precious sweet. Isabel that morning was cutting the sugar in an arbor in the great garden behind the house upon the bank of the Charles. Harry had inveigled her there, for the sake of privacy, carrying the sugar and the implement for cutting. There was a table in the arbor, and a bench running around the sides. Harry sat beside Isabel on this bench and she began her task, and the shadows of rose-leaves, so young that they turned silvery in the wind, were over them, and the sweetest odors of flowers were all about, and the singing of birds, and beneath all the racing ripple of the Charles, which gleamed in the distance like a silver ribbon studded with diamonds. Harry hesitated. Isabel cut the sugar, and it was long before Harry could make up his mind to speak. Finally he did, looking away from Isabel.

"I have something which I have long wished to say to you," he began, and Isabel's cheeks flamed and her firm hands cutting the sugar trembled. "It is about a wonderful lady of whom John Brooks told me," he continued, and Isabel's cheeks assumed their wonted hue and her hands were as steady as ever.

"Yes?" she said, with the loveliest and sweetest note of interrogation, just as Harry had known that she would speak.

Then Harry began with his mad raving about the fair Lavinia: that maid whom he had never seen except through another man's account of her. He poured out his love for this unencountered divinity with no restraint. Not a muscle of Isabel Done's beautiful mouth twitched. If her eyes twinkled with the absurdity of this headlong male of her species he could not see, for her lids concealed them, so intent she was upon her sugar-cutting.

Harry raved on and on. His cheeks burned, his blue eyes gleamed. He made gestures with his nervous hands. "How shall I get to see her? For, oh, Isabel, I

think I shall die if I see her not soon!" finally stammered out this foolish youth. And with that down on his knees he went and hid his face in the creamy folds of the girl's gown.

Isabel put forth one of her hands and pushed gently but firmly his head away. "Rise, Harry," said she. "It is over-familiarity and I like it not."

"But, Isabel, you are as a sister to me."

"I am not your sister, Harry."

"But you seem like one, and, Isabel dear, the fondest wish of my heart is that my fair Lavinia may speak like you, and be like you in character; and, Isabel, you must always dwell with us, for I could never bear to live apart from you, in such brotherly affection I hold you." With that down went Harry's head on her lap again and he was half weeping.

Isabel started and looked at the head in her lap with a curious expression of mirth, of bewilderment and anger. "But, Harry," said she, "it does not seem to come into your mind that the poor Isabel Done may also have her chance to wed and have her own home."

Then it was Harry's turn to start. He raised his head and stared at her with such consternation that it was all she could do to avoid downright laughter. "But—Isabel," stammered Harry, "how can I keep house without you?"

"But you will have your fair Lavinia, Harry."

"But I have always had *you*, Isabel."

"That is the very reason why you should have me not. Why should I be debarred from wedding and remain a spinster all my life? Am I so monstrous to see?"

"No! For, oh, Isabel, I hope—nay, I am sure that Lavinia will have a look like you, from what John said. But her hair shines like gold and her cheeks are as rosy as if painted; and, oh, Isabel, you must live with us! But, oh, I have never seen her yet, and, oh, Isabel, how shall I see her?—for I shall die if I do not soon. Such a longing is in my soul that you dream not what it is."

"Remove your head, Harry."

"Why? For you are like a sister, and the hunger for Lavinia is less sore when I am near you?"

"For all that, remove your head, for I like it not, and it is simple enough for you to see her."

Harry raised his head and gazed eagerly at Isabel. "How?"

"Miss Eliza Brooks invited me to spend a week with her in Whitfield this summer, and she said moreover that her brother would invite you, Harry."

"Oh, Isabel!" panted Harry.

"I declined," said Isabel. "Still—"

"Oh, Isabel, write and tell her that you will go, for my sake," pleaded Harry, "for I shall die if I see her not soon."

Isabel made a little impatient movement of her shoulders as she cut the sugar. "People do not die so easily," said she; "but if your heart is so set upon it, I will write to Miss Eliza Brooks and say to her that upon reflection I accept her kind invitation if she sees fit to renew it."

That very afternoon Harry Fielding took a letter folded and sealed to the tavern whence the Whitfield stage started. Then in due time came a letter from Miss Eliza Brooks, and also one from John, and it was settled that in mid-summer Harry and Isabel should spend a week in Whitfield.

Such a store of flowered waistcoats and fine shirts he had that his little hair trunk could scarcely be closed. Isabel had made many shirts for him and daintily hemstitched linen handkerchiefs.

One day Deacon Fielding came upon the girl as she sat sewing for Harry in the arbor; the young man himself, who had been mooning about the fair Lavinia, had retreated down a box-alley toward the Charles at the sight of his approaching father.

"Why not take a few stitches for yourself, Isabel?" said Deacon Fielding.

Isabel smiled and took another dainty stitch. "I have all I require, thanks to your generosity, and all my needlework was finished in the spring," she said.

"Even if it be so, better stitch for yourself, or for some man who has eyes in his head," said Deacon Fielding.

Isabel tried to laugh gayly. "Indeed, sir, your son has eyes," she said.

"Eyes which see not," returned Deacon Fielding, with a glance at the slender form of the dreamer disappearing down the alley, and another of acuteness at

the girl, who looked exceedingly fair to him, as she sat sewing with the leaf-shadows playing over her. "There are those who see and yet know not that they see, and those who only come to know the real through dreams," he added. "Maybe my son is of that kind."

Isabel blushed until the soft red tinted all the ivory of her face and neck. She bent her head low, but there was a mischievous tilt to her mouth.

The next day she and Harry started for Whitfield. Harry sat beside Isabel in the stage and dreamed all the way; but once he gazed admiringly at his cousin, who looked wondrous fair in her travelling-gown, and whispered in her ear. "I am sure that my Lavinia will resemble you, Isabel," he said, and Isabel laughed, although a little sadly.

A grievous disappointment was before Harry Fielding, for when they reached Whitfield John Brooks drew him aside and whispered that Lavinia Creevy was not at home. "I know it will be a sad disappointment to you, Harry," John said, "but it was only this morning that she went by stage to Sharon to nurse an aged great-aunt who lies ill of a fever and lives alone."

"When will she return?" asked Harry, pitifully.

"Not while you are here and for much longer," replied John, "for her aunt has a slow fever."

When Harry sat down to the well-spread supper-table, he glanced at Isabel and knew that she had heard the sad news. He received in return a look of the sweetest commiseration, and as soon as she could draw him apart after the meal, a consoling word. "'Tis too bad, Harry," said she, in a whisper.

"I had so counted upon it, Isabel."

"Do not despair, for I will invite Eliza and her brother and your Lavinia to visit us."

"Oh, will you do that, Isabel, and before I go to college?" cried Harry.

"Hush!" said she. "That I will. Take heart, Harry."

But even that fine plan miscarried, for Eliza and John indeed paid the promised visit to Boston, but the fair Lavinia did not come; she was so wearied, they said, with the nursing of her great-aunt, who had died of the

fever, and left her only two silver teaspoons and a mourning-ring, that she was unable to take the journey. So Harry missed yet again seeing his fair Lavinia, and in his distress he did not notice John Brooks's infatuation for Isabel. Indeed, Eliza helped to conceal the fact, for she was ever at Harry's elbow talking about Lavinia and increasing his mad imagination and desire for her, that her brother might have his chance to talk alone with Isabel. The afternoon of the day before they returned to Whitfield, John Brooks, coming upon Isabel in the arbor, spoke his mind, and went down on his knees before her and asked her to marry him. But to his astonishment she answered not even courteously, but turned upon him in a sudden anger strange to see in her.

"Think you I see not through your wiles, Master John Brooks?" she cried, her face flaming.

John Brooks stammered in reply that he knew not what she meant.

"Well you know what I mean, you and your sister Eliza," cried Isabel. "I would not be discourteous to a guest, nor treat with ungraciousness an honest man who does me the honor to ask me to be his wife, but well you know what I mean, and Isabel Done weds with no man who stoops to subterfuge to win her."

"What mean—you?" stammered John again.

"'Tis an idle question you ask, since you know, but if you will have it, here it is. There is no fair Lavinia Creevy, and you but invented the tale for a jest, and also—and also—" Here Isabel herself stopped short and paled, and tears stood in her eyes.

But John Brooks gazed at her, and there was nothing save honesty in his prominent eyes. "You wrong me, Mistress Done," he said, fervently, "for as I live there is a Lavinia Creevy and she lives with us as I have said."

Isabel's pale face grew rigid as the dead. "Are you speaking the truth, Master Brooks?"

"I am speaking the truth," declared John Brooks, "and Lavinia Creevy lives, and I have not made a jest of Harry by pretending her existence, and—"

"But you cannot deny that you have so descanted upon her fairness for—a

purpose," said Isabel; but she stammered again, and again the color stained her face.

Brooks regarded her curiously. His face fell. "I descanted upon the fairness of Lavinia before I had ever seen you, Mistress Done," he said, "and you have but to ask Harry."

"I need not ask Harry," replied Isabel, in a lifeless tone, and again she was pale. "I have no interest in your fair Lavinia, except, of course, pleasure that aught so wondrous fair should grace the earth. Your word as to her existence is sufficient, Master Brooks; but as to the other which you asked of me I crave your pardon if I have done you an injustice and thank you humbly for the honor, but your wife I cannot be. I have no wish to wed. I am more content with a single life and shall be more content."

"Then it is—" began John Brooks, rising and staring at her with a sort of repressed fury. But she stopped him.

"Not another word," said she. "'Tis naught to you nor any other man why I remain unwed, but thee I should wed not in any case." Then she was on her feet and moving away with a stately tread.

Harry wondered why John Brooks was so silent that night and unlike himself; but when they met a few weeks later at Harvard, fair even then, he was the same as ever, ready with a jest and a quibble and singing still the praises of the fair Lavinia. Harry stood well in his class, in spite of the ever-present and ever-ungratified romance of his heart. He graduated with high honors, but even his graduation was marred of its glory, because of the absence of the fair Lavinia, on whose appearance he had counted most confidently, having been disappointed in meeting her through all his college years.

He was so sadly taken aback by his disappointment that on his return home Isabel Done was at her wit's end to comfort him. So distraught was he, sighing and sleepless and composing poetry, which had but small merit, and threatening to relinquish his chosen profession of the ministry and go to the world's end, shipping before the mast if his father forbade him to go on business,

that poor Isabel herself was almost distracted.

One night, after Harry had gone to his room and could be heard pacing overhead, Deacon Fielding spoke to Isabel. "I doubt if my son has a call," he said; "so restless and so ill at ease he seems that I doubt it much."

"Oh, sir," Isabel cried, eagerly, "I doubt it not at all."

"I have questioned him well concerning his belief in the doctrines," pursued Deacon Fielding, "and so has Parson Ackley at my request, and we doubt. He seemeth exceedingly weak and even of a rebellious spirit concerning some points. He has too many romantic imaginings and too little of the steadfastness of faith which regards not itself: I question whether it be not wise to give up the dearest wish of my heart—to see my son standing in the pulpit preaching the Word to the ungodly—and send him to the Indies for sugar and molasses."

But Isabel pleaded hard, saying that she had no doubt whatever of Harry's calling, and Deacon Fielding agreed to wait a few days before making a decision.

The next morning Isabel proposed to Harry that she should paint a miniature of the fair Lavinia according to his and her conception of her, and Harry snatched at the suggestion as eagerly as a child. "Think you that you can do it, Isabel?" he asked. "I know you have a pretty skill at painting—as pretty, perhaps, as Lavinia herself—but think you that you can do it?"

Isabel replied that she could but try; that she had heard the fair maiden described so often that it seemed verily to her as if she were before her very face.

"And so it seemeth to me," cried Harry, wildly, and his blue eyes blazed wistfully at Isabel's face, which was strangely and palely beautiful as ever.

So it happened that in some three days' time Isabel came to Harry with a miniature, and she mentioned not how she had painted it standing before her looking-glass, and her heart beat wildly as she showed it to him. But Harry snatched at it. "'Tis she herself," he cried, and gazed with rapture. It was the miniature of a great beauty, rosily



Painting by William Hurd Lawrence

ISABEL STOOD STILL, FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY

tinted as to cheeks and lips, with a color as of rose on pearl on tip of chin, and eyes like blue gems, and hair shining like gold. "'Tis wonderful," cried Harry, and he kissed the miniature in a transport, while Isabel's face was at once distressed and triumphant.

The miniature was painted on a small oval of ivory, and Harry had it set in gold and wore it always around his neck, concealed by his linen which Isabel had stitched, and it was such a comfort as never was to the childlike man. Straightway, in spite of another disappointment as to seeing in verity the fair Lavinia—for it had been arranged that he and Isabel were to visit Whitfield during the summer, and John wrote of a disastrous fire which had destroyed part of the house, and the spare bedrooms being flooded with water and all the plaster and paper off—he said no more about the Indies. He began his theological course in the autumn with zealous spirit. The possession of the miniature had seemed to assure him of the ultimate possession of his dream. "Sure am I now that my prayers will be answered, and that I shall at last see in the flesh my fair Lavinia," he said to Isabel on his first home-coming. Harry's faith remained intact, although he was always disappointed in his plans for seeing the fair Lavinia during his stay at the Theological School. Always something happened to prevent it. Still, he was not unhappy, and he stood foremost in his class. It seemed finally as if his whole soul became beautified and purified by the non-possession of that which he adored, and he was kept free from all the temptations which might have beset his youth by his fine imaginings. He obtained a fine pastorate in Boston, upon the strength of a trial sermon full of doctrines and yet redolent of angelic love and faith and patience.

When he received his call to the Boston church and had accepted, he came to Isabel with a determined expression upon his face.

"Wilt pack my portmanteau for me, Isabel?" he said.

Isabel looked up at him and paled. She was sitting at work in the south parlor of the Fielding house. There were two windows facing the street,

and between them stood a great century-plant.

"Where are you going?" asked Isabel. As she spoke she looked past Harry at the great century-plant, and it seemed to her that there was something unusual about it. Even in the midst of her sudden pain and distress she wondered if it were going to blossom.

Harry answered with a firm voice. "I am going to Whitfield," said he. "I am going to Whitfield to see Lavinia Creevy."

"Very well, Harry, I will pack your portmanteau," said Isabel, in a quiet voice. "God grant that you find her this time, and find her all that you have wished for so long."

Harry stared at her. "What is the matter, Isabel?" he said, anxiously.

"Nothing; but I think the century-plant is going to blossom," said Isabel, folding her work. Then she went swiftly out of the room to pack Harry's portmanteau, and it was not half an hour before she bade him farewell at the front door.

Harry took her hand, which was soft and cold, and then he looked at her suddenly with a look which she had never seen before in his eyes. "After all," he said—

"What, Harry?"

"After all, I have a mind not to go, Isabel."

"Nay, go you must, Harry," said Isabel, "and may God speed you."

When she told Deacon Fielding upon his return that night whither Harry had gone, he frowned, and laughed, and frowned again. He had overheard Harry in some of his wild ravings, and had long since guessed at the truth. "When he returns from his wild-goose chase perhaps he will chase swans," said he.

Isabel blushed. "He may find the lady, and find her all that has been said," she replied.

"It is time the boy grappled with truth instead of cobwebs," said Deacon Fielding, sternly. "He has his call, and to a fine pastorate, and this vaporing—"

"It may not be vaporing."

"God grant it may be, for I would have—" Deacon Fielding stopped his speech and held out his Canton-china cup to be refilled.

Harry returned the next night from Whitfield. Isabel, sitting with her work at the window, saw him coming. She looked strangely changed, for with a few slight touches she had altered the whole character of her own rare beauty, making it of quite another type. A faint touch of rouge was on her cheeks and lips, her thick fair eyebrows were pencilled, and she had dusted her hair with gold powder so that it glittered in the sunlight. Before her stood the centurypant, and upon it was now quite evident a bud ready to burst into blossom. Isabel gave a great start at sight of Harry coming up the street. He walked briskly and his head was up and he did not look downcast. Isabel rose and went out of the room into the front hall, with its beautiful spiral of stair, and opened the front door and stood waiting. She realized a faintness as of death itself, but she stood still, framed in the doorway, knowing that the happiness of her whole life hung upon the chance of the next moment.

Harry approached the door and saw the girl standing there, and a great wave of amazement overspread his face.

"Well," said Isabel, "did you find the fair Lavinia, Harry?"

"Yes," replied Harry, still staring at her as if in a dream, "I found her."

"And is she so fair?" asked Isabel. She trembled in all her limbs, but her voice was quiet and firm.

"Yes, she was fair," replied Harry. "She is a great beauty, Isabel, and she is as John said."

"Then it was not a jest?"

"A jest at first, for John sought to amuse himself with me, knowing how easily my heart might be turned by my imagination, but afterward no jest, for—for John loves you, Isabel, and he would fain have had me turn to Lavinia, for he—he feared—"

"Never mind what he feared," said Isabel, in a dull voice. "So you found her fair, and all the miscarryings of plans to meet her were true?"

"Yes, they were true, and—Miss Creevy is a great beauty, such as the world has seldom seen, but—Isabel—"

"But what, Harry?"

"She is not the Lavinia of whom I have thought all these years. I could love her not, Isabel, even if she could love me." Harry again stared at Isabel, and now upon his face was a strange look as of one who awakens. He followed her into the parlor like a man in a dream. He drew the miniature from his breast and gazed at it, then at Isabel. "It is your face," he whispered, breathlessly. "You are the fair Lavinia, Isabel."

Isabel gave a short gasp. She was trembling from head to foot. "Wait, wait, Harry!" she panted, and ran out of the room. When she returned, the rouge was washed from her fair cheeks and the gold-dust was shaken from her hair. Then she stood before her cousin, her head hanging. "There was paint on my cheeks and there was gold on my hair and I am not the fair Lavinia," she said pitifully, and yet with a certain dignity.

Harry stood regarding her. "Oh, Isabel," he said, "it was your miniature, and it was you whom I loved and I knew it not. I sought her afar and all the time she sat on my own hearthstone, so near that I saw her not. Can you ever forgive me, Isabel, and can you ever love a man who has been so blind?"

"I would that I *were* the fair Lavinia," said Isabel.

Then Harry caught her in his arms. "You are the fair Lavinia," said he. "You are forever until death do us part, and after if such be the will of God, my fair Lavinia."





THE MOTOR-BOAT TOWED US THROUGH CHANNELS OF CLEAR WATER

Crossing the Everglades in a Power-Boat

BY A. W. DIMOCK

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JULIAN A. DIMOCK

"THREE days, me think so," said Tommy Osceola, when asked how quickly he could cross the Glades to Miami in his canoe; but he only shook his head negatively when I inquired how long it would take a white man. The camera-man and I had decided on the trip, and I asked Tommy if he would go with us, when the trader chipped in:

"What do you want of a guide? Don't you know where the sun rises?"

We fell in at once with the enchanting suggestion of our Florida friend, and invited him to join us in crossing the Everglades with no other guide than a compass, to which he nodded instant acceptance. We arranged to take the two boys from our cruising-boat, and with launch,

skiff, and little Canadian canoe go down to Osceola's camp in the Ten Thousand Islands. There we would borrow an Indian canoe for the trip, leaving the launch and skiff with the Indians until our return. As we were about to start, the sand of our sailor-boy ran out, and, in the language of the hunter-boy, he "skipped his job"; but his place was quickly taken by an older sailor, who had cruised and hunted with us in former years. As our purpose was really to cross the Everglades, we dispensed with such conventional obstacles as tent equipments, prepared foods, medical and surgical outfits, and big armaments, and told our hunter-boy, who bossed the galley, to put up a spoon, cup, fork, and plate for each

of us; to take a coffee-pot and frying-pan, and pack enough bacon, corn-meal, and coffee to feed us for a week. An old single-barrelled shotgun, which we took along on the chance that we might get bird-hungry, was found convenient to blow off the heads of venomous snakes, but was not used otherwise. Each of us had a blanket, mosquito-bar, and rubber sheet, and, generally speaking, a change of underclothing.

As getting some real pictures was part of the project, we were liberal with the camera-man, and he filled what space was left in the canoe with two big cameras, plate-holders, and heavy boxes of $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$ glass plates. The population of Everglade, consisting of our friend's family, turned out to witness the departure of the flotilla in tow of the power-boat, in which the captain held the tiller-ropes, while the camera-man acted as engineer. The skiff, which was next in line, contained the Florida man, the writer, poles, provisions, and our personal bundles; while stretched out at full length on top of the loaded canoe our hunter-boy enjoyed his *otium cum dignitate*. Our course lay among the Ten Thousand Islands, through Chokoloskee Bay, Turners River, and bays Sunday, Huston, and Chevalier. We camped on a plantation which bore the name of the last, but had been recently abandoned by its late owner, who had gone to a country where the titles to property are clearer than in the unsurveyed Ten Thousand Islands. We respected the padlock on the door of the house, and lay on the ground in front of it, where my slumbers were undisturbed until dawn, when a possum sought to share my bar. We here added to our stores by gathering a few avocado pears, a bunch of bananas, some stalks of sugar-cane, a few sweet potatoes, and a lot of guavas. Some plantations in the Ten Thousand Islands have their private graveyards, but all have histories, and as we continued our placid voyage my companion told me of the one we had left, which was known by the name of its founder. He was a harmless individual who once weakly consented to join two of his associates, whose names have been too numerous to mention, in arresting his nearest neighbor, one Wilson, upon a bogus warrant. Arresting

Wilson upon a genuine warrant had long been recognized as a form of suicide, and it is believed that nervousness arising from his acquaintance with the man induced the leader of the trio to begin the service of the warrant at long range. The return shot neatly shaved off one side of his mustache, and he fled, followed by his fellow conspirators. Mr. Wilson chased them as far as Cape Sable in his boat, and is believed to be still on the lookout for their return. He is said to wax indignant at the suggestion that his course was justified by the bogus character of the warrant, and insists that his action was quite uninfluenced by that feature of the case. The ringleader must have experienced a change of heart, since Lieutenant Willoughby, who employed him as a guide despite his reputation as a bad man, writes of him in his *Across the Everglades* that he often sat up an hour beyond his usual time that he might tuck the lieutenant in bed before retiring.

Early in the day we entered a narrow creek completely covered by branches of trees that interlaced overhead, and so crooked that the power-boat at the head and the canoe at the foot of our procession were usually travelling in opposite directions. During two miles of snake-like progress to Alligator Bay, dragging over roots, pulling under branches, smashing an occasional wasps' nest and striking at impertinent moccasins, we saw more varieties of orchids than I have found in a single locality elsewhere, including specimens colorless and full of color, scentless and filled with odor that made the surrounding air heavy with their fragrance; some garbed sombrely as a Quakeress, and others costumed to rival a Queen of Sheba.

On one of the keys of Alligator Bay is the principal plume-bird rookery left in Florida. It had been shot a few days before our visit and twelve hundred dollars' worth of plumes taken. The mother birds had been shot, the young birds had starved.

Of important rookeries, this is one of the least accessible, and birds nest here when driven from others. If a trustworthy warden could be found and kept alive here for six months in each year, a long step would be taken toward perpetuating two or three species of the most

beautiful of birds, now far along on the road to extinction. Probably two wardens would be better than one, for the sake of preserving their species also from extinction in this land, where the Court of Appeals is a shotgun. In continuing our cruise eastward we cut our way through two miles of an even crooked creek, across which many trees had been felled by plume-hunters from north of the rookery, who sought thus to block the road of their rivals from south of the bay, or of a possible wandering game-warden. A few more miles of navigation through creeks, lakes, rivers, and among keys brought us to Possum Key, with the area of a good-sized room, where for many months an escaped convict lived with his family, while officers of the law sought far and wide for him with varying degrees of diligence. At Onion Key—a Lossmans River landmark—we ate grapes and figs while coffee was being made for our luncheon. The afternoon was spent exploring in the Glades the many trails leading from what we thought was Rocky Creek, vainly looking for signs of the Indian camp of which we were in search. When night came

we were miles from the nearest camping-ground we knew, and our choice seemed to lie between sleeping in our boats or searching through the blackness of the night for a bit of dry land that might not exist. At this crisis the captain remembered having seen near the river some banana plants, indicating the presence of land above the water. We waded to the place, and by beating down high grass and weeds made room to spread our blankets and stretch our bars. In carrying the baggage to camp we groped our way fifty yards through a thicket and waded in the mud half leg-deep.

I was glad that the moccasin I stepped on turned out to be a bullfrog, and that the crawling things that got under my bar didn't prove venomous. A family of rats running around and under us disturbed our slumbers during the night, and when one woke me up by prolonged squeaking near my ear I hoped a snake had got him and that I would get the snake in the morning. We held a council of war beneath our bars, definitely abandoned search for the Indian camp, and decided to tote the power-boat all the way to Miami. In the morning, by



POLING THE LAUNCH THROUGH SHALLOW WATER

channels which our manatee-hunt had made familiar, we found the head of Rodgers River, and descending to its mouth, sailed three miles down the coast to the mouth of Harney River. Miami now lay sixty-five miles east-northeast of us. Twelve miles of this were made easy by the river and an intermediate bay, for of them we knew every fork, bight, bunch of grass, and island; and as the sun set and a few acres of bonnet stopped the motor, we were within a quarter of a mile of the Glades and half that distance of a beautiful Indian camping-ground surrounded by lime and lemon trees. The approach to this site was overgrown, and when my Florida friend and I reached it, after wading through knee-deep water among weeds that grew far above our heads, we found it occupied by a big rattlesnake which was much alive and most musical. While keeping the reptile at bay with oars, waiting for the shotgun which the camera-man was bringing us, we estimated his length, in the hope that he would prove worthy of being captured alive for the Zoo in New York. Big as he was, he failed to qualify for

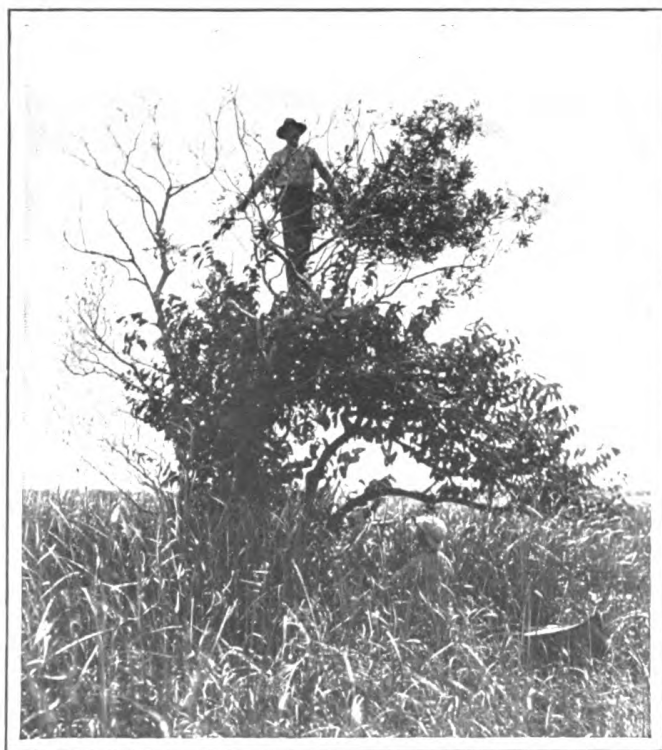
that honor, and we blew his head to pieces. His mate could be heard rattling in the near-by thicket, but this was so dense and so filled with the thorny branches of the untrimmed lime-trees that we didn't trouble her. I was sorry afterward, when the darkness of the night brought to my memory gruesome tales of venomous serpents following the trail of the bodies of their mates, dragged with murderous purpose across the beds of innocent victims, and reflected that one of my hips was resting in the hole in the earth which the shot from my gun had made as it slew one of the pair. In the morning we gathered from the ground a bushel of limes, to correct, if necessary, the lime-water of the Glades, and as we added them to our stores I thought with disrespect of the widow's cruse, which only maintained its original supply, while under our system each day doubled it.

Here our real journey began. We looked out upon the Everglades, and innocent enough they appeared. Miami was fifty-three miles east-northeast of us as the crow flies. But we were not crows.

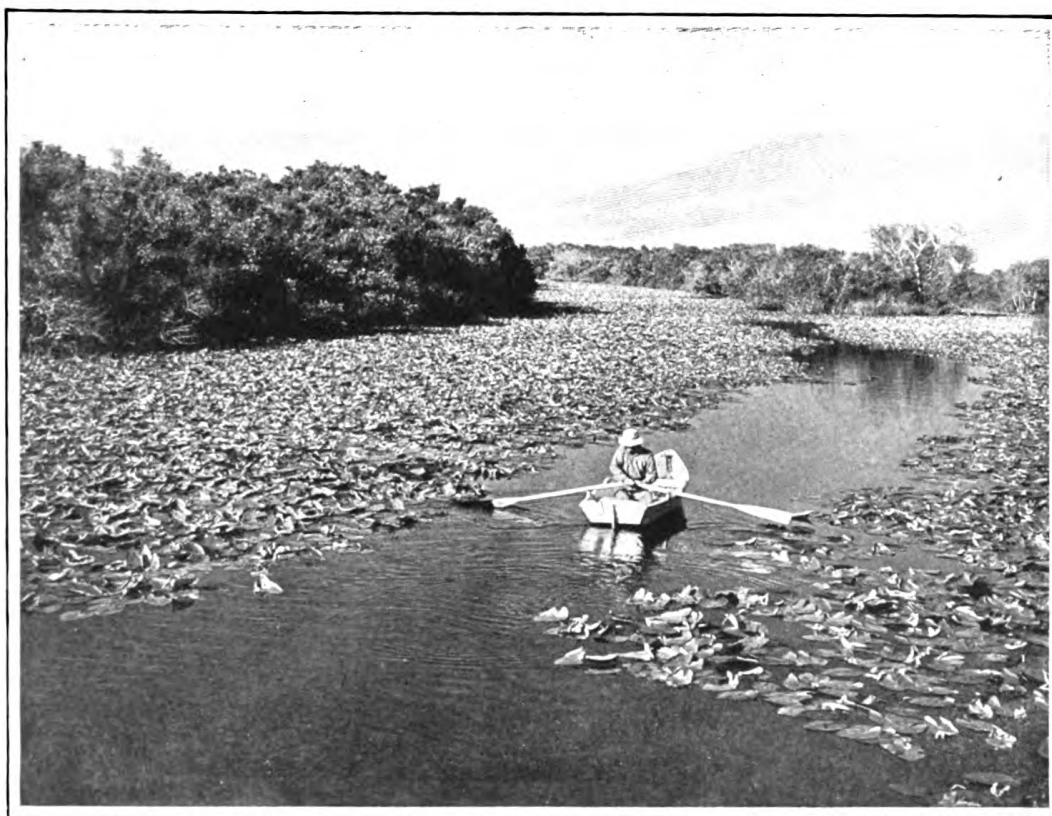
The only record of crossing the Glades at this point which I had seen was by Lieutenant Willoughby, and he had treated the subject with much seriousness. But the lieutenant was burdened with official responsibility, a cargo of scientific machinery, a heavy armament, and a weight of ammunition that suggested provision for another Seminole war.

In 1883 the *Times-Democrat* sent an expedition through to Okeechobee from Harney River, but I had not seen its report.

In 1892 one of the chief officials of the East Coast Railway, with an engineer and twenty men, conducted a *de luxe* surveying expedition from Fort Myers to Miami. Unfortunately the surveying portion of



CLIMBING A TREE FOR OBSERVATIONS



HEADS OF THE RIVERS CHOKED BY "BONNETS," A KIND OF WATER-LILY

the work had to be suspended because of unexpected obstacles and privations, even the leaders of the expedition having been compelled, it was stated, to sleep in wet clothing.

We endeavored to feel impressed as we plunged into this mysterious region. But the motor-boat towed us gayly along in bright sunlight through channels of clear-flowing water, among beautiful keys, over meadows covered with the big white-petalled, pink-tinged pond-lily of my New England memory. Sometimes strands of heavy saw-grass drove us north, or shoaling water forced us to the east, but we kept a running account of our digressions, and compensated for them as we found opportunity. We lunched on a key of cocoa-plums, myrtle, and sweet-bay, where we found about a square foot of earth for a camp-fire. I sat on a log, with my feet in the water, exchanging glances with a water-moccasin coiled on a root within six feet of me as I ate my lunch. It became more and more difficult to keep the propeller free from

grass, and we finally gave up its use almost entirely and worked steadily pushing with oars and poles. The best of these poles, which had been obtained from an Indian, had a wooden foot formed like a lady's shoe with a French or cowboy heel. The heel held on the coral rock, which is never far from the surface in the Glades, and the foot sank but little in the soft ground and heavy grass. That night we found no key with land enough for a camp-fire, but the boy managed to heat some coffee on a pile of brush, and we slept in our boats. It was not convenient to rig our mosquito-bars, and we dispensed with them, as we found the pests so scarce in the Glades as to be hardly worth considering. The captain curled up in the motor-boat; the camera-man slept on oars laid across its gunwales; our Florida friend and I were comfortable in the bottom of our skiff, where the croaking of frogs had just soothed me to sleep, when a tropical thunder-storm burst upon us and half drowned us before we could get up. The

hunter-boy had shown woodcraft by stretching his bar among the trees and piling up branches enough to keep him out of the water beneath him, while the canvas top of his mosquito-bar measurably protected him from the torrent from above, and if the disturbance awakened him, he gave no evidence of it. When the storm had gone by, my companion said he wanted to be dry once more, and put on his extra undergarments. Before he was fairly in them the black clouds came back and it rained worse than before. The next day we were in the water a good deal. The motor-boat had to be pushed and hauled. The open water, which we followed when possible, often led so far from our course that we had to drag our boats over water that was shoal and through grass that tugged against us. During this day our work was hard as that of pleasure-seekers in the North Woods or campers among the Canadian lakes and rivers. A bit of dry land was secured for a midday camp by blowing the head off of a cottonmouth

moccasin which had preempted it. We discovered in the afternoon a beautiful camping-ground of Indian antecedents, half an acre in extent, dry, level as a floor, covered with pawpaws and fringed with wild grapes and cocoa-plums. Piles of shells of turtle and snail, bones of deer, and remnants of fish told how life might be maintained in the Glades. That afternoon our course was guided by the dead top of a tall mastic-tree, at the foot of which was an Indian camp with the fire still burning.

We camped beside it among pumpkin-vines, and ate roasted taniers and pumpkins which we gathered from the little field where grew oranges, bananas, corn, and sugar-cane. The song of birds awakened me in the morning, and I recognized cardinal, king, and mocking birds, and saw one horned owl, several black hawks, and many crows. There was a greater variety of trees and higher land than we had seen since leaving the west coast. From the top of the mastic-tree a fringe of pines could be seen to the east, and I



SLOW PROGRESS

fancied once that I heard the whistle of a locomotive. Soon after starting we saw the smoke of Miami factories and an occasional Indian in the distance. The water grew shoal as we worked toward the coast, and the iron shoe of our launch continually pounded the up-thrusting pillars of coral. We turned back often for little distances, and pushed and pulled the power-boat for hours, stumbling along the uneven, rock-based, grass-covered formation. We tried to lunch on a promising bit of ground on a small key, but finally yielded possession to a few million big ants who seemed to possess some squatter interest in the property. In the afternoon we met an Indian, who was spearing turtle and fish with much skill. He told us that his village was "three miles," and although it was off our course we invited ourselves to visit it; and as the water and grass permitted, towed the whole outfit, including the Indian and his canoe, with the motor-boat. The village was attractive of its kind, consisting of three or four large buildings, neatly thatched, with large tables three feet above the ground, which served as floors. There were clocks (not running) on the walls and sewing-machines on the tables or floors, while accounts hanging on a hook showed frequent dealings with a Miami tradesman. The little colony consists of four or five families and less than thirty members. The men wear shirt-waists and bare legs, the women beads above, skirts below, and a middle zone which seems to have been forgotten.

At night we camped near the village, and I made my bed in the lower end of an Indian canoe that was twenty-five feet long and lay upon the sloping bank of a little canal. My companion slept just above me, and must have dammed the rain, when the usual deluge came suddenly in the night, with his bar, blanket, and himself; for when he got up, the rush of water nearly swept me away; but I was getting used to this, and only feared that I might get dry some day and take cold from the exposure.

We cooked breakfast by the Indians' fire, and then, after a short run with the motor-boat, poled leisurely for the last few miles, during which the current of the water on which we floated changed

from the southwest course it had maintained since we left the west coast to about the opposite direction. This would suggest that the maximum elevation of the southern Everglades may be measured by the fall in its course of the Miami River, and that the current stories of eighteen feet of elevation above sea-level may be looked upon as fairy-tales.

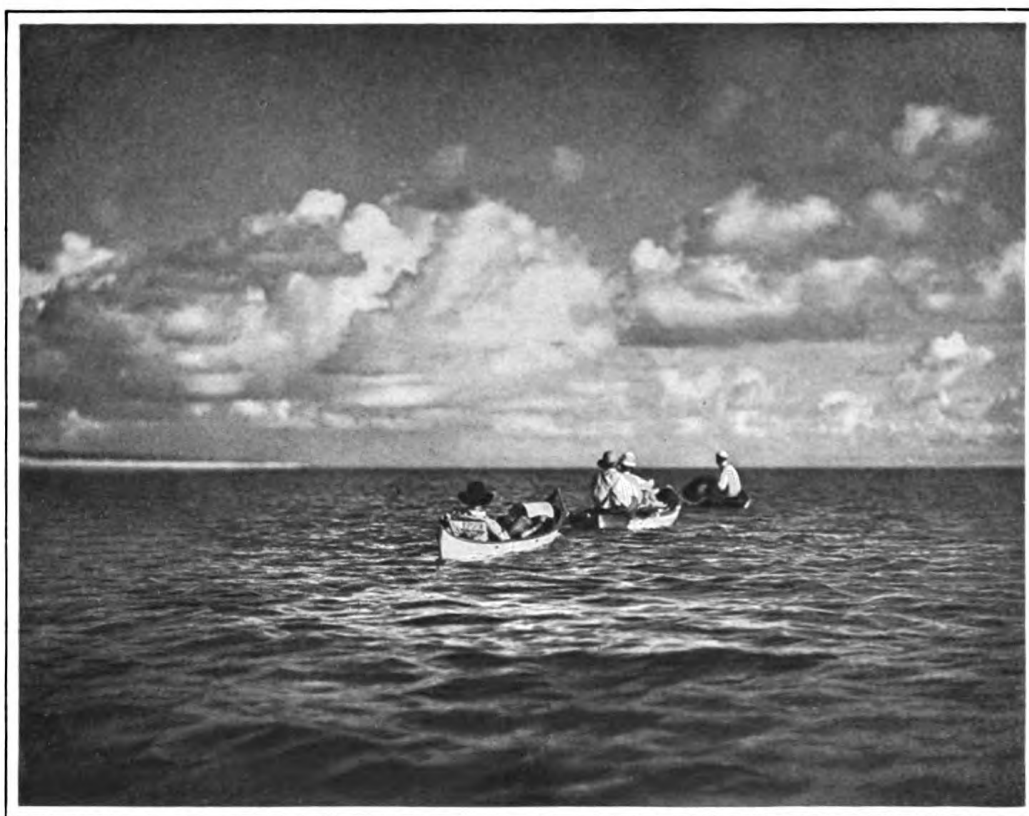
It was late when we found the south fork of the Miami River, and dark when we sat down to a square meal at a hotel. The return trip around Cape Sable, although under power, was more trying than the one through the Glades. Shoal water and the sticky blue mud bothered us at times, and the closing of a creek by the railway added many miles to our course, mosquitoes and sand-flies afflicted us, and our supply of fresh water ran out, producing in all of us, when we discovered it, a sudden and intense thirst.

Around East, Middle, and Northwest capes we encountered waves so high that their tops gently lapped over the coamings of the power-boat, while we in the skiff bailed continually, and only the little canoe kept its contents dry. During an all-night run up the coast a rain-squall flooded us and stopped the motor, while the whole flotilla tossed about in the darkness and rain and drifted seaward for an anxious quarter of an hour, even the imperturbable hunter-boy remarking, "Looks like we've got to swim."

But we had crossed the Everglades in four days with no other guide than a compass, travelling seventy miles to make fifty-three, which seems to us like an airline under the circumstances.

I estimated that from Everglade to Miami across the Glades we travelled 146 miles in six and a half days, and from Miami to Everglade around the cape 148 miles in three days and one night.

We saw no game during the trip and the track of but one deer. Two alligators and a good many turtle appeared. Birds were scarce, but there were enough to keep one from being hungry if other food gave out. Fish abounded from coast to coast. In most of the deeper channels tarpon could be seen. Big-mouthed bass, called trout in Florida, were plentiful, as were gar, bream, and several other varieties, and a few mullet were seen.



THE RETURN TRIP PROVIDED ALL THE EXCITEMENT OF THE JOURNEY

Our experience was that one meets delay in the Everglades, but not danger. The water is pure and sweet and food plentiful enough. Limpkins taste like young turkeys; all members of the heron family are likely to be found in the Glades and most other birds are fair food. Snails, which abound, are delicacies when called periwinkles; you would pay a dollar a portion in New York for the frogs that

are yours for the catching in the Glades. There are plenty of turtle, which possess all the good qualities, except cost, of the green turtle or the terrapin. A few fruits can be had for dessert—cocoa-plums, custard-apples, and pawpaws,—while the leaves of the sweet-bay make a fragrant beverage. Crossing the Everglades of Florida in a canoe is not an adventure, it is a picnic.

My Friend

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

I HAVE a friend who is dead.
A wonderful friend is he.
He knows I am lonely and living,
So he spends his time with me.

He forsakes the shining gardens,
And all the rainbowed dead,
To sit and talk and comfort me—
For living—my friend who is dead.

Bulstrode Changes His Mind

BY MARIE VAN VORST

"THERE is such a thing, believe me," Mrs. Falconer wrote in the letter Mr. Bulstrode opened for the twentieth time to reread, "as the *gloom* of Christmas, Jimmy. People won't frankly own to it. They're afraid of seeming sour and crabbed. But don't you, who are so exquisitely apt to feelings—to other people's feelings—at once confess it? It attacks the spinster in the bustling winter streets as she is elbowed by some person exuberantly a mother and so arrogantly laden with delicious-looking parcels that she is almost a personal Christmas tree herself. I'm confident this 'gloom of Christmas' grips the wretched little beings at toy-shop windows as they stand 'choosin'' their never-to-be-realized toys. I'm sure it haunts the vagrant and the homeless in a city fairly redolent of holly and dinners, and where the array of other people's homes is terrifying in its cruel ostentation. And, my dear friend, it is so horribly subtle that no doubt it attacks others whose only grudge is that their hearts are not built for Christmas trees or the hanging of stockings. But these unfortunates are not saying anything aloud, therefore we must not pry!

"There's a jolly house-party on at the von Schoolings'. We're to go down tomorrow to Tuxedo and pass Christmas night, and you are, of course, asked and wanted. Knowing your dread of these family feasts—possibly from just such a ghost of the gloom—I was too easily sure you would refuse. But it's a wonderful place for a talk or two, and I shall hope you will go—will come, not even follow, but go down with me."

There was more of the letter—there always is more of women's letters. Their minds and pens are so charmingly facile; there is nothing a woman can do better than talk, except to write.

In the face of the window of the drawing-room where Mr. Bulstrode sat

the storm cast wreaths of snow that clung and froze, or dropped like feathers down against the sill. The gentleman had his predilections even in New York, and in the open fireplace the logs crumbled and disintegrated to ashen caves wherein the palpitating jewels of the heat were held. Except for this old-fashioned warmth, there was none other in the room, whose white wainscoting and pillars, low ceilings and quaint chimney-piece, characterized one of those agreeably proportioned houses still to be found in lower New York around Washington Square.

Mr. Bulstrode smoked slowly, the letter between his fingers, his thoughts travelling like wanderers towards a home from which a ban had kept them aliens. His eyes drifted to the first of the letter. "Vagrants, homeless in a city full of homes." He wasn't familiar with that class. His charities to that part of the population consisted in donations to establish societies, and haphazard giving called forth by a beggar's extended hand.

If anybody is immune to the melancholy of which his friend Mrs. Falconer spoke, it should surely be this gentleman, smoking his cigar before the fire. The unopened letters—there was a pile of them—would have given ample reason why. No one of the lot but bore some testimony to the generous heart which, beneath dinner-jacket and behind the screw-faced watch with the picture in the back of it, beat so healthy and so well.

But the bestowal of benefits, while it may beautify the giver, does not always transform itself into the one benefit wished for and console the bestower. Mr. Bulstrode had a charming home. He was alone in it. He had his clubs where bachelors like himself, more or less infected with Christmas gloom, would be glad to greet him. He had his friends, many of them, and their home circles were complete. His, by force of circumstances, began and ended with himself,

and as if triumphant to have found so tempting a victim, the Gloom came and possessed Mr. Bulstrode as he sat and mused.

But the decided sadness that stole across his face bore no relation to the season, to whose white mystery and holy beauty there was something in his boyish, kindly heart that always responded.

The sadness that came from Mrs. Falconer's letter came from what it awakened, would not let sleep; what it called forth and inspired; what its burden was; what the next day offered him and what his Christmas *might* be! He had only to order his motor, to call for her and drive over the ferry; to sit beside her in the train, to drive with her again across the wintry roads. He had but to see her, watch her, talk with her, share with her the day and evening, to have his Christmas as nearly what a feast should be as dreams could ask. The whole festival was there: joy, good-will—peace! No. Not peace for him or for her—not that; everything else, but not that. And he had been travelling for five weary months in order to make himself keep for her that peace a little longer.

Mr. Bulstrode sighed here, lifted the letter where there was more of it to his lips—held it out toward the fire as if the red jewels were to set themselves around it, thought differently, and putting it back in its envelope, thrust it in the pocket of his waistcoat.

"Ruggles," he asked the servant who had come in, "you sent the despatch to Tuxedo?"

"Yes, sir."

"There'll be later a note to send. I'll ring. Well, what is it?"

"There's a person at the door, sir, who insists on seeing you."

The servant's tone—one particularly jarring to the ears of a man who had fellowship with more than one class of his kind—made the master look sharply up. Ruggles was a new addition to the household, and Bulstrode did not like him.

"A person," Bulstrode repeated, quietly; "what sort of a person?"

"A man, sir."

"Not a gentleman? No," he nodded gently; "I see you do not think him one. Yet that he is a man is in his favor.

There are some gentlemen who aren't men, you know. Let him in."

In doing so Ruggles seemed to let in the night. Bulstrode had, in the warmth of his fragrant room, forgotten that outside was the wintry dark. Ruggles, in letting the man in, had the air of thrusting him in, and shut the door behind the visitor with a click as if it were an ugly thing that cried despite at anything so poor and mean and squalid.

The creature himself let in the cold; he seemed made of it. The snow clung to his shoulders; his shoes, tied up with strings, were encrusted with it. His coat, buttoned up to his chin, frayed at the cuffs and edges, was thin and weather-stained. He had a pale face, a royal growth of beard—this was all Mr. Bulstrode had time to remark. He rose.

"My servant says you want to see me. Come near the fire, won't you?"

The visitor did not stir. Bewildered in the warmth of the room, he stood far back on the edge of the thick rug. To all appearances he was a bit of driftwood from the streets, one of the usual vagrant class who haunt the saloons and park and steer from lockup to night-lodging, until they finally steer themselves entirely off the face of history, and the potter's field gathers them in. Nothing but his entrance into this conventional room before this well-balanced member of decent society was peculiar.

As he still neither moved nor spoke, Mr. Bulstrode, approaching him, again invited: "Come near the fire, won't you? and when you are warm tell me what I can do for you."

"It's the storm," murmured the man, and a half-human look came across his face with his words. "I mean to say, it's this hellish storm that's got in my throat and lungs. I can't speak—it's so warm here. It will be better in a second. No, not near the fire; thanks—chilblains." He looked down at his poor feet.

The voice which the storm had beaten and thrashed to painful hoarseness was entirely out of keeping with the man's appearance, and in intonation, accent, and language was a shock to the hearer.

"Don't stand back like that—come into the room." Mr. Bulstrode wheeled a chair briskly about. "There; sit down and drink this; it's a mild blend."

"I'm very wet," said the man. "I'll drip on the rug."

"Hang the rug!"

The tramp drained the glass given him at one swallow nearly; it appeared to clear his throat and release his speech. He gathered his rags together.

"I beg pardon for forcing myself on you like this, but I fancy I needn't tell you I'm desperate—desperate!" He held out his hand; it shook like a pale ghost's. "I look it, I'm sure. I haven't eaten a meal or slept in a bed for a fortnight. I've begged work and charity. All day I've been shovelling snow, but I'm too weak to work now."

He was being led to a chair. He sank in it. "Before they sent me to the Island I decided to try a ruse. I went into a saloon and opened a directory, and I said, 'The first name I put my finger upon I'll take as good luck, and I'll go and see the person, man or woman.' I opened to James Thatcher Bulstrode, 9 Washington Square." He half smiled; the pale, trembling hand was waving like a pitiful flag, signal of distress to catch the sight of some bark that might lend aid. "So I came here. When there seemed actually to be some chance of my getting in, why, my courage failed me. I don't expect you to believe my story or to believe anything, except that I am desperate—desperate. It's below zero to-night out there—infernally cold." He took the pin out of the collar turned up around his neck and let his coat fall back. Under it Bulstrode saw he wore a thin flannel shirt. The tramp repeated to himself, as it were, "It's a bad storm."

He looked up in a dazed fashion at his host as if for acceptance of his remark. In the easy chair, half swathed in rags, pitiful in thinness, dripping from shoes and clothes water that the storm had drenched into him, he was a sorry object in the atmosphere of the well-ordered conventional room. The heat and whiskey, the famine and exposure, cast a film across his eyes and brain. He indistinctly saw his host pass into the next room and shut the door behind him.

"By Jove!" he murmured under his breath in wonder and dumb thanks for the shelter. "By Jove!" The stimulant filtered agreeably through him; more charitable than any element with which

he had been lately familiar, the fire's heat began to thaw the ice in his bones. He laid his dripping hat on his knees, his thin hands folded themselves over it, his eyes closed. For hours he had shuffled about the streets to keep from freezing. At the charity organization they gave work he was too weak to do; he had not eaten a substantial meal in so long that he had forgotten the taste of food and had ceased to crave it. In the soft light of lamp and fire he fell into a doze. Mr. Bulstrode, if he had stolen softly in to look at his visitor, would have seen a man not over thirty years of age, although want and dissipation added ten to his appearance. He would have been quick to take note of the fine, delicately cut face under the disfiguring beard, and of the slender, emaciated body deformed by its rags.

Possibly he did so noiselessly come in and stand by the unconscious creature, but the sleeping vagabond, dreaming fitful, half-painful things, was ignorant of the visitor. Finally across his mind's sharp despair came a sense of warmth and comfort, and in its spell he awoke.

A servant, not the one who had thrust him into the drawing-room, but another with a friendly face, stood at his side, and in broken English asked the guest of Mr. Bulstrode to follow him; and gathering his scattered senses together and picking up his rags and what was left of himself, the creature obeyed a summons which he supposed was to hale him again into the winter streets.

It was some three hours later that Mr. Bulstrode in his dining-room entertained his singular guest.

"I have asked you to dine with me," he explained, with a certain graciousness, as if he claimed, not gave, a favor, "as I'm all alone to-night. It's Christmas eve, you know—or perhaps you've been more or less glad to forget it?"

The young man who took the chair indicated him was unrecognizable as the stranger who had staggered into 9 Washington Square three or four hours before. Turned out in spotless linen and a good suit that fitted him fairly well, shaven face save for a mustache above his lip, bathed, brushed, refreshed by nourishment and sleep and repose, he looked like

one who has been in the waters, possibly a long, long time; like one who has drifted, been bruised, shattered, and beaten, but who has nevertheless drifted to shore; and in spite of his borrowed clothes, his scarred, haggard face, he looked like a gentleman, and Bulstrode from the moment he spoke had recognized him as one.

The food was to the stranger, in spite of the nourishment given him by Prosper, a feast. He restrained the ferocious hunger that now awoke at sight and smell of the good things, forced himself not to cry out with eagerness, not to tear and grasp the food out of the plate, not to eat like a beast. Every time he raised his eyes he met those of the butler Ruggles, and as quickly the stranger looked away. The face of the servant standing by the sideboard, back of him the white and gleaming array of the Bulstrode family silver like piles of snow, was for some reason or other not a pleasant face; the stranger did not find it so.

When he found himself again seated in the room he had entered in his outcast state, a cup of coffee at his hand, a cigar between his lips, the agreeable atmosphere of the old room and its charming objects, the kindly look on the face of his host, all swam before him like the shapes in some dream we try to hold. He moved his lips once or twice to speak, a mist came to his eyes. Looking frankly at Mr. Bulstrode, he said, not without grace of manner:

"I give it up, sir. I can't—it's not to be made out or understood . . ."

"Do you," interrupted the other, "feel equal yourself to talking a little: to telling me how it happens that you are wandering, as you seem to be? For from the moment you first spoke—"

The young man nodded. "I'm a gentleman. It's worse somehow—I don't know why, but it is."

Mr. Bulstrode thought out for him: "It's like remembering agreeable places to which you feel you will never return. Only," he quickly offered, "in your case you must, you know, go back."

"No," said the young man, quietly.

There was so much entire renunciation in what he said that the other could not press it.

"Better still, you can then go on?"

The vagrant looked at his companion as if to say: "Since I've known you—seen you—I have thought that I might." But he said nothing more, and Mr. Bulstrode, reading a diffidence which did not displease him, finished:

"You shall go on, and I'll help you."

The stranger bowed his head, and the wine undoubtedly sent the color up till his cheeks took the flush of health; remaining so, a little bent over, his eyes on his feet clad in Mr. Bulstrode's shoes, he said:

"I'm an Englishman. My family is everything that's decent and all *that*, you know, and proud. We've first-rate traditions. I'm a younger son, and I've always been a thorn in the family's side. I've been a sort of vagabond from the first, but never as bad as they thought or believed."

He paused. His recital was painful to him. Mr. Bulstrode waited, then knocking off the ash from his cigar, urged:

"Tell me about it, tell me all frankly; it will, you see, be a relief. We can do better that way—if I know."

The stranger looked up at him quickly, then leaning forward in his chair, talked as it were to the carpet, and rapidly:

"It's just a year ago. I'd been going it rather hard and got into trouble more or less—lost at cards and the races, and been running up a lot of bills. My father was awfully down on me. I'd gone home for the holidays and had a talk with my father and asked him to pay up for me just this once more. He refused, and we got very angry, both of us, and separated in a rage. The house was full of people—a Christmas ball and a tree. My father had, so it happened, quite a lot of money in the house. I knew where it was—I had seen him count it and put it away. That night for some reason the whole thing sickened me, in the mess I was in, and I left and went up to London without even saying good-by. In the course of the week my brother came and found me drunk in my rooms. It seems that the money had been taken from my father's safe, and they accused me."

"But," interrupted Mr. Bulstrode, eagerly, "it was a simple thing to exculpate yourself."

Ignoring his remark, the other con-

tinued: "I have never seen my father since that night."

No amount of former deception can persuade a man that he is a lame judge of character. The young Englishman's emaciated face, where eyes spoiled by dissipation looked out at his companion, was to this impulsive reader of humanity a good face. Mr. Bulstrode, however, saw what he wanted to see in most people. Given a chance to study them, or rather further to intimately know them, he might indeed have ended by finding in some cases a few of the imagined qualities. Here misery was evident, degradation as well, timidity, and hesitation,—but honesty! Mr. Bulstrode fancied that its characters were not effaced, and he helped the recital:

"Since you so left your people?"

"The steady go down!" acknowledged the other. "I worked my passage to the States on a liner—I stoked . . ."

"Any chap," encouraged the gentleman, "who can do that can pull himself, I should say, out of a worse hole."

"There's scarcely a bad habit I haven't had down in the hole with me," confessed the other, "and they've held me there."

They both remained for a few seconds without speaking, and the host's eyes wandered to where, over his mantel-shelf, in a great gold frame was the portrait of a lady done by Baker. A quaint young lady in her early teens with bare arms and frilled frock. She had Bulstrode's eyes. By her side was the black muzzle of a great hound, on whose head the little hand rested. Under the picture, from a silver bowl of roses came a fragrance that filled the room, and close by stood a photograph of another lady, very modern, very mocking, and very lovely.

Mr. Bulstrode, delicately drawing inferences from the influences in his life, and, if not consciously grateful, reflecting them charmingly, broke the silence:

"You must have formed some plan or other in your mind when you came to my door? What, in the event of your being received, did you intend to ask me to do?"

The stranger lifted his head and his response was irrelevant: "It seems a hundred years since I stood there in that storm and your man pulled me in. I haven't seen a place like this for long,

not the inside of decent houses. When I left the ship I managed to get down with a chap as far as Florida, where he had an orange-plantation, but the venture fell through. I fancy the rest is as well forgotten. When I came in here to-night I intended to ask you for a Christmas gift of money, and I should have gone out and drunk myself to hell."

"You spoke"—Mr. Bulstrode fetched him back—"of your father and your brother; was there no one else?"

The younger man looked up without reply.

"There has been, then, no more kindly influence in your life—no sister—no woman?"

Bulstrode brought out the words; they meant in his judgment so very much. He saw a change cross the other's face—it sombered.

"I fancy there are not many men who haven't had a woman in their lives for good or bad," he said, with a short laugh.

"Well," urged the gentleman, gently, "and for what was she?"

Rebelling at the insistence, delicate as his companion's manner made his probing, the young fellow stammered:

"I say, this putting a fellow on the rack—"

But Bulstrode leaned forward in his chair and rested his hand on his companion's knee and pleaded:

"Speak out frankly—frankly—I believe I shall understand; it will free your heart to speak. This influence which to a man should be the best—the best—what was it to you?" Mr. Bulstrode sat back and waited, and the other seemed quite lost to him in his melancholy meditations for some few seconds. Then, with singular skill in his questioning, Mr. Bulstrode put it: "For a young man, no matter how wild, to leave his home under the misapprehension you claim:—for him to make no effort to reinstate himself: with no attempt at justice: for him to become a wanderer—there must be an extraordinary reason, almost an improbable one—"

"I don't ask you to hear, sir," said the vagrant, quickly.

"I wish to do so. It would have been a simple matter to exculpate yourself—you had not the funds in your possession, had never had them. You took no means to clear yourself?"

"None."

Mr. Bulstrode looked hard at the face his care had revealed to him: the deep eyes, the neck, chin, the sensitive mouth—there was a certain distinction about him in his borrowed clothes.

"Where is the woman now?"

"She married my brother—she is Lady Waring—my name," tardily introduced the stranger, "is Cecil Waring."

Mr. Bulstrode bowed. "Tell me something of her, in a word—in a word."

"Well, she is amusing," said the young man, slowly, "always very beautiful, and then very poor."

"Yes," nodded Bulstrode.

"She is like the rest of us—one of a fast wild set—a—"

"A gambler?" Mr. Bulstrode helped the description.

"She played," acknowledged the young man, "as the rest do—bridge."

"Were you engaged to her, Waring?"

"Yes," he slowly acknowledged, as if each word hurt him.

"And did she believe you guilty?"

"I think," said the other, with an inscrutable expression, "she could not have done so."

"But she let you go under suspicion?"

"Yes."

"Without a word of good faith, of comfort?"

"Yes."

"Did she know of your embarrassments?"

"Too well."

"She perhaps—as you tell me she was poor and—she perhaps had embarrassments of her own?"

"Perhaps."

Mr. Bulstrode rose and came over to him.

"Was she at the Christmas ball that night?"

The young man rose as well, his eyes on his questioner's; the color had all left his face—he appeared fascinated—then he shook himself and unexpectedly laughed.

"No," he said; "oh no."

Bulstrode bowed his head and replied, quite inaptly:

"I understand!"

He took a turn across the room away from the man.

The few steps brought him in front of the mantel and the photograph of the

modern lady in her furs and close hat. He stood and met the fire of her mocking eyes.

"And you *believe* him, Jimmy!" he could hear her say in her delicious voice.

"Yes," he mentally told her, "I believe him."

"You think that to save a woman's name and honor he has become an outcast on the face of the earth . . . Jimmy!"

He still gently replied to her:

"Men who love, you know, have but one code—the woman and honor."

Still mocking, but gentle as would have been the touch of the roses in the bowl near the photograph, her voice told him,

"Then he's worth saving, Jimmy."

Worth saving . . . he agreed, and turned to his guest. In doing so he saw that Ruggles had come into the drawing-room to remove the coffee-tray.

"Beg pardon, sir, but you mentioned there would be a letter to send shortly?"

"By Jove! so I did!" exclaimed Mr. Bulstrode. "I beg your pardon; will you excuse me while I write a line at the desk?" The line was an order to the florist.

For some reason the eyes of the Englishman had not quitted the butler's face, and Ruggles, with cold insolence, had stared at him in turn. Waring, albeit in another man's clothes, fed and seated before a friendly hearth, and once again within the pale of his own class, had regained something of his natural air and feeling of superiority. He resented the servant's insolence, and his face was angrily flushed as Mr. Bulstrode gave his orders, and the man left the room.

"I must go away," he said, rather brusquely. "I can never thank you for what you have done. I feel as if I had been in a dream."

"Sit down." His companion ignored his words. "Sit down."

"It's late."

"For what, my friend?"

"I must find some place to sleep."

"You have found it," gently smiled Mr. Bulstrode. "Your room is prepared for you here." Then he interrupted: "No thanks—no thanks. If what you tell me is all I think it is, I'm proud to share my roof with you, Waring."

"Don't think well of me—don't!"

blurted out the other. "You don't know what a ruined vagabond I am. When you send me out to-morrow I shall begin again; but let me tell you that although I've herded with tramps and thieves, been in the hospital and lockup, and worked in the hell of a furnace at a ship's hold, nothing hurt me any more, not after I left England—not after those days when I waited in Liverpool for a word—for a sign—not after that, all you see the marks of now—nothing hurts now but the memory. I'm immune."

"You will feel differently—you will humanize."

"Never!" exclaimed the tramp.

"To-night," said Mr. Bulstrode, simply. Waring looked at him curiously.

"What a wonderful man!" he half murmured. "I was led to you by fate: you have forced me to lay my soul bare to you—and now . . ."

"Let's look things in the face together," suggested the gentleman, practically. "I have a ranch out West. A good piece of property. It's in the hands of a clever Englishman and promises well. How would you like to go out there and start anew? He'll give you a welcome, and he's a first-rate business man. Will you go?"

Waring had with his old habit thrust his hands in his pockets. He stood well on his feet. Bulstrode remarked it. He looked meditatively down between the soles of his shoes.

"You mean to say you give me a chance—to—to—"

"Begin anew, Waring."

"I drink a great deal," said the young man.

"You will swear off."

"I've gambled away all the money I ever had."

"You will be taking care of mine, and it will be a point of honor."

"I'm under a cloud—"

"Not in my eyes," said Bulstrode, stoutly.

"—which I can never clear."

Bulstrode made a dismissing gesture.

"I should want the chap out there to know the truth."

"The truth," caught his hearer, and the other as quickly interrupted:

"To know under what circumstances I left my people."

"No, that is unnecessary," said Bul-

strode, firmly. "Nobody has any right to your past. I don't know his. That's the beauty of the plains—the freshness of them. It's a new start—a clean page."

Still the guest, looking down at his feet, hesitated.

"I don't believe it's worth while. You see, I've batted about now so much alone, with nobody near me but the lowest sort; I've given in so long, with no care to do better, that I haven't any confidence in myself. I don't want you to see me fail, sir,—I don't want to go back on you."

Mr. Bulstrode had heard very understandingly part of the man's word, part of his excuse for his weakness.

"That's it," he said, musingly. "Bathing about alone. It's that—loneliness—that's responsible for so many things."

Looking up brightly at his friend whose derelict dangerous vessel, so near to port and repair, was heading for the wide seas again, Bulstrode wondered: "If such a thing could be that some friend, not too uncongenial, could be found to go with you and stand as it were by you—some friend who knew—who comprehended—"

Waring laughed. "I haven't such a one."

"Yes," said the older gentleman, "you have, and he will stand by you. I'll go West with you myself to-morrow—on Christmas day. I need a change. I want to get away for a little time."

Waring drew back a step, for Bulstrode had risen. Cold Anglo-Saxon as he was, the unprecedented miracle this gentleman presented made him seem almost lunatic. He stared blankly.

"It's simpler than it looks." Mr. Bulstrode attempted conventionally to shear it of a little of its eccentricity. "There's every reason why I should look after my property out there. I've never seen it at all."

"I'm not worth such a goodness," Waring faltered, earnestly,—“not worth it."

"You will be."

"Don't hope it."

"I believe it," smiled the gentleman; "and at all events I'll stand by you till you are—if you'll say the word."

Waring, whose lips were trembling, repeated vaguely, "The word?"

"Well," replied Mr. Bulstrode, "you

might say those—they're as good as any—will you stand by me?"

Suddenly making the first hearty spontaneous gesture he had shown, the young man seized the other's outstretched hand.

"Yes," he breathed; "by Heaven! I will!"

It was past midnight when Mr. Bulstrode, pushing open the curtains of his bedroom, looked out on the frozen world of Washington Square, where of tree and arch not an outline was visible under the disguising snow; and above, in the sky swept clear of clouds by the strongest of winds, rode the round full disk of the Christmas moon.

The adoption into his present of a vagrant, the sudden quixotic decision he had taken with this unknown individual to leave New York on Christmas day, the plain facts of the outrageous folly his impulsiveness led him to contemplate, had relegated to the background his more worldly plans. Laying aside his waistcoat, he took out the letter in whose contents he had been absorbed when Cécil Waring crossed the threshold of his drawing-room.

Well, as he reread at leisure her delightful plan for Christmas day, he sighed that he could not do for them both better than to go two thousand miles away. "Waring thinks himself a vagrant—and so, poor chap, he has been; but there are vagrants of another kind." As he reflected he felt himself to be one of them, and was led to speculate if there were many outcasts like himself, and what ultimately, if their courage was sufficient to keep them banished to the end, would be the reward.

"Since," he reflected, "there's only one thing would mean anything to me—and it's the one thing forbidden—I fail sometimes to quite puzzle it out!"

He had finished his preparations for the night and was about to turn out the light, when, his hand on the electric button, he paused, for he distinctly heard from down-stairs what sounded like a call—a cry.

Taking his revolver from the top drawer, he went into the hall, to feel a draft of icy air blow up the staircase, to see over the balusters the open door of the dining-room and light within

it, and to hear more clearly the sounds that had come to him through closed doors declare themselves to be scuffling—struggling—the half-cry of a muffled voice—a fall, then Mr. Bulstrode started.

"I'm coming," he declared, and ran down the stairs like a boy.

On the dining-room floor, close to the window wide open to the icy night, lay a man's form, and over him bent another man cruelly, with all the animus of a bird of prey.

The man below was Ruggles, Mr. Bulstrode's butler, his eyes starting from the socket, his mouth open, his color livid; he couldn't have called out, for the other man had seized his necktie, twisted it tight as a tourniquet around the man's gullet, and so kneeling with one knee on his chest, Waring held the big man under.

"I say," panted the young man, "can you lend a hand, sir? I've got him, but I'm not strong enough to keep him."

Bulstrode thought his servant's eyes rolled appealingly at him. He cocked his revolver, holding it quietly, and asked coolly:

"What's the matter with him that he needs to be kept?"

"Would you sit on his chest, Mr. Bulstrode?"

"No," said that gentleman. "I'll cover him so. What's the truth?"

"I heard a queer noise," panted the Englishman, "and came out to see what it was, and this fellow was just getting through the window. There was another chap outside, but he got away. I caught this one from the back, otherwise I could never have thrown him."

"You're throttling him."

"He deserves it."

"Let him up."

"Mr. Bulstrode . . . !"

"Yes," said that gentleman, decidedly, "let him up."

But Ruggles, released from the hand whose knuckles had ground themselves into his windpipe, could not at once rise. The breath was out of him, for he had been heavily struck in the stomach by a blow from the fist of a man whose training in sport had delightfully returned at need.

Ruggles began to breathe like a porpoise, to grunt and pant and roll over. He staggered to his feet, and with a string

of imprecations raised his fist at Waring, but as Mr. Bulstrode's revolver was entirely ready to answer at command, he did not venture to leave the spot where he stood.

"Now," said his master, "when you get your tongue your story will be just the same as Mr. Waring's. You found him getting away with the silver. The probabilities are all with you, Ruggles. The police will be here in just about five minutes. Ten to one the guilty man is known to the officers. Now there's an overcoat and hat on the stairs; it will fit well enough. I give both of you time to get away. There's the front door and the window—which perhaps you had better shut, Waring, as it's a cold morning."

Neither man moved. Without removing his eyes from the butler or uncovering him, Bulstrode, by means of the messenger-call to the right of the window, summoned the police. The metallic click of the button sounded loud in the room.

Ruggles shook his great hand high in air.

"I'd—I'd—"

"Never mind that," interrupted the householder. "The man who's going had better take his chance. There's one minute lost."

During the next half-second the modern philanthropist breathed in suspense. It was so on the cards that he might be obliged to apologize to his antipathetic butler and find himself sentimentally sold by Waring.

But Ruggles it was who with a parting oath stepped to the door—accelerating his pace as the daze began to pass a little from his brain, and snatched the hat and coat, unlocked the front door, opened it, looked quickly up and down the white streets, and then without a word cut down the steps and across Washington Square, slowly at first, and then on a run.

Bulstrode turned to his visitor.

"Come," he said, "let's go up to bed."

"But," stammered the young man, "you're never going to let him go like that?"

"Yes, I am," confessed the unpractical gentleman. "I couldn't send a man to jail on Christmas day."

"But the police—?"

"I shall tell them out of my window that it was a false alarm."

Bulstrode shut and locked his door, and turning to Waring, laughed delightedly.

"I must tell you that when he let you in last night Ruggles did not think you were a gentleman. He must have found out this morning that you were very much of a man. It's astonishing where you got your strength, though. He'd make two of you, and you're not fit in any way."

He looked ghastly enough as Mr. Bulstrode spoke, and the gentleman put his arm under the Englishman's. "I'll ring for the servants and have some coffee made and fetched to your room. Lean on me." He helped the vagabond up-stairs.

This New-Yorker, whose sentimental follies were certainly a menace to public safety and a premium to begging and vagabondage and crime, slept well and late, and was awakened finally by the keen, bright ringing of the telephone at his side. As he took up the receiver his whole face illumined.

"Merry Christmas, Jimmy!"

"What *wonderful* roses! Thanks a thousand times!"

"But of course I knew! No other man in New York is sentimental enough to have a woman awakened at eight o'clock by a bunch of flowers!"

"Forgive you!" (It was clear that she did.)

"Jimmy, what a day for Tuxedo, and what a shame I can't go!"

"You weren't going! You mean to say that you had refused?"

"I don't understand—it's the connection—West?"

"Why, ranches look after themselves. They always do. They go right on. You don't mean it, on Christmas day!"

"I shouldn't care for your reasons. They're sure to be ridiculous—unpractical—unnecessary—don't tell them to me."

There was a pause, and then the voice, which had undergone a slight change:

"Jack's ill again . . . that's why I couldn't go to Tuxedo. I shall pass the day here in town. I called up to tell you

this—and to suggest—but since you're going West . . .”

Falconer's illnesses! How well Bulstrode knew them, and how well he could see her alone in the familiar little drawing-room by a hearth not built for a Christmas tree! He had promised Waring, “I'll stand by you.” It was a kind of vow—a real vow, and the poor tramp had lived up to his.

“Jimmy.” There was a note he had never heard before; if a tone can be a tear, it was one.

He interrupted her.

“How dear of you!”

“But I haven't any Christmas tree!”

“You'll fetch one? How dear of you! We'll trim it—with your roses—make it bloom. Come early and help me dress the tree.”

Two hours later he opened the door into the breakfast-room with the guiltiness of a truant boy. He wore culprit shame written all over his face, and the young man who stood waiting for him in the window might have almost read his friend's dejection in his embarrassed face.

But Waring came eagerly forward, answered the season's greetings, and said quickly:

“Are you still in the same mind about the West, Mr. Bulstrode?”

(Poor Bulstrode!)

“I mean to say, sir, if you still feel like giving me this chance, I've a favor to ask. Would you let me go *alone*?”

Bulstrode gasped.

“Since last night a lot has happened to me, not only since you've befriended me, but since I tussled with that fellow

here. I'd like a chance to see what I can do alone. If you, as you so generously plan, go with me, I shall feel watched—protected. It will weaken me more than anything else. I suppose I shall go all to pieces, but I'd like to try my strength. If I could suddenly master that chap with my fists after months of dissipation—”

Bulstrode finished for him:

“You can master the rest.”

“Don't give me any extra money,” pleaded the vagrant, as if he foresaw his friend's impulse. “Pay my ticket out, if you will, and write to the man who is there, and I'll start in.”

Bulstrode beamed on him.

“You're a man,” he assured him—“a man.”

“I may become one.”

“You're a fine fellow.”

“You'll trust me, then?”

“Implicitly.”

“Then let me start to-day. I'm reckless—let me get away. I may get off at the first station and pawn my clothes and drink and drink to a lower hell than before—but let me try alone.”

“You shall go alone—and go to-day.”

Prosper came in with the coffee; he, too, was beaming, and the servants below-stairs were all agog. Waring was a hero.

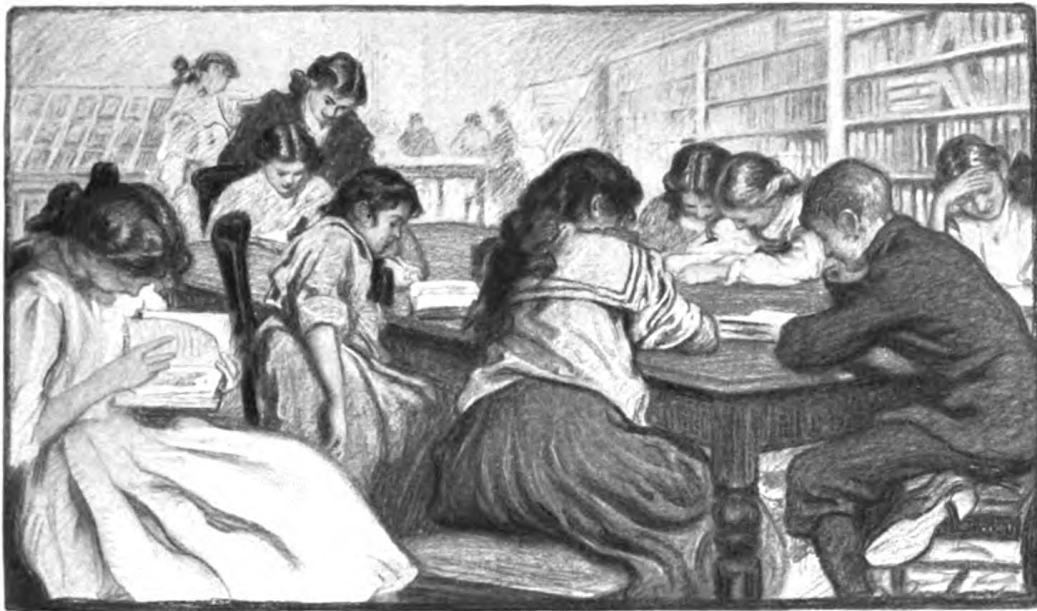
“Prosper,” said his master, in French, “will you, after you have terminated the serving of breakfast, go out to the market quarters and see if you can discover for me a medium-sized, very well-proportioned little Christmas tree? Fetch it home with you.”

Waring faintly smiled.

Mr. Bulstrode smiled too, and more comprehensively, and Prosper smiled and said:

“Mais certainement, monsieur.”





Life in a Children's Library

BY GERTRUDE URBAN

"PLEASE gimme a liberry," pipes the still, small (but high-pitched) voice of the child. His intonation, bearing, and general manner proclaim at once that he is a "first-timer," an *habitué*, a genuine book-lover, a sated individual seeking relief from *ennui*, a leader, a follower, and so on to the finest shades of differentiation.

If a "new" child, he is excessively polite or shy. If familiar, it is interesting to note if he is proudly, aggressively, or quite unconsciously so. If he makes a dash for some particular corner of the room, it is beyond a doubt his second visit, and he hastens to convince himself that "Those Books" are not such stuff as dreams are made on. If he pounces upon a book, he is still but partially initiated, and has not acquired the serene calm of the genuine book-lover. And why should the book-lover not be calm? If The Book is not available, there are many more, and a book is a book.

Then there is the child who is obviously bored. He looks with an indulgent eye upon the easily pleased Young. He even exerts himself to the point of taking home a book once or twice. He returns it with the same air of toleration, and then is seen no more.

In the genial, kindly atmosphere of welcome that pervades a modern library, the child soon acquires that personal interest and sense of possession and proprietorship that are the greatest safeguard from conscious or unconscious abuse. His enthusiasm sometimes manifests itself in an unappeasable desire to help—not perhaps from purely unselfish motives, but rather for the importance of being affiliated with the powers that be, and for the opportunity of displaying superior qualities.

Every teacher of little children has witnessed their yearnings for the distinction of washing the blackboard or cleaning the erasers, and every teacher must be aware

of the heartache her unwilling partiality evokes. The timid child hides his bitter disappointment, while epithets like "teacher's pet" or "teacher's supe" allay the pique of his bolder companions.

The boy who finds it a burden to be

ity she encounters. She allows him to rearrange disordered shelves of books (that most effective check upon enthusiasm) or to sharpen pencils, but the librarian of good sense and deep faith in original sin will never admit him into the mysteries of the charging system.

Not only for the protection of the child and the property of the city is the working system of the library to be unrevealed. If he considers himself familiar with "teachers'" work, he loses his respect for superior ability. His pleadings for work, however, would move a heart of stone, and in self-defence the attendant gives him the harmless task of sorting cards, over which they have many a friendly chat.

"I used to want to be a Sister—a Cat'lic Sister—when I am big, but since I began taking liberries I want to be a liberry," is a frequently bestowed and much-appreciated compliment. One little girl spoke at length of how the neighborhood children played library with slips of paper, blocks of wood for books, and other contrivances. A boy from another part of the town told how the "kids" in his district played the same game and quarrelled bitterly for the office of teacher. The many requests for "just one red card," "just one white card," "just one reputation blank," and other paraphernalia whose fascination can be explained in no other way, are accounted for upon the grounds of realism.

"You're always writing," said one awestruck little boy. "When I come in the morning or at noon or at night, you're always writing, and mostly figgers." "He thinks me a wonder," thought the attendant, who, like Sentimental Tommy, would not for worlds disillusion him. The "figgering up," or charging, is the most mechanical of performances, but this child, who was perhaps having trouble with the three R's, and whose ancestors in the Old World had very likely called in the village scribe when the difficulties of correspondence were no longer to be evaded, had founded his intense respect for her upon her easy, graceful, and unassuming familiarity with the "pen."

Deeply engrossed in her charging, she is sometimes startled with news. "I'm ten years old," a child will pleasantly an-



SHE ALLOWS HIM TO REARRANGE DISORDERED
SHELVES OF BOOKS

useful at home is willing—nay, eager—to make life simple and pleasant for the janitor. In his wild desire to help the library attendant, he haunts her desk, and if she be not an interested student of humanity, his society becomes dangerously oppressive. Of a meditative turn of mind, she indulges in a little amateur psychology, utilizing every opportunity of acquainting herself with the personal-

nounce, apropos of nothing. "My birthday is next August," is a frequent opening for conversation. He talks of his little brother's age, of the exact date of the family birthdays, as an adult talks of the weather.

Children seem to take a special pride in being ten years old. "I'm seven years old," or "I am eight," is a comparatively rare remark, but that he is ten is heard so often and with such an effort to be modest about it that it may safely be regarded as an important event in childhood. We all remember, at least the feminine among us, that we thought fourteen a nice age, that we were dying to be sixteen, and that eighteen was oldish, but we have forgotten the charm of ten. The little boys especially look forward to that age. Perhaps then for the first time they really feel safe in the matter of lace-beruffled blouses, Fauntleroy suits, and general maternal foolishness.

The differences in taste between boys and girls are not marked at an early age. Negro lads with uncouth lips, broad noses, squat hands and feet, the entire physiognomy betraying a degraded ancestry, ask for a "sad book, a book wot makes you cry"; while dainty little girls in white chiffon hats, with buttercups and daisies falling over their diaphanous brims, boldly demand *Seven Buckets of Blood*; or, *The Lascar's Revenge*.

"Please gimme a war book," is the cry of the average boy, and the cry of every boy with German blood in his veins. "A book about George Washington," "a book wot treats about ventriloquism," "a book with a red cover," "one reading-book and one other book," "the book with a hole on page 19," are daily requested; but for ordinary purposes "nobel" and "liberry" are sufficiently expressive.

Many nationalities frequented our room. There were Irish and a good proportion of Canadians, also Germans, Russians, Poles, Scandinavians, Italians, Greeks, and Jews from every quarter of the globe. We even boasted of a boy who had been to the Klondike. But the Britisher, the real Britisher, excluding the Irishman, was seldom encountered.

The children had great difficulty in remembering the "teachers'" names, excepting always the "Head Lady's." and

after months of training would revert to "that other lady" or "the lady wot wears her hair high." Occasionally it was desirable to identify the other lady with more certainty, and their descriptions were not without interest. A little girl would say, "She has on a navy-blue suit and patent-leather tips. Her suit has two large box pleats in front and three small ones in the back, stitched, and a ribbon girdle with a steel buckle." Much more might follow if one had leisure to hear it through. "She's got a dip figure," or "a Madame du Barry pomp."

A boy would sometimes say: "She ain't very big"; "She wears her hair on top"; or, "She wears her hair in a figger eight"; and once a boy spoke of one who wore her hair "in a pretzel." One boy occasioned surprise by saying that the lady wore side-combs. Her fellow workers had not noticed it before. Sometimes a comment was overheard. "She's left-handed," was one awestruck ejaculation.



THE NEW CHILD IS APT TO BE SHY



IN SELF-DEFENCE THE ATTENDANT GIVES HIM THE HARMLESS TASK OF SORTING CARDS

"She ain't a blonde and she ain't a burnette." "Her specs are gold." "You ought to see her other waist." "She's got a watch."

As every one knows, boys are not often interested in the opposite sex. Neither are girls. But once a year there is a visible softening on either side, and boys and girls are seen talking together with great animation. The excitement of Christmas levels the deficiencies of sex, and in a common expectation they stand upon equal ground. Even the big boys expand a little and are less exclusive.

The difference between Saturdays and the Christmas holidays, when the common fact of closed schools would seem to make them alike, is nevertheless great. The normal Saturday begins a day of joy. Long before nine o'clock the corridors are full of eager children. The janitor finds a few upon his early arrival, and it is even whispered that some of them are given to sleeping all night on the front steps. It is a great achieve-

ment to be Number One, and the attendant stops to congratulate the happy boy. Every one respects his victory and quietly takes his place in the beautiful straight line that months of training have brought about. Down the long corridor the black line extends, and is highly suggestive of a run on a bank, save that our file makes braver efforts to control its excitement, with only here and there a head bobbing sideways to gauge the progress of events. In winter these Saturday mornings are doubly pleasant, and the "liberry" would exchange her place with few. Eyes shining and cheeks "redder than a windy morn" make the most unsanitary of children seem clean and crisp.

Throughout the morning the boys predominate. Tiny girls and girls from the leisure classes give color to the scene, but it is not until after two that the girl really takes possession. In the morning she is at home, sweeping, dusting, baking, and minding the baby. But in the after-

noon, with music-roll under her arm, her Sunday hat and patent-leather tips, a lace-edged handkerchief, and a contented smile, there is every reason to believe that the chocolate cake was a great success and that for the rest of the day she means to Live.

A steady reinforcement of boys has been kept up, and by two o'clock the library-worker begins to doubt the charm of Saturday. By three the doubt is gone, and by four she wonders if life is worth living. Towards noon one feels a gritty crunching underfoot, and that raises the question, What is the attraction between gravel and the small boy? The "liberry" and the janitor are both interested in the problem, but have not solved it to this day.

But to return to holiday differences. The spirit of Christmas-tide prevails in the children's room some time before and after the 24th. With the boys it is less noticeable, but the girls begin to drop off nearly a month beforehand. These are the days when German mothers go to bed early and German daughters sit up late; for while other people may or may not expend personal talent upon their gifts, the small German girl's remembrance is invariably her own handiwork, and she weaves into her little tidies and splashers—which sometimes, alas! have not even the saving grace of being little—a wealth of youthful tenderness and patience, a lavishness of that which makes the world go round.

The "liberry" of broad sympathies likes to follow her young patrons into their homes, and live their lives to a certain extent. During the holidays she knows that the girls are not conforming to their Saturday routine, though school is closed and education a matter of no account. In Cranford, when the ladies had guests for tea whom they wished to delight, they concocted that wonderful jelly of Miss Jenkyns's receipt. In our town, when we wish to be especially exquisite, we make layer-cake. But who cares for layer-cake at Christmas-time? The

acute psychologist knows it is not being made these days. The girls are rolling out cookies, sometimes leaf-shaped, sometimes star-shaped, or after the human form divine. They are sprinkling sugar upon the lion and the lamb, and taking pans of heart-shaped *Pfefferküsse* from the oven.

To one with real intuitional gifts it is plain that certain boys have not spent the morning playing. They have been stoning raisins and chopping nuts in a chopping-bowl. Sometimes there is an odor of bread-crumbs about them, and sage and parsley or thyme. Whatever the nature of their energies, they have been expended upon the community of home, and for once the boys, like their sisters from the cradle to the grave, are living the socialistic life. For once the selfishness responsible for the individual-



HE IS NOT GAY

ity that glorifies them in the presence of the girls, who are without the freedom that fosters personal distinctiveness, is rendered subservient, and shoulder to shoulder the boys and girls are doing the joyous but arduous labor of Yule-tide.

The older children come with packages (and astonishingly large ones at that), make a hurried selection of books, and leave. The younger ones are too excited for literary interests, and merely run in to see what holiday preparations may be going on; and then there is always a possibility that presents and unlimited sweets are being distributed there. The expectations of childhood are running riot.

As the day approaches, few linger, and those few are genuinely pitied. The boy who has no home interests to keep him away from the library on the 24th is unfortunate, but the girl in this situation is a sorry child indeed. December 24 is the quietest day in the year. In the children's room, where about three hundred books are issued daily, the circulation drops to perhaps a baker's dozen. By this time not even the tree in the room will draw them until after the great day. Only the slum waifs, whose festivities are not a feature of home life, but are provided by charitable organizations and are consequently of short duration, steal in to bask in the glow of the tree. The shaded incandescents interest them hugely and the ornaments are much admired. Doubtless there is also some secret speculation as to the edibleness of certain objects and on the ultimate distribution of the popcorn strands, for it

is plain that the "liberries" could not eat them all.

When the attendance increases again, the staff is made acquainted with many new dolls in fetching attire. In the grown-up world there seems to be a prejudice in favor of sons and heirs, but in the world of little girls the prejudice is quite the other way. It is a well-meaning but misguided stork that leaves a boy doll until there has been a sister

doll to precede him; and to be fully appreciated there should be a really - truly little brother to boot.

"I didn't get a single thing," said one tearful child, and it was not till a more fortunate boy, who, with his mother, heard the complaint and offered to make good that oversight on Santa Claus's part, that the probable clue was found in recollecting his name to be Mordecai Kahn.

"I got a magic lantern," proudly announced Robert, "but"—with a sigh—"she smokes a'reddy."

Feminine instincts are frequently betrayed in the smallest of girls. Garrulous young Minnie was telling a long, elaborate tale of a visit in the country. She

lisped and was generally inarticulate, and the attendant mistakenly gathered that the little brother, the hero of the tale, had one day cruelly stirred up a nest of birds. The attendant had a bad opinion of boys in their dealings with animals, and asked, no doubt a little severely, "Why did he do that?"

Instantly the female tendency to protect asserted itself. Her brother had been insulted. "Why did he do that?" cried the little firebrand, speaking with clear-



HE HAS A LEGAL AIR

cut precision in her excitement,—“*why* did he do that? *Not* because he wanted to—*not* because he wanted to. But because he *had* to.” Then followed another and a fuller telling of the tale, and her little brother's reputation came out whole and sound and sweet.

More frequently the lifelong attendance of woman upon her family is demonstrated by the girls “minding the baby,” or some younger relative, while their brothers are living life to their own tastes and developing individuality. Not that the girls are resentful. The customs of generations have made them adaptable for minding the baby, giving up the golden hours of youth, forfeiting without question opportunities for self-development, and without question expending their best energies upon the purely physical wants of others. Not until it is too late, and usually not at all, does the girl realize that she is entirely without that force or color that makes her brother a factor to be reckoned with.

“There's Mary and the Baby,” cried a gay little girl, with joyous recognition, standing before a row of Madonnas that were sometimes produced at Christmas or Easter. She looked not unlike a little Madonna herself, with a tiny boy clinging to her hand. It is doubtful if she took a step, out of school hours, without that small boy at her heels, yet she was of an invincible cheerfulness. With such a temperament even the responsibility for the safety of a young child seems not too great for immature shoulders.

But if the little girl is gay, Freddie is not. Freddie has *Weltschmerz*. The “liberry” was having *Weltschmerz* herself in those days and recognized the symptoms at once. She longed to take him to her austere young breast, but she was not without wisdom. To lay a hand upon a sensitive child, especially one of the other sex, defies the promptings of intuition. Under certain circumstances, or after a certain intimacy, caresses are not unwelcome, but unless the privacy is absolute the safest course is total abstinence.

Freddie, after three years' observance, seems to lose a little of his poetry, and shows a tendency to become a human small boy. But he is marked, and will emerge from childhood a man of sorrows

and acquainted with grief. He comes alone and goes alone save on the few occasions when he is accompanied by Amanda.

Amanda is his sister, and a saucy wench she is. She has no *Weltschmerz*. For Amanda, each day and every day God's in His heaven, and all's right with the world. Sometimes she comes alone, a slip of paper in her hand, which the staff scarcely deems it necessary to open. For three years they have read that message, rewritten when the paper was worn through. They read it only to see which of the several volumes is desired. “Kindly give bearer Murche's *Science Reader* Number Two.” If ever a book was taken into a little boy's heart, that book is Murche's *Science Reader*. Surely Freddie can have no scientific tendencies? No scientist had ever such tender brown eyes.

Another interesting type is Julius Cæsar Goldschmidt. He wears his hair “pompadour,” a ring on his little finger, and a beaver collar on his overcoat. He carries his head stiffly erect, uses “big” words, and has a legal air about him. The youngest attendant mentally congratulates herself that she is too old to be in danger of marrying him, for he promises to develop into the kind of man whose wife will be obliged to ask for car fare. Her sympathies are prematurely expended in behalf of the little girl who probably exists somewhere who, as the future Mrs. Julius, has many weary years of incense-burning before her.

One of the daily papers, in its endless chain of contests, offered a prize for the best short paragraph written by a child. Julius's was the most characteristic, being almost as pompous as Julius himself:

“I am thirteen years old. The ambition of my life is to become a lawyer. I am educating myself with that aim in view. I shall be a corporation lawyer, and am preparing for a successful career. My parents can testify that this was written without aid or suggestion from any one.”

There is also Robbie, the Boy Wonder. He is a pianist, and has all the vices of the child prodigy. Generous citizens sent him abroad, and if Robbie was trying before, he was insufferable after this public interest. He carried about with

him a miniature pamphlet with comments of well-known musicians and clippings from the local press.

"On page two you'll find what Paderewski says about me." "On page three is De Pachmann's opinion of my playing." "I'm not going to be one of your eighty-dollars-a-week musicians. I am going to keep a cool head."

Harry represents the fanciful child. He is a beautiful boy, and the attendant liked to have him leaning over her desk for the sole purpose of gratifying her æsthetic sensibilities. He told her many a fine tale of his horses, dogs, cattle, and poultry, all of which he kept, naturally enough, "in the country." He was not fibbing; he was exercising his imagination. But there are bounds to imaginative excursions, beyond which they assume a harsher name. Harry frequently crossed the bounds. One day he told her that he had just returned from Africa, where he had drifted down the Congo with his father. Then the attendant recognized him as an affinity, for she distinctly remembered once telling a teacher that she too had been to Africa, and, to the very phrase, had drifted down the Congo with her father. Was it original sin, or was it the poetry of McGuffey's geography that was responsible for these moral lapses?

One of the most interesting cases we ever knew was Tim's. The first day he came he arrested the attention of each member of the staff. Standing before the desk was a lank, swarthy man. There was a peculiar something about him coupled with an excessive shyness that made him noticeable. When he encountered the eyes of an attendant, he hurried into an alcove to hide his timidity. Then it was borne in upon them that the unfortunate creature was not a man but a boy. His face did not betray his age, which might be anything from seventeen to fifty; but as his trousers were short, his age was presumably less.

For several days he came, feeling obviously an alien. Too shy to speak to any one, too deficient, probably, in intellect to get the bearings of the room, he yet lingered, no doubt to escape the loneliness of the vast outdoors, fascinated by the aspect of warm companion-

ship. It was months before he ventured to speak. He came to the desk and laid his card upon it, bracing himself to meet the consequences.

"What would you like?" asked the assistant, as mildly as possible, fearing to frighten him. He looked dazed.

"A book," he finally answered, nervously putting his hand to his face.

"What kind of book would you like?" was next asked, not for an illuminating reply, but to accustom him to the sound of her voice, and to open the way, if that were possible, to sociability. Once more he played with his hands, and, after some effort, said, "A hard one."

He came and went alone and was never seen to speak to any one, though he must now and then have met a schoolfellow. He seemed, however, to have something of the nature of a friendship, for it developed that the books he took home were not for himself, but for Annie Luberska.

"Annie wants a book, a hard one," he would say in his braver moments, for his shyness never wore off, and there were months when he preferred to help himself. His method of procedure was unique. Opening a book, he scanned the typography, looked, possibly, for "conversation," examined the arrangement of paragraphs, margins, and other details, and then came to his conclusion.

Annie Luberska was never seen in the flesh, but whoever she was, she had a conscientious friend and one manifestly grateful for the privilege of sharing a little of her society. Sometimes an assistant ventured to recommend a book. But he did not blindly accept the verdict of one who did not know Annie Luberska. Carefully turning the pages, considering the matter well, he would shyly hand it back.

"This is too easy for Annie." Or, "Annie likes hard books, but I think this is a little too hard." Who is Annie Luberska that such tender consideration should be for her?

Thus child life, as seen in a library, is as child life seen from any other point of view. The revelation of adult nature in the child is as complete as the revelation of child nature in the adult; they are one and the same thing—human nature as wide-reaching as the universe.

Under the Red Maple

BY JENNETTE LEE

THE girl sat on the sunny side of the house, looking out across the meadow. Near her, toward the mountain, a red maple lifted itself, flaming against the sky. Now and then the girl's eyes sought the tree and lingered on it restfully. It was warm October. The kind of day that holds a secret—waiting, finger on lip. The girl had sat there a long time in the clear light, dreaming, her sketching materials near her and her wide hat thrown carelessly across them. She had dropped them there when she came up from the meadow an hour ago. Luncheon-time had come and gone, but she had not stirred. Her mother had called to her, a little fretfully, from the window, but she had only turned her head, with the slow, absent smile. "By and by, mother. Let me wait."

Her mother had lain down for a mid-day nap, and the house behind the girl was very quiet. The sun dreamed about her. A locust shrilled sleepily from a tree, and was still. The girl's hands, slight and nervous, half crossed in her lap, and her feet, in their trim ties, thrust a little before her and crossed at the ankle, gave an impression at once delicate and strong. Her pose seemed to have sunk into the spirit of the day—relaxed, yet full of vigor, a kind of lithe waiting.

The young man who had come around the corner of the house stood a long time looking. He had taken off his hat, and the sifting light fell on his dark hair and strong face and firm, square chin. The little smile that stole to his lips as he watched her took away something of the look of self-approval in the face and made it likable.

He moved forward quickly.

She had not turned her head, and her eyes still rested dreamily on the meadow. "How do you do?" she said, quietly.

He stopped short, half vexed. "You saw me!"

She turned her head, smiling. "No, I don't think I saw you. I knew you were coming."

His face lighted. "You always know." He sat down on the grass beside her.

"Yes, I know—sometimes."

"It's a good sign," he said, contentedly.

The sleepy eyes smiled. "Is it?—It's convenient." She spoke with a slow little relish that was not quite a drawl. It seemed to taste each word as she spoke it, giving it the effect of a kind of dry, detached humor.

The young man stirred uneasily. "You wouldn't know—if you didn't care." He ventured it, watching her face.

"I suppose not, if I didn't—or if you didn't. It's the same thing, I suppose."

The young man moved sharply. "You know it's not."

There was silence between them, and the locust spoke again from the tree.

The young man turned to her half bitterly. "I don't see why you act so, Leslie. You have never given me a straight answer."

The girl sat up, her eyes turned on him in a look that might have been surprise—or anger. The reddish hair that swept lightly back from her face gleamed like a flame. "You have never asked a straight question," she flashed.

"But you knew."

She had sunk back again into the attitude of repose. There was no reply.

He waited, biting his lip—almost sulkily. He swallowed once or twice and the lips opened. "Will you marry me?" he said.

"No, I don't believe I will." The half-brown eyes were turned to him with a friendly smile.

He got quickly to his feet. "What do you mean?" He was looking down at her almost angrily.

The eyes returned his glance unmoved, but a delicate line of color crept into the

girl's face. "I don't believe I said it very nicely." The tone was apologetic. "I've never had much practice, you know." The little laugh behind the words was still friendly.

But the young man looked away without response. He stared out over the meadow. "It's deuced awkward, you know. Everybody expects it."

"Everybody?" The word held a quick demand.

He nodded. "All your folks and Uncle Will—"

"Did your uncle Will say so?" She spoke almost quickly, the little drawl brushing aside the words as they came.

"I told him about it last night." The youth spoke stiffly. "We talked over plans a little."

"You talked over *my* plans—" She said the words under her breath.

"My plans, if you like better. He is going to set me up in business when I marry." He had turned to look at her.

"That's nice." She spoke cordially.

"Isn't it!" His face lighted. "He can afford it all right. He's rich enough."

"Yes. He's rich—enough." The words came slowly—almost a little sigh of regret.

He regarded her with puzzled eyes. "I shall be rich, too." The look cleared.

"Shall you?"

"In ten years. You wait and see. You shall have all the money you want."

"All the money—I want." It was like the echo of a memory crossing the still air. "I want so little, you know." She looked at him with gentle, candid eyes.

He dropped beside her on the dry grass. "What is it, Leslie?—See, I don't even dare touch your hand." He drew a little away from her. "Why do you make me care so much?"

Her face flushed quickly. "I do *not* make you care. I have tried from the first to make you see—"

"From the first?" He was staring at her.

"Ever since you came back from college. You never cared before that."

He grew a little thoughtful. "No, I guess you're right. I never cared till then." A sudden question crossed the thought. "Is it some one else?"

She was looking away from him now

"Is it?" he persisted.

The half-cynical smile, turned to him, challenged him. "You don't want to be my father confessor?"

"No, nor I don't want you to be mine." He got up, brushing the dust from his knees. "I'm going to ask Uncle Will to talk to you," he said, decidedly.

"You are going to ask—" She was looking at him with startled, indignant eyes.

He nodded securely. "There isn't anything he doesn't know. You can tell him if you won't tell me." He had turned away.

"Jack!" She reached out a hand.

He turned back, waiting.

"If I—" She hesitated, cutting the words short. "Well, I *do*."

"You do—what?"

She was looking down at her fingers, weaving them back and forth. "There is some one." She said the words very low.

"There is!" He was staring at her—thinking fast.

She nodded miserably. "You won't have to ask him now?"

"Ask him?"

"Your uncle—"

A shout from the slope above broke the quiet. They looked up quickly.

"There he is," said the youth.

"There he is," echoed the girl.

They moved forward together.

The man coming down the mountain path waved to them gayly. As he came nearer, his gray eyes scanned the pair with keen glance.

The look of content had come back to the girl's face. But the youth's still held its frown.

"You've come just in time, sir." The young man spoke brusquely.

"Just in time—" The man's eyebrows raised themselves a little.

"—to keep Leslie company. I'm off," responded the youth. He lifted his hat swiftly and turned away.

The girl's eyes followed him with a look of amusement that was half doubt. She turned them to the man. "Will you come in?"

"No; let us sit here." He threw himself down on the short grass and took off his hat, fanning it across his face. "I've been climbing all day," he said.

"It must have been beautiful on top."



Drawn by W. B. King

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

HE STARED OUT OVER THE MEADOW

"It was like dreaming of the kingdom of the earth," he replied.

They sat in silence, looking out over the meadows. The shadows had lengthened a little. They ran down from the mountain, touching the light here and there. But the sunshine still filtered warm about them, and the look of content in the girl's face was deep with it. The man beside her looked at it now and then, a question in his eyes. But no words broke the quiet. A hawk's wing cast a flying shadow, and they looked up. The girl's smile met his for a brief instant, flitting like the shadow. Then it returned to the meadow. Bees came booming across the open space and settled on the overripe pears that covered the ground beyond. The lengthening day held its deep peace. The man had forgotten his question.

When at last he picked up his hat and rose to go, it came to him again. He looked down at her, waiting, turning the hat slowly in his fingers.

The girl's glance met his, smiling. "Are you going?"

"I was—yes—" He sat down again. "But if you want me to stay—"

"I always want you to stay."
"Polite lady." He smiled at her, still waiting. "I thought you might have something—to tell to—an old uncle."

Her lip quivered a merry instant. "No," she said, "I have nothing to tell—any one."

"Jack was here?" He opened the way for her.

"Yes."
"Forgive me, dear. I only want you to be happy." He raised his hat, ready to turn away.

Contrition ran across the teasing look in the girl's face. "He did speak," she said, slowly. "But—" She shook her head. Her lip held the secret beneath its smile.

The man looked at her quickly, curiously—as if a clue eluded him. Then his face fell. "I am sorry," he said, simply. "I had hoped—"

She shook her head again. "It would not do."

"Why not?" The question leaped at her.

She met it smiling. "Too many reasons."

"Give me one."

"One?" She paused, looking at him. For a moment she weighed fate between them. Then she brushed it aside with a laugh. "It wouldn't do," she declared. She had risen to her feet and stood beside him, her figure swaying a little in the light. Behind her the red maple cast its deep glow. The man's eyes lingered on the picture as he turned away. Half-way down the slope he turned and looked back. The girl was still standing, following him with her eyes. He lifted his hat, and she raised her hand in quick response. Then it fell to her side and she stood quiet again. He could see the look in her face, half laughing, half challenging him; and behind her the red maple flaming to the sky.

The two men sat in the twilight on the steps of the big house. Across the valley a light shone in the clear dusk, and a star in the mountain rim hung just above it.

The young man blew a whiff of smoke into the twilight. The cigar remained in his fingers, glowing. "I shall not give up," he said, stiffly. "I shall *make* her care."

The eyes of the other man were on the light, dreaming. It seemed to expand a little and fill the night with its glow. In the midst of it he caught a sudden glimpse of something hidden, mysterious. He leaned forward, looking at it intently. Then it shrank again to the girl's face, quizzical and strong. "Do you think you can make her?" he said, quietly.

The youth's square chin lifted itself a little as he returned the cigar to his lips. "I'm sure of it." He gave a quick puff. "You can make any girl care, they say, if you keep at it long enough."

"I've heard that," said the uncle, thoughtfully.

"Don't you believe it?"

"Perhaps so. You're sure she doesn't—" The question hesitated.

"Love me now? Not a bit of it." The youth laughed. "She said she didn't, plain enough. Said there was some one else."

The older man's hand was suddenly lifted from his knee. "She said there was some one else!"

"That's what she *said*. But I don't

believe it. Who *could* there be? She said it to put me off. There isn't any one else."

"No, there isn't any one else." The other man said it slowly. He had known her from a child—known her every mood. She could not have concealed from *him* a friendship deep enough for love. He smiled suddenly in understanding. She was a poet. She was in love with a vision, a dream. But Jack would not know that. He did not understand dreams, nor girls. He was in love with her beauty and charm and her slow, quaint speech. The older man sighed a little. Then he roused himself.

The young man was speaking. "If I had money enough, I believe I could win her to-morrow."

"*She* does not care for money." He said it tersely, almost gruffly.

The youth nodded. "I know that. But there's a lot of things I could offer her now—right off. We could travel. I'd take her to Italy."

"You'd take her to Italy?" The other mused. "Yes, she would like that."

"I know. There's a lot of things she'd like," said the youth. "But what's the use?" He tossed away the end of the cigar. "I've got to wait till I get 'em." He stood up, stretching out his arms. "I'm going to bed and get ready for the fray."

"Suppose you wait. Leave the fray to me for a little," said the other, quietly.

The youth paused, looking at him doubtfully.

"Let me talk with her," said the other. "Perhaps I can think of something."

The look of gloom lifted a little. "I wish you'd do it," he said, heartily. "I wanted you to to-day. I told her I was going to ask you."

"What did she say?"

"Well, she got almost mad. Then she said there was some one else."

"No, there isn't any one else—not a real person. I think I understand. Let me talk with her."

"You're a brick, uncle." The youth's hand rested affectionately on his shoulder. "I owe you everything."

"That's all right, boy. I've never given you anything yet that I needed myself. There's no great credit in giving away what you don't want."

Long after the youth was in bed and asleep the man sat on the steps, looking across to the light. . . . He knew her so well—every mood. He had watched them grow up together—boy and girl. It was he who had taught them to fish and hunt and ride. They had been always with him, tagging after him—he twenty-five and they nine—but always good friends, all of them, . . . and now they would marry and go away—to Italy. . . . Her dreams would come true—some of them. He stood up abruptly. The light across the valley had gone out, but close at the rim of the mountain the star still shone, twinkling and clear.

She looked up quickly. "How good of you!"

The man, mounted on a great horse, had halted just outside the fence. He smiled quietly at her enthusiasm. "Can you go?"

She came through the gate, looking admiringly at the horse that he led by the bridle. "Isn't she a beauty!" She patted the glossy neck, running her hand down its length with slow, happy motion. The mare reached out a sensitive cushiony lip toward the girl's shoulder, sniffing it lightly and nuzzling it a little. The girl laughed out. She stroked the great nose softly, looking into the wide eyes and watching the pointed ears that moved back and forth in swift question and response. "She's a lady!" declared the girl. "When did she come?"

"Last night. Can you go?"

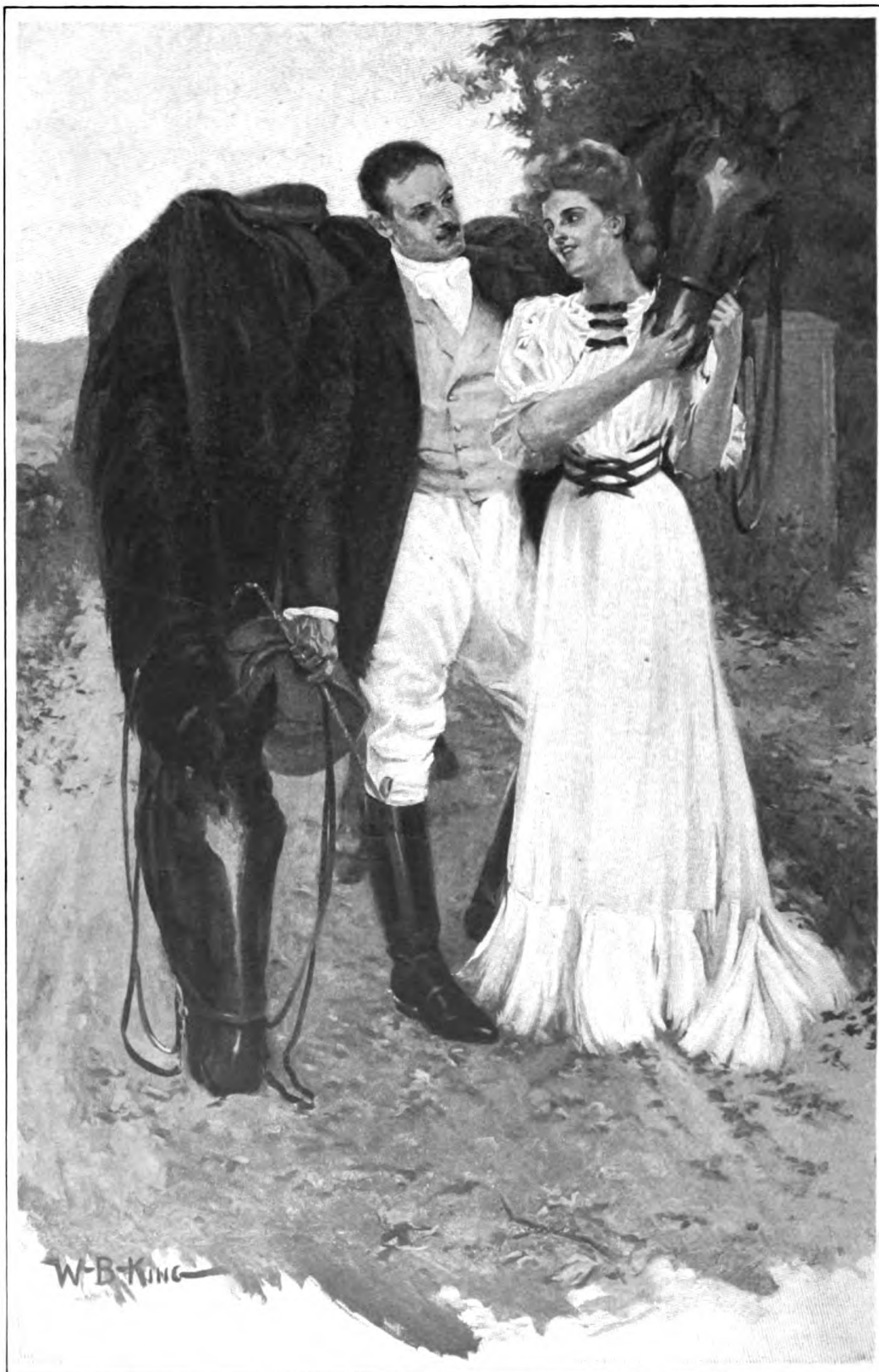
"I'll be ready in three minutes." She moved back slowly, still admiring the clear, glossy coat and arched neck. "In two minutes and a half," she said, with a little nod, as she disappeared in the doorway.

When she came out she had put on her riding-skirt, and her hair was coiled close about her head.

"Around the mountain?" asked the man. He had lifted her into the saddle and was stroking the mare's neck, looking up at the rider and thinking how well they matched. There was the same spirited sense of power—a kind of reddish-brown challenge to fate.

He smiled at the fancy as he leaped into his saddle.

The girl watched the smile—half



Drawn by W. B. King

"I'LL BE READY IN THREE MINUTES"

jealously, it seemed. "She is like me," she said.

He laughed out. "Did you see it—in her eyes?"

"No. In yours."

They rode on in silence. When they came to the foot of the mountain they slackened speed, looking into the long tunnel of yellow light where the road stretched along its base and lost itself at last in a sharp curve to the left.

The girl's eyes travelled forward. Presently she leaned and touched the glossy neck lightly with her hand. "Let us not go through," she said, softly.

The man drew rein, waiting beside her.

"I don't want to come to the end of it," she said.

"No, we won't come to the end—ever."

She laughed, a little tremulously. "But we can't go back." She had turned her head, glancing over her shoulder. An automobile had entered the lighted lane.

With a swift word the man tightened rein. His lips were set, and his eye sharp on her seat.

She turned an assuring nod as they rode. The flying hoofs broke the shimmering arch, and the galloping figures pierced its quiet in shadowy rise and fall. The automobile had slowed a little to watch the framed flight. But the two still flew as if pursued. Breathless they emerged from the glowing circle. Her hair had loosened a little about her neck. They had turned into a bridle-path that led up the mountain. She motioned to him, and they stopped while she gathered up the loose hair, winding it about her head. Her lips were smiling.

"You see, we had to come through." She said it almost gayly. "But it was not our fault."

"It has never been any one's fault," said the man, gravely.

She looked at him with wide eyes. "What are you talking about? Are you talking about something?"

A slow flush had risen in the man's face. "I was going to talk to you about going abroad," he said, quietly. "It was what I asked you to come for. But I had forgotten it, I think. Would you like it—to go abroad—to Italy?" He was watching her face.

"With whom?" She asked the question softly, looking straight before her.

"With your husband."

She drew a little breath—that was half a laugh. "Yes, I should like that. I should like to go anywhere—with him."

For a minute he hesitated. Questions were opening to him, suggestions, whispers. The lighted archway had been filled with them. He could not say what they meant. He had known her always. . . . But the boy should have his way. He glanced up the path ahead of them. "Shall we go on?" he asked.

"Can we?" She was still staring before her, sitting very quiet in her saddle.

"It crosses the spur at the other end, you know, and comes down."

"Yes."

They moved forward slowly. He shook off the witchery of the place and spoke with quiet decision. "I have been making plans for the future this morning." He waited.

There was no response.

"Are you interested?"

"Very much." It was a little drawl—the shadow of a laughing whisper.

"I have been planning how to make things over to Jack. I want him to have the good of them while I am here—to see him enjoy them." He waited again. But there was no response. "He will be able to give his wife everything that she wants." He said it, hesitating a little. The girl's face had grown suddenly strange.

"Everything?" She turned her look on him, studying his face with candid eyes. "Do you think he could do that—Jack? Do you think Jack could give her all she wants?"

"What is it, Leslie?" He bent toward her. "Tell me what stands in the way?"

There was no reply—only a sudden curious tightening of the girl's lips.

"It is not the money, child." He had laid his hand on her bridle. "Don't think I know you so little. But the money will make things possible—happy things. I want you both to have it, to enjoy it—together. I have always wanted it."

"Are you going to be poor now?" She asked the question almost shyly.

He laughed contentedly. "I shall have enough to live on."

"And to—to marry on?" asked the girl. A soft flush had come into her face.

"I shall not marry."

"Never?" The word, with its slow drawl, laughed a little.

"Never."

"But you are poor?" It was almost exultant.

"Yes, I am poor. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly." She drew a little breath.

"And now you can ask—some one—to marry you, and people couldn't say it was your money!" Her face was laughing to him.

He smiled back, a little puzzled, but glad to see her so happy. "Yes, I am free and poor—aged thirty-four."

She looked at him with quizzical eyes. "So very old! Poor dear!"

"So very old," he said, quietly. "Too old to marry the woman I have loved."

The eyes watching him filled with happy light. "You have never told me you loved—any one," she said. The mischievous delight was full of assurance.

"You would have been the first to know it if I had told her," he said, gently.

"Yes?" She swayed a little in her saddle, the breath of a motion toward him.

But he was not looking at her. His eyes were fixed on something before them. "Perhaps she is only a vision—a dream," he said, softly. "Like this love of yours, Leslie." He turned to her. "Jack told me. You must not let it come between you and real happiness. Every one has it—the dream of the ideal—fanciful, impossible."

Her face had grown a little pale and startled.

"Don't mind it, child." They were moving very slowly up the steep path, his hand on her bridle. "Don't mind it, Leslie. I have known you always, child!"

"Yes."

"And—loved you. And I tell you that it will not come true—your dream. Do you believe me, child?"

"Yes." She had straightened herself a little in her saddle.

He stayed her a minute. "And you will say that to Jack when he speaks—again?"

She looked at him with doubting eyes. "I—do—not—know. So many things have happened. He will be rich now," she added, quickly, "and I have always been afraid I should have to marry a rich man." She laughed a little tremulously as she tightened rein. "Come,

let us hurry. We can go down faster than we came up."

"Yes—Leslie—" He still kept a hand on her rein, holding her back. "You are happy, child? Tell me—"

Her eyes studied his face a minute—full, serious—a woman's eyes. Then they fell. "No," she said, "I am not happy. But you have told me. I thank you for that. I might have kept on dreaming." The little drawl struck the words bravely. Then it faltered and broke. The girl's hands had covered her face.

They had come to the top of the path. He drew rein, stopping the horses where the path curved. "Leslie"—he leaned nearer to her—"what is it? Tell me!" A new note had come into his voice. His hands reached out and touched the shining hair softly. They framed it in and reached to the hands that covered her face, drawing them back slowly. His eyes searched the face, eager, intent. "Is it that, child?—Is it *that*?" He said the words softly, with quiet certainty.

She nodded, the tears in her eyes gathering and overflowing and covering her shamed face.

"So that is it, my—"

"*Not child!*" She shook her head at him through her tears. "*Not child!*"

"No, *not* child!" He had drawn her to him—the gleaming head and tear-wet face close to his. "Not child, but grown-up—Kiss me, *child!* . . . Oh, *quite* grown-up!"

Her lips smiled, and one hand brushed aside the crowding tears. "Stupid man!" she breathed, softly.

He laughed quietly, holding her from him and looking into her eyes.

They fell beneath the look.

"We must go down," she said, slowly. "We must go down sometime."

A little wind stirred among the trees. The yellow leaves loosened and fell, drifting down slowly. The breathing of the horses came in gentle puffs.

They moved forward, down the mountain, to the road that curved at its base.

"Let us go back," said the girl, "the way we came."

They turned slowly and entered the long tunnel of yellow light. The reins lay loose on the horses' necks, and the hoofs made no sound. It was like some dreamway, with two mounted figures moving always along its enchanted length.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER X

THE FOUR WHO KNEW

THERE was a knocking at the door. David opened it. Nahoum Pasha stepped inside, and stood still a moment looking at Hylda. Then he made low salutation to her, touched his hand to his lips and breast saluting David, and waited.

"What is your business, Pasha?" asked David, quietly, and motioned towards a chair.

"May the sun ever shine upon thy house, and may thy path be on the high hills, excellency. I come for a favor at thy hands." Nahoum sat down.

"What favor is mine to give to Nahoum Pasha?"

"The Prince has given thee supreme place—it was mine but yesterday. It is well. To the deserving be the fruits of deserving."

"Is merit, then, so truly rewarded here?" asked David, quietly.

"The Prince saw merit at last when he chose your excellency for councillor."

"How shall I show merit, then, in the eyes of Nahoum Pasha?"

"Even by urging the Prince to give me place under him again. Not as heretofore—that is thy place—yet where it may be. I have capacity. I can aid thee in the great task,—you would remake our Egypt—and my heart is with you. I would rescue, not destroy. In years gone by I tried to do good to this land, and failed. I was alone. I had not strength to fight the forces round me. I was overcome. I had too little faith. But my heart was with the right—I am an Armenian and a Christian of the ancient faith. I am in sorrow—death has humbled me. My brother Foorgat Bey—may flowers bloom forever on his grave!—he is dead."

—his eyes were fixed on those of David as with a perfectly assured candor—"and my heart is like an empty house. But man must not be idle and live—if Kaïd lets me live. I have riches—are not his riches mine, his Palace, his gardens, his cattle, and his plantations, are they not mine? I may sit in the courtyard and hear the singers, may listen to the tale-tellers by the light of the moon; I may hear the tales of Al-Raschid chanted by one whose tongue never falters, and whose voice is like music; after the manner of the East I may give bread and meat to the poor at sunset; I may call the dancers to the feast. But what comfort shall it give? I am no longer a youth. I would work. I would labor for the land of Egypt, for by work shall we fulfil ourselves, redeem ourselves. Excellency, I would labor, but my master has taken away from me the anvil, the fire, and the hammer, and I sit without the door like an armless beggar. What work to do in Egypt save to help the land, and how shall one help, save in the Prince's service? There can be no reform from outside. Only from within can salvation come. If I labored for better things outside the Palace, how long do you think I should escape the Nile, or the diamond-dust in my coffee? The work which I did, is it not so that it, with much more, falls now to your hands, excellency, with a confidence from Kaïd that never was mine?"

"I sought not the office, friend."

"Have I a word of blame? I come to ask for work to do with thee. Do I not know Prince Kaïd? He had come to distrust us all. As stale water were we in his taste. He had no pleasure in us, and in our deeds he found only stones of stumbling. He knew not whom to trust. One by one we all had yielded

to ceaseless intrigue and common distrust of each other, until no honest man was left; till all were intent to save their lives by holding power; for in this land to lose power is to lose life. No man who has been in high place, has had the secrets of the Palace and the ear of the Prince, lives after he has lost favor. The Prince, for his safety, must ensure silence, and the only silence in Egypt is the grave. In thee, excellency, Kaïd has found an honest man. Men will call thee mad, if thou remainest honest, but that is within thine own bosom and with fate. For me, thou hast taken my place, and more. *Malaish*, it is the decree of fate, and I have no anger. I come to ask thee to save my life, and then to give me work."

"How shall I save thy life?" asked David.

"By reconciling the Effendina to my living, and then by giving me service, where I shall be near to thee, excellency; where I can share with thee, though it be as the ant beside the beaver, the work of salvation in Egypt. I am rich since my brother was—" he paused; no covert look was in his eyes, no sign of knowledge, nothing but meditation and sorrowful frankness—"since Foorgat passed away in peace, praise be to God! He lay on his bed in the morning, when one came to wake him, like a sleeping child, no sign of the struggle of death upon him. As though dreaming a pleasant dream, with the hand of a loved one in his, he had breathed himself into another world, so near that it was as one should turn down the light in a room and turn it up again."

A gasping sound came from the chair where Hylda sat; but he took no notice. He appeared to be unconscious of David's pain-drawn face, as he sat with his hands upon his knees, his head bent forward listening, as though lost to the world, his eyes far away.

"So did Foorgat, my brother, die while yet in the fulness of his manhood, life beating high in his veins, with years before him to waste. He was a pleasure-lover, alas! he laid up no treasure of work accomplished; and so it was meet that he should die as he lived, in a moment of ease. And already he is forgotten. It is the custom here.

He might have died by diamond-dust, and men would have set down their coffee-cup in surprise, and then would have forgotten; or he might have been struck down by the hand of an assassin, and, unless it was in the Palace, none would have paused to note it! And so the sands sweep over his steps upon the shore of time."

After the first exclamation of horror, Hylda had sat rigid, listening as though under a spell. Through her veil she gazed at Nahoum with a cramping pain at her heart, for he seemed ever on the verge of the truth she dreaded; and when he spoke the truth, as though unconsciously, she felt she must cry out and rush from the room. He recalled the scene in the little tapestried room as vividly as though it was there before her eyes, and it had for the moment all the effect of a hideous nightmare. At last, however, she met David's eyes, and they guided her, for in them was a steady strength and force which gave her confidence. At first he also had been overcome inwardly, but his nerves were cool, his head was clear, and he listened to Nahoum, thinking out his course meanwhile.

He owed this man much. He had taken his place, and by so doing had placed his life in danger. He had killed the brother upon the same day that he had dispossessed the favorite of office; and the debt was heavy. In office Nahoum had done after his kind, after the custom of the place and the people; and yet, as it would seem, the man had had stirrings within him towards a higher path, had desired to make things better, to reform the land. He had failed; but that was due, no doubt, as he had said, to the fact that he had to work alone, that reforms were checked and hindered by those around him. He was one man; not a party of reform. On every hand he had heard of the ability and generosity of Nahoum Pasha. He, at any rate, had not amassed riches out of his position, and so much could not be said of any other servant of the Prince Pasha. Much he had heard of Nahoum's powerful will, hidden under a genial exterior, and behind his friendly, smiling blue eyes. He had heard also of cruelty—of banishment, and of

enemies removed from his path suddenly, never to be seen again; but, on the whole, men spoke with more admiration of him than of any other public servant, Armenian Christian in a Mohammedan country though he was. That very day Kaïd had said that if Nahoum had been less eager to control the state, he might still have held his place. Besides, the man was a Christian—of a mystic, half-legendary, obscured Christianity; yet having in his mind the old faith, its essence and its meaning, perhaps. Might not this Oriental mind, with that faith, be a power to redeem the land? Nahoum's faint strivings for reform, did they not belong to the latent faith that was in him? That faith came from the Orient, was of an Oriental people. The Occident had transmuted it into a thousand forms of practice and of character unrepresented in the East; and might it not be for this man to awake to the possibilities of their common religion; to be a force in the East which a European in the same sense never could be? Might Nahoum not show the ancient Christian Church to which he belonged the way to a new life by a great work for a sick land? It was a wonderful dream, in which he found the way, as he thought, to atone somewhat to this man for a crime committed.

When Nahoum stopped speaking, David said: "But if I would have it so, friend, if it were well that it should be so, I doubt I have the power to make it so."

"Excellency, Kaïd believes in you to-day; he will not believe to-morrow if you remain without initiative. Action, however startling, will be proof of your fitness. His Highness shakes a long spear. Those who ride with him must do battle with the same valor. Excellency, I have now great riches—since Death smote Foorgat Bey in the forehead"—still, his eyes conveyed no meaning, though Hylda shrank back, and David closed his eyes for a moment—"and I would use them for the good thou wouldst do here. Money will be needed, and sufficient money will not be at thy disposal for many a day—not till new ledgers be opened, new balances struck. Together, excellency, thou in council with his Highness, I in some

small office under thy direction, with my fortune, can aid thy high purposes."

He turned to Hylda quietly and with a continued air of innocence said: "Shall it not be so—madame? You, I doubt not, are of his kin. It would seem so, though I ask pardon if it be not so—will you not urge his excellency to restore me to Kaïd's favor? I know little of the English, though I know them humane and honest; but my brother Foorgat Bey, he was much among them, lived much in England, was a friend to many great English. With him the barriers between East and West were struck down. Indeed, on the evening that he died I saw him in the gallery of the banquet-room with an English lady—can one be mistaken in an English face? Perhaps he cared for her; perhaps that was why he smiled as he lay upon his bed never to move again. Madame, perhaps in England you may have known my brother. If that is so, I ask you to speak for me to your kinsman, his excellency. My life is in danger, and I am too young to go as my brother went—I do not wish to die in middle age, as my brother died."

He had gone too far. In David's mind there was no suspicion that Nahoum knew the truth. The suggestion in his words had seemed natural; but from the first a sharp suspicion was in the mind of Hylda, and his last words had convinced her that if Nahoum did not surely know the truth, he suspected it all too well. Her instinct had pierced far; and as she realized his suspicions, perhaps his certainty, and heard his words of covert insult, which, as she saw, David did not appreciate, anger and determination grew in her. Yet she felt that caution must mark her words, and that nothing but danger lay in resentment. Resentment? Had not his brother been killed through her? Had she not, perhaps, put David's life in the hazard? She felt the everlasting indignity behind the quiet, youthful eyes, the determined power of the man; but she saw also that for the present the course Nahoum suggested was the only course to take, if David was to remain in Egypt. And David must not even feel the suspicion in her own mind that Nahoum knew or suspected the truth. If David thought

that Nahoum knew, the end of all would come at once. It was clear that, suspicion or no suspicion, Nahoum meant to be silent, or he would have taken another course of action. Danger lay in every direction, but to her mind the least danger lay in following Nahoum's wish.

She slowly raised her veil, showing a face very still now, with eyes as steady as David's. David started at her action—he thought it rash; but the courage of it pleased him, too.

"You are not mistaken," she said, slowly; "your brother was known to me—I had met him in England. It will be a relief to all his friends to know that he passed away peacefully!" She looked him in the eyes determinedly. "Monsieur Claridge is not my kinsman, but he is my fellow countryman. If you mean well by monsieur, your knowledge and your riches should help him on his way. But your past is no guarantee of good faith, as you will acknowledge."

He looked her in the eyes with a far meaning. "*But I am giving guarantees of good faith now,*" he said, softly. "Will you—not?"

She understood. If he did not know surely, he suspected the truth; but it was clear that he meant peace, for the moment at any rate.

"If I had influence I would advise him to reconcile you to Prince Kaïd," she said, quietly, then turned to David with an appeal in her eyes.

David stood up. "I will do what I can," he said. "If thee means as well by Egypt as I mean by thee, all may be well for all."

"Excellency! Excellency!" said Nahoum, with show of assumed feeling, and made salutation. Then to Hylda, making lower salutation still, he said: "You have lifted from my neck the yoke. You have saved me from the shadow and the dust. I am your slave." His eyes were like a child's, wide and confiding.

He turned towards the door, and was about to open it, when there came a knocking, and he drew back. Hylda drew down her veil. David opened the door cautiously, and Mizraim the Chief Eunuch appeared, and was admitted. His eyes searched the room, and found Nahoum.

"Saadat," he said to Nahoum, "may

thy bones never return to dust, nor the light of thine eyes darken! There is danger."

Nahoum nodded, but did not speak.

"Shall I speak, saadat?" He paused and made low salutation to David, saying, "Saadat, I am thine ox to be slain."

"Speak, son of the flowering oak," said Nahoum, with a sneer in his voice. "What blessing dost thou bring?"

"The Effendina has sent for thee."

Nahoum's eyes flashed. "By thee, lion of Abdin?"

The lean, ghastly being smiled. "He has sent a company of soldiers and Achmet Pasha."

"Achmet Pasha! Is it so?"

Achmet Pasha was known to all Egypt as the ropemaker, because he had been employed so often by the Prince on errands of death. When men saw him coming they vanished if they could; if possible they avoided greeting him, were they ever so powerful.

"They are here, Mizraim, watcher of the morning?"

"They are at thy palace—I am here, light of Egypt."

"How knewest thou I was here?"

Mizraim salaamed. "A watch was set upon you this morning early. The watcher was of my slaves. He brought the word to me that thou wast here now. A watcher also was set upon thee, excellency," he turned to David. "He also was of my slaves. Word was delivered to his Highness that thou"—he turned to Nahoum again—"wast in thy palace, and Achmet Pasha went thither. He found thee not. Now the city is full of watchers, and Achmet Pasha goes from club to club, from house to house which thou wast wont to frequent—and thou art here!"

"What wouldst thou have me do, Mizraim?"

"Thou art here—is it the house of a friend or a foe?"

Nahoum did not answer. His eyes were fixed in thought upon the floor, but he was smiling—he seemed without fear.

"But if this be the house of a friend, is he safe here?" asked David.

"For this night, it may be," answered Mizraim, "till other watchers be set, who are no slaves of mine. To-night, here, of all places in Cairo, he is safe; for who

could look to find him here, where thou art who hast taken from him his place and office, saadat—on whom the stars shine forever! But in another day, if my lord Nahoum be not forgiven by the Effendina, a hundred watchers will pierce the darkest corner of the Bazaar, the smallest room in Cairo."

David turned to Nahoum. "Peace be to thee, friend. Abide here till to-morrow, when I will speak for thee to his Highness, and, I trust, bring thee pardon. It shall be so—but I shall prevail," he said, with slow decision; "I shall prevail with him. My reasons shall convince his Highness."

"I can help you with great reasons, excellency," said Nahoum. "You shall prevail. I can tell you that which will convince Kaïd."

While they were speaking, Hylda had sat motionless, watching. At first it seemed to her that a trap had been set, and that David was to be the victim of Oriental duplicity; but revolt, as she did, from the miserable creature before them, she saw at last that he spoke the truth.

"You will remain under this roof to-night, Pasha?" said David.

"I will stay if thy goodness will have it so," answered Nahoum, slowly. "It is not my way to hide, but when the storm comes it is well to shelter."

Salaaming low, Mizraim withdrew, his last glance being thrown towards Hylda, who met his look with a repugnance which made her face rigid. She rose and put on her gloves. Nahoum rose also, and stood watching her respectfully.

"Thee will go?" said David, with a movement towards her.

She inclined her head. "We have finished our business, and it is late," she answered.

David looked at Nahoum. "Thee will rest here, Pasha, in peace. In a moment I will return." He took up his hat.

There was a sudden flash of Nahoum's eyes, as though he saw an outcome of the intention which pleased him, but Hylda saw the flash, and her senses were at once alarmed.

"There is no need to accompany me," she said. "Besides, my cousin waits for me."

David opened the door leading into the courtyard. It was dark, save for the

light of a brazier of coals. A short distance away, near the outer gate, glowed a star of red light, and the fragrance of a strong cigar came over.

"Say, looking for me?" said a voice, and a figure moved forward towards David. "Yours to command, Pasha, yours to command." Lacey from Chicago held out his hand.

"Thee is welcome, friend," said David, and shook his hand.

"She's ready, I suppose. Wonderful person, that. Stands on her own feet every time. She don't seem as though she come of the same stock as me, does she?"

"I will bring her if thee will wait, friend."

"I'm waiting." Lacey drew back to the gateway again and leaned against the wall, his cigar blazing in the dusk.

A moment later David appeared in the garden again, with the slim graceful figure of the girl who stood "upon her own feet." David drew her aside for a moment.

"Thee is going at once to England?" he said.

"To-morrow to Alexandria. There is a steamer next day for Marseilles. In a week or more I shall be in England, all being well."

"Thee must forget Egypt," he said.

"Remembrance is not a thing of the will," she answered.

"Thee will forget. It is a duty to do so. Thee is young, and it is spring with thee. Spring should be in thy heart. Thee has seen a shadow—let it not fright thee."

"My only fear is that I may forget," she answered.

"Yet thee will forget."

With a motion towards Lacey he moved to the gate. Suddenly she turned to him and touched his arm. "You will be a great man here in Egypt," she said. "You will have enemies without number. The worst of your enemies always will be your guest to-night."

He did not, for a moment, understand. "Nahoum?" he asked. "I take his place. It would not be strange; but I will win him to me."

"You will never win him," she answered. "Oh, trust my instinct in this. Watch him. Beware of him."

David smiled slightly. "I shall have

need to beware of many. I am sure thee does well to caution me. Farewell," he added.

"If it should be that I can ever help you—" she said, and paused.

"Thee has helped me," he replied. "The world is a desert," he continued. "Caravans from all quarters of the sun meet at the cross-roads. One gives the other food or drink or medicine, and they all move on again. And all grows dim with time. And the camel-drivers are forgotten; but the cross-roads remain, and the food and the drink and the medicine and the cattle helped each caravan upon the way. Is it not enough?"

She placed her hand in his. It lay there for a moment. "God be with thee, friend," he said.

The next instant Lacey's drawling voice broke the silence.

"There's something catching about these nights in Egypt. I suppose it's the air. No wind—just the stars and the ultramarine, and the nothing to do but lay me down and sleep. It doesn't give you the jim-jumps like Mexico. It makes you forget the world, doesn't it? You'd do things here that you wouldn't do anywhere else."

The gate was opened by the bowob and the two passed through. David was standing by the brazier, his hand held unconsciously over the coals, his eyes turned towards them. The reddish flame from the fire lit up his face under the broad-brimmed hat. His head was slightly bowed, thrust forward to the dusk. Hylda looked at him steadily for a moment. Their eyes met, though hers were in the shade. Again Lacey spoke.

"Don't be anxious. I'll see her safe back. Good-by. Give my love to the girls."

By the brazier David stood looking at the closed gate with a face whereon nothing seemed written, so still and placid was it; but the eyes were full of thought and wonder and trouble. He was not thinking of the girl; he had no anxiety on her account. It was but a few steps to her hotel, and Lacey was guarantee of her safety. There was no sentimental reverie in his look—already his mind was engaged in scrutiny of the circumstances in which he was set. He realized fully his situation. The idealism which had

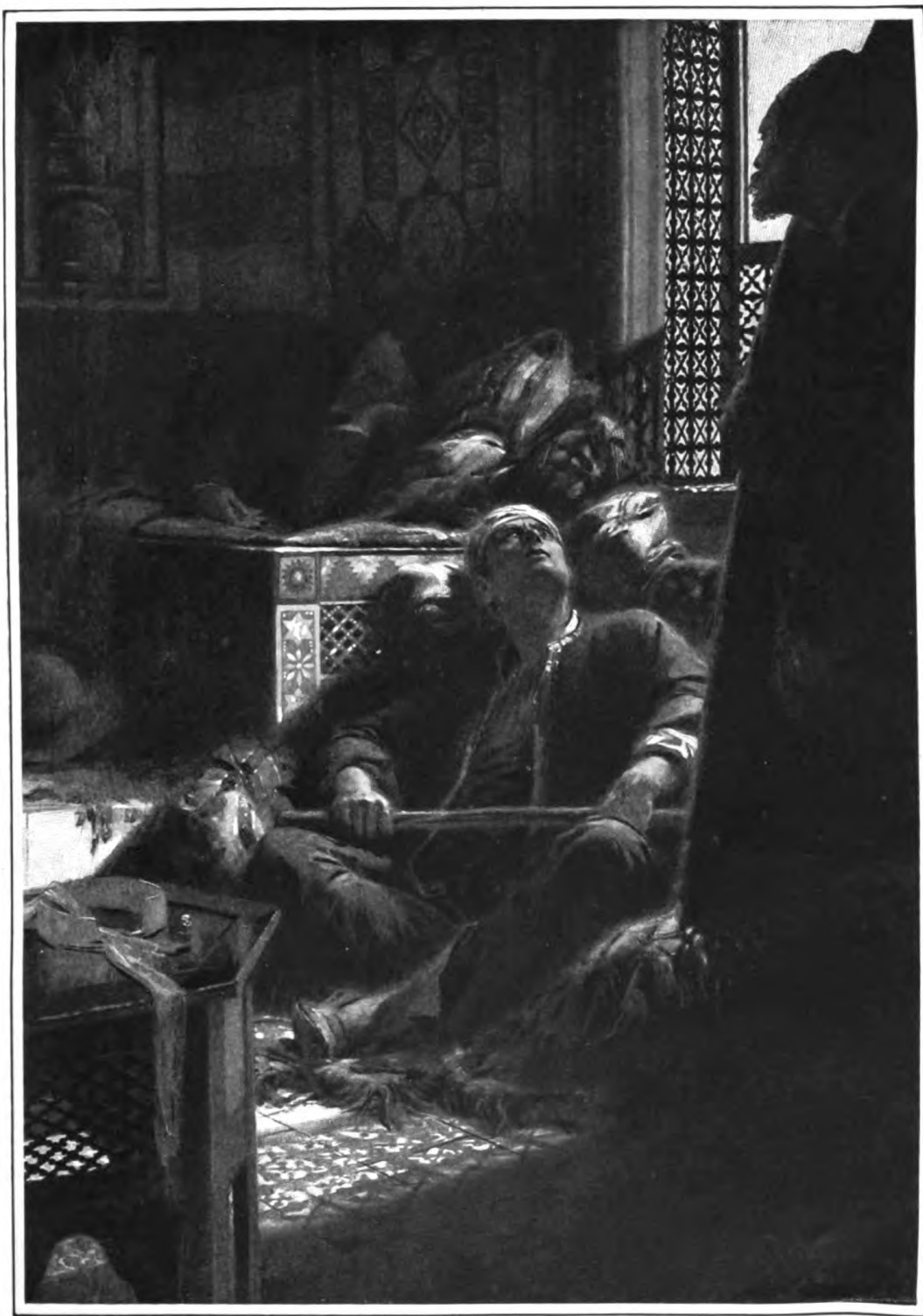
been born with him had met its reward in a labor herculean at the least, and the infinite drudgery of the practical issues came in a terrible pressure of conviction to his mind. The mind did not shrink from any thought of the dangers in which he would be placed, from any vision of the struggle he must have with intrigue and treachery and vileness. In a dim, half-realized way he felt that honesty and truth would be invincible weapons with a people who did not know them. They would be embarrassed, if not baffled, by a formula of life and conduct which they could not understand.

It was not these matters that vexed his thought now, but the underlying forces of life set in motion by the blow which killed a fellow man. This fact had driven him to an act of redemption unparalleled in its intensity and scope; but he could not tell—and this was the thought that shook his being—how far this act itself, inspiring him to a dangerous and immense work in life, would sap the best that was in him, since it must remain a secret crime, for which he could not openly atone. He asked himself as he stood by the brazier, the bowob apathetically rolling cigarettes at his feet, whether in the flow of circumstance the fact that he could not make open restitution, or take punishment for his unlawful act, would undermine the structure of his character. He was on the threshold of his career; action had not yet begun; he was standing like a swimmer on a high shore, looking into depths beneath which have never been plumbed by mortal man, wondering what currents, what rocks, lay beneath the surface of the blue. Would his strength, his knowledge, his skill, be equal to the enterprise? Would he emerge safe and successful, or be carried away by some strong undercurrent, be battered on unseen rocks?

He turned with a calm face to the door behind which sat the displaced favorite of the Prince, his mind at rest, the trouble gone out of his eyes.

"Uncle Benn! Uncle Benn!" he said to himself, with a warmth at his heart as he opened the door and stepped inside.

Nahoum sat sipping coffee. A cigarette



Drawn by Andre Castagne

THERE SAT MOHAMMED, WATCHING

was between his fingers. He touched his hand to his forehead and his breast as David closed the door and hung his hat upon a nail. David's servant Mohammed, whom he had had since first he came to Egypt, was gliding from the room—a large, square-shouldered fellow of near six feet, dressed in a plain blue yelek, but on his head the green turban of one who had done a pilgrimage to Mecca. Nahoum waved a hand after Mohammed and said:

"Where did you get your servant, excellency?"

"He was my guide to Cairo. I picked him from the street."

Nahoum smiled. There was no malice in the smile, only, as it might seem, a frank humor. "Ah, your excellency used independent judgment. You are a judge of men. But does it make any difference to your excellency that the man is a thief and a murderer—a murderer?"

David's eyes darkened, as they were wont to do when he was moved or shocked.

"Shall one only deal, then, with those who have neither stolen nor slain—is that the rule of the just in Egypt?" he answered.

Nahoum raised his eyes to the ceiling as though in amiable inquiry, and began to finger a string of beads as a nun might tell her paternosters. "If that were the rule," he said, after a moment, "how should any man be served in Egypt? Hereabouts is a man's life held cheap, else I had not been your guest to-night; and the Palace itself would be empty if every man in it must be honest. But it is the custom of the place for political errors to be punished by a hidden hand—we do not call it murder."

"What is murder, friend?"

"It is such a crime as that of Mohammed yonder, who killed—"

David interposed. "I do not wish to know his crime, friend. That is no affair between thee and me."

Nahoum fingered his beads meditatively. "It was an affair of the house-tops in his town of Manfaloot. I have only mentioned it because I know what view the English take of killing, and how set you are to have your household above reproach, as is meet in a Christian land. So, I took it, would be your excellency's

mind—which Heaven fill with light for Egypt's sake! that you would have none about you who were not above reproach, neither liars, nor thieves, nor murderers."

"But you would serve with me, friend," rejoined David, quietly. "You have men's lives against your account."

"Else had mine been against their account."

"Was it not so with Mohammed? If so, according to the custom of the land, then Mohammed is as immune as thou art."

"Excellency, like thee I am a Christian, yet am I also Oriental, and what is crime with one race is none with another. At the Palace two days past thou saidst thou hadst never killed a man; and I know that thy religion condemns killing even in war. Yet in Egypt thou wilt kill, or thou shalt thyself be killed, and thy aims will come to naught. When, as thou wouldst say, thou hast sinned, hast taken a man's life, then thou wilt understand. Thou wilt keep this fellow Mohammed, then?"

"I understand; and I will keep him."

"Surely thy heart is large and thy mind great. It moveth above small things. Thou dost not seek riches here?"

"I have enough; my wants are few."

"There is no precedent for him who holds office to withhold his hand from profit and backsheesh."

"Shall we not try to make a precedent?"

"Truthfulness will be desolate—like a bird blown to sea, beating 'gainst its doom."

"Truth will find an island in the sea."

"If Egypt is that sea, excellency, there is no island."

David came over close to Nahoum and looked him in the eyes.

"Surely I can speak to thee, friend, as to one understanding. Thou art a Christian—of the ancient fold. Out of the East came the light that lighteth every man who cometh into the world. Thy Church has preserved the faith—it is still like a lamp in the mist and the cloud in the East. It is higher than all faiths. Though there be truth in all, it has the higher truth. All others in these high places are Moslems; only thou art Christian. Thou saidst but now that thy heart was with my purpose. Thou saidst

that thou wouldst win back to place in Egypt by the way called Straight. Shall the truth that I would practise here not find an island in this sea—and shall it not be the soul of Nahoum Pasha?"

"Have I not given my word? Nay, then, I swear it by the tomb of my brother whom Death met in the highway, and because he loved the sun, and the talk of men, and the ways of women, rashly smote him out of the garden of life into the void. Even by his tomb I swear it."

"Hast thou, then, such malice against Death? These things cannot happen save by the will of God."

"And by the hand of man. But I have no cause for revenge. Foorgat died in his sleep like a child. But if it had been the hand of man, Prince Kaïd or any other, I would not have held my hand until I had a life for his."

"Yet thou art a Christian, friend—thou wouldst meet one wrong by another."

"Yet, I am an Oriental." Then, with a sudden change of manner, he added: "But thou hast a Christianity the like of which I have never seen. I will learn of thee, excellency, and thou shalt learn of me also many things which I know. They will help thee to understand Egypt and the place where thou wilt be set—if so be my life is saved, and by thy hand."

Mohammed entered, and came to David.

"Where wilt thou sleep, saadat?" he asked.

"The Pasha will sleep yonder," David replied, pointing to another room. "I will sleep here." He laid a hand upon the couch where he sat.

Nahoum rose, and, salaaming, followed Mohammed to the other room. "May the wolf follow thy footsteps and the lion be thy guard, excellency," he said to David, as he passed beyond the curtain.

"Peace be to thee, friend," was the answer.

In a few moments the house was still, and remained so for hours. Just before dawn the curtain of Nahoum's room was drawn aside, and he entered stealthily, and moved a step towards the couch where David lay. Suddenly he was stopped by a sound. He glanced towards a corner near David's feet. There

sat Mohammed watching, a neboot of domwood across his knees.

Their eyes remained fixed upon each other for a moment. Then Nahoum passed back into his bedroom as stealthily as he had come.

Mohammed looked closely at David. He lay with his arm thrown over his head, resting softly, a moisture on his forehead as on that of a sleeping child.

"Saadat, saadat!" said Mohammed, softly, to the sleeping figure, scarcely above his breath, and then with his eyes upon the curtained room opposite, began to whisper words from the Koran:

"In the name of Allah, the Compassionate, the Merciful—"

CHAPTER XI

AGAINST THE HOUR OF MIDNIGHT

ACHMET, "the ropemaker," was ill at ease. He had been set a task in which he had failed. The bright Cairene sun starkly glittering on the French chandeliers and Viennese mirrors, and beating on the brass trays and braziers by the window, irritated him. He watched the flies on the wall abstractedly; he listened to the early peripatetic salesmen crying their wares in the streets leading to the Palace; he stroked his cadaverous cheek with yellow fingers; he listened anxiously for a foot-step. Presently he straightened himself up, and his fingers ran down the front of his coat to see that it was buttoned from top to bottom. He grew a little paler. He was less stoical and apathetic than most Egyptians. Also he was absurdly vain, and he knew that his vanity would receive rough usage.

Now the door swung open, and a portly figure entered quickly. For so large a man Prince Kaïd was light and subtle in his movements. His face was mobile, his eye keen and human.

Achmet salaamed low. "The gardens of the First Heaven be thine, and the uttermost joy, Effendina," he said elaborately.

"A thousand colors to the rainbow of thy happiness," answered Kaïd mechanically, and seated himself cross-legged on a divan, taking a narghile from the black slave who had glided ghostlike behind him.

"What hour did you find him? Where

have you placed him?" he added after a moment.

Achmet salaamed once more. "I have burrowed without ceasing, but the holes are empty, Effendina," he returned, abjectly and nervously.

He had need to be concerned. The reply was full of amazement and anger. "You have not found him! You have not brought Nahoum to me!" Kaïd's eyes were growing reddish, no good sign for those around him, for any that crossed him or his purposes.

"A hundred eyes failed to search him out. Ten thousand piastres did not find him; the kourbash did not reveal him."

Kaïd's frown grew heavier. "Thou shalt bring Nahoum to me by midnight to-morrow!"

"But if he has escaped, Effendina?" Achmet returned desperately. He had a peasant's blood—fear of power was ingrained.

"What was thy business but to prevent escape? Son of a Nile crocodile, if he has escaped, thou too shalt escape from Egypt—into Fazougli. Fool, Nahoum is no coward. He would remain. He is in Egypt."

"If he be in Egypt, I will find him, Effendina. Have I ever failed? When thou hast pointed, have I not brought? Have there not been many, Effendina? Should I not bring Nahoum, who has held over our heads the rod?"

Kaïd looked at him meditatively, and gave no answer to the question. "He reached too far," he muttered. "Egypt has one master only."

The door opened softly and the black slave stole in. His lips moved, but scarce a sound travelled across the room. Kaïd understood, and made a gesture. An instant afterwards the vast figure of Higli Pasha bulked into the room. Again there were elaborate salutations and salaams, and Kaïd presently said:

"Foorgat?"

"Effendina," answered Higli, "it is not known how he died! He was in this Palace alive at night. In the morning he was found dead in bed at his own home."

"There was no wound?"

"None, Effendina."

"The thong?"

"There was no mark, Effendina."

"Poison?"

"There was no sign, Effendina."

"Diamond-dust?"

"Impossible, Effendina. There was not time. He was alive and well here at the Palace at eleven, and—"

Kaïd made an impatient gesture. "By the stone in the Kaaba, but it is not reasonable that Foorgat should die in his bed like a babe and sleep himself into heaven! Some evil spirit must have breathed death on him. Or it is a trick of the devil, and Foorgat is shamming death. Fate meant him for a violent end; but ere that came there was work to do for me. He had a gift for scenting treason—and he had treasure!" His eyes shut and opened again with a look not pleasant to see. "But since it was that he must die so soon, then the loan he promised must now be a gift from the grave—that is, if he be dead, if he be not shamming! Foorgat was a dire jester."

"But now it is no jest, Effendina. He is in his grave."

"In his grave! Bismillah! May thine eyes be blinded! In his grave, dost thou say?"

Higli's voice quavered. "Yesterday before sunset, Effendina. By Nahoum's orders."

"I ordered the burial for to-day. By the gates of Hell, but who shall disobey me!"

"He was already buried when the Effendina's orders came," Higli pleaded anxiously.

"Nahoum should have been taken yesterday," he rejoined, with malice in his eyes.

"If I had received the orders of the Effendina on the night when the Effendina dismissed Nahoum—" said Achmet, softly, and broke off.

"A curse upon thine eyes that did not see thy duty!" he replied gloomily. Then he turned to Higli. "My seal has been put upon Foorgat's doors? His treasure-places have been found? The courts have been commanded as to his estate—the banks—?"

"It was too late, Effendina," replied Higli hopelessly.

Kaïd got to his feet slowly, rage possessing him. "Too late—who makes it too late when I command?"

"When Foorgat was found dead. Na-

houm at once seized the palace and the treasures. Then he went to the courts and to the holy men and claimed succession. That was while it was yet early morning. Then he instructed the banks. The banks hold Foorgat's fortune against us, Effendina."

"Foorgat was a Mohammedan. Nahoum is a Christian. My will is law. Shall a Christian dog inherit from a true believer? The courts, the wakhfs shall obey me. And thou, son of a burnt father, shall find Nahoum! Kaïd shall not be cheated. Foorgat pledged the loan. It is mine. Allah scorch thine eyes!" he added fiercely to Achmet, "but thou shalt find this Christian gentleman, Nahoum."

Suddenly, with a motion of disgust, he sat down, and taking the stem of the narghile, puffed vigorously in silence. Presently in a red fury he cried: "Go—go—go, and bring me back by midnight Nahoum and Foorgat's treasures—to the last piastre. Let every soldier be a spy if thine own spies fail."

As they turned to go, the door opened again, the black slave appeared, and ushered David into the room.

David salaamed, but not low, and stood still.

On the instant Kaïd changed. The rage left his face. He leaned forward eagerly, the cruel and ugly look faded slowly from his eyes.

"May thy days of life be as a river with sands of gold, effendi," he said softly. He had a voice like music.

"May the sun shine in thy heart and fruits of wisdom flourish there, Effendina," answered David quietly. He saluted the others gravely, and his eyes rested upon Achmet in a way which Higli Pasha noted for subsequent gossip.

Kaïd pulled at his narghile for a moment, mumbling good-humoredly to himself and watching the smoke reel away; then, with half-shut eyes, he said to David:

"Am I master in Egypt or no, effendi?"

"In ruling this people the Prince of Egypt stands alone," answered David. "There is no one between him and the people. There is no Parliament."

"It is in my hand, then, to give or to withhold, to make or to break?" Kaïd

chuckled to have this tribute, as he thought, from a Christian. His choice had indeed been good. His counsellor combined all the wisdom of the Western world with the philosophy of the East. He did not blink at Oriental facts—and he was honest.

David bowed his head to Kaïd's words, but there was a look in his eye which neither Higli Pasha nor Achmet misunderstood. He had but admitted a fact; he had not approved of it.

"Then if it be my hand that lifts up or casts down, that rewards or that punishes, or that takes from the rich man that which he ravaged from the poor, shall my arm not stretch into the darkest corner of Egypt to bring forth the traitor? Shall it not be so?"

"It belongs to thy power," answered David. "It is the ancient custom of princes here. Custom is law—while it is yet the custom."

Kaïd looked at him enigmatically for a moment, then smiled grimly—he saw the course of the lance which David had thrown. He bent his look fiercely on Achmet and Higli. "You have heard what the friend and counsellor of Kaïd has said. Truth is on his lips. I have stretched out my arm. Ye are my arm—to reach for and gather in Nahoum and all that is his." He turned quickly to David again. "I have given this hawk, Achmet, till to-morrow night to bring Nahoum to me," he explained.

"And if he fails—a penalty? He will lose his place?" asked David, with glacial but placid humor.

"More than his place," Kaïd rejoined, with a cruel smile. "By my mother's tomb, yes, though he be but a slave of Nubia!"

"Then is his place mine, Effendina," answered David, with a look which could give Achmet no comfort.

"You will bring Nahoum—you?" asked Kaïd in amazement.

"I have brought him," rejoined David. "Is it not my duty to know the will of the Effendina and to do it—when it is just and right?"

"Where is he—where does he wait?" asked Kaïd, eagerly.

"Within the Palace—here," replied David. "He awaits his fate in thine own dwelling, Effendina."

Kaïd glowered upon Achmet. "In the years which Time, the Scytheman, will cut from thy life, think, as thou fastest at Ramadan or featest at Beiram, how Kaïd filled thy plate when thou wast a beggar, and made thee from a dog of a fellah into a pasha. Go to thy dwelling, and come here no more," he added sharply. "I am sick of thy yellow, sinful face."

Achmet made no reply, but as he passed beyond the door with Higli he said in a whisper: "Come—to Harrik and the army! He shall be deposed. The hour is at hand!" But Higli answered faintly. He had not the courage of the true conspirator, traitor though he was.

As they disappeared, Kaïd made a wide gesture of friendliness to David, and motioned to a seat, then to a narghile. David seated himself, took the stem of a narghile in his mouth for an instant, then laid it down again and waited.

"Nahoum—I do not understand," Kaïd said presently, his eyes gloating at what David had told him.

"He comes of his own will, Effendina."

"Wherefore?" Kaïd could not realize the truth. This truth was not Oriental on the face of it.

"Effendina, he comes to place his life in thy hands. He would speak with thee."

"How is it thou dost bring him?"

"He sought me to plead for him with your Highness, and because I knew his peril I kept him with me and brought him hither but now."

"Nahoum went to thee!" Kaïd's eyes peered abstractedly into the distance between the almost shut lids. That Nahoum should seek David, who had displaced him from his high office, was scarcely Oriental, when his every cue was to have revenge on his rival. This was a natural sequence to his downfall. It was understandable. But here was David safe and sound. Was it, then, some deeper, darker scheme of future vengeance? The Oriental instinctively pierced the mind of the Oriental. He could have realized fully the fierce, blinding passion for revenge which had almost overcome Nahoum's calculating mind in the dark night with his foe in the next room, which had driven him suddenly from his bed almost in a trance to fall upon Da-

vid, only to find Mohammed watching—also with the instinct of the Oriental.

Some *future* scheme of revenge? Kaïd's eyes gleamed red. *There would be no future for Nahoum!*

"Why did Nahoum go to thee?" he asked again presently.

"That I might beg his life of thee, Highness, as I said," David replied.

"I have not ordered his death."

David looked meditatively at him. "It was agreed between us yesterday that I should speak plainly—is it not so?"

Kaïd nodded, and leaned back among the cushions.

"If what the Effendina intends is fulfilled, there is no other way but death for Nahoum," added David.

"What is my intention, effendi?"

"To confiscate the fortune left by Foorgat Bey. Is it not so?"

"I had a pledge from Foorgat—a loan."

"That is the merit of the case, Effendina. I am otherwise concerned. There is the law. Nahoum inherits. Shouldst thou send him to Fazougli, he would still inherit."

"He is a traitor."

"Highness, where is the proof?"

"I know. My friends have disappeared one by one—Nahoum. Lands have been alienated from me—Nahoum. My income has declined—Nahoum. I have given orders and they have not been fulfilled—Nahoum. Always, always some rumor of assassination, or of conspiracy, or the influence and secret agents of the Sultan—all Nahoum. He is a traitor. He has grown rich while I borrow from Europe to pay my army and to meet the demands of the Sultan."

"What man can offer evidence in this save the Effendina who would profit by his death?"

"I speak of what I know. I satisfy myself. It is enough."

"Highness, there is a better way: to satisfy the people, for whom thee lives. None should stand between. Is not the Effendina a father to them?"

"The people! Would they not say Nahoum had got his due if he were blotted from their sight?"

"None has been so generous to the poor, so it is said by all. His hand has been upon the rich only. Now, Effendina, he has brought hither the full

amount of all he has received and acquired in thy service. He would offer it in tribute."

Kaïd smiled sardonically. "It is a thin jest. When a traitor dies, the state confiscates his goods!"

"Thee calls him traitor. Does thee believe he has ever conspired against thy life?"

Kaïd shrugged his shoulders.

"Let me answer for thee, Effendina. Again and again he has defeated conspiracy. He has blotted it out—by the sword and other means. He has been a faithful servant to his prince at least. If he has done after the manner of all others in power here, the fault is in the system, not in the man alone. He has been a friend to thee, Kaïd."

"I hope to find in thee a better."

"Why should he not live?"

"Thou hast taken his place."

"Is it, then, the custom to destroy those who have served thee, when they cease to serve?" David rose to his feet quickly. His face was pale and shining with a strange excitement. It gave him a look of exaltation, his lips quivered with indignation. "Does thee kill because there is silence in the grave?"

Kaïd blew a cloud of smoke slowly. "Silence in the grave is a fact beyond dispute," he said cynically.

"Highness, thee changes servants not seldom," rejoined David meaningly. "It may be that my service will be short. When I go, will the long arm reach out for me in the burrows where I shall hide!"

Kaïd looked at him with ill-concealed admiration. "Thou art an Englishman, not an Egyptian; a guest, not a subject—under no law save my friendship." Then he added scornfully: "When an Englishman in England leaves office, no matter how unfaithful, though he be a friend of any country save his own, they send him to the House of Lords—or so I was told in France when I was there. What does it matter to thee what chances to Nahoum? Thou hast his place with me. My secrets are thine. They shall be all thine—for years I have sought an honest man. Thou art safe whether to go or to stay."

"It may be so. I heed it not. My life is as that of a gull—if the wind carry it out to sea, it is lost! As my uncle went I shall go one day. I doubt not thee will

never do me ill, Englishman or no Englishman; but does thee think I do not know that I shall have foes at every corner, behind every mushrabieh screen, on every mastaba, in the pasha's courtyard, by every mosque? Do I not know in what peril I serve Egypt?"

"Yet thou wouldst keep alive Nahoum! He will dig thy grave deep—and wait long."

"He will work with me for Egypt, Effendina."

Kaïd's face darkened. "What is thy meaning?"

"I ask Nahoum's life that he may serve under me, to do those things we planned yesterday, you and I—the land, taxation, the army, agriculture, the Sudan! Together we will make Egypt better and greater and richer—the poor richer, even though the rich be poorer."

"And Kaïd—poorer?"

"When Egypt is richer, the Prince is richer, too. Is not the Prince Egypt? Highness, yesterday—yesterday thee gave me my commission. If thee will not take Nahoum again into service to aid me, I must not remain. I cannot work alone."

"Thou must have this Christian Oriental—to work with thee?" He looked at David closely, then smiled cynically, but with friendliness to David in his eyes. "Nahoum has prayed to work with thee—be a slave where he was master? He says to thee that he would lay his heart upon the altar of Egypt?" Sardonic questioning humor was in his voice.

David inclined his head.

"He would give up all that is his?"

"It is so, Effendina."

"All save Foorgat's heritage?"

"It belonged to their father. It is a due inheritance."

Kaïd laughed sarcastically. "It was got in Mehemet Ali's service."

"Nathless it is a heritage, Effendina. He would give that fortune back again to Egypt in work with me, as I shall give of what is mine, and of what I am, in the name of God, the all merciful!"

The smile faded out of Kaïd's face, and wonder settled on it. What manner of man was this! His life, his fortune for Egypt, a country alien to him, which he had never seen till six months ago! What kind of being was behind the dark, fiery eyes and the pale, impassioned face?

Was he some new prophet? If so, why should he not have cast a spell upon Nahoum? Had he not bewitched himself, Kaïd, one of the ablest princes since Alexander or Amenhotep? Had Nahoum then been mastered and won? Was ever such power? In how many ways had it been shown! He had fought for his uncle's fortune, and had got it at last yesterday without a penny of backsheesh. Having got his will, he was now ready to give that same fortune to the good of Egypt—but not to beys and pashas and eunuchs (and that he should have escaped Mizraim was the marvel beyond all others!), or even to the Prince Pasha; but to that which would make "Egypt better and greater and richer—the poor richer, even if the rich be poorer!" Kaïd chuckled to himself at that. To make the rich poorer would suit him well, so long as he remained rich. And if riches could be got, as this pale Frank proposed, by less extortion from the fellah and less kourbash, so much the happier for all.

He was capable of patriotism, and this Quaker dreamer had stirred it in him a little. Egypt, industrial in a real sense; Egypt, paying her own way without tyranny and loans; Egypt, without corvée, and with an army hired from a full public purse; Egypt, grown strong and able to resist the suzerainty and cruel tribute—that touched his native goodness of heart, so long in disguise; it appealed to the sense of leadership in him; to the love of the soil deep in his bones; to regard for the common people—for was not his mother a slave? Some distant nobleness trembled in him, while yet the arid humor of the situation flashed into his eyes, and getting to his feet, he said to David: "Where is Nahoum?"

David told him, and he clapped his hands. The black slave entered, received an order, and disappeared. Neither spoke, but Kaïd's face was full of cheerfulness.

Presently Nahoum entered and salaamed low, then put his hand upon his turban in submission. There was submission, but no cringing or servility in his manner. His blue eyes looked fearlessly before him. His face was not paler than its wont. He waited for Kaïd to speak.

"Peace be to thee," Kaïd murmured mechanically.

"And to thee, peace, O Prince," an-

swered Nahoum. "May the feet of Time linger by thee and Death pass thy house forgetful!"

There was silence for a moment, and then Kaïd spoke again. "What are thy properties and treasure?" he asked sternly.

Nahoum drew forth a paper from his sleeve and handed it to Kaïd without a word. Kaïd glanced at it hurriedly, then said: "This is but nothing. What hast thou hidden from me?"

"It is all I have got in thy service, Highness," he answered boldly. "All else I have given to the poor; also to spies—and to the army."

"To spies—and to the army?" asked Kaïd slowly, incredulously.

"Wilt thou come with me to the window, Effendina?"

Kaïd, wondering, went to the great windows which looked on to the Palace square. There, drawn up, were a thousand mounted men as black as ebony, wearing shining white metal helmets and fine chain-armor and swords and lances, like medieval crusaders. The horses, too, were black, and the mass made a barbaric display belonging more to another period in the world's history. This regiment of Nubians Kaïd had recruited from the far south, and had maintained at his own expense. When they saw him at the window now, their swords clashed on their thighs and across their breasts, and they raised a great shout of greeting, their black eyes rolling.

"Well?" asked Kaïd, with a ring to the voice.

"They are loyal, Effendina, every man. But the army otherwise is honeycombed with treason. Effendina, my money has been busy in the army paying and bribing officers, and my spies were costly. There has been sedition—conspiracy; but until I could get the full proofs I waited; I could but bribe and wait. Were it not for the money I have spent, there might have been another Prince of Egypt."

Kaïd's face darkened. He was startled, too. He had been taken unaware. "My brother Harrik—!"

"And I should have lost my place—lost all for which I cared. I had no love for money; it was but a means. I spent it for the state—for the Effendina, and to keep my place! I lost my place, however, in another way."

"Proofs! Proofs!" Kaïd's voice was hoarse with feeling.

"I have no proofs against Prince Harrik—no word upon paper. But there are proofs that the army is seditious, that at any moment it may revolt."

"You kept this secret?" questioned Kaïd, darkly and suspiciously.

"The time had not come. Read, Effendina," he added, handing some papers over.

"But it is the whole army!" said Kaïd, aghast, as he read. He was convinced.

"*There is only one guilty!*" answered Nahoum. Their eyes met. Oriental fatalism met inveterate Oriental distrust, and then instinctively Kaïd's eyes turned to David. In the eyes of the Inglesi was a different thing.

The test of the new relationship had come.

Ferocity was in his heart, a vitriolic note was in his voice as he said to David, "If this be true—the army rotten, the officers disloyal, treachery under every tunic—Bismillah, speak!"

"Shall it not be one thing at a time, Effendina?" asked David. He made a gesture towards Nahoum.

Kaïd motioned to a door. "Wait yonder," he said darkly to Nahoum. As the door opened and Nahoum disappeared leisurely and composedly, David caught a glimpse of a guard of armed Nubians in leopard-skins filed against the white wall of the other room.

"What is thy intention towards Nahoum, Effendina?" David asked presently.

Kaïd's voice was impatient. "Thou hast asked his life—take it; it is thine; but if I find him within these walls again until I give him leave, he shall go as Foorgat went."

"What was the manner of Foorgat's going?" asked David quietly.

"As a wind blows through a courtyard gate and the lamp goes out, so he went, in the night. Who can say? Wherefore speculate! He is gone. It is enough. Were it not for thee, Egypt should see Nahoum no more."

David sighed, and his eyes closed for an instant. "Effendina, Nahoum has proved his faith—is it not so?" He pointed to the documents in Kaïd's hands.

A sardonic smile passed over Kaïd's face. Distrust of humanity, incredulity,

cold cynicism, were in it. "Wheels within wheels, proofs within proofs," he said. "Thou hast yet to learn the Eastern heart. When thou seest white in the East, call it black, for in an instant it will be black. *Malaish*, it is the East! Have I not trusted—did I not mean well by all? Did I not deal justly? Yet my justice was but darkness of purpose, the hidden terror to them all. So did I become what you find me and believe me—a tyrant, in whose name a thousand do evil things of which I neither hear nor know. Proof! When a woman lies in your arms is not the moment to prove her fidelity. Nahoum has crawled back to my feet with these things, and by the beard of the Prophet they are true!"—he looked at the papers with loathing. "But what his purpose was when he spied upon and bribed my army I know not. Yet it shall be said, he has held Harrik back—Harrik my brother. Son of Hell and the slime of the Nile, have I not spared Harrik all these years!"

"Hast thou *proof*, Effendina?"

"I have proof enough; I shall have more soon. To save their lives, these, these will tell—I have their names here!" He tapped the papers. "There are ways to make them tell. Now, speak, effendi, and tell me what I shall do to Harrik."

"Wouldst thou proclaim to Egypt, to the Sultan, to the world, that the army is disloyal? If these guilty men are seized, can the army be trusted? Will it not break away in fear? Yonder Nubians are not enough—a handful lost in the *mêlée*. Prove the guilt of him who perverted the army and sought to destroy thee. Punish him."

"How shall there be proof save through those whom he has perverted? There is no writing."

"There is proof," answered David calmly.

"Where shall I find it?" Kaïd laughed contemptuously.

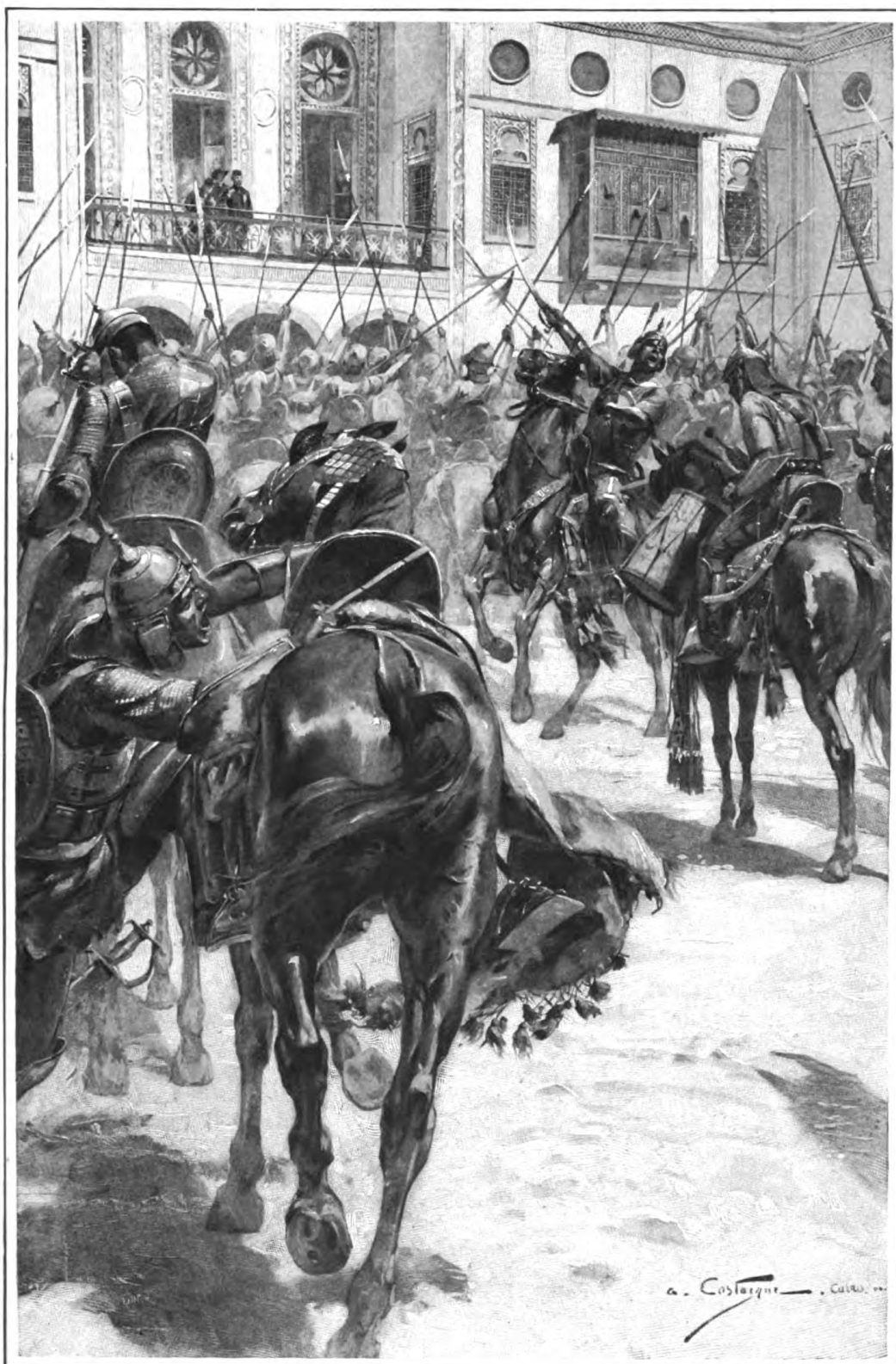
"I have the proof," answered David gravely.

"Against Harrik?"

"Against Prince Harrik Pasha."

"Thou—what dost thou know?"

"A woman of the Prince heard him give instructions for thy disposal, Effendina, when the Citadel should turn its guns upon Cairo and the Palace. She



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WHEN THEY SAW HIM, THEY RAISED A GREAT SHOUT OF GREETING

was once of thy harem. Thou didst give her in marriage, and she came to the harem of Prince Harrik at last. A woman from without who sang to her—a singing-girl, an *al'mah*—she trusted with the paper to warn thee, Effendina, in her name. Her heart had remembrance of thee. Her foster-brother Mohammed Hassan is my servant. Him she told, and Mohammed laid the matter before me this morning. Here is a sign by which thee will remember her, so she says. Zaida she was called here." He handed over an amulet which had one red gem in the centre.

Kaïd's face had set into fierce resolution, but as he took the amulet his eyes softened.

"Zaida. Inshallah! Zaida, she was called. She has the truth almost of the English. She could not lie ever. My heart smote me concerning her, and I gave her in marriage." Then his face darkened again, and his teeth showed in malice. A demon was roused in him. He might long ago have banished the handsome and insinuating Harrik, but he had allowed him wealth and safety—and now . . . !

His intention was unmistakable.

"He shall die the death!" he said. "Is it not so?" he added grimly to David, and gazed at him fixedly. Would this man of peace plead for the traitor, the would-be fratricide?

"He is a traitor; he must die," answered David, slowly.

Kaïd's eyes showed burning satisfaction. "If he were thy brother, thou wouldst kill him?"

"I would give a traitor to death for the country's sake. There is no other way."

"To-night he shall die."

"But with due trial, Effendina?"

"Trial—is not the *proof* sufficient?"

"But if he confess, and give evidence himself, and so offer himself to die?"

"Is Harrik a fool?" answered Kaïd, with scorn.

"If there be a trial and sentence is given, the truth concerning the army must appear. Is that well? Egypt will shake to its foundations—to the joy of its enemies."

"Then he shall die secretly."

"The Prince Pasha of Egypt will be called a murderer."

Kaïd shrugged his shoulders.

"The Sultan—Europe—is it well?"

"I will tell the truth," Kaïd rejoined, fiercely.

"If the Effendina will trust me, Prince Harrik shall confess his crime and pay the penalty also."

"What is thy purpose?"

"I will go to his palace and speak with him."

"Seize him?"

"I have no power to seize him, Effendina."

"I will give it. My Nubians shall go also."

"Effendina, I will go alone. It is the only way. There is great danger to the throne. Who can tell what a night will bring forth?"

"If Harrik should escape—"

"If I were an Egyptian and permitted Harrik to escape, my life would pay for my failure. If I failed, thou wouldst not succeed. If I am to serve Egypt, there must be trust in me from thee, or it were better to pause now. If I go, as I shall go, alone, I put my life in danger! Is it not so?"

Suddenly Kaïd sat down again among his cushions.

"Inshallah! In the name of God, be it so. Thou art not as other men. There is something in thee above my thinking. But I will not sleep till I see thee again."

"I shall see thee at midnight, Effendina. Give me the ring from thy finger."

Kaïd passed it over, and David put it in his pocket. Then he turned to go.

"Nahoum?" he asked.

"Take him hence. Let him serve thee if it be thy will. Yet I cannot understand it. The play is dark. Is he not an Oriental?"

"He is a Christian."

Kaïd laughed sardonically and clapped his hands for the slave.

In a moment David and Nahoum were gone.

"Nahoum, a Christian! Bismillah!" murmured Kaïd scornfully, then fell to pondering darkly over the evil things he had heard.

Meanwhile, the Nubians in their glittering armor waited without in the blistering square.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

To the Credit of the Sea

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

A FURIOUS surf beat on the Labrador coast with heavy crashings and long-drawn rolls, like that of distant drums. The northeast gale hurled itself spitefully at the low, wild lands, hissing and yowling across the tundra, shrieking spasmodically when some miserable stunted bush or tree stood in its way.

At the mouth of the Forteau River the monster combers rushed towards the bar foaming, their gray-crested heads high, under sides dark green and sullen.

The little group of fishermen's houses stood forlorn, apparently forsaken, trembling at each whining blast. Evening was coming; already the shores of Newfoundland, ten miles away, were fading, sinking into nothingness, and the white wastes of angry peaks between became whiter and seemed to run more viciously.

As the sun set, pale yellow and small, its last feeble rays flickering with chilling effect of the fierce storm scene, a woman came out of one of the houses. She clutched a shawl about her head, endeavoring to stand against the strength of the blow. With keen, eager eyes she stared out past the long Point, where the spray tossed and drifted in clouds.

"He bain't comin' yit," she muttered; "zure 'tis a bad breeze!"

She worked her way to a pile of lobster-traps and crouched behind them, watching, unconsciously listening to the weird whistlings of the wind among the laths and nettings. Darker and darker it became, until she could not see the Point, strain as she would. The towering breakers stormed at her feet, coming out of the gloom at terrible speed, falling shattered and helpless on the bar.

Then it was night. The seas rose up towards her, looming with snarls and curlings for an instant. She could not see their end on the bar; but the sound was intensified, and she shivered.

"Tide's a-raisin'!" she said then, as

the tumult grew less and less out in the blackness.

No star sparkled in the high heavens; nothing there but swiftly moving masses of cloud, that tumbled and rolled and twisted over one another in their mad rush.

"Him an' Joe 'll got ter mind out this night!" She drew the shawl closer about her throat, waiting, undisturbed by the edge of frost bitterness in the wind. "They be thar!" she called to herself, standing up in her excitement, as from the impenetrable darkness, out of the noises of the angry sea, a tiny light appeared, far away. Up and down and sideways it bobbed and lurched, sometimes vanishing entirely, then climbing up and up until almost a star on the low horizon. She watched the nearing boat intently, fearing to lose the light. It came on steadily, shaking to and fro, staggering, slanting in course away from her. She looked over her shoulder.

"T' light es—!"

A gasp of surprise. The window next the sea was dark!

"What 'ave un done?" she screamed, the sound whirled away as her lips moved. Stumbling, falling to her knees over driftwood and stones, she reached the house. "To'mie, what 'ave un done?"

Silence, but for the yelling drone of the wind around the building. She caught sight of a glimmer on the floor—just a feeble spark.

"To'mie," she called again, feeling her way. Her breath caught in her lungs with fear as her hands came in contact with a little body. She felt it all over. It was still.

"To'mie! To'mie!"

With frantic haste she searched for matches, upsetting the table, knocking over chairs, bruising herself against them.

"Oh-oh-oh!" she stuttered with halting, trembling sounds in her throat as she found the box. A scrape, a dull blue

splutter, then the yellow flare of pine. She held it over her head. The child lay at her feet, eyes closed, the small round face gray-white. Sneaking glowworms of fire still ate their slow way on his little shirt. The arms and hands were tossed in pain on the dirty boards. The match went out then, its red embers gleaming in her fingers.

"Oh-oh, To'mie, what 'ave un done?" she cried, monotonously.

Then she remembered her husband—the storm. "There's na light! He'll be gone astray! Oh God!" she whimpered, tears streaming down her face.

She got another match going, found a candle. The only lamp was smashed to atoms, the broken glass glimmering at her feet, shining with the oil that had not taken fire. Wildly she jammed the candle in a crack of the wall and rushed out. The wind snatched at her form, dragging it, hurling it back, her skirts flapping about her with loud cracklings.

She stared out into the night, her eyes, little by little, accustomed to the darkness. She found the tiny light then; it was almost abreast of her, keeping away.

"He's lost an' thar be no lamp for un!" she shrieked, and shrieked again, the wind mocking her, vying its strength with hers. Inch by inch of her vision the light on the tumbling waters passed.

"He's a-goin' on Welcome Rocks ef I can't stop un afore he gets too far to beat in!"

Clawing at her dress, she watched the light, fascinated by the danger, the gale casting her long hair loose, tossing it about her face. She ran in again.

"To'mie!" in a whisper of agony—the little figure unconscious before her. A thought came. She tore the small kindlings from the wood-heap, set the heavy table by the window with Herculean strength, ripped off her skirt with desperate pulls, mopped the still fresh oil on the floor with it, and touched the heap with the candle. It flamed up instantly, the red tongues leaping and twining in the stillness of the interior. From time to time she fed the blaze with wood of every kind. Spoons with wooden handles, the chopping-bowl, anything that would burn, and the fire *did* burn, scorching the low rafters. All the time she whispered, "To'mie, To'mie!"

She dashed out then, the blaze going well on the table, eating its way through the wood with snappings and showers of sparks.

"He be comin' right!" she murmured, seeing the light advancing towards her.

"To'mie boy!" she patted the little still hands, "I had ter save un an' ye didn't know!" She got water and bathed the child's face, carefully tearing away the burned clothes. The big eyes opened.

"W'ere is dadda?"

"Comin', darlin'; un 'll be here right soon, right soon!"

Her head dropped on his neck and the scalding tears flowed fast.

Hurling spasms of the gale shook the walls, rattled the doors on their hinges, made the puny window-supports creak and retch. The woman rose slowly and got the candle, dreading what she feared to see. By the wavering shine the child's burns were vividly apparent. The mother quivered in sympathetic pain. She stripped the little figure tenderly, the thin small voice calling for "dadda."

Rough woman of a rough life, she knew nothing of remedies, and wrapped the boy in a coarse blanket whose mat was torture to the raw spots.

"Dad-da! Dad-da!" he called again and again.

"Un 'll be here!" she crooned, caressing the fevered forehead.

Leaving the child on the low bed, she went out into the darkness once more, while the fire on the table burned strongly. The gale was powerful as ever. Tearing at her, it forced her behind the angle of the building. The boat's light was close on to the river's mouth now; she could see the two men tending sails and watching their chance to run into the calm waters of the high-tide bay.

"Eh-h!" she screeched, involuntarily, as a long hungry sea curled towards the boat. She held her breath! The little vessel rose bravely, stern to the heavens, bow to the bottom,—and the growling water passed beneath. It floated quietly then on the still waters of a full tide in the land bay. The two men shoved ashore with the help of long oars dipped to the shallows.

The woman was on the shingle, waiting, when the blunt bow struck with sandy gratings. One man sprang out, alighting

heavily on the stones. He swung round, seeing the woman.

"Ye wass near makin' we astray!" He hauled in on the bow hauser. "Yiss, an' for why ye did na have the light 'arly?" he grumbled again, pulling away at the rope. "'Tis the bist load we-un got many a trip, an' ye coome putty clost to losin' it, 'n' we!"

"Man!" she called in his ear, to make her words audible above the screaming wind, "To'mie's burned hisself bad! Fell down th' lamp whin I war a-watchin' for ye!"

The rope slackened in the big man's hands.

"Naw?" he said. She nodded. Stalwart and huge he looked in his oilskins, the ocean's reek dripping from cap and sleeves.

"Pull—aw-ay!" A voice came from the boat that drifted off the shore. He hauled in diligently till the short bowsprit struck him on the chest. The other man hopped out, lantern in hand.

"Hold her, Joe!" The big man grabbed his wife by the wrist and half ran, half dragged her to the house.

The candle flared and twinkled as ever. He let go of the woman and went to the bed.

"Dad-da! Dad-da!"

"Zure, zon, I'm right here, a-lookin' out fur ye, my fine boy!"

One small hand clenched the big cold one tensely.

"Dad-da! Da—" the frail voice ceased.

He stared at her blankly, the suddenness of it numbing his big simple mind. The fire on the table starved to a death of many glows, and the candle-fat dropped on the floor with spl-uts that were audible between the heavier attacks of the wind.

Like some being from a long-gone time the tall, powerfully gaunt Labrador fisherman stood by the woman dazedly. The gleam of the faint light shone on his oilskins, glistened on the scales that covered the front of his jacket, danced by reflection on the ponderous boots, and showed great drops gathering slowly in the deep-set, pain-laden eyes.

With a sob and a curse he fell on his knees by the child, the sound of his sorrow filling the interior harshly. The woman, too, knelt.

"What 'll we to do?"

He looked up and around the room, his helplessness and lack of knowledge burning through the moisture of his eyes.

"Un 'll ha' to go to Hawks Bay!" she whispered. He turned a white face to her.

"In that?" his great shaking fist towards the door. They listened, lips apart, his tongue moving in his mouth with a slight clucking.

Shriek on shriek, gasping, moaning, then howling, the wind drove on, tearing at the house, rattling the long shingles overhead with noises like the clattering of dried bones. And over it all the ceaseless surging *boom—boom—boom* of a terrible sea, that crackled and roared, its strength piled up for thousands of miles, venting itself on the rugged coast, that flung back the waters crushed and broken in great masses of spume and spray, that gurgled and eddied to the depths again.

"In that?" he muttered.

"Aye, man—fur t' boy!"

He got to his feet, trembling. "'Tis na I'm afeared, Kyrie, but God knaws ef t' boat 'll live yonder—hear un, woman, hear un!"

Crash—boom—swssssht! and a short silence; then, thundering furiously, the breakers rushed in again, a pandemonium of lather and foam and sound.

He went to the door, bracing himself there, staring out into the whirling, screeching night with calculating eyes.

"Mabbe me an' Joe 'll git her out-en West Channel; ef we doan't, God help us!"

The lantern came up from the bay shore.

"She's fine for t' night, bow an' starn anchor holdin' good. A'n't it fearful?" The other man entered.

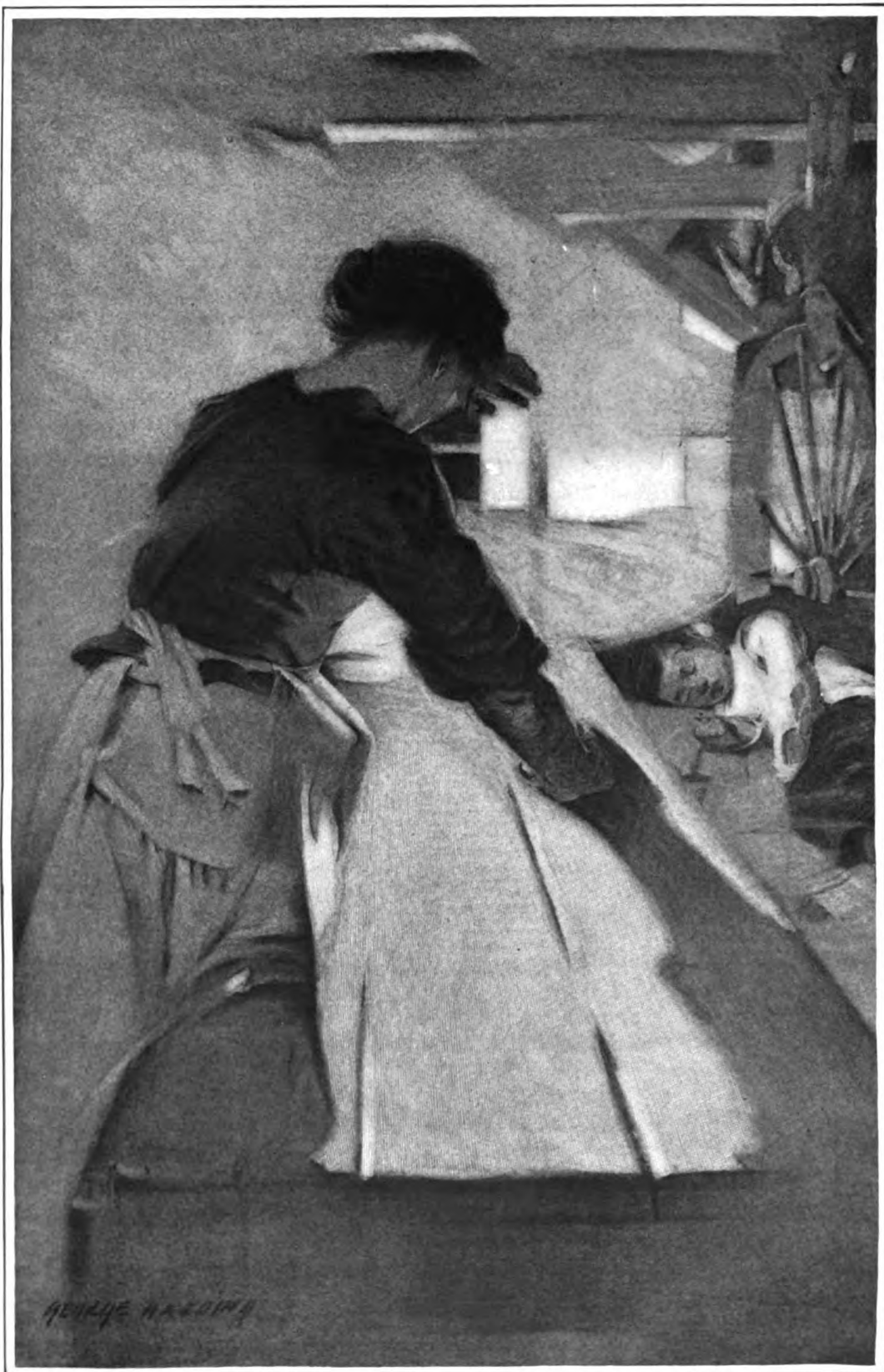
The father grabbed him by the arm: "Me an' you 'll gotter git ta Hawks Bay to-night!"

The other stared at him, and a grin spread over the bronzed, weather-beaten face.

"Na, na, man; ye're jokin'!"

"Joe! Joe!"—the woman crawled at his feet—"t' boy is burned so bad, an' t' doctir over Hawks Bay 'll save un! Won't 'e go with Jack?"

His eyes focussed themselves on her for an instant, then followed her finger as she pointed to the child. He stiffened



Drawn by George Harding

ALL THE TIME SHE WHISPERED, "TO'MIE, TO'MIE!"

at the sight of the small bundle on the bed.

"West Channel, Jack?" he grunted, pushing the woman's hands away from his knees.

"Yiss; that be our wan hope!"

"God bless both o' ye, an' may ye be payed by Un as ye deserv'! Oh, lads, remember me a-waitin', a-watchin' for ye ta coome wi' th' doctir!" The woman flung herself by the child's body, racked with tears.

She was alone.

Jack crawled aboard the boat first.

"T' fish 'll do fo' ballust," he shouted.

The other nodded, his lips moving, but Jack could not hear the words for the yelling of the wind in the rigging. They triple-reefed the mainsail and left the foresail snuggled on its boom.

"Single on t' jib!" Jack shouted.

Hand over hand they dragged the stern anchor aboard.

"She's afloat an' free!" Joe screamed as he cast off the bow-line.

A hundred yards from the calm waters of the little bay the raging seas foamed and banged at the bar. The broad-beamed craft wouldn't obey her helm quickly enough.

"Shove her out!" Jack ordered. The other pushed her bow round with a sweep, and crouched to windward as he felt her lean and shiver. Straight for the gigantic seas they went.

"God be wi' us!" Jack called.

"Aye, an' we'll need Un!" Joe hung out over the rail as the stanch boat scurried out.

Jack watched his chance, luffing when mountains of water came, easing away afterwards.

"Let she slip!" Joe shouted with all the strength of his lungs. Jack kept her away hard. Just when they were on the bar a great watery height rose up against them, its crest curling white in the darkness, reflecting yellow in the feeble lantern-light.

"God!" Joe whispered, cringing against the beams. Up and up, fairly pointed towards the sullen waves, the boat rose, shaking her stubby bowsprit clear of the dark waters. The comber passed beneath, and she slid down the other side squashing, darting spray on each bow.

"A' right now, Joe!"

"Keep away a shade; 'tis a nor'easter, an' Hawks Bay lies east ha' south!"

Plunging, dashing, climbing into the long lines of seas, they worked ahead slowly, soaked to the skin, hungry and tired after the long day's cod-hauling, but determined—"fur t' sake o' t' boy."

The *Susan Jenkins*, fishing-schooner out of Gloucester, bound home from the Banks with 40,000 pounds of cod under her hatches, streaked through the Strait of Belle Isle at daylight under double reefs, her decks hidden in smother and dashing spray.

"Lucky we come inside the straits this v'y'ge!" the burly man at the wheel sang out, his great paws gripping the spokes. The skipper nodded, never taking his eyes from the long, semi-hidden coast of Labrador to starboard.

"Keep her away a p'int!"

"Aye, aye!" and the bows fell off, swaying up and down.

"Steady as ye go!"

"Steady it is!"

Left alone, the helmsman swept the dreary wastes with a comprehensive glance. Everywhere liquid mountains that moved on their foundations, growing in size as the light became stronger. They tumbled helter-skelter after the schooner, threatening to pile on her decks; as they reached her taffrail they threw her towards the clouds with a sickening lift, and a heart-raising drop afterwards. She shivered from keelson to truck, from stem to stern, under the pounding blows, staggering like a wounded thing. The man shifted his chew of tobacco to the other cheek and spat vigorously.

"Goddam lucky!" he swore to himself, easing his fingers on the wheel. On the port side the heights of Newfoundland loomed gray and indistinct through the salt haze and drift.

"We're *a-movin'*!" as hill after hill slid by.

With shrill squeaks and eerie whinings the wind shot through the rigging, tugging at the canvas, making the bolt-ropes clack loudly against the main-boom. He watched the stick buckle and straighten; casting his eyes aloft, he noted the arc of the ship's roll at every sea, and he spat again. Brighter and brighter came

the day, showing the vastness of the raging waters and the rank on rank of swiftly moving wind-clouds. Swinging his face to starboard then, his eyes stopped suddenly and he leaned forward against the kicking wheel. He peered for a moment.

"Ahoy bel-ow!" he shouted, quickly, his big voice sounding strong and clear. The skipper's tousled head appeared instantly.

"Boat upshot; man on her, b' th' look of it!"

"Where away?"

"'Bout three p'int t' starboard!"

The other, in old trousers and shirt, carpetbagging slippers on his feet, braces flapping about his legs, gazed fixedly.

"Yer right, by hell!"

Slipping and cursing along the deck, he got to the fore-castle-hatch.

"Tumble up, ye divvils, lively now! Boat adrift with a man aboard. All hands to their post, an' the cook at the fore-sheet!"

Like bees from a disturbed hive the men clambered out, growling at each other when some one was slow on the ladder. The skipper was aft already.

"Now then, ye lubbers"—he trumpeted through his hands—"when I sings out, claw in on yer sheets like hell fury!"

One eye on the men scurrying about the slippery decks, the other on the turtled boat that came into sight and vanished often, a dark thing clinging to it, his wits worked fast.

"Luff! Luff, ye fool!"

"Ain't I?" the other grumbled, climbing the spokes. Nearer and nearer to the boat, tearing through the seas, catching their brunt on her quarter now, the schooner plunged on, flinging the green high at every leap. The skipper's muscles tightened under his clothes as the schooner swung ahead with awful speed, the gale hissing about his ears, forcing the spume in his nose and mouth—almost abreast of the boat now.

"Stand by!" he shrieked. The men laid to the ropes waiting. "Up with her, quick! Claw in, ye beggars! Damn ye, claw in!"

He jumped to the wheel and yanked the spokes over, the helmsman pushing with all his strength.

"Hard down! Ha-a-rrd down!" His

breath whined between his teeth as he labored.

Staggering frightfully, the schooner forced her bows into the weight of the seas. The skipper let go the wheel and dashed amidship to the rail. Just under their bows was the overturned boat, a man hugging the round bottom with knees and nails.

"Away!" he yelled, waving his arm.

The schooner fell off, grazing the sullen load beneath. A sailor in the chains made a wild grab and missed. The skipper saw it and cursed. A huge sea lifted the lone man, the skipper reached out, clinging to the ratlines with one hand, and fastened his steel-like fingers in the castaway's jacket. A wrenching heave, a grunt of effort, and the wrecked fisherman sprawled on the deck, the boat bumping and banging alongside.

Sails snapping with reports of guns, sheet-ropes writhing and curling about, nests of dories clanging and clattering, the schooner faced the storm.

"Keep her off, dang ye, keep her off!"

Paying no further attention to the rescued man, the skipper was all over the decks at once. A haul here, a pull there, a shove and an oath beyond, till the schooner was on her course again, fleeing before the seas. He drew the sweat from his face, drawing a deep breath.

"Pretty cussed fine, that was!" he remarked in a shout to the man at the wheel.

"Dam ef 'twasn't!" the latter answered, shifting his chew, admiration in his eyes.

"Does a feller good to wake up onct a while!" He went over to where the stranger was sitting, propped against the mainmast. "Hello, friend! Dang near went ter Davy Jones that cruise!"

No answer. The big body in oilskins sagged, a tremor passing over it now and then. The skipper watched. Then the man lifted his head. The whiteness of the face and the pain in the eyes startled the skipper.

"Too bad 'bout th' boat, man, but ye're in fair luck to be alive!"

"'Tis no t' bo-at, zor; 'tis t' boy! Me an' Joe wass a-goin' fur t' doctir t' Hawks Bay!"

The skipper looked to port quickly.



Drawn by George Harding

DAY AFTER DAY SHE WATCHED AND WAITED

"We're past now, friend, an' ye know we couldn't beat her back in this! Th' lads w'uld kick, too, incause we've a big first cargo of No. 1's aboard, an' prices 'll be high for all hands at T. Wharf!" As he spoke, a lump that would not be choked down rose in his throat. "Poor divvill!" he muttered, angry at his own helplessness. "God A'mighty! s'posin' 'twas one o' my kiddies!"

The giant figure rose slowly, stumbled aft, and stood watching the fast-vanishing shores of Labrador with poignant sadness, tears dripping, mingling with the salt of the sea and rolling down his jacket. He stretched out his arms then, and a wild, heart-broken sound burst from his lips. The man at the wheel trembled in superstitious awe.

"To'mie boy, I couldna git to make it, lad; I did for me best, I did. Forgi'e yer da-da. Joe's gone, a-blessin' ye an' wishin' me luck whin t' big sea tuk him! A-blessin' ye, lad, an' t' God must hear un; mabbe un's a-talkin' wi' t' God now!"

The huge form wavered an instant and fell inert at the skipper's feet.

"God A'mighty!" he knelt beside it. "Poor divvell! I'll set him ashore here next trip, sure's my name's Johnson, s'posin' I lose three days!"

He ordered the man to be carried forward, and saw personally to it that he was fed and clothed and that a big whiskey was given him.

Nearly all the rest of the day the skipper paced the decks in silence, now and then stopping to watch the wild seas curl hungrily at his ship, and sneering at them when they were disappointed by her buoyancy.

"Keep her to her course; hold her to it!"

"Aye, aye!" the man at the wheel answered. "Hold her to it 'tis!"

Two months, and three, passed since Ellison's disappearance from Forteau, Labrador.

The night he and Joe started out for the doctor, the woman cried and prayed in her uncouth way. The child became conscious and called for "da-da." She tried to soothe his pain, and thought of oil. She ran out in the semi-daylight and filled a pannikin with the stinking, heavy fluid in one of the many tubs that

were ranged behind the net-house. She stood peering into the mists of spray for an instant.

"T' God dat es a-watchin' us all be wi' ye!" she murmured.

Through the days and nights following she bathed the child's burns in the rancid oil of cods' livers. And day by day the young life grew stronger and stronger. On the sixth day she became anxious, the child out of danger, for her husband.

"Should 'a' be' back the now!" she muttered.

Far and away, stretching out to a vast distance, the spotless wastes of calm waters met her eyes. The noon haze caused the long slow heave and fall of the sea to be as waving masses of blue under a pure sky. Monotonously calm but for the sluggish swell of a storm somewhere beyond, the ocean was quiescent, showing each little puff of wind in wrinkles on its huge breasts. The Newfoundland shore, ten miles away, stood out of the waters, gray and grim and far distant, an indistinct line of solidity against the moving, heaving sea.

Day after day she watched and waited, a grim fear tugging at her mind. Each night she lighted a fire on the beach, "So'z he kin zee th' way in!"

As the days filed by, some with their calm, others with their wild, tumbling storms, she waited, hoping against hope.

One afternoon, Dan Bearn, of Black Bay, dropped anchor in the high-tide harbor and came ashore.

"I got this to gie ye, Kyrie, an' I'm fearful zad!" He handed her a damp, soggy piece of wood with the letters K. E. on it, almost obliterated.

She stared at it, a gripping pain at her heart.

"T'ank ye, Dan!"

The rough fisherman went away, and she listened to the creak of his oars as he pulled out to his boat.

"To'mie!" she gasped, brokenly, seizing the child in her arms—"To'mie!" The tears came then and draggled her face, soaking into her rough blouse. "Da-da's gone f'om us, To'mie; thar's jest me an' you now!"

The boy laughed in childish glee.

"To'mie an' mam togedder!" he gurgled, his arms about her neck. "Dat nice!" whispering in her ear.

She tried to make him understand, but in vain.

"To'mie an' mam togedder, an' da-da!" was the only answer from the red little lips. She put him to sleep then and went out into the silent night.

Glistening with the reflections of the stars, the ocean sobbed and moved sullenly, crinkling on the beach with lapplings and soft murmurings.

"Jack!" she whispered, throwing her arms to the moving waters—"Jack!"

No answer to her heart's cry but the sodden beat, beat, beat of the long swells on the bar.

"Where be ye, Jack?" she screamed.

Thr-r-om — thro-o-om — swa-a-asht! the sea answered her. For hours she waited, tending her fire, that every fisherman on the coast knew as "Widder Ellison's Light."

Then she gave up hope, living her lonely life, tending the lobster-pots, setting and hauling his nets.

Dan Bearn dropped anchor again in the little bay.

"Will ye marry me, Widder Ellison?"

She looked into his honest eyes with great sadness.

"Naw, Dan! I'm a-waitin' fur Jack! He be not dead, an' I knows ut! Naw man w'uld t' God above kill w'en he wass a-goin' fur t' sake o' hiss child!"

And the fisherman went away again, no anger or bitterness in his heart; only sorrow that "Sh' is mad entirely!"

Alone with the growing, laughing boy Kyrie lived, tending her nets and pots by day, feeding her fire on the beach by night. September came, and with it the hurtling gales of the equinoctial storms. It was hard to keep her fire going these nights, because the wind dragged the wood away fast as she piled it.

One evening she built up a huge cairn of timber, weighting it down with stones. She stared out across the strait keenly. *Boom — bo-om — bo-om!* the breakers thundered, and Kyrie shuddered.

"'Twass sich a night he an' Joe wass gone!" she whispered, lighting the heap with a kerosene-soaked rag.

The mass flamed and flared, shooting into the wind with droning heat. The woman watched the blaze for a time,

while the seas thundered and foamed at her feet, while the wind jerked at her clothes.

"I hope no wan goes ashore on Welcome Rocks this night," she murmured, and went into the house.

"Da-da's comin'!" the child said in sound sleep, and the mother sobbed outright.

"Ef he only wass comin', To'mie!"

She fell on the bed, crying and sobbing bitterly.

The wind screeched about the house as of old, whirling around the cracks viciously, moaning away. The woman's sorrow stilled then, and the only sound in the house was the pound, pound, pound and clash of raging seas, beating themselves to nothingness on the bar. Great whirling clouds dashed over the skies, gray-black and repulsive in the gloom. Heavier and heavier came the blow, fiercely echoing and screaming. The continuous crashing *ro-am — bo-om — sws-sht* of the combers drowned out the sound of the wind, and the woman slept.

Excited rough voices woke her. "Un's no chanst ter live on Welcome Rocks in *this* gale!"

The words sifted slowly into her brain.

"'Tis un ship ashore!" She fought herself into her clothes and ran out.

Lanterns moved here and there on the beach, and in their light the snarling, furious waves rolled with frightful weight, raking the shore with foam and yellow bubblings.

"She's a-goin'!" Kyrie heard a fisherman yell.

She saw then the masts of a schooner, hard and fast on the Welcome Rocks, the ship itself smothered in spray. Aye, and she could hear the rasping sound of wood grinding. The masts vanished then, and the fishermen gathered on the shore were silent.

"God help un!" she said.

Bodies drifted to the land; beaten by the ponderous seas, bruised, quite dead. One by one she saw them pulled from the angry frother. Then, faintly showing in the light of the many lanterns, a man's head showed in the surf.

"T're's 'un alive!" somebody shouted. They linked hands and reached out as far as they dared in the undertow.

"Got un!"

The last man dragged in two forms, nearly senseless.

"Praise be t' un's God!" Kyrie whispered.

The bodies were on the beach.

"'Tis Widder's Jack!" a voice roared.

Scarce believing her ears, Kyrie went to them. Seeing, she dropped on her knees.

"Jack! Jack! ye've coomed agin!"

The man's eyes opened. "Kyrie," he whispered—"Kyrie."

They disengaged his fingers from the neck and wrist of the man he had saved. The latter moved slightly, staring at Ellison.

"Man!" he muttered, in a dazed, weak voice. "What happened? Oh, my God! I know; we went astray!" He got to his knees haltingly, staring out on the raging waters, the wind whisking the drops from his matted hair.

"My ship?" he groaned, turning in agonizing fear from face to face of the circle about him. Here and there a head shook solemnly—and he understood. He staggered to the edge of the beach, the group parting before him silently. Lapping at his feet, foam ripples, remnants of mighty seas, splashed and receded. Tears streaming from his rough, unkempt chin, he peered through the clouds of stinging spray that drove over the beach with hissings and cold strength. "My ship!" He shook a trembling, knotted fist towards the depths. "Damn ye to hell!" His tones

were steel-like in their fury. "Damn ye! I hope you're satisfied now!" The skipper turned, and he saw the line of bodies. "My boys! my ship! my everything!—Who brought me ashore?" he snarled then.

"I did!" Ellison stood before him. The two watched each other's eyes. A faint smile stole over the skipper's face.

"God, man! I saved ye onct to bring yer back home; ye've saved me in return, fur what? Ye don't know! 'Tis best ye shouldn't!" He looked seaward once more and a fierce ague seemed to grasp him. He wavered, almost fell.

"Thar!" he said, holding out a clammy hand. "Shake, Jack. I said I'd put ye ashore here, an' I kept my word, didn't I?" Holding Ellison by a powerful grip, he swung his head, "Where's his wife?"

Kyrie darted forward.

"Is—is his boy alive?"

"T'ank un God, yiss!" she sobbed. Ellison's face lighted up with a rare glow. The skipper saw it.

"Now don't tell me th' devil never did a kind job!" His head sank on his chest.

"Not t' say that, mister!" Kyrie screamed, so that her words might be heard above the storm sounds. "Put un down t' th' credit o' the sea!"

He looked at her, his eyes shining strangely.

"Aye," and again the great fist shook towards the roaring billows, "put it down to the credit of the sea!"

Prescience

BY HELEN JULIET SHAFTER

IN expectation of the rain
The hills in languor lie—
With upturned looks, too proud to feign
Indifference to the sky.

A moment's hush, then from above
With sudden music, low
The mists, descending, hide a love
Whose joy is to bestow.

Studies of Natural Death

BY ELIE METCHNIKOFF

Professor at the Pasteur Institute, Paris

THE reader will perhaps be astonished to ascertain how little knowledge science can boast with respect to the problem of death. Whereas in religions, philosophies, literature, and popular traditions the question of death occupies a notably preponderant place, in scientific works it has been accorded but limited consideration. This regrettable fact may perhaps to a certain point explain—though it can hardly justify—the accusations sometimes brought against science, which devotes its time to matters of detail and neglects the great problems of human existence, such as death. When Tolstoi, haunted by the desire to decipher that problem, searched for its solution in the treatises of scientists, he found none but indefinite or insignificant answers. His indignation was thereupon kindled against those men who study all sorts of things by him judged useless, such as the world of insects, the composition of tissues and cells, and are unable to tell us what is the destiny of man and the meaning of death. We do not intend to try to solve those problems, but wish simply to give a glance over the actual state of the question of natural death.

When we speak here of natural death we mean the phenomenon resulting necessarily from the organization of a being, and not from accident. In current language, death by illness is called natural. But illness is avoidable, and not a fatal result of the properties inherent to our organization.

It was formerly thought that natural death was the inevitable end of all life, and that the principle itself of an organism contained the germ of its end. It was therefore a matter of surprise to discover that in many among the inferior organisms death only follows upon accident, and that these creatures,

if protected from all violent interference, do not die. Organisms composed of a single cell (such as the Infusoria and many other Protozoa and inferior plants) reproduce themselves by division, and are transformed into two or three new beings; the mother organism has, as it were, dissolved into its progeny without having suffered any real death.

Among plants of high order, as well as microscopic vegetations, instances are not wanting of the absence of natural death. Life may have unlimited duration, provided the intimate parts of the organism expended in vital functioning be renewed.

From this it must not be concluded that natural death is unknown in the vegetable kingdom. Quite the other way. Cases are encountered at every step of plants dying without being deprived of life by any external agency. Even among organisms of closely related species some will be found exempt from natural death and others subject to it.

Natural death can be put off by preventing a plant from producing seed. Thus Professor Hugo de Vries prolonged the life of his *Oenothera* by cutting every blossom before fecundation.

It is usual to mow the rye-grass of lawns before it begins to blossom, in order to prevent the ripening of the seed and the death of the plant. Under these circumstances rye-grass remains green and lives for several years.

It is a question whether the natural death of superior plants, which it has been agreed to ascribe to exhaustion, cannot better be explained as the result of poisoning, brought about in the course of their vital functioning. Plants often produce poisons such as can kill animals and men. Why should they not produce poisons such as can injure themselves? There is nothing improbable in the sup-

position that certain of these poisons develop exactly at the moment of the maturation of the seed. By preventing the maturation one would prevent the poisoning of the whole organism. This hypothesis perfectly fits the numerous cases of natural death while the soil is still far from exhausted. The equally numerous cases of partial death, such as the death of flowers while the same stalk is producing other flowers, might be explained by a local action of the poison, insufficient to affect the whole plant.

While, however, the idea of the auto-intoxication of superior plants is for the time being only a hypothesis, we are justified in accepting as true the idea of the natural death of bacteria and yeast microbes through poisoning, occasioned by their own proper products.

The instances of natural death in the animal world are conspicuous, in comparison with those in the vegetable world, for their greater variety and complexity. There seems no doubt that this manner of death established itself independently in the different groups of animals.

Fifty years ago an American naturalist, Dana, discovered on the surface of the sea a little animal of so singular a character that he named it "Monstrilla." It is a small crustacean, akin to the Cyclops so common in ponds. But while the latter are furnished with all that is necessary to capture and digest their food, the Monstrilla has neither apparatus for seizing prey, nor digestive tube. It is richly provided with muscles, nervous system, organs of sense, and sexual organs; it only lacks what is necessary to prolong life by alimentation. The Monstrilla is doomed therefore to natural death.

Among the Ephemera, who offer one of the best examples of natural death, the end comes after a few hours of life in the perfect state, without the slightest sign discoverable of any degeneration of the organs. As there are other Ephemera (Chloe), who, without taking food, live several days, it is improbable that the short life of the first is brought to an end by inanition. These instances of natural death can better be attributed to autointoxication, the effect of which

makes itself felt at different times, according to circumstances.

Among the superior animals—Vertebrata—conditions are less favorable than among the Invertebrata for the study of natural death. Among the former all possess sufficiently well-developed digestive organs, and live therefore much longer than those inferior animals which have no such organs. Natural death therefore very seldom occurs among the vertebrates, who mostly die from external causes, such as cold and hunger, or else are devoured by their enemies or killed by infectious or parasitical diseases. There is therefore only humankind left for the study of natural death among beings endowed with a superior organization.

The death of the aged, which is often described as natural death, is, in the great majority of cases, due either to infectious diseases, and especially pneumonia (which takes a very insidious form), or to attacks of apoplexy. True natural death is very rare among humankind. Demange* describes it as follows: "Having reached the extremity of age, retaining still the last glimmerings of a fading intelligence, the old man feels debility gaining upon him day by day; his limbs refuse to obey his failing will, his skin becomes insensible, dry, and cold; warmth withdraws from his extremities, his face grows thin, his eyes hollow, and his eyesight dull; speech dies upon his lips, which remain agape; life forsakes the old man from the circumference to the centre; his breathing becomes labored, and finally his heart ceases to beat. The old man has thus gently gone out, appearing for the last time to fall asleep."

Among humankind there can be no question of exhaustion from procreation as a cause of natural death, or of inanition, as in the case of the Monstrillas. It is much more likely that such death is owing to an autointoxication of the organism. This hypothesis rests upon the marked analogy between natural death and sleep, and the probability that the latter is simply the result of poisoning by the harmful elements generated by the activity of our organs.

The theory that sleep is the result

* *Etude Clinique sur la Vieillesse*. Paris, 1886. Page 145.

of an autointoxication of the organism was first broached about fifty years ago. It has been sustained by many eminent scientists, among whom I may mention Obersteiner, Binz, Preyer, Errera. The first two attribute sleep to an accumulation in the brain of products of exhaustion, which are carried off by the blood during rest. An attempt has even been made to gain accurate knowledge of the nature of these narcotic substances. Various scientists believe it to be an acid which is stored during the activity of our organs in too great quantity to be tolerated. During sleep the organism casts off this excess of acid products.

Preyer,* going deep into the study of this problem, put forth the hypothesis that the functioning of all the organs generates products designated by him under the name of *ponogena*, which occasion the sensation of fatigue. According to him, these substances are gathered during wakefulness and destroyed during sleep through oxidation. Preyer believes it to be lactic acid which plays the most important part among the *ponogena*, which view is supported by the narcotic effect of that substance. If Preyer's theory should prove correct, a remarkable analogy would be shown between the auto-intoxication by lactic acid of men and animals overcome by sleep, and the bacteria which produce the same acid and whose fermentescent activity stops as a result of the accumulation of that substance.

The theory of Preyer has so far, however, not been confirmed. Errera† holds a different one, according to which not acid products, but certain alkaline substances, described by Armand Gautier under the name of *leucomaines*, are held to be the cause of sleep. Gautier has ascertained that these substances act upon the nervous centres, occasioning weariness and desire for sleep. They might therefore very well, according to Errera, be the cause of sleep, which might be supposed to come about at the moment of the greatest accumulation of these leucomaines in the organism. The latter scientist believes the somniferous action of the *ponogena* to be direct, and to consist of an intoxication of the nervous

centres. He believes that the substances in question are eliminated during sleep and the disturbance brought about by them in great measure repaired.

Every stage in the progress of science has had its effect upon the study of the extraordinarily complex and interesting problem of sleep. At the time when an important influence was ascribed to alkaloid substances (ptomaines) in infectious diseases, the attempt was made to show that sleep was brought about by the working of analogous substances. Nowadays, the conviction having been reached that in such diseases the preponderant action belongs to poisons of an extremely complex chemical composition, the attempt is made to explain weariness and sleep by the influence of such poisons.

Among researches in this line, those especially of Weichardt* have in recent times attracted attention. This young scientist vigorously sustains his position that during the functioning of the organs an accumulation is produced of particular substances which are neither organic acid nor leucomaines, but which bear a likeness rather to the poisonous products of parthenogenous microbes.

Weichardt keeps certain laboratory animals executing fatiguing movements without interruption for hours, after which they are sacrificed. Under these conditions the muscular extract is found to be very poisonous; when injected into normal animals, these give evidence of extraordinary weariness, and sometimes, in the course of from twenty to forty hours, they die. Every effort to determine the chemical nature of the fatigue-producing substance having failed, it is impossible to speak of it with precision. Among its properties is one of especial interest. When introduced into the circulation of normal animals in a quantity insufficient to produce death, it provokes the formation of a counter-poison, even as diphtheritic poison occasions the production of diphtheritic antitoxin.

When Weichardt injected the poisonous mixture productive of exhaustion with small doses of antidote serum, the animals showed no sign of physical disturbance. The neutralizing action of the counter-

* *Revue Scientifique*. 1887, p. 1173.

† *Revue Scientifique*. 1887, 2d semestre, p. 105.

* *Münchener medicinische Wochenschrift*. 1904, Verhandlungen der physiologischen Gesellschaft zu Berlin.

poison made itself felt even when introduced through the mouth. As a result of his researches, Weichardt believes he will be able to obtain a substance preventive of fatigue.

Although it is as yet impossible to speak authoritatively upon the nature of the substances which accumulate during the functioning of the organs and occasion fatigue and sleep, it more and more appears probable that such substances exist, and that sleep is really due to a sort of autointoxication of the organism. This theory has so far stood unshaken by any argument. In recent times Ed. Claparède,* a Genevese psychologist, has raised his voice against the prevalent theory of sleep. He holds that it is contradicted by the fact that the new-born sleep much, while the aged sleep little. But this can be readily explained by the much greater sensibility of the nervous centres in the child, who manifests likewise a greater sensibility with regard to a number of injurious factors. The other objections of Claparède, such as the favoring action upon sleep of a walk in the open air, the state of sleepiness after excess of sleep, can nowise be considered incompatible with the theory of autointoxication. They are facts of a secondary order, and depend probably upon some complication which it is impossible in the actual state of our knowledge to determine precisely.

Many well-authenticated facts, on the other hand, are found to be in perfect harmony with the theory of autointoxication. Without speaking of the sleep brought on by narcotic poisons, we can instance the "disease of sleep." It has been perfectly demonstrated that this disease is the work of a microscopic parasite, the *Trypanosome gambien* of Dutton, which develops in the blood and spreads through the liquid of the coats wrapping the nervous centres. One of the typical characteristics of an advanced stage of this disease is a state of continuous sleep. From all that is actually known in medical science, it cannot be doubted that this state of sleep is due to an intoxication produced by the poison of the *Trypanosome*.

Claparède opposes to the toxic theory of

* *Archives des Sciences Physiques et Naturelles*. Genève, Mars, 1904, V.

sleep another theory which he calls "instinctive." According to him, sleep should be regarded as the manifestation of an instinct "the object of which is the suspension of function: it is not because we are poisoned or exhausted that we sleep, but we sleep in order to avoid becoming so." For bringing into work this narcotic instinct, however, the concurrence is needed of certain physiological conditions, one among which might easily be an intoxication of the nervous centres. Hunger is an instinctive sensation, like the desire for sleep; but it is only felt when our tissues have reached a certain state of exhaustion, which we are not yet able precisely to define. There is no essential contradiction therefore between the toxic and the instinctive theories of sleep. The two theories merely consider a particular condition of the organism from two different sides.

The analogy between sleep and natural death permits the supposition that the latter is the result likewise of an autointoxication, much deeper and graver than that producing sleep.

It may be supposed that as in sleep an instinctive need of rest is manifested, in natural death is manifested man's instinctive aspiration toward death.

The most convincing fact in proof of the existence in man of an instinct of natural death seems to me that reported by Toxarsky, in relation to an old woman. In the lifetime of Toxarsky, I begged an acquaintance of his to obtain for me the details of this most interesting case, of which I had found but an incomplete statement. Toxarsky unfortunately could add nothing to what he had published in his article. I believe, however, that I have found the source from which his instance had been taken. In his book upon the physiology of taste,* which had its day of celebrity, Brillat-Savarin relates the following: "I had a great-aunt, ninety-three years old, who was dying. Although for some time confined to her bed, she had retained all her faculties, and her condition was only betrayed by her loss of appetite and the weakening of her voice. She had always shown a fondness for me, and I was near her bed, affectionately ready to wait on her, which did not prevent my watching

* Paris, 1834, 4th Edition. VII., p. 118.

her with the philosophical eye I have ever had for the things and events surrounding me. 'Are you there, nephew?' she asked, in a scarcely audible voice. 'Yes, aunt; I am here at your service, and I think you would do well to take a little good old wine.' 'Give, *mon ami*; one can always swallow liquid.' I hastened; raising her gently, I made her take half a glass of my best wine. She brightened for a moment, and looking at me with eyes which had once been very fine, 'Thank you,' she said, 'for this last favor; *if ever you reach my age, you will find that death becomes a need, just like sleep.*' These were her last words; half an hour later she had fallen asleep forever. We unmistakably have here an instance of the instinct of natural death. The instinct was shown at a relatively early age, in a person who had retained all her intellectual faculties."

We are at present studying a lady not far from one hundred and five years of age. Her physical strength has suffered a marked diminution and her senses a loss of acuteness, but her sentiments and intelligence are still in good preservation. She does not express the need to die, but she has become totally indifferent with regard to her death, which constitutes probably the prelude to the instinct of natural death.

Monsieur Yves Delage,* a well-known zoologist, in an analysis of my studies upon human nature, expresses his doubts as to the existence of an instinct serving neither for the preservation of the individual nor that of the species. In his mind the idea of the instinct of death is nonsense. I cannot share the view of my learned critic. Both in man and in animals many harmful instincts are known to exist, which have nothing to do with insuring life or reproduction. To this class belong the anomalies of the sexual instinct, so frequent among mankind, as well as the instinct which impels parents to devour their young, or that which attracts insects to the fire. These instincts are for the greater part injurious to the individual and the species.

The idea that this instinct of natural death is in all probability accompanied

* *Année biologique.*

by as peaceable and pleasant a sensation as can be conceived will still further increase its beneficent effect upon humanity. We have no precise knowledge with regard to this sensation, but the few data possessed upon accidental death permit a conception of its agreeable nature.

It is undeniable that in a great many cases of death, such as we actually witness, the cessation of life is accompanied by painful sensations. There are, however, diseases and fatal accidents in which the approach of death brings no pain. In our own experience, during an attack of intermittent fever, when the temperature had in a short space of time fallen more than forty-one degrees below normal, we were conscious of a sensation of extraordinary weakness, resembling no doubt that which foreruns death. As a matter of fact, the sensation was grateful rather than painful. In two cases of poisoning by morphine the sensation was as agreeable as possible: a gentle faintness, accompanied by such lightness of body that one felt as if afloat in the air.

Those observers who have given their attention to the sensations of persons who have narrowly escaped death report facts of the same character. Professor Heim, at Zurich, has given an account of a fall during a mountain climb, in which he came near losing his life, and accounts of other accidents of the kind befalling Alpine tourists. In every case he has described an attendant feeling of beatitude.

If in cases of death by illness we meet this sensation of beatitude, all the more might it be expected in natural death. Preceded by the loss of the instinct of life and the acquisition of the instinct of natural death, the latter must be held to be the best ending, in accordance with the true principles of human nature.

We do not pretend to offer the reader a complete doctrine of natural death. This chapter upon the science of death is hardly more than begun, but it is already beyond question that the study of the phenomena of natural death in the vegetable and animal world, as well as among humankind, will furnish information of the highest interest from the standpoint of science and of humanity.

Turned Out to Grass

BY GEORGIA WOOD PANGBORN

JOHN BLAISDELL looked out over the soft-bosomed mountains, glimmering river, and crude green of a near strip of woodland which made up the "view" from Walter Harkness's new house, and said, "I envy you."

If the passion of envy always left a man's face so placidly kind, it would hardly need placing on the list of deadly sins. Perhaps he should have said "congratulate," yet that would not have been all the truth. No,—it was envy, rarefied and harmless.

The city lay behind him like a foul dream. The murky office where he had worked half-heartedly these many empty years—he thought of it with the distaste of one who has cracked a bad nut between his teeth. And the heat! He had fled to the hills that morning with the consciousness of heat apoplexy perched upon his shoulder like black care, not leaving him until he tumbled into the inchoate but welcoming bosom of the Harkness family, saying feebly, "I—thought you wouldn't mind." Harkness, having relieved him of collar and coat, stretched him in a hammock on the unfinished veranda, where Mrs. Harkness, with maternal purring, brought him a mint julep and a palm-leaf fan. The children were down by the brook, she said, and would go crazy as soon as they caught sight of him.

Harkness had bought the wonderful old farm in March. Orchards, meadows, and wood-lot of a hundred years' cultivation, old Dutch farmhouse to make an architect's eyes shine over the remodelling of it, so much could be done without injuring its fine, strong lines. It was long, low, rooted to the soil, with a giant of a chimney whose fireplaces—in the kitchen the crane and hooks had been bricked in just as they hung—were already restored to their old uses. The roof would bear a discreet pair of dormers, and a wide veranda would in no way hurt the solid and primitive dignity of style. Then,

with the cellar cemented and the water brought up from the brook with a ram, there seemed little left in this world for a man's desire, particularly when one ranged in the foreground of these possessions the five pretty faces which belonged to Harkness—the prettiest of the five being that under the busy sun-bonnet in the berry-patch, whither Mrs. Harkness had departed after administering the julep.

The changes were now progressing, the noise of them having but just subsided for the day.

Blaisdell, having lit a cigar, nestled deeper into the hammock like a tired child and drowsily repeated his placid declaration of envy.

To his surprise, Harkness, after drawing on his pipe for a moment in silence, blurted out, "Well, I don't know—"

Blaisdell raised himself on his elbow and stared.

"Not a fly in the ointment so soon?"

"Flies have a way of getting into ointment," grumbled Harkness. "One must expect it, I suppose."

Blaisdell studied his downcast face anxiously. "The title's all right." That was his first thought, the responsibility of searching it having lain upon his own shoulders.

"Legally, yes. Practically, there seem to be two opinions, and if old Van Ander pesters me much more, he'll have me doubting whether I've any moral right to the place at all."

"Van Ander? What kick has he got? You paid him in full."

"He wants to eat his cake and have it too. He offered to buy it back the day the men began to rip things open; but, hang it! I'd signed the contract for the repair-work—even if I'd been willing otherwise to give it up. You have to draw the line at altruism *somewhere*, and he didn't even have the full sum that I'd paid him. His daughters—a sort of

Goneril and Regan pair—had already got away with about a third of it. He lives with Goneril, down the hill a bit. You can see the chimney and the window of his little attic room." He pointed with the stem of his pipe. "There, between the cedars. It wasn't visible when we first came, but he had a big cedar cut down so that he could watch us better. He has a spy-glass. It's trained on us now, unless he's sneaking around the farm, mourning over weeds in the corn and potatoes."

In the far-away black eye of the window Blaisdell fancied he detected some kind of movement, a lighter blur the size of a face, and then, like the light in the pupil of an eye, a gleam as of sun striking on glass.

"Comes here and snarls at the workmen for spoiling the house," mourned Harkness. "A dozen times a day I'll hear him tune up, always beginning the same way—'It's none of my business.' For instance: 'It's none of my business, but you never can keep warm at them fireplaces in winter. We had 'em bricked up a-purpose. I done it myself, me an' the hired man, thirty year ago, come Thanksgiving. You'll be mighty glad to come back to stoves, I can tell ye.' Or: 'It's none of my business'—this was when the furnace came—'but I wouldn't have one o' them infernal machines in my cellar for a thousand dollars. Forget to put water in 'em some day, and then where'll ye be? Powder-mill blew up, over yonder, ten year ago; killed two men. You could see the smoke twenty mile.' And if it's all I can do to keep civil, you can imagine the effect on the workmen. One of them came down from the roof the other day and stuck his chin in the old man's face. 'If it's none of your business, dry up an' go home! Your mother oughtn't to let you out.' Van Ander got white and turned tail. But the carpenter repented, being Irish, and next day, when Van Ander came slinking up, they sat on a pile of lumber, smoking sociably through the noon hour. What the old fellow said I don't know, but as the Irishman climbed up to the roof again, I heard him say, 'Looney!' Maybe he's right. I don't know. Van Ander thinks I am. He spreads accounts of my insanity through the neigh-

borhood, helps himself to my fruit, prowls around the house at night—I've often looked out and seen him in moonlight or early sunrise sitting all huddled up on a pile of lumber."

"Have you threatened to arrest him for trespass?"

"Oh no; you couldn't, you know."

"Shucks! Tell him to go and buy another farm. You can't blame yourself for anything."

"I don't blame myself, exactly. Yes, why *doesn't* he buy another farm? That's what I asked him. He says he's too old to begin over again. Seems to blame me for *that*. Yet he's only fifty-five."

"But—fifty-five— I'm forty-nine myself. Fifty-five isn't old."

"And I'm forty-five. No. You'd think he could begin again."

"Fifty-five! That isn't old. You're just ready to settle down and enjoy things at fifty-five. At fifty-five you ought to have done enough drudgery so that you can sit down with a good appetite to the—well, the essential things that one can only give half an eye to while one is hurrying about on the business of daily bread. For instance, I've been planning—how would you like me for a neighbor? I just ache to scratch around in the dirt and make things grow. And we could get up golf-links and a tennis-court for the kiddies, and winters I'd put in writing law-books—"

He had wandered from the Van Ander problem, his enthusiasm having broken away coltishly into imaginary green pastures. He sat up astride of the hammock and looked about at the landscape, now taking on the vague yellow and purple bloom of late afternoon. "What's the use of staying shut up in an office when you can have all this? 'Go out and possess the land.' I thought I'd build a lodge of about four rooms with a big fireplace. I suppose I could get a native female to come in and clean up."

Harkness brightened, then grew doubtful. "It sounds good, and your head-piece is enough better than Van Ander's, so you might stand it all right, but—giving up one's occupation—for myself, I'd be afraid to stop painting."

"But you artist fellows—that's different. That's the way your brain is made in the beginning. You can't stop. But



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

"YOU CAN NEVER KEEP WARM AT THEM FIREPLACES IN WINTER"

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

a profession, like law, is accident and environment."

"Maybe. It would be great luck, having you for a neighbor. But Van Ander was so chipper at the idea of quitting work. Said he was being turned out to grass. Always believed in turning old horses out to grass when they'd worked hard all their lives. His children were married, and he was lonesome all by himself. He'd board around with them. They could take care of the old man, he guessed, seeing as how he'd made 'em each a present of a house and lot when they got married. Well, he has stayed with Goneril ever since. Her attic window gives him a view of us."

"Goneril and Regan—are they so terrifically Shakespearian as all that?"

"Shakespeare knew most things—among others the singular effect which somebody else's money has on the primitive mind. The Van Ander Goneril and Regan aren't good-looking, as one imagines the Misses Lear to have been. Regan—who might not be so bad if he'd give her a chance—is fat and snubby, and has eight or ten children. Her real name is Lyddy Ann. Goneril's name is Claribel, and she's built like a hat-rack. She hasn't any children, only a cat, who comes up here now and then after a chicken. She called on Lucy when we first came, and stayed all the afternoon. Lucy nearly went crazy trying to entertain her. She kissed Lucy when she went away. Lucy said it was like being caressed by a file or a dried herring, except that it was slimy as well as dried up.

"She wears a very blue silk shirt-waist, and a picture-hat with pink roses, and white cotton gloves, and sings in the choir. Hereabouts she's considered quite stylish. And she's a good housekeeper, with all kinds of mats to wipe your feet on; and she wouldn't let poor old Van Ander take Moses, his dog, to her house, because dogs clutter 'round. You'll remember Lear's daughters wouldn't let him have followers, either. I've been reading *Lear* lately; thought I might get points from it. That's what they finally split on—the followers. Goneril thinks her cat is enough pets for the family, and doesn't see why her father needs his dog around, when the cat is willing and ready to sit in his lap at any time. He came up here

and gave me the dog and told me his troubles. That was before he went back on me. He was grateful to me then for taking the beast. Now he seems to think I won him away by craft and guile. Strange thing, a point of view! Perhaps digestion affects it a good deal. They live on coffee and ham and canned tomatoes down at Goneril's."

A long and elaborate peal upon a Japanese gong—this manner of announcing dinner was the familiar task of a small Harkness—called them into the house. The glow of sunset struck across the dinner-table, emphasizing the shining chafing-dish and the large glass dish of red and yellow raspberries. The children kept up an incessant chirping, while Mrs. Harkness, busy and content, extended her motherly care even to Blaisdell and to the dog Moses, who watched from the doorway.

Remembering how pale and winter-killed those ruddy faces had been before the farm was bought, Blaisdell rejoiced in the clear tan which now masked them all. Even the pink and white of the two-year-old had taken on a golden tinge. He was a quiet person, but with a tendency to put his fist in the sugar-bowl.

The air was hot and dry; plants, even weeds, were dying of the drouth, but the pressure at Blaisdell's neck was gone, and that terror of ambulances, hospitals, and the "Death List for the Day" had departed.

"We've lost our blackcaps," said Mrs. Harkness. Her face was burned more richly than the children's, particularly the capable-looking nose. "The heat has withered them on the bushes—little dried-up mummies. But the yellow raspberries do very well, and some red ones are left, and next week there'll be blackberries—monsters! There's simply no end to the fruit. Have you seen the quince-orchard? We'll have to sell some. It would be a sin to let it waste, and if I put it all up, there'd be enough for a regiment: I'm going to start a cannery—home-made jams, you know, and that sort of thing. I've read of women who made money that way, and paid off mortgages and things—"

She stopped and blushed, not having meant to mention mortgages before Blaisdell, since it was he who held the mort-



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

"THERE'S THE MOON," SAID HARKNESS

gage on the house, and she suspected (but Blaisdell knew) that the likelihood of its early payment was small.

After dinner Harkness suggested: "There's some mint up the road. We might have another julep before going to bed." So they started out with their pipes and Moses. By that time the stars were coming out above the pale remnant of sunset. The small insect noises sounded thirsty and faint. So long had the drouth and heat continued that there was no dew. The dusty white ribbon of road wavered up a hill so that by degrees one came to a view of the valley, where the window lights twinkled, much like the meadow of fireflies nearer at hand.

Having reached a spot where the fragrance of mint hung like an invisible cloud, they sat on a fence with their feet dangling in the leaves, waiting for moonlight to show them the plants; but Moses went over to the other side of the road, where the slim cedars stood like men in the darkness, and lay down with an odd whimper, his tail stirring up a cloud of dust as it brushed back and forth.

"You say Van Ander hasn't bothered Lucy yet?"

"No; I've managed to ward him off one way or another. I don't want her pity roused. She thinks he's a nuisance, but has missed the tragedy of it so far—and—she mustn't be worried—now."

A comprehending flicker of memory showed Blaisdell a small pink knit shoe, the needles still sticking in it, which had peeped at him out of a demure pink-ribboned work-basket. The Harkness two-year-old had outgrown the foolishness of pink knit shoes ages ago. Decidedly, then, Lucy must be guarded from worries.

For, once Blaisdell had a wife himself, and they two had lived in a suburban house with an acre of ground, where he had done great things with a garden. For a season she had been busy in that way, knitting little shoes. But they had never been worn. Instead she took the baby as soon as ever he came and went away with him into a sort of mist. If they had lived, Blaisdell would hardly have begun to think of retiring from business at forty-nine; there would have been too much to work for. Decidedly, Lucy must have no worries.

"There's the moon," said Harkness. "Looks like a fire, doesn't it? She'll be up directly. You can make out the rim now."

The great red bubble swelled up over the edge of the trees.

"You don't get tired of these things. If it weren't so dusty, the night would be perfect. 'Sh!—look there—by the fence—by gracious! Do you suppose he heard?"

In the faint shimmer of moonlight they saw that what they had taken for one of those slim graveyard cedars was a man leaning against the fence, his face turned toward the valley, while Moses curled about his feet.

"Good evening, Mr. Van Ander," called Harkness. "Fine night."

"Yes," came dully. "But we need rain."

"Have a cigar?"

"Oh,—it's you, is it?"

The figure hesitated, its head bent toward them, but it was too dark to see the eyes; then shambled away without further remark than a kind of weary grunt, Moses trotting silently after, forgetful that there had been a change of masters.

"I don't," said Harkness, "seem to find any further pleasure here."

"He couldn't be going to the house to bother Lucy?"

"He's never been inside yet. Still—let's get the mint and go back. I can smell it hereabout."

By the light of a match they made out to gather a few handfuls of the rough, fragrant leaves, and then turned back, the toads scuttling out of their way with a dry rustle and flop into the grass. On one side of them was the resigned, incessant lament of a whippoorwill, on the other the tremulous screech of an owl, and there was a furtive melancholy in the parched, sullen air of the midsummer night, which centred to their distressed imagination in the shambling figure ahead of them, whose way took him past lighted windows that used to be his own, past the perfume of an orchard where he might now enter only as a thief, though the trees were of his own planting.

They saw him on a rise of ground against the sky, plodding and sorrowful, heard his footsteps for a moment; then the wind took the leaves and with their insistent rustle obscured other sounds.

But when they reached the box hedge, there he stood with elbows on the gate, intent upon the shadowy bulk of masons' paraphernalia set out upon the disordered lawn. He pointed a finger that shook with anger.

"It's none of my business, but them fellows o' your'n got their bags of cement right onto my wife's lily-o'-the-valley bed. I don't care about flowers myself, but I supposed all proper womenfolks did;" and with this innuendo against Mrs. Harkness, whose pleasant profile at that moment passed the window, intent on some little fragment of household business, Mr. Van Ander took his dark way down the hill to his daughter's house and the hot, unsavory attic, whence the lights of his old house would be visible until he slept, and its roof the first thing he would see in the fresh gray and pink of the morning.

"We might move that cement," said Blaisdell, eying doubtfully the pile of twelve bags, each of them of the bulk and more than the weight of a man.

Harkness groaned. "No. It might as well be that as anything else. The drouth had killed the plants, anyway, and there's so little space just here to put things. They'll probably come up another year. The cement won't be there more than a week, anyway. Last week we had to take down a vine so that the men could break in for the dormer. We didn't hurt it any more than we could possibly help. It will be as good as ever in a year or two; but he came up and watched. 'It's none of my business, but I planted that creeper myself, thirty year ago, when I was first married.' I couldn't get it into his head that I wasn't hurting it."

"Why don't you send her to the shore or somewhere until this business is over? Perhaps he'll settle down when the building is done. Of course that keeps him riled."

"You couldn't budge her with dynamite. She's in love with the place, and thriving like a weed."

"I think, in your place, I'd budge somebody."

But Harkness responded with the placidity of experience, "You don't know her."

The voice of a phonograph suddenly

cut through the night, from the direction in which the old man had gone, dominating all the smaller raspings of insects like some brazen cicada:

"Way down upon the Suwanee Ribber—"

"Yes," said Harkness, dryly, "they've been getting all the latest improvements down at Goneril's since Van Ander's money went to live there. The phonograph is new. Last week it was a crayon enlargement of her photograph. She wanted me to come down and give my opinion as an artist."

"You went?"

"Yes. You get to wondering where the old boy will bring up. You are unwholesomely attracted to the scene of his sufferings the way people are attracted to the house where there has been a murder; not that there is anything about it different from other houses of that class—a little grimmer and less homelike, maybe,—not much. The portrait was about what she deserved."

"All up an' down de whole creation,"

snarled the phonograph.

When it had delivered all the verses of the "Suwanee River," it took up in succession "Home, Sweet Home," "Old Black Joe," and "My Old Kentucky Home"; and having sung them all, began at the beginning and went through them again. It croaked far into the night, for Goneril was entertaining company; and it was not until after eleven that it ended with a grand bray of "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

Blaisdell, kept awake by the clamor, lit a cigar, and sat on his window-ledge in the moonlight, considering with some wonder that country people were, after all, born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, just like city people. It seemed odd that it should be so, looking at the delicate glimmer of the moonlight on the stirring leaves. Did beauty make no difference, then? And if he fled the city, as he had planned, would Black Care follow on? Would he wish, like Van Ander, to buy back his humdrum content?

"O-oh, Nellie was a La-ady,
La-a-ast night she died,"

jeered the machine.

But silence came at last, and he fell



Drawn by Harold Matthews Brett

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"SHE'S IN LOVE WITH THE PLACE"

asleep. Once, toward morning, Moses lifted his voice and clanked his chain. But his alarmed threats changed quickly to appealing whimpers, a regular thudding indicating that his tail, in violent agitation, was whacking his kennel. "Van Ander," thought Blaisdell, sleepily, and drowsed off while wondering whether he had curiosity enough to get up and peep at this midnight colloquy between the old man and his dog.

"The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch and Sweetheart, see, they bark
at me,"

he quoted in his dream, and thought he was watching Lear on the stage, and that Goneril wore a blue silk shirt-waist, and objected to dogs.

Harkness's insistent hand on his shoulder woke him. At first he was indignant to see the sunrise color still in the sky, then suddenly became alert and cool, and very wide awake. Harkness was stammering and shivering.

"You've got to help me. I—I cut him down, but he was already cold, so I've locked the door—"

"What!"

"It's a way f-farmers have. I've read of such things, and I ought to have known. Th-they are always hanging themselves in barns."

Blaisdell dressed with speed.

"You're sure you locked the barn door? And Lucy?"

"She has waked up and will be getting breakfast. She'll want to go and hunt for eggs."

"I'll get the eggs," said Blaisdell, quickly, "and hitch up the horse at the same time. Keep close watch on the house while I get ready. I'll take her and the kids on a picnic for the day. You'll be free then to—see to things. The workmen will be coming—and Goneril and Regan, I suppose. To-morrow morning, by the first train, I'll take Lucy and the kids to the shore. I know of a cottage. And they needn't know—not for a long time, anyway—"

The farm looked as peaceful as ever when Blaisdell, anxious-eyed, drove up that evening with his happy carriageful of picnickers.

Harkness, pale and tired, nodded reassuringly. The barn door stood innocently open. The only thing not quite right was the strange humor of Moses, who sat chained at his kennel door, howling—long, strange, wild cries.

The next morning as Blaisdell sat in the train with the Harkness two-year-old, heavy and pliant with sleep, in his arms, and the rest of the two seats overflowing with jubilant Harknesses, he gravely considered, as he had done before, that Walter had too much artistic temperament to take care of such a handful of humanity as this without being supervised himself. Never in the world, no matter how famous he became, would he lay by enough to see them all properly through school and college and to steady them for their first bout with the world. The hermitage, therefore, must be put off for a while. What were childless old folk for, anyway? The post of uncle was an important one, and of much responsibility.

Moreover, since beholding that grim old bit of clay in the barn, he had somehow lost his eagerness to throw up his occupation. How could he know that he would take to a useless pasture life any better than old Van Ander had done, who had been so jolly a few months before about being turned out to grass? "Better wear out than rust out,"—the proverb sounded menacing. Content and idleness might not go together, after all.

That dusty office, ugly and tiresome—one might miss it badly. Who would feed the mouse that lived at the back of his lowest desk-drawer and had nibbled important papers until he had substituted worthless ones? The hoarse noise of Wall Street, the flock of pigeons making military evolutions above the tall buildings, the sinuous flight of ticker-tapes—was it for things like these that one might become very homesick, just as another had done for orchards and fields no longer his?

As the train began to be invaded by the more lifeless air of the town, he squared his shoulders and sat up straight. He was going back to harness and plough. Blessed be drudgery, that keeps a man's mind clean and sane!

A Portrait by J. Alden Weir

WHEN theories of impressionism began to be accepted, the palettes of painters were lightened for all time. Black shadows vanished under the new study of the complex action and reaction of light on objects, and with the new manner of seeing came a new mode of art expression. Returning from abroad while discussion of method was at its height, Mr. Weir's work for some years was more interesting for its technical sophistication than as an expression of his own personality; but it gave evidence of the new order of things that had come about, and carried an influence that was widely felt among native painters. In temperament he is very impressionable. Sensitive to the aspect of externals, his desire to record his impressions has tended to make him diffuse, and delayed the development of his interpretative powers. But with technical problems solved, came the eager searching for more subtle qualities, the self-torment for emotional expression—a side on which his work has gained enormously in recent years—his essays in landscape art particularly showing a lyrical suggestiveness and a note of idyllic peace.

In this study of young womanhood, one of his latest pictures, which is now in the gallery of William T. Evans, Esq., there is repose and a hint of the deep meaning of life hitherto seldom found in his work. A mood pervades the picture, and the sentiment and mystery of femininity are feelingly expressed. Instead of artistic precocity there is sober earnestness as well as much beauty of color, the author seemingly having found a style that accords with his temperament. The long experimental period seems over and the painter has come into his own. Where formerly he was interested in artistic modes, he now is bent on recording the dominant mood, and setting forth his perception of the emotional value of his theme, than which there is no higher aim.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"A GENTLEWOMAN," BY J. ALDEN WEIR

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

New Letters of Washington

COMMENT BY GEORGE S. HELLMAN

THAT Washington was not wholly possessed of such excessive virtue of truthfulness is proved in a letter to Governor Clinton (August 16, 1777), wherein we find refutation of that tradition of superhuman honesty which the cherry-tree legend has served to foster. The italicized lines in the following excerpt prove that for the sake of his country Washington could tell, or at least countenance, a lie. Ticonderoga had in the previous month fallen before General Burgoyne, who then made his advance, confident that the loyalists would flock to his victorious banner. In this he was disappointed, and by the middle of August he and his Indian allies were threatened on all sides. The day before the date of this letter his German mercenaries were defeated at the battle of Bennington. Washington had not yet heard the good tidings when he wrote. This letter, overlooked by most historians, though not entirely unknown, contains the following paragraph:

"In addition to the two regiments, which are gone from Peekskill, I am forwarding as fast as possible, to join the northern army, Colonel Morgan's corps of riflemen, amounting to about five hundred. These are all chosen men, selected from the army at large, well acquainted with the use of rifles, and with that mode of fighting which is necessary to make them a good counterpoise to the Indians; and they have distinguished themselves on a variety of occasions, since the formation of the corps, in skirmishes with the enemy. I expect the most eminent services from them; and I shall be mistaken if their presence does not go far towards producing a general desertion among the savages. *I should think it would be well, even before their arrival, to begin to circulate these ideas, with proper embellishments, throughout the*

country and in the army; and to take pains to communicate them to the enemy. It would not be amiss, among other things, to magnify their numbers."

A little over half a century has elapsed since the Legislature of the State of New York purchased the papers of George Clinton, the first Governor. Missing, however, from these papers were the letters of George Washington, and it is now that nearly all of these, after a hidden existence of five decades, rest, together with numerous letters of Washington to General James Clinton, in dignified succession before the writer's gaze. A portion of a chapter in the never-ending volume dedicated to human liberty, these mute letters evoke memories of fateful days, and depict upon the canvas of the mind the shifting scenes of New York during the Revolution.

Here is another letter, never before published, in which Washington sought Governor Clinton's advice touching the possible capture of the British forces who had taken refuge in New York city after the disgraceful action of General Lee at the battle of Monmouth (partially retrieved by Washington's swift brilliancy) had made possible the retreat of the British from New Jersey. This letter, written on July 11, 1778, is one of those interesting missives whose absence from the Clinton Papers the editor specially regretted. The postscript, quoting from the letter from Benedict Arnold reporting the arrival of the French fleet, gave the first information to the Governor of New York of news that sent a thrill of new hope to the American people. The letter of Henry Laurens, President of Congress (dated the next day, July 12), to Governor Clinton, confirming the news, is printed in the Clinton Papers; but Washington's letter, here given in part and never before published, is missing:

"DEAR SIR,—The first division of the Army moved from hence this morning, about four miles, to give room to the second. They will reach Kokiato tomorrow evening, and the North River the next day. I shall halt the remainder hereabouts a few days, to refresh the men. I am yet undetermined as to the expediency of throwing the Army immediately over the North River. I will state my reasons for hesitating, and shall beg to hear your sentiments upon the matter.

"Upon conversing with the Q. M. and Commissary-General and Commissary of Forage, upon the prospect of supplies, they all agree that the Army can be much more easily subsisted upon the West than upon the East side of the River. The country on this side is more plentiful in regard to forage: and flour, which is the article for which we shall be most likely to be distressed, coming from the Southward, will have a shorter transportation, and consequently the supply more easily kept up. We are beside in a country devoted to the Enemy, and gleaning it, takes so much from them. Was this the only point to be determined, there would not remain a moment's doubt; but the principal matter to be considered is (upon a supposition that the enemy mean to operate up the North River) whether the Army, being all or part upon this side the river, can afford a sufficient and timely support to the posts, should they put such a design in execution.

"Upon this point then, Sir, I request your full and candid opinion. You are well acquainted with the condition of the posts, and know what opposition they are at present capable of making, when sufficiently manned, which ought in my opinion to be immediately done. After that, you will please take into consideration whether any, and what advantages may be derived from the Army's being upon the East side of the River, and if there, what position would be most eligible. The neighborhood of the White Plains after leaving sufficient garrisons in our rear, strikes me at present. We have the strength of the ground, and we cover a considerable extent of Country, and draw forage which would otherwise fall into the hands of the Enemy. . . .

"We have this day a rumor that a French Fleet has been seen off the Coast, and that the English is preparing to sail from New York in pursuit of them. But it is but a rumor.

"P.S.—I have just rec'd a letter from General Arnold at Philad'a. in which is the following. 'An express is arrived to Congress from France by the way of Boston with intelligence that on the 15th of April a French Fleet sailed from Toulon consisting of 12 sail of the line, 7 frigates and "4xbecks"—which we may hourly expect to arrive in this or Chespeak Bay.—Admiral Keppel sailed the 24th April from St. Helens with 11 sail of the line.'

"The above fully corroborates the account from New York, but I do not know that it ought to be made public yet, I mean as to numbers."

This letter, as has been said, was written shortly after the battle of Monmouth. With it there lies before me the very map which Washington used throughout his campaigns in the Jerseys in 1777 and 1778.

This map, a section of which is here exactly reproduced for the first time, including a portion of New York as well as of the neighboring State, was not alone specially drawn for the commander-in-chief from surveys made by Lord Stirling, but contains numerous notes in Washington's autograph. That portion bounded on the north by the Shawangunk Mountains, on the west by the Delaware River, on the east by Morristown, and the south by Trenton shows many names in the handwriting of George Washington. (Fig. 1.)

On July 31, 1778, from his headquarters at White Plains, Washington sent the following communication of instructions to General James Clinton, who was operating around New York city. It is noteworthy not alone as one of those epistles in which Washington laid down general laws of the science of war regarding reconnoitring and manœuvring, but also because the entire letter, excepting of course Washington's own signature, is in the autograph of Alexander Hamilton, who was then aide-de-camp to the commander-in-chief. It is published here for the first time:

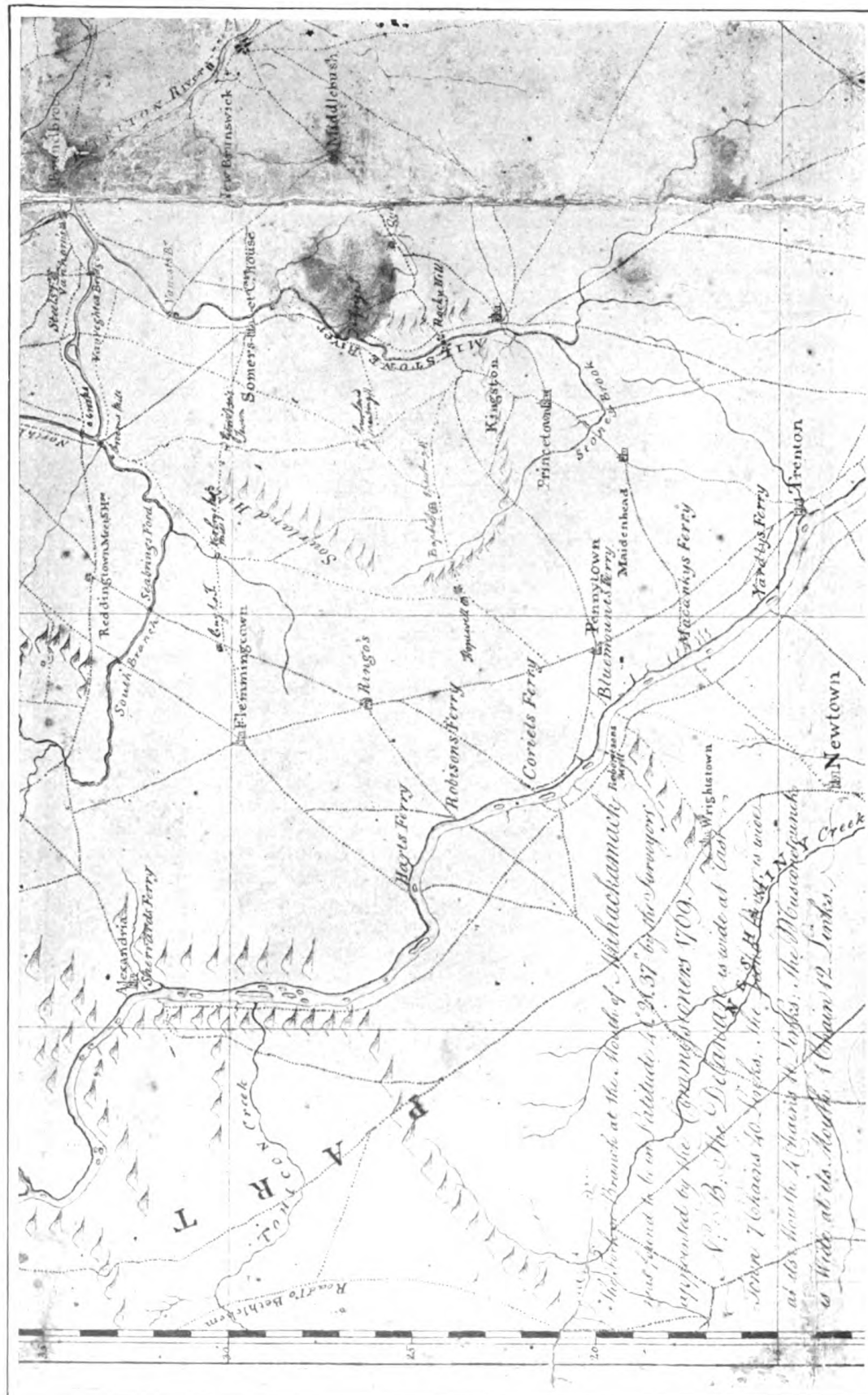


FIG. 1.—FACSIMILE OF WASHINGTON'S WAR MAP USED IN THE NEW JERSEY CAMPAIGNS
Additions and corrections made in Washington's handwriting

"SIR,—With the detachment under your command, which is to comprehend the Corps now advanced with Col'l. Morgan, you are to move towards Kings Bridge and the Enemy's lines thereabouts.—

"The principal objects in view are, to cover the Engineers and Surveyors, while they reconnoiter and as far as time will permit, survey the ground & roads in *your* rear, and in front of the Camp—to countenance and encourage that spirit of desertion which seems so prevalent at present—to discover, if possible, those unfriendly and ill disposed inhabitants who make a practice of apprehending, and conveying within the Enemy's line such deserters from their Army as happen to fall into their hands and with such witnesses as are necessary to elucidate the facts send them to the Head Quarters of this Army—and lastly to try what effect the detachments approach may have upon the Enemy.

"I do not mean, or wish, that you should encamp very near the Enemy of nights, but whenever you do Incamp, that you do it in proper order of battle, so that your officers and men may rise at once upon the ground they are to defend. Your flanks and front sufficiently advanced upon every possible approach; always remembering how disgraceful a thing it is for an officer to be surprised, and believing, that if the enemy are in force at the Bridge, they will certainly attempt it.

"When I speak of your flanks, I have an eye particularly to the North River, as the enemy can with facility move with both secrecy & dispatch by water, if they are provided with boats at, or near the Bridge, or even at the City, so as to be upon your right flank & even rear, without much difficulty, or notice.

"Have your Evening's position well reconnoitred before hand, and unless there are good reasons to the contrary, I would advise against kindling fires at night, as the weather is warm, & your position would be discovered, & advantages taken from the knowledge of it."

The conclusion of this letter may be read in facsimile on a succeeding page. (See Fig. 2.)

The following letters of Washington

to James Clinton form an entirely unpublished series having to do with the Sullivan-Clinton campaign against the Indians. From the letter of December 31, 1778, with special instructions regarding General Schuyler, the gallant New York soldier whose trial before Congress was mainly due to the petty jealousy of General Gates, Washington's compassionate nature is manifest in the line, "I always hear of capital executions with concern":

"As the impediments which suspended General Schuyler from command are now removed by an honorable acquittal I have written him a line upon the subject of his resuming it, in the Department where he now is for the present. If this event takes place, you will till some new arrangement or disposition is made consider yourself under his directions and receive orders from him accordingly. . . .

"I always hear of capital executions with concern, and regret that there should occur so many instances in which they are necessary.—Aaron Williams appears to have deserved the fate he met with—and the service, from the number of desertions you mention in the York line, to have pointed to his early punishment."

The succeeding letter sent by Washington a fortnight later to Governor Clinton was missing from the manuscripts purchased by the State of New York, but the enclosure which was sent with it and referred to in this letter was preserved and is printed in the Clinton volumes.

"DR. SIR,—That I might be more convenient to the works at West Point, I removed my quarters to this place on Monday last. I have only to add upon this subject that I shall be happy to see your Excellency here, as often as your leisure will permit.

"There has been no official account received from Charles Town as yet that I know of; but I have no doubt but that there has been an action there, and that the issue has been in our favour. The inclosed is a copy of a letter I just received from General Greene, in which the affair is so particularly related that it is hardly possible it can be destitute of foundation. I trust we shall have in a few days the fullest confirmation."

Have your Evening's position well reconnoitred before hand, & unless there are good reasons to the contrary, I would advise against kindling fires at night, as the weather is warm, & your position would be discovered, & advantages taken from the knowledge of it.

You may continue out with this detachment two, or three days, & nights, according to the state of your provisions & other circumstances, "when you return, leave an officer & sixteen Dragoons of Col^l. Sheldons Regiment, with Col^l. Morgan, who with the Detachment under his immediate command is to remain till further orders.

As the Grounds on the West side of the Ruine River are much stronger, than those on the East, it may possibly be more eligible to go down on that side, & return on the other, in case any attempts should be made to harass your rear. —

You will give me the earliest, and fullest intelligence of all occurrences worthy notice.

Given at Head Quarters
at the White Plains this
31st day of July: 1778.

G. Washington

FIG. 2.—FACSIMILE OF SECOND PAGE OF A LETTER FROM WASHINGTON TO GENERAL CLINTON
Dated at White Plains, New York, July 31, 1778

The next is a *rara avis*—a six-page entirely unpublished war letter from Washington to Governor Clinton. This lengthy missive from West Point was written during one of the most depressing periods of what John Fiske calls “a year of disasters.” Washington’s appeal to New York State for men and for commodities is strikingly made in this letter. The Count d’Estaing, with the French fleet, was off the coast of Georgia preparing to combine with General Lincoln in the attempt to recapture Savannah. The attempt failed disastrously (October 9), and Washington had to give up his idea of attacking New York with the aid of D’Estaing. Washington’s communication to Governor Clinton of his plan to attack New York (occupied by Sir Henry Clinton) is interesting in connection with the special regret expressed by the editor of the Clinton Papers concerning “the absence of one or two letters in which it seems he (Washington) must have stated some grand movement against the enemy, but which is not disclosed in George Clinton’s answers assuring him of hearty and strong cooperation.” Clinton’s reply to this very letter is in the Clinton volumes, but this letter is missing.

“SIR,—I have the honor to enclose your Excellency the Copy of a resolution of Congress of the 26th of September, by which you will perceive they expect the arrival of his Excellency Count D’Estaing, and that I am directed to pursue measures for cooperating with him, and to call upon the several States for such aid as shall appear to me necessary for this important purpose. In compliance with these directions, I have made an estimate of the force of Militia which will be indispensable, in conjunction with the Continental Troops and have apportioned this force to the neighboring States according to the best judgment I am able to form of their respective circumstances and abilities.

“The number I have to request of the State of New York is two thousand five hundred. In forming this estimate, I assure your Excellency I have fixed upon the smallest number which appeared to me adequate to the exigency, on account of the scantiness of our supplies, and

I think it my duty explicitly to declare that the cooperation will altogether depend on a full compliance with these requisitions.

“If I am so happy as to attain the whole number demanded a decisive stroke may be attempted against New York with a reasonable prospect of success. If the supply falls short the disappointment will inevitably produce a failure in the undertaking. In this case, Congress and my Country must excuse a want of enterprise and success of which the want of means will have been the unfortunate cause. If the honor and interest of the States suffer from thence, the blame must not be imputed to me.

“These difficulties were sufficient to deter me from the plan I mean to pursue, were I not convinced that the magnitude of the object will call forth all the vigor of the States and inspire the people with a disposition to second the plans of the Governors, and give efficacy to the measures they adopt. I doubt not our resources will be found fully adequate to the undertaking if they are properly exerted—and when I consider the delicacy of the Crisis—and the importance of the object to be attained—I cannot doubt that this will be the case. On one side—the reputation of our Councils & our Arms and an immediate removal of the War present themselves, on the other—disgrace and disappointment—an accumulation of expense—loss of credit with our allies and the world—loss of confidence in ourselves—the exhausting our magazines and resources—the precipitated decay of our Currency and the continuance of the War. Nor will these evils be confined to ourselves: our allies must share in them, and suffer the mortification of having accomplished nothing to compensate for withdrawing their operations from a quarter where they had a right to expect success and for exposing their own possessions to hazard in a fruitless attempt to rescue ours.

“From the accounts received we are hourly to look for the appearance of the French Squadron on this Coast—the emergency is pressing—and all our measures ought to be attended with suitable expedition. Every moment is of infinite value,” etc.

A Full Day at Palomitas

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

SOME of them summer days in Palomitas was that hot they'd melt the stuffing out of a lightning-rod, and you could cook eggs in the pockets of your pants. When the weather was that way, things generally kind of quieted down—most being satisfied to take enough drinks early to make it pleasant to spend the rest of the day sleeping 'em off somewhere in the shade. But along late in the afternoon the wind always breezed down real cool and nice from the mountains—and then the boys would get a brace on, and whatever was going to happen would begin.

Being that sort of weather, nobody was paying no attention worth speaking of to nothing; and when the Denver train come in—being about three hours late after a washout, like it was apt to be—the place was in such a blister that pretty much all you could hear to show anybody was alive in Palomitas was snores. Besides the agent, who had to be on deck when the train got there, and the clump of Mexicans and pigs and Pueblo Indians—the pigs was the most respectable—that always hung 'round the deepo, there wasn't half a dozen folks with their eyes open in the whole town.

Santa Fé Charley was one of the few that was awake and sober. He run the faro-bank at the Forest Queen, Santa Fé did, and he generally made a point of being on hand when the train come in because there always was chances somebody might be aboard he could do business with; and he had to keep sober, mostly, or he couldn't have done his work so it would pay. He took it out—when he really couldn't stand the strain no longer—by knocking off dealing and having a good one lasting about a week at a time.

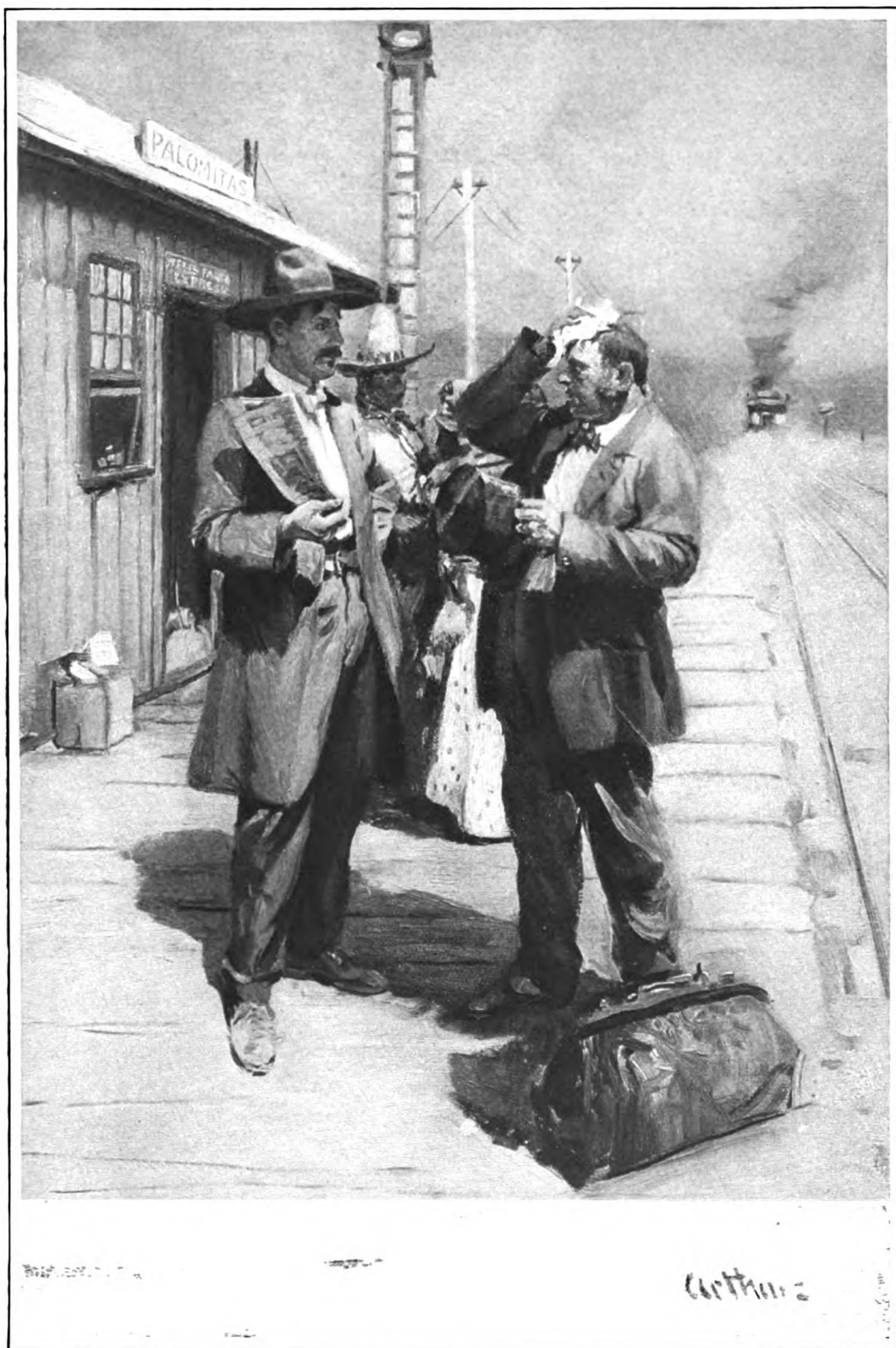
When the train pulled in alongside the platform it didn't seem at first there was anybody on it but the usual Mexicans with bundles in the day-coach—who all

come a-trooping out, cluttered up with their queer duds, and went to hugging their aunts and uncles who was waiting for 'em in real Mexican style. Charley looked the lot over and saw there was nothing in it worth taking time to; and then he got his Denver paper from the messenger in the express-car and begun to walk away down the platform, going across to his room in the Forest Queen. Charley was well dressed, same as he always was, in a long-tail black coat and black pants, and a white shirt with a white tie, and he had on a toney black felt hat that touched him off fine. Wearing them real fire-escape clothes, folks was apt to take him for one; and he always met 'em half-way by letting on preaching was his business—till he got 'em on the other side of the table and could shake down what cards he needed from up inside them black coat-sleeves. Then they was apt to find out that maybe preaching wasn't his strongest hold.

Down he went along the platform—he was looking at his *Tribune* and wasn't paying no attention—and just as he got alongside the Pullman a man come off it and pretty near plumped into him. He was a little round friendly-looking feller, with a red face and little gray side-whiskers; and he was dressed up in black same as Charley was—only he hadn't a white tie and was wearing a shiny plug hat that looked extra unsuitable in them parts on that sort of a day.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says the little man, pulling up just in time to keep from bumping.

Charley bowed handsome—there was no ketching off Santa Fé when it come to slinging politeness: his manners was that gentlemanly he could a-give points to a New York barkeep—and says back: "Sir, I beg yours. Heedlessness is my besetting sin. The fault is mine." And then he went on, talking nice like he knew how to: "I trust, sir, that you are



Drawn by Stanley Arthur

"IT'S HOTTER THAN SAHARA!" SAID THE ENGLISHMAN

not incommoded by the heat. Even for New Mexico in August, this is a phenomenally hot day."

"Incommoded is no name for it!" says the little man, taking off his shiny hat and mopping away at himself with his pocket-handkerchief. "I've never encountered such heat anywhere. It's hotter than Sahara! In England we have nothing like it at all." Then he mopped himself some more, and went ahead again—seeming glad to have somebody to let out to: "My whole life long I've been finding fault with our August weather in London. I'll never find fault with it again. I'd give fifty pounds to be back there now, even in my office in the City—and I'd give a hundred willingly if I could walk out of this frying-pan into my own home in the Avenue Road! If you know London, sir, you know that Saint John's Wood is the coolest part of it, and that the coolest part of Saint John's Wood—up by the side of Primrose Hill—is the Avenue Road; and so you can understand why thinking about coming out from the Underground and walking homeward in the cool of the evening almost gives me a pain!"

Santa Fé allowed that he wasn't acquainted with that locality; but he said he hadn't no doubt—since you couldn't get a worse one—it was a better place in summer than Palomitas. And then he kind of chucked it in casual that as the little man didn't seem to take much stock in Palomitas maybe he'd a-done as well if he'd stuck at home.

Charley's talking that way brought out he wasn't there because he wanted to be, but because he was sent: coming to look things over for the English stockholders—who was about sick, he said, of dropping assessments in the slot and nothing coming out when they pushed the button—before they chipped in the fresh stake they was asked for to help along with the building of the road. He said he about allowed, though, the call was a square one, what he'd seen being in the road's favor and about what was claimed for it; but when it come to the country and the people, he said, there was no denying they both was as beastly as they could be. Then he turned round sudden on Santa Fé and says: "I infer from your dress, sir, that you are in orders;

and I therefore assume that you represent what little respectability this town has. Will you kindly tell me if it is possible in this filthy place to procure a brandy-and-soda, and a bath, and any sort of decent food?"

It always sort of tickled Santa Fé, same as I've said, when a tenderfoot took him for a fire-escape; and when it happened that way he give it back to 'em in right-enough parson talk. So he says to the little man, speaking benevolent: "In our poor way, sir, we can satisfy your requirements. At the Forest Queen Hotel, over there, you can procure the liquid refreshment that you name; and also food as good as our little community affords. As for your bath, we can provide it on a scale of truly American magnificence. We can offer you a tub, sir, very nearly two thousand miles long!"

"A tub two thousand miles long?" says the little man. "Oh, come now, you're chaffing me. There can't be a tub like that, you know. There really can't!"

"I refer, sir," says Santa Fé, "to the Rio Grande."

The little man took his time getting there, but when he did ketch up he laughed hearty. "How American that is!" says he. And then he says over again: "How American that is!"—and he laughed some more. Then he said he'd start 'em to getting his lunch ready while he was bathing in that two-thousand-mile bath-tub, and he'd have his brandy-and-soda right away; and he asked Charley—speaking doubtful, and looking at his white necktie—if he'd have one too?

Charley said he just would; and it was seeing how sort of surprised the little man looked, he told the boys afterwards, set him to thinking he might as well kill time that hot day trying how much stuffing that sort of a tenderfoot would hold. He said at first he only meant to play a short lone hand for the fun of the thing; and it was the way the little man swallowed whatever was give him, he said, that made the game keep on a-growing—until it ended up by roping in the whole town. So off he went, explaining fatherly how it come that preachers and brandys-and-sodas in Palomitas got along together first class.

"In this wildly lawless and sinful

community, sir," says he, "I find that my humble efforts at moral improvement are best advanced by identifying my life as closely as may be with the lives of those whom I would lead to higher planes. At first, in my ignorance, I held aloof from participating in the customs—many of them, seemingly, objectionable—of my parishioners. Naturally, in turn, they held aloof from me. I made no impression upon them. The good seed that I scattered freely fell upon barren ground. Now, as the result of experience, and of much soulful thought, I am wiser. Over a friendly glass at the bar of the Forest Queen, or at other of the seventeen bars in our little town, I can talk to a parishioner with a kindly familiarity that brings him close to me. By taking part in the games of chance which form the main amusement of my flock, I still more closely can identify their interests with my own—and even materially improve, by such winnings as come to me in our friendly encounters, our meagre parish finances. I have as yet taken no share in the gun-fights which too frequently occur in our somewhat tempestuous little community; but I am seriously considering the advisability of still farther strenghtening my hold upon the respect and the affection of my parishioners by now and then exchanging shots with them. I am confident that such energetic action on my part will tend still more to endear me to them—and, after all, I must not be too nicely fastidious as to means if I would compass my end of winning their trust and their esteem."

While Santa Fé was talking along so slick about the way he managed his parsoning, the little man's eyes was getting bulgier and bulgier; and when it come to his taking a hand in shooting-scrapes they looked like they was going to jump out of his head. All he could say was: "Good Lord!" Then he kind of gagged and said he'd be obliged if he could get his brandy-and-soda right off.

Charley steered him across to the Forest Queen, and when he had his drink in him, and another on top of it, he managed to get some of his grip back. But even after his drinks he seemed like he thought he must be asleep and dreaming; and he said twice over he'd never

heard tell of such doings in all his born days.

Santa Fé just give a wink across the bar to Blister Mike—he was the bar-keep of the Forest Queen, Mike was, and a wide-awake one—and then he went ahead with some more of the same kind. "No doubt, my dear sir, in the older civilization to which you are accustomed my methods would seem irregular—perhaps even reprehensible. In England, very likely, unfavorable comment would be made upon a pastor who cordially drank with members of his flock at public bars; who also—I do not hesitate, you see, to give our little games of chance their harshest name—in a friendly way gambled with them; and I can imagine that the spectacle of a parson engaging with his parishioners, up and down the street of a quiet village, in a fight with six-shooters and Winchesters would be very generally disapproved."

"It is impossible, quite impossible," says the little man, "to imagine such a horrible monstrosity!"

"Very likely for you, sir," says Charley, speaking affable, "it is. But you must remember that ours is a young and a vigorous community—too young, too vigorous, to be cramped and trammelled by obsolete conventions and narrow old-world rules. Life with us, you see, has an uncertain suddenness—owing to our energetic habit of settling our little differences promptly, and in a decisive way. At the last meeting of our Sunshine Club, for instance—as the result of a short but heated argument—Brother Michael, here, felt called upon to shoot a fellow member. While recognizing that the occurrence was unavoidable, we regretted it keenly—Brother Michael most of all."

"Sure I did that," said Blister, playing out quick to the lead Charley give him. "But your Reverence remembers he drew on me first—and if he'd been sober enough to shoot straight it's meself, and not him, would be by now living out in the cemetery on the mesa; and another'd be serving your drinks to you across this bar. I had the rights on my side."

"Precisely," says Charley. "You see, sir, it was a perfectly fair fight. Brother Michael and his fellow member exchanged their shots in an honorable manner—

and, while we mourn the sudden decease of our friend lost to us, our friend who survives has suffered no diminution of our affectionate regard. Had the shooting been unfair, then the case would have gone into another category—and our community promptly would have manifested the sturdy sense of justice that is inherent in it by hanging the man by whom the unfair shot had been fired. Believe me, sir”—and Santa Fé stood up straight and stuck his chest out—“Palomitas has its own high standards of morality: and it never fails to maintain those standards in its own stern way!”

The little man didn't say nothing back. He looked like he was sort of mazed. All he did was to ask for another brandy-and-soda; and when he'd took it he allowed he'd skip having his bath and get at his lunch right away—saying he was feeling faintish, and maybe what he needed was food. Of course that was no time of day to get victuals: but Santa Fé was a good one at managing, and he fixed it up so he had some sort of a hash layout; and before he went at it he give him a wash-up in his own room.

It was while he was hashing, Charley said, the notion come to him how Palomitas might have some real sport with him—the same kind they had when Hart's aunt come on a visit, only twisting things 'round so it would be the holy-terror side of the town that had the show. And he said as he'd started in with the preacher racket, he thought they might keep that up too—and make such an out-an'-out mix-up for the little man as would give cards to any tenderfoot game that ever was played. Santa Fé always was full of his pranks: and this one looked to pan out so well, and was so easy done, that he went right across to the deepo and had a talk with Wood—he was the agent, Wood was—about how things had better be managed; and Wood, who liked fun as much as anybody, caught on quick and agreed to take a hand.

The little man seemed to get a brace when he had his lunch inside of him; and over he went to the deepo and give Wood the order he had from the President to see the books—and was real intelligent, Wood said, in finding out how

railroading in them parts was done. But when he'd cleaned up his railroad job, and took to asking questions about the Territory, and Palomitas, and things generally—and got the sort of answers Santa Fé had fixed should be give him, with some more throwed in—Wood said his feet showed to be that tender he allowed it would a-hurt him with thick boots on to walk on boiled beans.

Wood said he guessed he broke the lying record that afternoon; and he said he reckoned if the little man swallowed half of what was give him, and there wasn't much of anything he gagged at, he must a-thought Palomitas—with its church twice Sundays and prayer-meetings regular three times a week, and its faro-bank with the preacher for dealer, and its Sunshine Club that was all mixed in with shooting-scrapes, and its Friendly Aid Society that attended mostly to what lynchings was needed—was something like a bit of heaven that had broke out from the corral it belonged in and gone to grazing in hell's front yard!

When he'd stuffed him as much as was needed, Wood told him—Santa Fé having fixed it that way—there was a Mexican church about a thousand years old over in the Cañada that was worth looking at; and he told him he'd take him across on his buckboard to see it if he cared to go. He bit at that, just as Santa Fé counted on; and about four o'clock off they went—it was only three mile or so down to the Cañada—in good time to get him back and give him what more was coming to him before he started off North again on the night train. Wood said the ride was real enjoyable—the little man showing up as sensible as anybody when he got to the church and struck things he knowed about; and it turned out he could talk French, and that pleased the Padre who run it—he was French, the Padre was, and there wasn't a fly on him—so they got along well.

The wind had set in to blow down the valley cool and pleasant as they was coming home; and when they got about half a mile from Palomitas they begun to hear shooting—and it kept on, and more of it, the closer they come to town. Knowing what Santa Fé had set the boys

up to, Wood said he pretty near laughed out when he heard it; but he held in, he said—and told the little man, when he asked what it meant, that it didn't mean nothing in particular: being only some sort of a shooting-scape, like enough—the same as often happened along about that time in the afternoon.

He said the little man looked queerish, and wanted to know if the men in the town was shooting at a target; and when Wood said he guessed they was targetting at each other, and likely there'd be some funerals, he said he looked queerish—and said such savagery was too horrible to be true. But he wasn't worried a bit about himself, Wood said—he was as nervy a little man, Wood said, as he'd ever got up to—and all he wanted was to whip the mules up, so he'd get there quick and see what was going on. Wood whipped up, right enough, and the mules took 'em a-kiting—going at a full run along that bit of good road by the river, and not coming down to a walk till they'd crossed the bridge over the Rio Grande and was most to the top of the hill. At the top of the hill they stopped—and that was a good place to stop at, for the circus was a-going on right there.

Things really did look serious; and Wood said—for all he'd been told what was coming—he more'n half thought the boys had got to rumpussin' in dead earnest. Three or four was setting on the ground with their sleeves and pants rolled up tying up their arms and legs with their pocket-handkerchiefs; there was a feller—Nosey Green, it turned out to be—lying on one side in a sort of mixed-up heap like as if he'd dropped sudden; right in the middle of the road Blister Mike was sprawled out, with Santa Fé—his black clothes all over dust and his hat off—holding his head with one hand and feeling at his heart with the other; and just as the buckboard stopped, right in the thick of it, Kerosene Kate—she was one of the girls at the Forest Queen dance-hall, Kerosene was—come a-tearing along, with the Sage-brush Hen close after her, and plumped down on Mike and yelled out: "Oh my husband! My poor husband! He is foully slain!"

It was all so natural, Wood said, that

seeing it sudden that way give him a first-class jolt. For a minute, he said, he couldn't help thinking it was the real thing. As for the little man—and he likely would have took matters just the same, and no blame to him, if his feet had been as hard as anybody's—he just swallowed the whole show. "Good heavens!" says he, getting real palish. "What a dreadful thing this is!"

Santa Fé let go Mike's head and got up, brushing his pants off, and says solemn: "Our poor brother has passed from us. Palomitas has lost one of its most useful citizens—there was nobody who could mix drinks as he could—and the world has lost a noble man! Take away his stricken wife, my dear," he says, speaking to the Sage-brush Hen. "Take poor Sister Rebecca home with you to the parsonage—my duties lie elsewhere at present—and pour out to her from your tender heart the balm of comfort that you so well know how to give."

Then he come along to the buckboard, and says to the little man: "I greatly regret that this unfortunate incident should have occurred while you are with us. From every point of view the event is lamentable. Brother Green, known familiarly among us because of his facial peculiarity as Nosey Green—the gentleman piled up over there on the other side of the road—was as noble-hearted a man as ever lived; so was Brother Michael, whom you met in all the pride of his manly strength only this morning at the Forest Queen bar. Both were corner-stones of our Sunshine Club, and among the most faithful of my parishioners. In deep despondency we mourn their loss!"

"It is dreadful—dreadful!" says the little man. And then he wanted to know how the shooting begun.

"The dispute that has come to this doubly fatal ending," says Santa Fé, shaking his head sorrowful, "related to cocktails. In what I am persuaded was a purely jesting spirit, Brother Green cast aspersions upon Brother Michael's skill as a drink-mixer. The injustice of his remarks, even in jest, aroused Brother Michael's hot Celtic nature and led to a retort, harshly personal, that excited Brother Green's anger—and from words they passed quickly to a settlement of the

matter with their guns. However, as the fight was conducted by both of them in an honorable manner, and was creditable equally to their courage and to their proficiency in the use of arms, it is now a back number and we may discharge it from our minds. Moreover, my dear sir, our little domestic difficulties must not be suffered to interfere with the duties of hospitality. It is high time that you should have your supper; and I even venture to ask that you will despatch it hurriedly—to the end that you may have opportunity, before the departure of your train this evening, to see something of the brighter side of our little town. After this sombre scene, you will find, I trust, agreeable mental refreshment in witnessing—perhaps even in participating in—our friendly card-playing, and in taking part with us in our usual cheerful evening dance. By your leave, Brother Wood, I will seat myself on the rear of your buckboard and drive along with you into town.”

The little man was too jolted to say anything—and up Charley hiked on the back of the buckboard, and away they went down the road. The rest followed on after: with the Hen holding fast to Kerosene, and Kerosene yelling for all she was worth; and behind come some of the boys toting Blister’s corpse—with Blister swearing at ’em for the way they had his legs twisted, and ending by kicking loose and making a break by the short cut back of the freight-house for home. The other corpse—seeing the way Blister was monkeyed with—stood off the ones that wanted to carry him, allowing he’d be more comfortable if he walked.

When the buckboard got down to the deepo the little man said he felt sickish—not being used to such goings-on—and didn’t care much for eating his supper; and he said he thought likely he’d be better if he had a brandy-and-soda to settle his insides. So he and Santa Fé went across to the Forest Queen to get it—and the first thing they struck was Blister Mike, come to life again, behind the bar!

Santa Fé hadn’t counted on that card coming out—but he shook one to meet it down his sleeve, and played it as quick as he knew how. “Ah, Patrick,” says

he, “so you have taken your poor brother’s place.” And to the little man, who was staring at Blister like a stuck pig, he says: “They were twin brothers, sir, this gentleman and the deceased—and, as you see, so alike that few even of their closest friends could tell them apart.”

“It was worse than that,” says Blister, following right along with the same suit. “Only when one of us was drunk and the other sober, and that way there being a difference between us, could we tell our own selves apart—and indade I’m half for thinking that maybe it’s meself, and not poor Mike, that’s been killed by Nosey Green this day. But whichever of us it is that’s dead, it’s a damn good job—if your Reverence will excuse me saying so—the other one of us has made of Nosey: bad luck to the heart and lights of him, that are cooking this blessed minute in the hottest corner of hell!”

“Tut! Tut! Brother Patrick,” says Santa Fé, speaking friendly but serious. “You know how strongly I feel about profanity—even when, as in the present instance, justly aroused resentment lends to it a colorable excuse. And also, my dear brother, I beg you to temper with charity your views as to Brother Green’s present whereabouts. It is sufficient for all purposes of human justice that he has passed away. And now, if you please, you will supply our visitor, here—whose nerves not unnaturally are shaken by the tragic events of the past hour—with the brandy-and-soda that I am satisfied he really needs. In that need, my own nerves being badly disordered, I myself share; and as the agonizing loss that you have suffered has put a still more severe strain upon your nerves, Brother Patrick, I beg that you will join us. The drinks are on me.”

“Sure your Reverence has a kind heart in you, and that’s the holy truth,” says Blister. “It’s to my poor dead brother’s health I’ll be drinking, and with all the good-will in the world.”

They had another after that; and then Blister said there was luck in odd numbers, and he wanted to show Palomitas knew how to be hospitable to strangers, and they must have one on the bar. By the time the little man got ’em all down.

he said he was feeling better—but, even with his drinks to help him, when he come to eating his supper he didn't make out much of a meal. He seemed to be all sort of dreamy, and was like he didn't know where he was.

Santa Fé kept a-talking away to him cheerful while they was hashing; and when they'd finished off he told him he hoped what he'd see of the bright side of Palomitas—before his train started—would make him forget the cruelly sorrowful shadows of that melancholy afternoon. He was a daisy at word-slinging. Charley was—better'n most auctioneers. Then they come along together back to the barroom—where the cloth was off the table, and the cards and chips out, ready for business to begin. All the boys was jammed in there—Nosey Green with his face tied up like he had a toothache, so it didn't show who he was—waiting to see what was coming; and they was about busting with the laughs they had inside 'em, and ready to play close up to Santa Fé's hand.

Charley set down to deal, same as usual, and asked the little man to set down aside of him—telling him he'd likely be interested in knowing that what come to the bank that night would go to getting the melodeon the Sunday-school needed bad. And then he shoved the cards 'round the table, and things begun. The little man took it all dreamy—saying kind of to himself he'd never in all his born days expected to see a minister making money for Sunday-school melodeons by running a faro-bank. But he wasn't so dreamy but he had sense enough to keep out of the game. Santa Fé kept a-asking him polite to come in; but he kept answering back polite he wouldn't—saying he was no sort of a hand at cards.

About the size of it was, in all the matters he could see his way to that little man had as good a load of sand as anybody—and more'n most. Like enough at home he'd read a lot of them fool wild-West stories—the kind young fellers from the East, who swallow all that's told 'em, write up in books with scare pictures—and that was why in some ways he was so easy fooled. But I guess it would a-been a mistake to pick him up for a fool all 'round. Anyhow, Santa Fé got a setback from him on his melodeon-

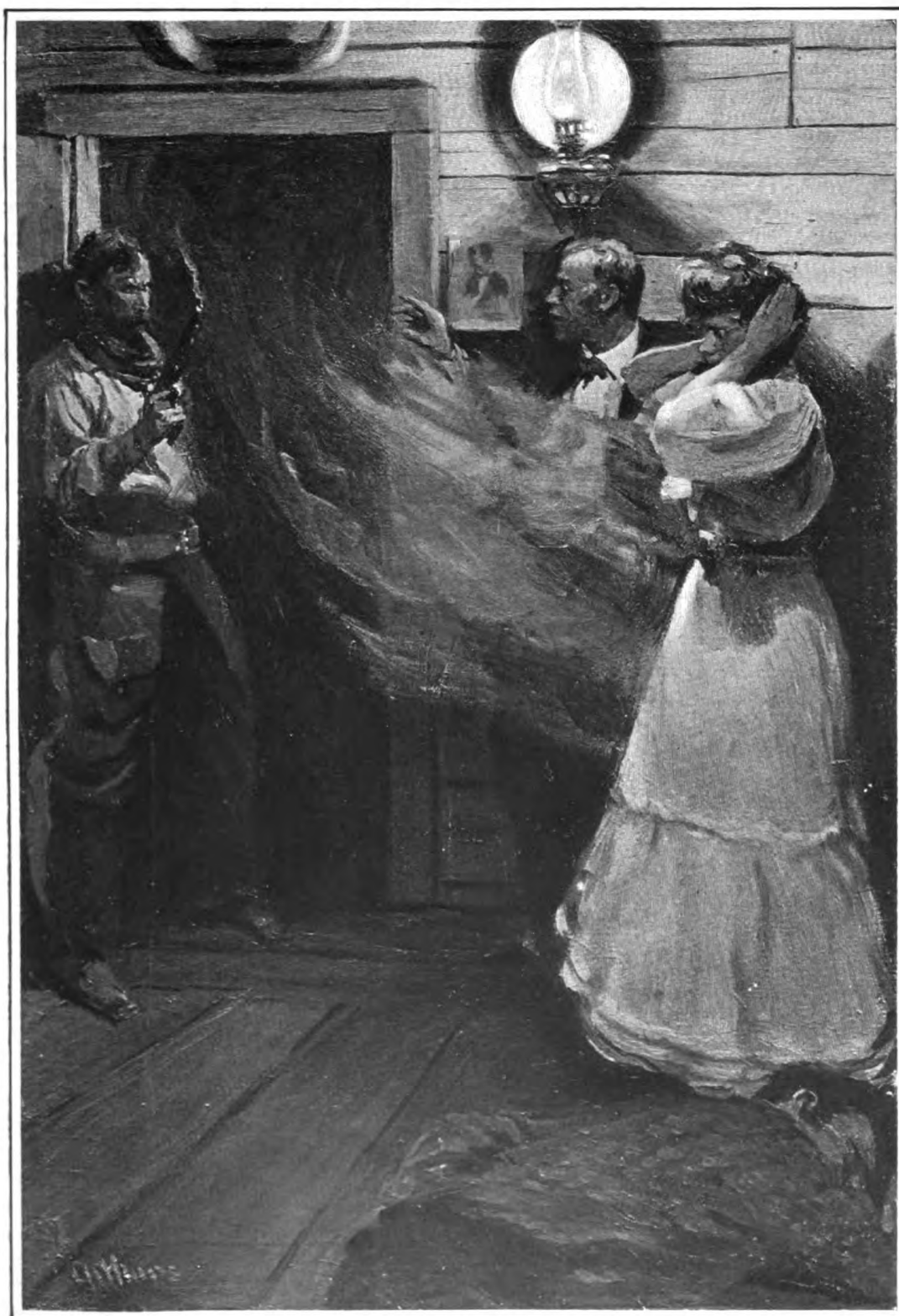
faro racket—and setbacks didn't often come Santa Fé's way.

It wasn't a real game the little man was up against, and like enough he had the savey to ketch on. For the look of the thing they'd fixed to start with a dollar limit, and not raise it till he got warmed up and asked to; and it was fixed only what he dropped—the rest going back to the boys—should stay with the bank. But as he didn't warm up any worth speaking of, and wasn't giving himself no chances at all to do any dropping, Santa Fé pretty soon found out they might as well hang up the melodeon fund and go on to the next turn.

The Sage-brush Hen managed most of what come next, and she done it well. She'd dressed herself up in the same tidy white clothes she put on when Hart's aunt come to town—looking that quiet and demure in 'em you'd never have sized her up for the gay old Hen she was—and she'd helped the other girls rig out as near the same way as they could come. Some of 'em didn't come far; but they all did as well as they knew how, and so they wasn't to be blamed. Old Tenderfoot Sal—she was the limit, Sal was—wasn't to be managed no way; so they just kept her out of the show.

When Santa Fé come to see faro-banking for melodeons wasn't money-making, he passed out word to the Hen to start up her part of the circus—and in the Hen come, looking real pretty in her white frock, and puts her hand on his shoulder married like and says: "Now, my dear, it isn't fair for you gentlemen to keep us ladies waiting another minute longer. We want our share in the evening's amusement. Do put the cards away and let us have our dance." And then she says to the little man, nice and friendly: "My husband is so eager to get our melodeon—and we really do need it badly, of course—that I have trouble with him every night to make him stop the game and give us ladies the dance that we do so enjoy." And then she says on to Charley again: "How has the melodeon fund come out to-night, my dear?"

"Very well indeed. Very well indeed, my angel," Charley says back to her. "Eleven dollars and a half have been added to that sacred deposit; and the



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

THE SHAM FIGHT

contributions have been so equally distributed that no one of us will feel the trifling loss. But in interrupting our game, my dear, you are quite right—as you always are. Our guest is not taking part in it; and—as he cannot be expected to feel, as we do, a pleasurable excitement in the augmentation of our cherished little hoard—we owe it to him to pass to a form of harmless diversion in which he can have a share.” And then he says to the little man: “I am sure, sir, that Mrs. Charles will be charmed to have you for her partner in the opening dance of what we playfully term our ball.”

“The pleasure will be mine,” says the little man—he was a real friendly polite little old feller—and up he gets and bows to the Hen handsome and gives her his arm: and then in he went with her to the dance-hall, with Santa Fé and the rest of us following on. It give us a first-class jolt to find all the girls so quiet-looking; and they being that way braced up the whole crowd to be like a dancing-party back East. To see the boys a-bowing away to their partners, while José—he was the fiddler, José was—was a-tuning up, you wouldn’t have known where you was.

It was a square dance to start in with: with the little man and the Hen, and Charley and Kerosene Kate, a-facing each other; and Denver Jones with Carrots—that was the only name she ever had in Palomitas—and Shorty Smith with Juanita, at the sides. Them three was the girls the Hen had done best with; and she’d fixed ’em off so well they ’most might have passed for back-East schoolma’ams—at least, in a thickish crowd. Everybody else just stood around and looked on—and that time, with all the Forest Queen ways of managing dancing upset, it was the turn of the Palomitas folks to think they’d struck a dream! The little man, of course, didn’t know he’d struck anything but what went on always—and the way he kicked around spirited on them short little fat legs of his was just a sight to see!

Like as not he hadn’t got a good sight of Kerosene Kate while she was doing her killed-husband act before supper; or, maybe, it was her being dressed up so

tidy made a difference. Anyhow, he didn’t ketch on right away to her being about the freshest-made widow he’d ever tumbled to in a dancing-party. But he got there all right when the square dance was over, and José flourished his fiddle and sung out for the Señores and Señoritas to take partners for a valsa, and the Hen brought up Kerosene to foot it with him—telling him she was the organist who was going to play the melodeon when they got it, and he’d find her a nice partner as she was about the best dancer they had.

When he did size her up he was that took aback he couldn’t talk straight. “But—but,” says he, “isn’t this the lady whose husband was—was—” and he stuck fast.

“Whose husband met with an accident this afternoon,” says the Hen, helping him out with it. “Yes, this is our poor Sister Rebecca—but the accident happened, you know, so many hours ago that the pang of it has passed; and—as Mr. Green, the gentleman who shot her husband, was shot right off himself—she feels, as we all do, that the incident is closed.”

And then Kerosene put in: “Great Scott, mister, you don’t know Palomitas! Widows in these parts don’t sit ’round moping their heads off all the rest of their lives. They wait long enough for politeness—same as I’ve done—and then they start in on a new deal.”

The little man likely was too mixed up to notice Kerosene didn’t talk pretty, like Santa Fé and the Hen knew how to do; and he was so all ’round jolted that before he knew it—Kerosene getting a-hold of his hand with one of hers, and putting the other on his shoulder—he had his arm ’round her waist kind of by instinct and was footing it away with her the best he knew how. But while he was a-circling about with her he was the dreamiest-looking one you ever saw. Kerosene said afterward she heard him saying to himself over and over: “This can’t be real! This can’t be real!”

What happened along right away after was real enough for him—at least, he thought it was, and that come to the same thing. He was so dizzied up when Kerosene stopped dancing him—she was doing the most of it, she said, he keep-

ing his little fat legs going 'cause she swung him 'round and he had to—all he wanted was to be let to set down. So Kerosene set him—and then the next act was put through.

Bill Hart and Shorty Smith come up to Kerosene right together, and both of 'em asked her polite if she'd dance. She said polite she'd be happy to; but she said, seeing both gentlemen had spoke at once for her, they must fix it between 'em which one had the call. All the same, she put her hand on Hart's arm, like as if he was the one she wanted—and of course that pleased Hart and made Shorty mad. Then the two of 'em begun talking to each other, Hart speaking sarcastic and Shorty real ugly, and so things went on getting hotter and hotter—till Kerosene, doing it like she meant to break up the rumpus, shoved Hart's arm 'round her and begun to swing away. Just as they got started, Shorty out with his gun and loosed off at Hart with it—and down Hart went in a heap on the floor.

The whole place, of course, right away broke into yells and cusses, and everybody come a-crowding into a heap—some of the boys picking up Hart and carrying him, kicking feeble real natural, out into the kitchen; and some more grabbing a-hold of Shorty and taking away his gun. Kerosene let off howls fit to raise the roof—only quieting down long enough to say she'd just agreed to take Hart for her second, and it was hard luck to be made a widow of twice in one day. Then she howled more. Really, things did go with a hum!

Santa Fé and the rest come a-trooping back from the kitchen—leaving the door just a crack open, so Hart could peep through and see the fun—and Santa Fé jumped on a bench and sung out "Order!" as loud as he could yell. Knowing what was expected of 'em, the boys quieted down sudden; and the Hen got a-hold of Kerosene and snuggled her up to her, and told her to weep on her fond breast—and Kerosene started in weeping on the Hen's fond breast all right, and left off her howls. The room was that quiet you could a-heard a cat purr.

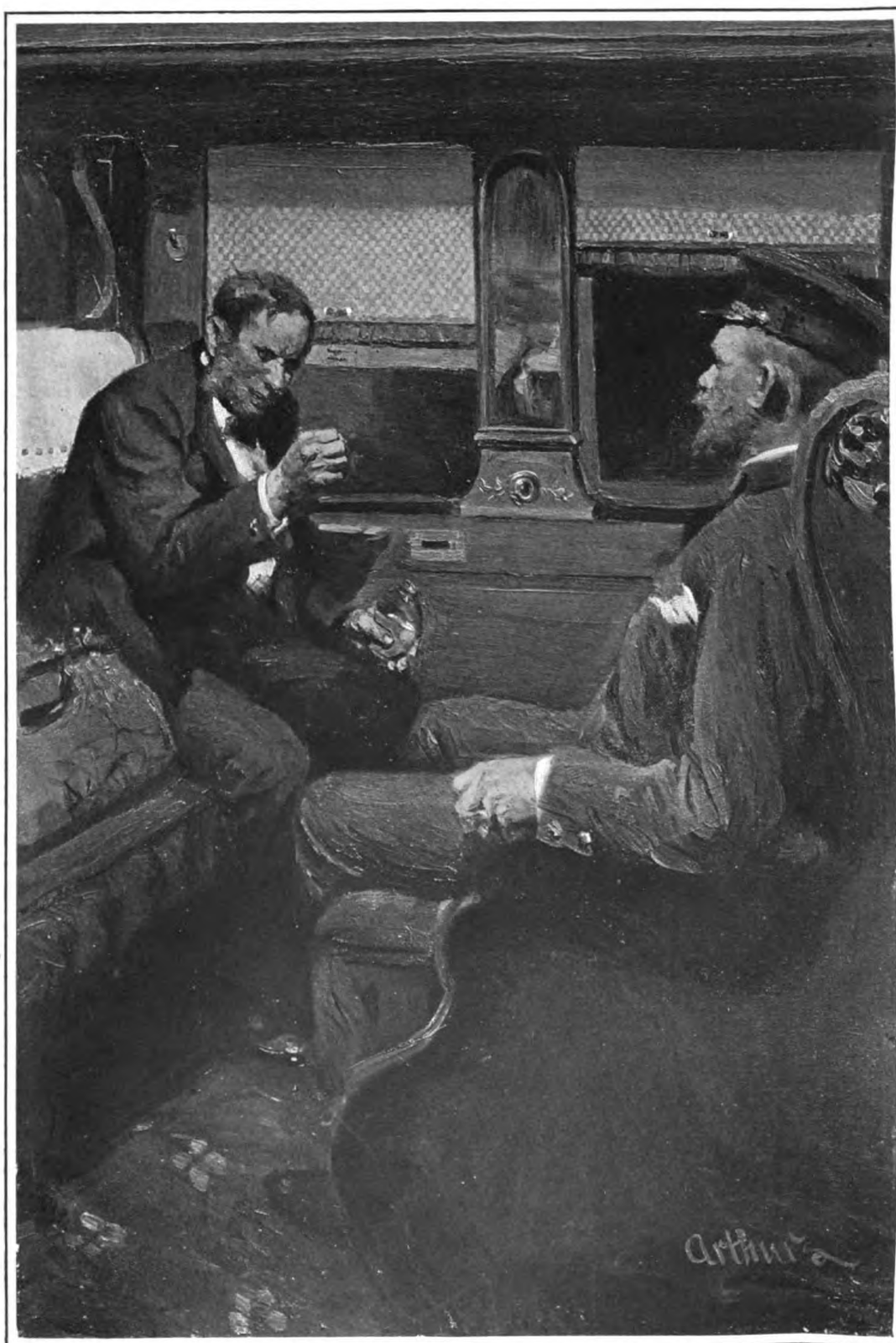
"My brethren," says Charley, talking sad-sounding, and digging away at his eyes with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Brother Hart has left us"—Hart being in the kitchen, that was dead true—"and for the third time to-day our Sunshine Club has suffered a fatal loss. Still more lamentable is the case of our doubly stricken Sister Rebecca—only just recovered, by time's healing touch, from the despair of her tragic widowhood, and at the threshold of a new glad life of wedded happiness—who again is desolately bereaved." (Kerosene give a dreadful groan—seeming to feel something was expected of her—and then jammed back to the Hen's fond breast again and kept on a-weeping like a pump.) "Our hearts are with Sister Rebecca in her woe," says Charley. "She has all our sympathy, and the full help of our sustaining love."

"If I know anything about the sense of this meeting," Hill chipped in, "it's going to do a damn sight more'n sling around sympathy." (Hill had a way of speaking careless, but he didn't mean no harm by it. He said you couldn't help getting into the way of using cuss-words when you made your living driving mules.) "That shooting wasn't a square one," says Hill; "and it's likely there'll be another member missing from the Sunshine Club for doing it. There's telegraph-poles," says Hill, "right across the way!"

"Brother Hill is right," Santa Fé went on, "though I am pained that his unhappy disposition to profanity remains uncurbed. The shot that has laid low Brother Hart was a foul one. Justice, my friends, exemplary justice, must be meted out to the one who laid and lowered him; and I reckon the quicker we get Brother Smith over to the deepo, and up on the usual telegraph-pole—as Brother Hill has suggested—the better it 'll be for the moral record of our town. All in favor of such action will please signify it by saying 'aye.'" And the whole crowd—except Shorty, who voted against it—yelled out "aye" so loud it shook all the bottles in the bar.

"The ayes have it," said Santa Fé. "and we will proceed. Brother Wood, as chairman of the Friendly Aid Society, I beg that you will go on ahead to the deepo and get ready the rope that on these occasions you so obligingly lend us from the Company's stores.



Drawn by Stanley Arthur.

"YOU AMERICANS ARE NO BETTER THAN SO MANY WILD BEASTS"

Brother Jones and Brother Hill, you will kindly bring along the prisoner. The remaining Friendly Aiders present will have the goodness, at the appropriate moment, to render the assistance that they usually supply." And off Charley went, right after Wood, with the rest of us following on: Hill and Denver yanking along Shorty and flourishing their guns savage; the girls in a pack around the Hen holding on to Kerosene; and Kerosene doing her share of what was wanted by letting off groans.

The little man was left to himself a-purpose; and he was so shook up, while he was coming along with the crowd over to the deepo, he couldn't say a word. But he managed to get his stumps going, though they didn't work well, when we was all on the platform—waiting while Wood rigged up the rope on the telegraph-pole—and he asked Santa Fé, speaking husky, what the boys meant to do.

"Justice!" says Charley, talking as dignified as a just-sworn-in sheriff. "As I explained to you this morning, sir, nobody in Palomitas ever stands in the way of a fair fight—like the one you happened to come in on at the finish a few hours ago—any more than good citizens, elsewhere and under different conditions, interfere with the processes of the courts. But when the fight is not fair, as in the present instance—the gravamen of the charge against Brother Smith being that he loosed off into Brother Hart's back when the latter did not know it was coming and hadn't his gun out—then the moral sense of our community crystallizes promptly into the punitive action that the case demands: as you will see for yourself, inside of the next ten minutes, when you see Brother Smith run up on that second telegraph-pole to the left and kicking his legs in the air until he kicks himself into Kingdom Come!"

"Good Heavens!" says the little man. "You're not going to—to hang him?"

"We just rather are!" says Santa Fé. And then he says, talking kind of cutting: "May I ask, sir, what you do in England with murderers? Do you pay 'em salaries, and ask 'em out to tea-parties, and hire somebody to see they have all the drinks they want?"

The little man begun telling how English folks manage such matters, and was

real excited—but nobody paid no attention to him: except the Hen—the Hen and Kerosene was standing close aside of him—turned round to him and said pleasant she always enjoyed most the hangings they had by moonlight (the moon was at the full, and shining beautiful) because the moonlight, she said, cast over them such a glamour of romance. And her looking at moonlight hangings that way seemed to give him such a jolt he stopped talking and give a kind of a gasp. There wasn't no more time for talking, anyway—for just then the train backed in to the platform and the conductor sung out the Friendly Aiders had got to get a move on 'em, if them going by it was to see the doings, and put Shorty through.

Being moonlight, and the shadows thick, helped considerable—keeping from showing how the boys had fixed Shorty up so his hanging wouldn't come hard: with a lariat run around under his arms, his shirt over it, and a loop just inside his collar where they could hitch the rope fast. When they did hitch to it, things looked just as natural as you please.

Shorty got right into the hanging spirit—he always was a comical little cuss, Shorty was—pleading pitiful with the boys to let up on him; and, when they wouldn't, getting a halt on 'em—same as he'd seen done at real hangings—by beginning to send messages to all the folks he ever had. Santa Fé let him go on till he'd got to his uncles and cousins—and then he said he guessed the rest of the family could make out to do with second-hand messages from them that had them; and as it was past train-time, and the distinguished stranger in their midst—who was going on it—had a right to see the whole show, the hanging had got to be shoved right along. When Charley'd give his order, Carver come up—he was the Pullman conductor, Carver was, and he had his points how to manage—and steered the little man on to the back platform of the Pullman, where he could see well; and so had things all ready for the train to pull out as soon as Shorty was swung off.

Wood, who'd had experience, had the rope rigged up in good shape so it would run easy over the cross-bar of the telegraph-pole; and Hill and Denver fetched old Shorty along—with Shorty

letting on he was scared stiff, and yowling like he'd been ashamed to if it hadn't been a bunco game he was playing—and hitched him to it, with the boys standing close round in a clump so they hid the way it was done.

The little man was so worked up by that time—he was just a-hopping: with his plug hat off, and sousing the sweat off his face with his pocket-handkerchief, and singing out what was going on wasn't any better than murder, and begging all hands not to do what he said was such a dreadful deed.

But nobody paid no attention to him (except Carver, he was a friendly feller, Carver was, kept a lookout he didn't tumble himself off the platform) and when Denver sung out things was ready, and Santa Fé sung out back for the Friendly Aiders to haul away, the boys all grabbed on the rope together—and up Shorty went a-kicking into the air.

Shorty really did do his act wonderful: kicking every which way at first, and then only sort of squirming, and then quieting down gradual till he just hung limp—with the kick all kicked out of him—turning round and round slow!

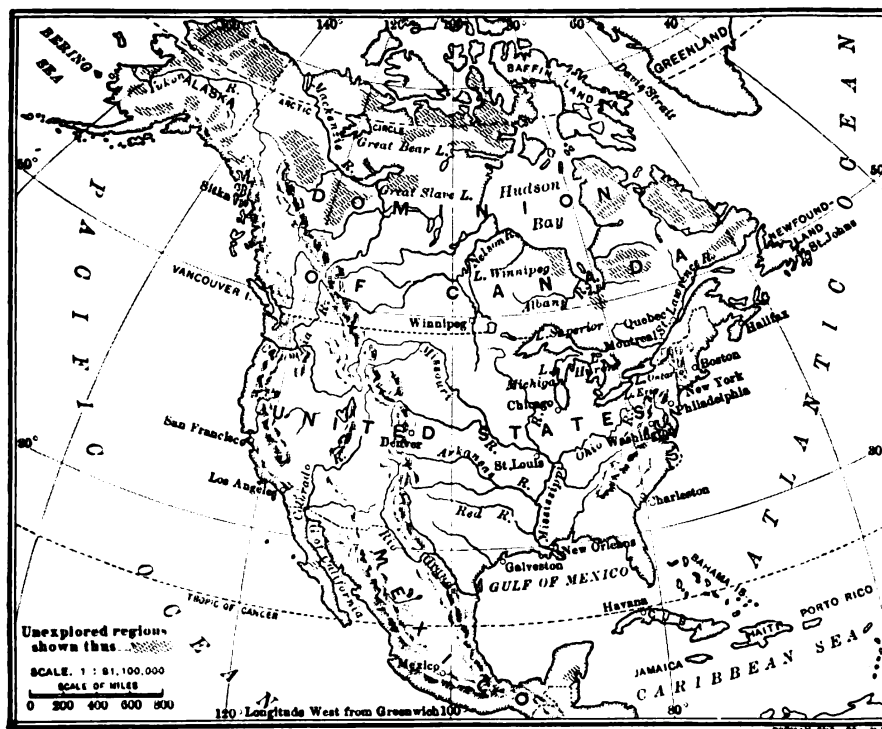
When he'd quieted, the train-conductor swung his lantern to start her, and off she went—the little man standing there on the back platform of the Pullman, a-grabbing at the railing like he was dizzy, looking back with all his eyes. And old Shorty up on the telegraph-pole, making a black blotch twisting about in the moonlight, was the last bit of Palomitas he saw.

The next day but one Carver come down again on his regular run, and he told the boys the little man kept a-hanging on to the platform railing and a-looking back hard till the train got clean round the curve. Then he give a kind of a coughing groan, Carver said, and come inside the Pullman—there wasn't no other passengers that night in the Pullman—and plumped himself down on a seat anyway, a-looking as white as a clean paper collar; and for a while he just set there, like he had a pain.

At last he roused up and reached for his grip and got his flask out and had a good one; and when he'd had it he says to Carver, as savage as if Carver—who hadn't had no hand in the doings—was the whole business: "Sir, this America of yours is a continent of chaos—and you Americans are no better than so many wild beasts!" Then he had another; and after that he went on, like he was talking to himself: "All I ask is to get out of this nightmare of a country in a hurry—and safe back to my own home in the Avenue Road!" And from then on, Carver said, till it was bedtime—except now and then he took another—he just set still and glared.

Carver said it wasn't any funeral of his, and so he didn't see no need to argue with him. And he allowed, he said, maybe he had some call to feel the way he did about America, and to want to get quick out of it, after being up against Palomitas for what he guessed you might say was a full day.





MAP OF NORTH AMERICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

Unexplored Regions of the Earth

BY CYRUS C. ADAMS

WE have been told that most of Africa is explored, and yet we see scores of African explorers now for every one afield in Livingstone's day. They are studying in detail what the pioneers revealed in outline. The meaning of the term unexplored depends upon the standpoint, and a writer who uses it should define what he has in view.

In this article we should not class the Maine woods as unexplored. A wise man will not risk his life in parts of them without a guide, and many years may elapse before they are tolerably well mapped; but in a general way the lay of the land and the geographical aspects are known. The Yang-tse head waters have been traced to the Tibetan plateau, and commerce floats on the river for fifteen hundred miles from the sea; but we know nothing of the intricate gorges

through which long stretches of the river flow, and thus parts of the stream are unexplored. We are dealing here with regions of which we have no knowledge, or so very little that we can only guess at the forms of the land and the distribution of the water systems. The polar regions do not fall within the scope of this paper.

It is often unsafe to infer much knowledge of an unexplored region from what we know of its surroundings. Incorrect deductions were made from the phenomena which a few Saharan explorers observed along their routes. The present result is that recent French researches are changing our old notions of the central Saharan hydrography; and we now know that the Sahara, viewed as a desert, is much less extensive than we once believed upon the testimony of pioneer explorers. The

makers of a certain official survey-sheet inferred too much when they mapped the mighty ranges of the central Tien-shan. The German explorer, Merzbacher, who followed them, proved, three years ago, that Tengri Khan, the dominating summit, was misplaced on the map. This mountain is not the background of valleys, mistakenly represented as radiating from it; the ranges slope gently instead of steeply to the plain, and the drainage does not conform with its cartographic delineation. It is better to leave white spaces on the maps than to cover them with surmise.

It is not hard to find the unknown areas in the best atlases. These works are compiled from careful surveys and the best route maps and explorers' reports, and critical judgment is exercised as to the value of all the material for mapping. Sprinkled over these atlas maps of the continents we may find areas in which rivers or lakes are shown by broken lines, or mountains are faintly and indefinitely indicated, or incorrect information is stamped as such by question marks. Other areas may be left entirely white, showing that we have no geographical data concerning them. The boundaries of the unknown are thus outlined in a few authoritative atlases; and from these

sheets maps may be made showing approximately the extent and distribution of regions still unexplored.

These unknown regions have wholly disappeared only from the map of Europe. Its entire surface has been scientifically explored, though much detailed research remains to be made. Its map is approximately correct, and we have a very large if not complete knowledge of its material resources. Europe may thus claim the first place in the earth's geography, for it is geographically better known than any other part of the world.

Many years will elapse before any other continent is as well mapped as Europe; and perhaps the era of perfected mapping all over the world may never come, because surveys are very expensive, and the five other continents have far larger expanses than Europe of comparatively worthless lands that do not call for the most detailed and refined cartography; but a large amount of pioneer work still invites the explorer, for many of the unknown areas have much territorial extent. In the Amazon basin, for example, three of these regions are each much larger than all of our New England States. One unknown area in Northwest Alaska is nearly as large as New England; and the Sahara has two areas in black that are

each twice as large and another three times as large as New England. Asia still has several of these vast mysterious spaces, and the solid chunk of the unknown in New Guinea, the largest island in the world excepting Greenland, would swallow up New England and leave a black border all around it.

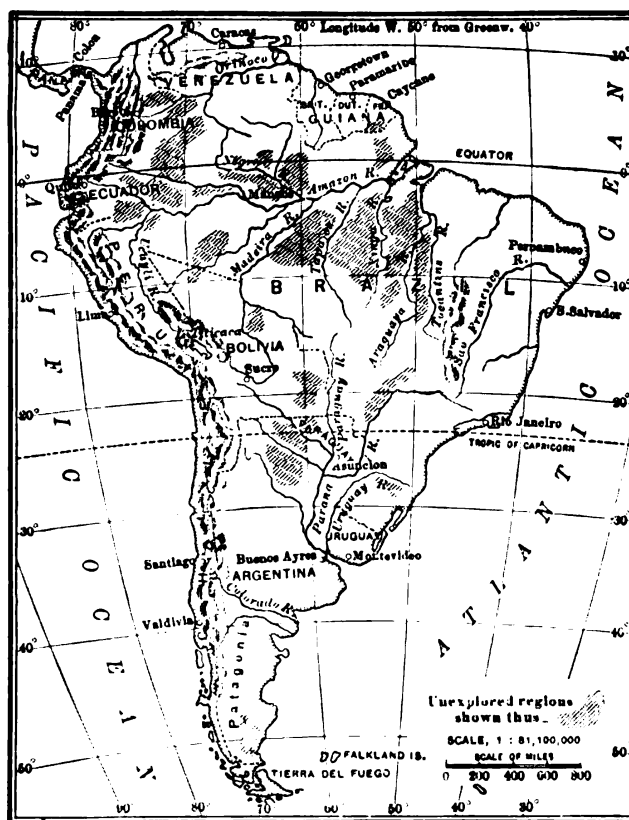
Many little patches of the unknown are not marked on our maps because they could hardly be seen on so small a scale. Traders in the Solomon Islands say that the natives come down to the coast by daylight to sell their cocoanuts to the white man and incidentally to ascertain the position of his bed, hoping to shoot him at night through the wall. Little faith is yet reposed in any of the Melanesians among their myriad islands from New Guinea to New Caledonia. Some



AUSTRALIA, BORNEO, AND NEW GUINEA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

of the larger islands are absolutely untraversed. Map-makers are dependent for much information upon sketches and surveys made from the decks of vessels. The day seems late for explorers to be still looking wistfully towards the Kronprinz range of Bougainville and wondering if they will ever reach it. These little fields for virgin exploration are still numerous in the western Pacific and even in better-known parts of that ocean. The German island of Ponape, for example, is still *terra incognita* away from the coast, and little is known of the interior of Savaii (Samoan group), where violent volcanic outbursts were recently reported.

There is no rest for the cartographer. Late in 1905 the ninth edition of a great German atlas, after several years of labor, was placed on the market. In June this year the revision of sheet after sheet of this practically new work was taken in hand. Research of many kinds is in progress. Ethnologists are pushing new routes through the still unknown, as Theodor Koch has just done on the Rio Negro of the Amazon basin, where he has brought to light not only the head streams that form it, but also new tribes of Indians. The gold-hunters of western Australia have extended their quest into new parts of the northern desert, and the Survey Department at Perth is busy mapping fresh discoveries of ranges and of gold and water finds. Governments are making boundary surveys in many colonies, so that new frontiers are being exactly defined in regions hitherto unknown, the positions of many points are astronomically determined for the benefit of future mapping, and geographical discoveries of great interest are being made, such as the continual encroachment of the western Sahara upon the Sudan along the French-British frontier. As the French travel through the Sahara they find that many oases and wells were placed on the maps from fifty to one



MAP OF SOUTH AMERICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

hundred miles out of their proper position. The place on the map of Lake Albert Edward, one of the sources of the Nile, must now be changed, because its correct position has only just been ascertained. The blunders of the past and the corrections and discoveries of the present are thus constantly affecting the world's geographical aspect; war, too, is making its great changes, and Japan instead of Russia is now the lessee of southern Manchuria. A map of the unexplored areas next year will not be quite what it is to-day, for men are pushing through these regions or whittling off their edges.

Scientific curiosity will continue to be a leading motive for these researches. The black space that breaks the course of the Brahmaputra on our map north of Burma was, in May last, the subject of an interesting petition from the officers and council of the Scottish Geographical Society. These geographers ask the Indian government to send an expedition in sufficient force to explore this unknown stretch, about two hun-

dred miles long, of the famous Asian river. Here the river breaks through the eastern Himalaya to descend to the plains of Assam, and as it drops through narrow and tortuous gorges, the mighty torrent is guarded against all comers by savage mountaineers. No explorers have ever intruded far within their domain, but years ago marked timbers set adrift in the Sangpo of Tibet were found in the Brahmaputra of India, proving that they are one and the same river. The waterfalls of great height that are said to mark this descent, the rock walls hemming in the stream and exposing a geological section through the ranges, the climatic gradients along this drop from the high plateau to the low plain, and the natives themselves, cut off by nature and their own will from their fellow men, provide problems whose investigation cannot much longer be delayed.

A mere glance at our maps impresses a few general facts upon us. We see that the largest areas of the unknown are now in lands that are too dry, as in the Sahara, the desert of Arabia, and the steppes of Mongolia; lands that are too wet and hot, stimulating almost impenetrable forest growths, as in parts of the Amazon and Congo basins; lands that are too cold and bleak, as portions of the northern areas of America and Asia. Even the characteristics of the inhabitants influence the extent of the unexplored. In proportion to total area there is more unknown surface in Liberia than in any other political subdivision of the world, because the Liberians, content to live along the coast, have scarcely entered their vast forest mazes, though they teem with rubber and other resources.

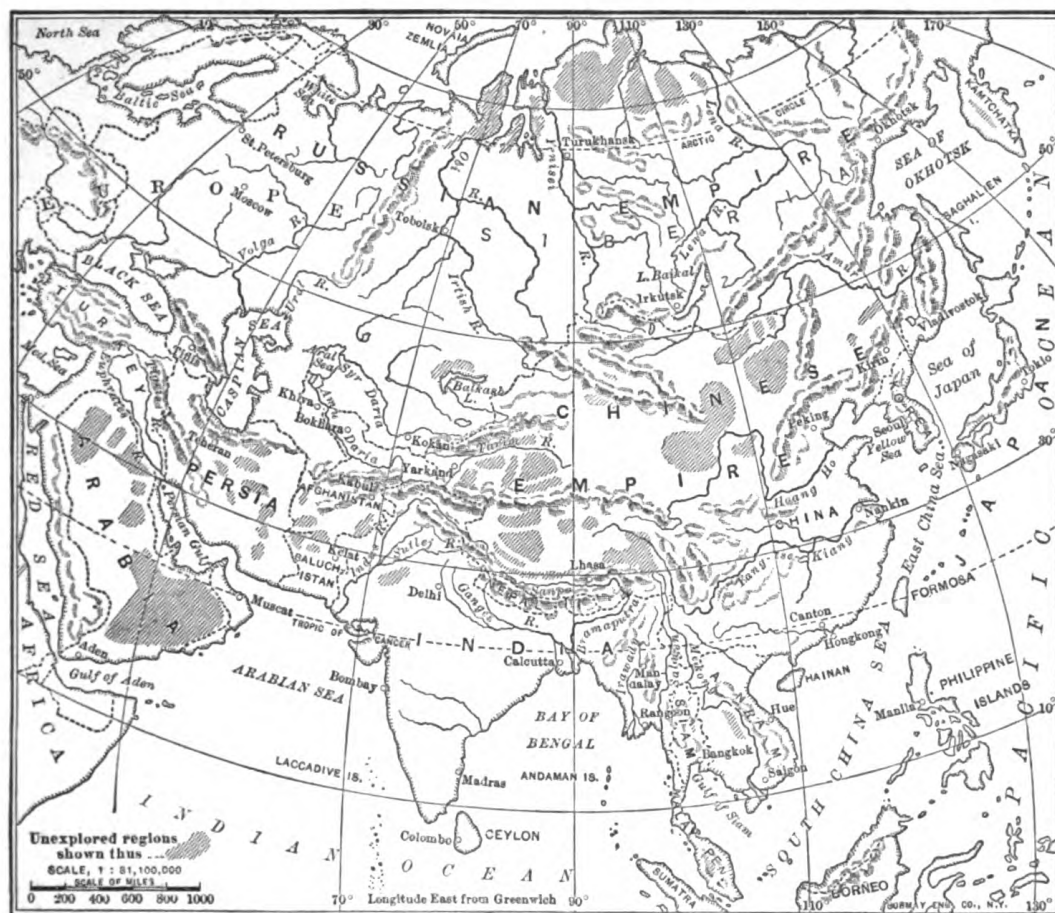
In spite of the wonderful energy that revealed Africa in sixty years, the unexplored is still more liberally sprinkled over this second largest continent than in any of the others. But the sum total of detailed geographical research now in progress in Africa greatly exceeds the volume of similar work in any other land, and with good reason. Here is a continent most of which in a generation has come into the possession of a few foreign powers. All the governments are eager to turn their new holdings to good account. Their civil servants and mil-

itary officers were embarrassed at every step by lack of maps and paucity of information. The result is that most expeditions to quell a tumult, to man a station, or for whatever purpose intended, have been exploring parties. Hundreds of the government, trading, and missionary posts are centres of scientific observation and study. Scores of white men in the service are competent to fix the geographical position of places and to make good surveys and maps. One of the latest sheets of the large-scale map of German East Africa, now being made by officers in the East Africa service, is the result of sixty-three surveys by twenty-nine travellers, during which the latitude and longitude of 137 different points were ascertained. A rainfall map, published in April last, shows that climatic data are now being collected at nearly two hundred stations in tropical Africa. These many hundreds of workers are rapidly supplying the information that will soon take nearly all the unexplored areas out of the category of the unknown.

The Germans and French especially are filling new map-sheets with detailed information. There are parts of our own country which are not yet so well surveyed as the Togo Colony of Germany, whose map, on a scale of three miles to an inch, will soon be completed. White spaces appear on these sheets, as in nearly all African mapping; but, on the whole, it may be said that the average quality of the map-work now coming out of Africa is far superior to most that has hitherto been produced in newly explored parts of the world.

The largest unknown regions are in the Sahara, but we may look forward with confidence to the time now approaching when at least the central and western parts of the Sahara, the three-fifths belonging to France, will show no important unexplored areas. The last work of pioneer discovery in Africa will doubtless be done in the eastern Sahara, or Libyan waste, which is still little known, though many years ago Rohlfs travelled far into it.

In Africa, as well as in the sub-arctic, temperate, and torrid regions, there are two leading motives for the attacks that are everywhere being made



MAP OF ASIA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

upon the scattered patches of unknown lands. One is the present impulse to search out every nook and cranny not yet permeated by the forces of our own civilization, that we may see what they have to add, if anything, to the wealth and opportunity of the world. The other motive, important though subordinate, is the desire to clear the ground everywhere for human activity by wiping the words *terra incognita* off the face of the globe.

Geography has been called the mother of science because it was exploration that brought to notice countless facts which stimulated the development and organization of geology, botany, zoology, chemistry, and other scientific specialties. These branches are conspicuously paying back to geography the debt they owe. The ethnology of most of the interior of New Guinea is still little known, and every party sent there to study the natives en-

larges also our knowledge of the rivers, ranges, and plains. Archæologists say that their branch of science requires the exploration, from their special point of view, of most of western North America from Nevada to the arctic; but they cannot enter parts of this area without cutting into regions that have never yet seen an explorer. Meteorologists say that we have little definite knowledge of the climatic features of the entire north-eastern part of South America from Argentina to the Caribbean because meteorological observations there have been so few and so far apart. Observing-stations are likely to be multiplied in those regions; and no branch of scientific inquiry will be established on a satisfactory footing over those high plateaus and lowlands and among those selvas and llanos without helping to reduce the size of the unknown regions so conspicuously shown on the map. At present the quest



MAP OF AFRICA
Shaded portions show unexplored regions

for rubber is the largest instrumentality through which the unexplored areas of the Amazon basin are becoming smaller.

We may not speak of rubber forests on the Amazon as we would of oak or pine forests at home. The trees that yield Para rubber are scattered among other kinds of timber and form only a small proportion of the forest growths. The demand for rubber has so largely increased that collectors are now going farther afield to hunt for new supplies; and as *Hevea Braziliensis* is scattered rather thinly over wide areas, considerable new territory is being roughly explored, and rubber collection is spreading out a little up the tributaries of Amazon affluents, and is thus cutting to a small extent into the unknown regions. Some new territory has thus been revealed in Bolivia as well as in Brazil. It is a slow process, for the dense tropical growths make penetration difficult; and the pros-

pect that rubber-planting may be successful will not tend to accelerate the present phase of utilitarian exploration. Whenever ethnological or other scientific study or missionary work may profitably be pursued we shall expect more or less reduction in the unknown areas of the Amazon; but the larger parts of the gloomy and stifling woodlands with their tangled undergrowths are likely still to be untraversed after the characteristics and resources of most other continental areas have been brought into view.

If we were to cover with black such bits of the unknown as the tips of rivers in Texas, New Mexico, and elsewhere whose exact position is still involved in some doubt, it would be easy to make a larger showing of the unexplored in North America. But small maps can effectively call attention only to fields of considerable extent. The fact which our map makes prominent is that on our con-

continent the really important opportunities for pioneer exploration are practically confined to Canada and Alaska.

The usual attitude of governments towards exploration was illustrated the other day by the reply of a Canadian official to the question whether the Dominion intended to survey the still unknown sections of the coasts of Baffin Land and to explore the interior. He answered that the government had no such purpose, in view of the greater importance to the people of large areas in the Dominion that are more accessible and are still unexplored. In other words, the primary geographical interest of governments relates to the discovery of material resources and new transportation routes. Official surveys in Canada have in fifteen years reduced the unexplored areas more than one-half, revealing the great forests south of Hudson Bay, the splendid waterways tributary to that bay through Chesterfield Inlet, new gold-fields in the Northwest, and some coal and copper on the arctic coast. They have also made contributions of the highest value to geology and other sciences.

Not less has our own search for material benefits widened, since 1898, the geographical knowledge of Alaska. It is believed that no mountain ranges remain undiscovered, the courses of all but two of the larger rivers are well mapped, the coast-lines have been surveyed, and perhaps nearly all of the larger geographical features are outlined. But although about half of the territory is now well mapped, there are still left in Alaska the largest unknown areas to be found in our domain. We may get a little idea of the work still before the pioneer explorer when we say that parts of Alaska aggre-

gating an area six times as large as that of New York State are still unmapped and practically unexplored.

Geographers generally agree with Prince Krapotkin that the orography of Asia and the extent and distribution of its various land forms are now clearly discerned. The exploration of Asia has made great strides in the past twenty-five years, and Russia's part in the work has been preeminent. No other explorers have made a greater name than those of Russia for enthusiastic pursuit of geographical knowledge and accurate results. The Russian workers have been scattered from the Pamir heights that overlook their Turkestan domain to the frozen tundra of the arctic coast, and there is very little of Siberia which they have not made known, at least in outline, excepting some parts of the north, whose material value is still very small. The map of Australia shows the areas of the desert and the tropical north that still await investigation.

We see explorers as far back as the light of history may dimly be projected to us. Thirty-five centuries ago the Babylonians well understood the régime of the Euphrates and the Tigris; they had sent their vessels outside the Persian Gulf and had pushed westward to the deserts of North Africa. Myriads of explorers since then have outlined most of the world and studied a great deal of it in detail. But the best geographical information in time becomes antiquated. The forces of nature and of man are constantly changing the aspects of the earth's surface. The mountains, valleys, rivers, and coast-lines will not be tomorrow just what they are to-day. So in a broad sense exploration will never end.



Ultimately

BY MARY KNIGHT POTTER

WITHOUT knowing how he knew, Martin, the little old lens-maker, was quite certain that he was dead. Even that certainty, however, did not make him sufficiently curious to wonder much about his surroundings, though assuredly these were not in the least such as he had ever supposed could accompany death. But somehow everything seemed strangely natural in spite of its unexpectedness. The great arched hall with its gray walls nearly lost in the gray distance, the tiers of half-empty seats above and below him, even the majestic gray-robed figure on the raised platform opposite,—all adjusted themselves to his inner consciousness quite as though he had always been familiar with them; he, the late Martin White, of Steuben Row! He laughed softly to himself as he prefixed the "late," and wondered lazily what Dorcas would say to it all.

Dorcas! He sat up, startled. It was past comprehension, but that was the first time she had come into his thoughts. Dorcas, who was still at home, while he was here—wherever that here might be, with life and death between them. And for over thirty years even a city's length never once had separated them. Martin gulped, and all his placid acceptance was gone. Even the conviction that he need not worry about her, his brave, self-reliant Dorcas, did not greatly comfort him. His own longing was too deep. He wondered if, perhaps,—

"Your paths await you." Through the hall the voice rang with a penetrating insistence that pierced even Martin's absorption and roused him to sharp attention. It was the gray-robed Presence who was speaking, and the hush that followed his first words deepened into heavy silence.

"Over the Beyond," the clear tones went on, "this court has no dominion. It can but adjudge which path thither

each of you shall take. Between here and there stretch many lands. Those of you who are ready, who have learned well your earth lesson, shall travel thence by the Straight Way that leads direct. For the others,—it is what you are that shall decide how long or short may be your journey."

For a moment, as he ceased, not a breath broke the intense quiet that seemed fairly to choke the hall. Then he opened a big bronze-bound book, and slowly turned its leaves, the soft crackle sounding to Martin cannon-loud. The gray-robed One swept his eyes over those before him, his fingers holding the open pages; and as he began again to speak, sudden terror gripped Martin's heart. He hardly heard the actual words, but the meaning of them surged desperately through his mind. Everybody's name, his name, was written within that huge volume. And when your name was called there was no escaping. You had to answer the questions of the Gray One. The question, rather, for it was only one that really counted. "What are you?" Your answer to that would send you—how, Martin was not quite sure—but in triumph, straight and sure to the Beyond, or it would carry you by rocky, tortuous, inaccessible ways that must be impassable for any weak old Martin. And yet those were to be his paths. That was beyond peradventure. "What are you?" Over and over the words rang in his ears, till in a very deafness of despair he could hear nothing else.

He did not notice that the Presence had already called a name. He did not see the tall young man who rose at the summons. "What are you?" He did not need to look back over his sixty years to find his answer. He had known too long. Dorcas had known,—was there any one who did not know the wretched failure Martin White had been? A failure! Just a pitiful, hopeless failure.

It seemed to him there would be more chance if he had been guilty of black crimes. Wickedness forsworn, guilt repented, were they not steps towards salvation? But if one had only miserably, utterly failed, how could one atone?

"What are you?" Once more the words of the Presence swept aside his oblivion. It was the young man below who was being questioned, and gradually Martin's bewilderment gave place to understanding. What was he saying? He shivered at the displeasure on the face of the Presence.

"And that is all? With such gifts as yours?" The tones cut like jagged glass, and Martin marvelled at the composure of the young man.

"In the world"—the accused drew himself up proudly—"those gifts you prize only make it harder to remain a 'respectable citizen.' You may judge me as you choose. I am not ashamed of my record."

"You have pronounced your own verdict." As the Presence spoke, he motioned to some one behind the tribune. Martin cringed again with dread. To him the words simply roared with implacable doom. But the young man stood tall and straight. He hardly turned his eyes to the white-clad youth who came at the call of the Presence, and knelt.

"Messenger," said the Presence, slowly, "conduct this traveller to the winding Desert-Path, that leads across the Great Divide. As for you"—he looked sternly at the unmoved man,—“you shall not find the Gate that opens out to the Beyond until you know your own great need. Blazon his record, Messenger, that he may see it constantly before him. No heights were beyond his reach, yet, because he did no ill, he remains content with his achievement."

With strained, dread-struck eyes, Martin watched the young man, who, with shoulders still squared and head high, followed the messenger behind the tribune. Swift upon his departure other names were called, other records demanded. And Martin listened to their sentences with ever-growing terror. One, of whose high repute as judge he had often heard, was sent to the Beyond over climbing, boulder-blocked paths that would take all his strength to mount.

"He cared," said the Presence as he dismissed him, "for his own honor more than for the ever-living Justice."

Another was a great general, one whose armies were always victorious and who had led in a glorious cause. Martin had revered his name beyond all heroes. For him again were decreed the long Desert-Paths of Preparation, because—"It was not the rights or wrongs of the country he served that moved him. It was for his own aggrandizement and power that he fought."

A world-famed preacher was a third, who had told the way to heaven to thousands. He, of a certainty, Martin thought, would receive only words of commendation, and would be sent the shortest, easiest way to the great Beyond. But the face of the Presence was stern.

"Because you held one fragment of the Eternal Truth, you scorned those other fragments held by your differing brothers. You were more anxious to prove yourself infallible than to prove the unfailing love and wisdom of the Judge of All." And the celebrated doctor of divinity had gone with hanging head to the road that no reputation or éclat could make short or smooth.

Martin's brain whirled more and more. Citizen, general, judge, and preacher condemned. What was the standard here?

"Martin White," called he holding the bronze-bound book.

Scarcely knowing what he did, Martin scrambled down to the tribune steps. For a moment the gray-robed Presence gazed silently at the shrinking figure of the little old man. In spite of his utter self-abasement and self-condemnation, unclouded steadfastness shone from his mournful eyes.

"Martin White." The name came softly from the Presence. "For sixty years you were permitted on the earth. What have you done with all that birth endowed you with? What are you?"

So, it had come! Martin straightened his drooping figure, bracing himself.

"There's nothing happened since I got here," he said, slowly, "to make me any different from what I was on earth. And on earth I was a failure." He stopped as if everything had been said.

But the Presence questioned further. "How have you failed?"

"There is no way I haven't. I had chances enough for myself and others, and I threw them all away."

"Worldly success or non-success does not avail here." The voice of the Presence carried reassuringly. "Is it only commercially you have failed?"

"I said in every way." The despair came full. "If the money part doesn't count here, it helps to make all the rest there. And it was my own fault. Just because I was a weakling. That's what Dorcas has always said, and I know it's so."

"And 'Dorcas' is—"

"My wife." Martin did not try to hide his pride. "She's been my wife for over thirty years. And been faithful, and tried to make both ends meet, and worked like a slave, with nothing that makes life happy for a woman. Dorcas, who deserved the best there was! She expected great things of me when we were married. And I never did anything but disappoint her." His voice broke in utter wretchedness.

"But surely you have some good to your credit?" The Presence looked at him searchingly. "And for your blunders you must have some excuse. How can you expect to enter upon even the longest Path of Preparation if all your life shows nothing worthy?"

"I don't expect it. I haven't any right. Nor any excuse. It's no excuse to say I tried. I haven't any right." He clenched his hands to keep the hopelessness down as he gazed yearningly at the Presence. "I know I have no right to ask for anything. But—but—"

"You need not fear." The Presence spoke encouragingly. "What is your desire?"

Martin bent his head and said, so low only the gray-robed One could hear, "If it might be that I could see Dorcas when she comes. It's a great thing to ask, I know, but if I might only see how at last she will be repaid for all her goodness."

Before the Presence could reply a messenger knelt at the tribune's steps.

"Many witnesses wait for Martin White," he said.

The little lens-maker, unnoticing, still stood supplicating, his hungry, eager eyes fastened on the face of the Presence.

"If these shall testify aright"—the

gray-robed One motioned to the messenger—"your wish is not impossible."

At the moment, to Martin's dumfounded amaze, a crowd of people suddenly appeared from somewhere behind the tribune. He stared in bewilderment, weakly wondering if it was part of his punishment to be condemned before so many. One among them pressed forward.

"I am allowed but little time," he said to the Presence. "When I heard that Martin White was here I begged leave to see his face once more. He is here?" He turned inquiringly and met Martin's eyes.

"John!" The two clasped hands as if they could not let each other go, while Martin cried "John" and "John," with vast comfort in the mere name.

"You knew Martin White on earth?" The Presence bent forward to the newcomer. "What sort of man was he?"

"What sort?" His voice swelled with tenderness. "The kindest, truest sort that ever lived."

Martin flushed deeply and tried to interrupt, but the other went on unheedingly.

"I ought to know. Didn't he believe in me and help me when every one called me thief? Wasn't it his aid and sympathy that kept me from being even worse? And there was no reason why he should have done it all,—nothing but the kindness of his heart."

"Nonsense, John!" Martin shook his head with affectionate disapproval. "It's his own kindness of heart that overvalues me," he explained, deprecatingly. "And exaggerates the little I helped."

But before he could say anything more a voice interrupted.

"Oh! Sir! Don't listen to Mr. White!" With hurried steps a young woman pushed to the front. "I can tell you truer. When the baby was dying and I was left alone it was he who persuaded the great doctor to come,—and paid him, though he had so little himself. It was he who sat with the child and made me rest. Oh! It was nothing unusual for him. He was always helping the widows and orphans, and only the widows and orphans knew."

Then Martin, whose efforts to stop the woman's words had been unavailing, turned to the Presence in desperation.

"You must listen to me." There was a sternness in the old man's tones that spread a hush about him. "I cannot let you think such praise true. There was no virtue in what I did for the baby. We—Dorcas and I—we had no children, and the little fellow held out his arms to me the first time I saw him. It was for my own self I wanted him to live. I wanted it so much I forgot the things I should have remembered. It was while I was with him the fire swept the work-room. And Dorcas had to drudge and go without again,—because of my selfish neglect."

His voice faltered, and while he tried to pull himself together, one who towered head and shoulders above the rest quietly moved those near him out of the way and stood, tall and grave, before the tribune.

"Bernard Brotherton." The Presence called the name in a greeting he had given no other.

Martin stared, fairly petrified with astonishment. What could the owner of that great name have to do with him?

"I had almost reached the end of my journey," the tall man began, without preamble, "when word was brought that Martin White had arrived at the Court of Entrance. I had searched for many years on earth for one Martin White. As fast as possible I have retraced my steps, hoping I might find him here."

"It has delayed you greatly." The Presence almost reproved.

"If it had delayed me twice as long, I should rejoice that I had turned." He stepped up to the wondering Martin and put both hands upon his shoulders and gazed down at him, infinite affection shining in his eyes. "So—you've forgotten Barney and the dog!"

Martin gasped. "Barney and the dog? . . . You—it isn't *you*?" Yet, as he stared into the face above, his incredulity gave way, and he fell to shaking the big man's hand, his own face one wide smile of joy. "To think! To think my boy Barney is Bernard Brotherton! I'd never dreamed it! Why didn't you let me know? It would have done my old heart good." Still shaking hands and quite oblivious of the Presence before them.

"At first things were so hard I knew you would be troubled. But afterwards

I tried. I never stopped trying, Mr. White." The tones as eager and explanatory as if he were the boy once more. "But though I hunted for years, I never could find trace of you. I couldn't bear you should think me so ungrateful."

"Barney ungrateful!" The old man laughed and shook hands once more. "Well, well, boy! How proud I am! If Dorcas could only see you!" He was no longer the self-abased, humiliated Martin. He had entirely forgotten the Presence, where he was, and why.

Bernard Brotherton smiled quizzically. "I don't believe she'd like me any better than ever, Martin." Then, at the quick look of distress that flushed the old man's face, he gently put his arm over his shoulder and turned once more to the tribune. "Twenty-five earth-years ago a boy was found guilty of a grave crime. It was chance that he had not been condemned before. Surroundings and example had done their worst for him. It happened that a man—a man with no influence and no money—saw the boy and heard his story. Heaven knows why, but he persuaded those in authority to let the boy go free and took him home. And though money daily grew scarcer in that home and worries grew thicker, he kept him, and for five years was father to him. When, at the end of the five years, the boy went into the world, he was the work of the man's heart and hand. After that he never could go very far wrong." He stopped a half-moment, and then continued, softly: "I was that boy. The man was Martin White. Whatever good may be laid to my credit, whatever I accomplished in those after twenty years,—it is not I, but Martin White who is responsible."

Before Martin could recover from his embarrassment sufficiently to expostulate, others among the crowd of witnesses were urging their words.

"He gave me a smile and a good-day when no one else had anything but kicks for me."

The praises went on till Martin could only cling helplessly to Bernard Brotherton, feebly crying that it was all nothing,—these were his friends; they had all done more for him than he for them. And the tall man patted his shoulder as

he would a baby's, while his own face grew brighter and brighter with rejoicing love. The last to speak was one of the white-clad messengers of the Court itself.

"I went to earth, as you commanded,"—he bowed before the tribune. "I saw the home and wife of Martin White and heard the words of those who knew him well. What I heard was such as has been told. But besides all else, for over thirty years he has been tender, loving, self-sacrificing, to a wife who was hard, bitter, and self-absorbed."

"Let me through! Let me through!" A woman's cry rose high and sharp, and while it still rang into the startled silence, a tumult at a far end of the hall grew rapidly louder and nearer. Through the crowd dashed a woman, stopping only when she had reached the tribune's steps.

"Great Judge, or whoever you are!" She threw herself upon her knees and clasped her hands wildly. "You must hear me."

"Dorcas!" Martin had heard the woman's cry and watched her as she swept by him, too stupefied to believe his ears or eyes. It was Brotherton's sudden grip on his arm that brought him to vivid realization. He flung off the hand as though he were twice the big man's size and started for the kneeling woman. "Dorcas!" All the rapture, love, and longing of a lifetime were in the cry. Her own words stopped him before he reached her side.

"You mustn't believe a word he says!" She importuned the Presence, wringing her hands in an agony of grief. "It's all true—what the other told you. But you must believe I didn't realize it. . . . We did have a hard time. Things never went right,—and all the people he kept doing for only did harm to him. And it made me furious to think he'd never see his own interest nor mine. And I never helped him. I never comforted him. I never showed I loved him. I thought I was the abused one, and I never tired telling him so. And through it all he bore with me like an angel, and loved me. Oh! That's the only comfort I have now, and yet that hurts worse than all the rest. But he did love me, always." Her weeping overcame her words, and

Martin, his own voice broken by a mighty sob, started forward again.

"Dorcas! Dorcas!" he pleaded.

But she struck out her arms to keep him back, and controlling her voice, went on, to the Presence: "All the years I never knew. I never knew anything but my own selfish wants. It wasn't till he had gone and I knew I was never to have him again that I learned what he had been. And then—oh, the agony of it all! And then, after, I prayed. If I might only tell him that I understood at last, and that I would give all I'd ever thought I ought to have—to be able to show him how I love him. That was what I prayed—and I have told him." Her head sank upon her breast, but she stretched weak hands to her husband.

Martin looked at Bernard, at the crowd about, at the messenger, and at the Presence. Dreadful conviction was borne in upon him.

"You—you are going to separate us?" The words were torn from him in a gasp of agony, and he turned once more to Bernard. "Barney! Barney! Tell them, if they can't let us go together, to put me behind her, so I can see her each step of the way. That would be something,—oh! that would be a great deal. If they will think I deserve some good,—tell them that will be the most good to me. They mustn't, Barney, they mustn't take me away from her altogether!"

"You need no one else to plead for you, Martin White." It was the Presence, not Bernard, who spoke. "It is not these witnesses, it is you yourself who have disclosed yourself. And because of the height of the truth of your heart, you will go with Bernard Brotherton on that shortest path which leads to the Gate of the Beyond. And because of your love, and her final knowledge of her own great unworthiness, Dorcas, your wife, shall accompany you."

Dorcas slipped from her husband's arms and fell upon her knees and kissed his feet. "Together, Martin, together for this little while," she sobbed.

And Martin's face as he stooped and lifted her was shining with a glory that comes only to those who have learned all love can teach. "Together for this little while," he whispered, "and after,—surely for us both there will be only good."

Editor's Easy Chair

CONSCIOUSNESS of other nationalities is not apt to be a vice of the American nature except in those sad instances in which the American has been cultivated beyond the self-satisfaction so akin to self-respect that one is not willing to distinguish between the two, at least in one's own case. Even with the especially cultivated this consciousness refers rather to farther than to nearer differences, and the cultivated American who is keenly alive to the existence of a dominion bordering us beyond the seas, is comparatively dead to the presence of a Dominion bordering us beyond the lakes and rivers. From time to time he hears that its people desire or detest a closer relation with us; but mainly he keeps only a tradition of summer travel, and an impression of a long, implacable winter, as his associations with it. Now and then his morning or his evening paper appeals to his slumbrous patriotism with tales of a vast Western emigration to those hyperborean regions, and a welcome given the emigrants which might undermine a citizenship less deeply rooted than ours. It seems to him that he remembers rectifications of frontiers in which we have scarcely escaped bloodshed, and he vaguely recalls special despatches, noting the pursuit of American fishermen on the lakes by the navies of our neighbor; and there has been something about bait and the Gloucester mackerel-men. Apparently, there has also been something about reciprocity and nefarious attempts of our neighbor to get us to lower our Chinese Wall of a tariff, so that he can get over it with his timber, or what not. Then all again is silent, except for wintry rumor of ice-palaces, somewhere; and though five or six trains from New York and Boston and quite as many from Chicago leave daily for the metropolis of the Neighboring Power, the cultivated American shrinks from the thought of it as despairingly as if it were to be reached only by toboggan.

Yet, we venture to think that if the cultivated American were the least little bit more cultivated, he might be brought to feel an interest as lively, if not as polite, in that neighboring power as, say, in some of the minor principalities of the European continent, or the larger republics of South America.

As long as we were part of Europe ourselves we were more intimately related to the neighboring power than we have ever been since, especially as long as the neighboring power was French. In that picturesque period, our ancestors were often tomahawked by its savage emissaries, or led captive over its borders, which we ourselves sometimes crossed carrying fire and sword into its fastnesses. But that period passed, and a sluggish era of adventureless peace set in, which some are so commonplace as to hope may last forever, and finally restore us, if on less picturesque terms, to the lost intimacy of our European date.

It was in the tranquillity of this period that the greatest of American historians, conceived the idea of a history, which should not only relate us in the knowledge and imagination of men to the founders of the neighboring power, but should make us equally with them partners in the annals of all the world, directly or indirectly. Before him, an American poet, the greatest of American poets, had written a poem which reunited us with that power in its earliest English phase, through one of the most pathetic episodes of the human story. We were thus already akin through the intellect and the spirit with the people beyond the Chinese Wall of our tariff, and whoever had the will could pass it in the summer's day that lured from Niagara down the lakes and the rapids to Montreal, and again down the seaward-widening river to Quebec. It is some such wanderer, some such bold adventurer from the spacious Julys and Augusts of

the past whom we would invite the cultivated American to accompany in his latest visit to the dominions of the neighboring power, made when the dead fields, now so deeply sheeted and sepulchred in these January snows, were yet in their September green, with the first leaves of autumn beginning to redden around and above them. If the cultivated American will come, he shall be shown some things, or at least told some things, which will not indeed surprise him, for nothing can surprise the cultivated American except his own cultivation, but which we hope will interest and possibly a little charm him. If he cares to see a capital in the making, and to meet a people in the process of nationalizing themselves on terms of novelty which we ourselves have won for them, and in a differentiation from both the Mother Country and the Elder Sister Country which it is the chief stroke of their genius to have imagined, the chance is open to him.

The anomaly of being an independent dominion in dependence on an inclusive empire, if not in its control, was an idea which would hardly have occurred to the neighboring power, if the Elder Sister Country had not made it practicable to throw off the guidance of the Mother Country, without apparently severing the political ties which one need not be so offensive as to call apron-strings. We had to go all lengths before the neighboring power could go all the lengths but one, and we had to begin Washington before that power could begin Ottawa. In both cases, nature had been before human nature in suggesting the site of a capital. Since the first political Christian founded his capital on the shores of the Bosphorus, few if any states have had their main office in places so dignified. The accidental capitals, like London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Rome, have indeed the rivers that are apt to run by large towns, but they have none of them a scenic environment so noble as the capital of this Republic or the capital of that Dominion. Both these capitals began to set their future splendor in architecture worthy the nature about them, and it was not without significance that the republic framed its Capitol in the classic forms consecrated by the freedom of classic antiquity, and that the

dominion shaped its official fane on the Gothic lines endeared to the race by the secular and religious shrines of the motherland. One is not obliged to choose between them, and say the first is more beautiful than the last; but one feels that the gray Gothic would have looked alien by the Potomac, and the white Greek would have seemed a false note in the symphony of the wintrier sky and the northerner landscape by the Ottawa.

A little while ago, say thirty years, the Capitol seemed pretty much all there was of Ottawa. But all of the Capitol now seems a little part of Ottawa, grown twice or thrice as large as then, and many times lovelier. They are so rather bouncingly pleased, those Dominion folk, to be just what they are in quite their own way, that one scarcely credits one's sense in hearing them speak of their capital as the Washington of the North, but one may at least believe that what has taken place at Washington, in some things, is taking place at Ottawa in the same sort of things. That is, the town is realizing itself in a constant consciousness of the capital, very much to the advantage of both. There is no tradition, or at least none that the more ignorant visitor knows, of a city planned, and as it were forecast, by an inspired engineer, in a prophecy discovered by a bold President of after-time, who began to fulfil it, as President Hayes began to fulfil the prophecy of Major L'Enfant in the present and future Washington, after a wise, however wicked, Boss Shepherd had turned the town from a mud-hole into a paradise of asphalt. But Ottawa did not linger long in the hold of the original accident, which keeps its clutch so unrelentingly on the cities of greed and want. You see now, happy if ignorant visitor, how the capital is extending itself all through, and all around the city, in public offices more or less of the parent Gothic, amidst gardens taught to grow by the canals and rivers taught to flow at their feet, in drives that seek the splendid fields and pleasaunces beyond the streets and then come willingly back to them, in parks that the kind trolley reaches everywhere, and in the open spaces that allow the avenues to stretch themselves when they are tired of the stores and dwellings.

The official city is all new or newer, but the unofficial city is rather oldish here and there; sometimes shabbily old, and sometimes quaintly old. There is a wide market-place where the long, dense ranks of country wagons give an English, give a Latin effect to the buying and selling, and the gray stone shops and taverns overlooking the barter are mostly of a type unhappily obsolescent in a continent so fire-new as ours. Suggestions of Montreal as Montreal used to be, suggestions even of Quebec as Quebec used to be, breathe from these market-carts, and from the figures of comfortable farm-women bargaining with wary young housewives. That market-place is a charming touch; but whether the pervading sawmills, that heap their planks and scantlings, and slabs and shingles high in air and abroad beside the great river, are another charming touch must be left to the reader's taste. Sawmills, if rightly seen, or with the eye of fond recollection, are not unpicturesque, but in the nature of lumbering they cannot always hold their place. Here and there a vast boom of logs stretches far into the river, but the forests where the logs were lately trees are falling fast, and doubtless the capital will know how in time to restrict the saw-mill and at last to efface it.

Outside of Washington we might be fearful of socialism in the public control keeping the streets so clean as those of Ottawa; and again and again we come upon evidences of administrative efficiency which give us pause in our conjecture that we are very like the Canadians. In the parts of their capital which we suppose we must call residential, no matter how we hate the word, the handsome, lawn-girt dwellings remind us of those in our smaller cities, all the way from Hartford to Buffalo, and as much beyond as you like to go. For the most part, the people of Anglo-Saxon race (which of course means the Scotch, Irish, and Welsh always) look more like the American Anglo-Saxons than the English Anglo-Saxons, but suddenly a face or a figure, far more frequently than in our towns, transports you to London, or Edinburgh, or Dublin, or Cardiff. Oftener than otherwise the accent is like ours, and there are no dropped or dis-

located aspirates lying about. But they spell their American accent differently; a man of Honor could not be commonly honest unless he had a u in the last syllable, and the laborer would not be worthy of his hire without it. This is only the beginning of the voluntary differences from us in the neighboring power. Your Canadian is not an American if he knows it, but he does not know how much of an American he is. He thinks that in being full of the new wine of the new country—we speak figuratively, of course—he is being distinctively Canadian, and only we who recognize the tang of our vintage know better. Perhaps an Englishman, lately from Home, and peering anxiously and bewilderedly about on the flush of that ardor, would divine its true source. What is certain is that the ardor is there. The spirit of the West, of the Future, thrills eastward from the fertile fields of the friendly climates in the great Canadian grain-lands and fruit-lands, and from the Canadian gold-lands and coal-lands, and from the shores of the Canadian rivers and seas, as it does not even with us. It may be that it makes itself as much felt at Washington, that fine bold spirit, as it does in Ottawa, but we doubt it, and we are sure it does not in New York. We are apt to question it, to snub it here, but it seems welcome in Ottawa.

Or is this the error of a hasty observer? What seems certain is that you are in the presence of an effervescence which has more or less subsided with us. After all, the actual Canada, the eventual Canada, is a far newer country than ours. The historic Canada, the Canada of the priest, the soldier, the habitant, is far to the eastward of the fresh activities which are making the Dominion great, or as great as a country with so much winter against it can be. But these activities penetrate the whole body politic of the Dominion as they do not penetrate the body politic of the Republic; they qualify it, they characterize it; or if they do not, one fancies, no doubt from insufficient evidence, that they do. The forces there are visible and audible, and here they are like the rivers of their own West which when tired of flowing above-ground sink and flow underground, but flow quite as strenuously there.

Is it a fancy that the air, yonder, the pure air of a climate where it is as cold half the year as if liquefied, is less haunted than ours with the giant forms of the Trusts and Distrusts which threaten our peace? At least one does not hear so much of the mighty fortunes; really one cannot remember hearing, in a week's time, the word millionaire once pronounced; the word multimillionaire is apparently unknown to the happier vocabulary of the neighboring power, but no doubt it will duly form a part of the knowledge which rushes in while wisdom still lingers without. No doubt, if we could look into the heart of the neighboring power, we should see the like of the bitterness which stirs in our own, the commercial lust, the industrial unrest. The dream of a state caring as eagerly and jealously for those who earn as for those who pay, or underpay, is not a vision of that power, as it is of the great Pacific provinces which justly call themselves a commonwealth. The neighboring power came to its consciousness too early for that vision, as we came to ours too early to imagine the dependent independence which she has realized politically. This is something which teases the thought of the witness from time to time, and which he can only put aside by answering his own question with the fact that it works. How long it will work no one can say, for no one can calculate the lifetime of an anomaly. We had once our own anomaly, and a far worse one, and no one could calculate its lifetime. As it was said in our time of patience, a nation cannot exist half slave and half free, so it may begin to be said over there that a nation cannot exist half colonial and half imperial.

It is not said yet, and such whispering as there once was of another union has quite died away; there is really not a breath of that any more than there is a breath of the republicanism which once feebly gasped in England. The new times have their new cures for the old maladies, and we have taught, if we have not learnt, that republics can be unjust and full of the superfluity of the worst inequality, the inequality of life and the means of life. So the latest democracies do not seek salvation in republics or union

with republics. They feel that the economic evil must first be economically attacked and destroyed. The most we can ask of the neighboring power is to remember that we made her and her opportunity possible through our suffering and revolt.

At present her two races and her two religions are bound together in a patriotism which shows no fissure to the alien eye. The Latin race, which has given the distinguished statesman for the first place in her ministry, seems in full accord with the Anglo-Saxon race which accepts his leadership. If these elements should ever mix, as they have not yet mixed, they ought in logic to offer the future a people such as the world has not yet seen. But apparently they are no nearer a racial than a religious union, and standing together for Canada, French and English, Catholic and Protestant seem set apart in perpetuity as to all other things. Which side is holding its own, or more than its own, it would be a bold alien who should say.

In the mean time, what you superficially note at Ottawa is the prevalence of neither the Latin nor the Anglo-Saxon, but of the Scot, whose eager visage imparts its physiognomy to the street crowd, not yet of a New York or London density. It is a very Scotch town, if not a Scotch town, and this may be why it is so Canadian, so American, so Yankee. Anywhere you can easily get out of the business streets, into the official spaces or the residential districts, which are so noble, so pleasing. You can even get into the country, with a foreground full of the gleams and wide reaches of the magnificent river, and beyond these, the fertile fields, rising in grandiose terraces, to the Laurentian Hills, too blue to lose themselves in the blue of the vast horizons. Can it be that in a little while, the mid-September visitor asks himself, those mighty extents, those lofty tops will be white as death under six months' snow? But perhaps this forced torpor of a half-year may be all that prevents the neighboring power annexing the States to the south of her. She may yet do this when she has imparted to her whole dominion the ever-vernal climate of her wonderfully isothermalized northwest.

Editor's Study

IN the history of literature no subject is more interesting or more pertinent to the whole course of development than that of periodical publication.

Our modern idea of publication is generally confined to the issue and circulation of printed works, excepting in the case of plays that have publicity only as they are acted, and of musical compositions which are known to the general public only as they are rendered by musicians. This exceptional form of publication was the original and only form in the most ancient times, when there was not even the written symbol, and publication was through oral tradition. It is, moreover, the only form which to-day reaches, as it has in all ages reached, the illiterate, transcending, therefore, by direct and universal appeal, the device of written word and of typography. Before these devices existed all speech was simply phonetic, and unembarrassed by orthoepic puzzles and ambiguities.

Such literature as there was before letters—in the martial and religious lyric, the heroic epic, the elementary drama, and the impassioned speech—was closely associated with religious ritual and with regularly recurrent festivals, themselves following the routine of Nature in days, seasons, years, and lustres, and was therefore to a large extent periodical in its communication to the people. The earliest folk-lore and poetry, as represented in Hesiod's *Works and Days*, were calendary, with near relation to agriculture, which, like the gathering of simples and the magical rites of healing, was carried on with a superstitious regard to the phases of the moon. Probably, as soon as printed publications began to circulate among the people, the most fascinating of periodicals was a kind of farmer's almanac.

We doubtless underestimate the number of readers before the invention of types; and the number was comparatively greater in some periods of ancient culture than at any time in medieval his-

tory before the Renaissance. It must have been so in the time when it could be said that "Of the making of many books there is no end." In Rome, even before the Augustan age, intelligent copyists were numerous. Julius Cæsar, who wrote his *Commentaries* to conciliate political favor, had probably no difficulty in securing for them a sufficiently general circulation to effect his purposes. In the next generation any writer who could command the services of hundreds of well-trained slaves could have put upon the market an edition of his latest work larger than the usual first edition of books issued to-day, and in less time. But for this cheap skilled labor the hand printing-press would have come into use. It would have been as easy to make metal types as to engrave signet-rings.

It was not alone the cheapness of labor that met the ancient literary need. Labor was cheap enough in the fifteenth century when types came into use. But there was at this later date no such abundant supply of intelligent servants who could read and write as that derived from the great body of slaves in the palmiest days of the Roman Empire. Æsop was a slave, and Horace the son of a freedman. It was largely due to the intelligence and fidelity of this ingeniously efficient class, whose dependent condition was its misfortune (as in the case of captives taken in battle), rather than its fault, that the stability of the Empire was so long maintained, despite the unworthiness of its masters.

The medieval monks were copyists, and there was a host of them; but they hardly served the interests of a free literature; they were not likely to copy the works of Chaucer, Dante, Petrarch, or Boccaccio, whatever share they may have had in the preservation of classic lore, which was quite entirely Latin. Printing was a forced invention, rendered necessary rather by the illiteracy of craftsmen than by the demand of a large

reading class. In fact, it was printing that first created any considerable general demand for books.

In this situation, which lasted for a century and a half after the invention of the printing-press, there was no call for periodical publications or even for newspapers. There was, indeed, no publication of anything to the people except in the ancient sense—through recitation, oration, the rubric and stage representation. The earliest newspaper printed in Europe was the *Frankfurter Journal*, a weekly, in 1615. A year after the landing of the *Mayflower*, followed a similar publication in London, called the *Weekly News*, and not until more than seventy years later was there an English daily paper. Caxton had printed books at Westminster more than two centuries earlier—an interval stretching from the Wars of the Roses to the Revolution of 1688, including the mighty literature produced by the great Elizabethan dramatists, with Shakespeare at their head, by More and Bacon and Sir Thomas Browne, by Spenser and Milton and Bunyan. Yet in all this glorious period no daily newspaper! The English language had come of age. Constitutional liberty, in theory at least, had been achieved. Yet for the great mass of the English people, lacking manhood suffrage, and having no direct responsibility for the conduct of public affairs, there had been developed no regular and organized channels of political expression.

The formation of something which may properly be called public opinion and the establishment of means for its expression rapidly progressed during the closing years of the seventeenth century, so that in 1703 daily journalism became a successful venture. Then began the era of the brilliant and effective publicist in England, nearly a century before there was anything like it on the continent.

There had been masterly pamphleteering as early as the middle of the seventeenth century, the most eminent examples of which were from the pen of John Milton, mainly in the service of the Commonwealth. This method of appealing to intelligent public opinion was the only one possible at that time, and it was pursued with still greater vigor after the advent of the daily press, because of

the constantly increasing number of readers. Defoe and Swift showered pamphlets upon the British nation; but these distinguished writers with even more zest availed of the larger opportunities afforded by periodical publications. Probably no one man ever wielded the power of the press with such effect as Swift did in the *Examiner* during the time of his connection with it.

Defoe had, in 1704, started a periodical of his own, *The Review*, he being at the time a political prisoner in Newgate. He contributed all the matter—essays on politics and commerce—himself, and supplemented each number, of which three were published every week, with "The Scandalous Club," dealing with manners and morals—a precursor of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*, which appeared soon afterward. His *Robinson Crusoe*, after its remarkable success in book form, was published serially in *Heathcote's Intelligencer*, being the first instance of a feuilleton on record. The same fortune—that is, serial after book publication—happened in the next century to Thomson's *Seasons* and to Gray's *Elegy*. We have witnessed such a reversal of the usual sequence even in our own time in the case of several successful novels, some of which were originally published serially in first-class magazines, then in book form, and again as newspaper feuilletons. As in the case of *Robinson Crusoe*, these later instances indicate the diverse strata of an author's possible audience and help to explain the ever-increasing variety of periodicals.

The intimate association with the earliest periodicals of two such writers as Defoe and Swift, the authors of the two most popular tales not only of their own but of all time, has had its counterpart in every subsequent period of English and American literature. Dryden was the last of the illustrious writers since Chaucer who were denied such association, for though in his last days he was a frequenter of Will's Coffee-House, he did not live quite long enough to witness the triumph of coffee-house literature in the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*, to which Addison, Steele, Swift, and Pope were contributors.

Before the eighteenth century a writer, however great, who did not produce plays

could not depend upon literature for a livelihood. By *The Beggar's Opera*, Gay made more than seven thousand pounds, while the "exquisite" Herrick, though he wrote immortal verse, would have starved but for the living of Dean Prior, given him by Charles I. Sufficient influence at court, or the substantial aid of an aristocratic patron, was necessary to enable the writer to pursue literature at all, and the politic conciliation of such favors involved corresponding obligations and sometimes humiliating compromises. The stage alone afforded profit, with comparative independence, and the widest possible publicity. Yet the ribald public at the time of the Restoration was an exacting tyrant, demanding of playwrights something worse than political accommodation—the prostitution of their art to a corrupted taste. Even Dryden, originally a Puritan, in the early period of his career as a dramatist submitted as supinely as Gay did to this degradation.

The dependence upon royal favor and political patronage was even more extensive in the eighteenth century, because there was a larger number of brilliant writers, whose wit and versatile talent were of such avail and so necessary to party leaders that the obligation was mutual and so equal that it lost its sting. Of all the postulants for official favor, writers like Addison must have been the most independent, such service as they rendered being genial and engaging their eager enthusiasm. Politics was the polite art of the time, and polite literature was willingly subservient to it, but never so absorbed by the service as to diminish its equally alluring offices in the cause of polite criticism and polite manners, which occupied a large proportion of space in the coffee-house periodicals. Here it was that Addison's critical appreciation of Milton established for his generation a just estimate of the old poet; but, for the most part, it was contemporary letters, as everything else contemporary, that engrossed attention in an age which, taking itself rather seriously in a stately fashion, is looked back upon as itself an elegant comedy, witty, satirical, and gayly self-complacent.

The *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and a hundred other publications of a like character,

though most of these were political rather than literary, which sprang up before Johnson started his short-lived *Rambler*, a generation later, had the polite town for audience, including the women of society. The urban limitation was due to the urbanity of the literature. There was a considerable reading public in England to whom this kind of literature did not appeal, who were readers of Bunyan, and whose chief inducement to learn to read at all was a religious rather than any worldly motive. The interest in politics among the people was, as it had long been, keener and more general in England than in any other land. It was still largely met by tracts and pamphlets, but in the latter half of the century it was stimulated and abundantly nourished by the press. In no other country had there been established so many excellent schools, endowed with special reference to indigent students, for whom ample provision was made, unless they happened to be of Roman Catholic parentage. But literature, for its own sake, flourished only in London, or in such fashionable places as Bath and Deal, which in this regard, as in their social aspects, but reflected in the lustre of the metropolis.

The best essays of the early part of the century, those of the *Spectator* type, seem to us extremely modern rather than modish—modish as that time was. Simple and idiomatic in expression, they were quite free from the artificialities and affectations of contemporaneous verse. They sounded a new note, and had a lasting influence upon all subsequent English literature. Excepting as an instance of striking precocity, we do not wonder that Elizabeth Montagu, the "Queen of the Blues," had before her ninth year copied the whole of the *Spectator*. In few novels of our time is there so much of genuine character-making as there is in many of these essays. From Addison's Sir Roger de Coverley and Willy Wimble, and Steele's memoir of Dick Eastcourt, it is but a step to the novels of Richardson and Fielding.

We also easily pass from the periodicals which published these essays to the earliest type of a monthly magazine, appealing to a general audience through miscellaneous contributions in prose and verse. The germ of this type was Peter

Motteux's *The Gentleman's Journal*, established in 1691; but there was no complete or successful example of it until Edward Cave, under the name of "Sylvanus Urban," established *The Gentleman's Magazine* about a quarter of a century after Steele started *The Tatler*. This magazine has been continuously published for more than one hundred and seventy-five years.

Cave, whose publishing house at St. John's Gate was also his residence, offered prizes for poems on themes suggested by him—as high as £50 for the best on, say, such a subject as "Life, Death, Judgment, Heaven, and Hell." "Sylvanus Urban" had no literary distinction, and by all accounts was not especially "urbane"; but he succeeded in making a successful miscellany, one of the most striking features of which was the reporting of Parliamentary debates—a novelty in the journalism of that time.

The fame of the magazine had reached Samuel Johnson at Lichfield—where he had instituted an academy; and when, a few years later, he, with David Garrick, his most promising pupil, went to London to try his fortunes there in the literary field, St. John's Gate was to him like the candle to the moth, and he was used, shyly and afar off, to gaze upon the somewhat stately portal with the deepest reverence. In 1738, while he was yet unknown in that literary London of which he was afterward to be the most imposing figure, he became the coadjutor of Mr. Cave. Doctor Johnson was thus the first eminent literary man to become closely associated with a popular monthly magazine. Popular it might well be called for those days, having, according to Doctor Johnson, a sale of ten thousand copies. The *Spectator* in its best days, before its first series was paralyzed by the stamp tax of 1712, had a circulation of only three thousand.

The population of London at this time was six hundred thousand. How small a part of this was included in what may be called the polite town may be inferred from the limited audience which Addison addressed, but still more significantly from the fact that theatrical representations reached only about twelve thousand. It was therefore a feather in Johnson's cap that he brought the circu-

lation of Cave's Magazine (1740-43) up to fifteen thousand by his version of the current "Parliamentary Debates," which was largely a work of the imagination, since, while he gave the veritable substance, he clothed it in his own magniloquent language. Cave celebrated his good fortune, according to Hawkins, "by buying an old coach and a pair of older horses." Johnson's tender conscience, when he learned that the Parliamentary speeches were taken for genuine, led him to discontinue the publication.

Light literature could hardly be expected from a magazine conducted by either Mr. Cave or Doctor Johnson; indeed, it is only within our own memory that the antiquarian features of this periodical were set aside; but it was lighter than could be found in any other miscellany of the time, and within its first years it had a score of imitators. Its scheme was original, and was known, Doctor Johnson said, "wherever the English language is spoken."

Thus was the monthly magazine, which has been for nearly two hundred years one of the most characteristic features of English literature, auspiciously started upon its career.

Periodical literature, in its very beginning, accomplished for the writer one very important result. It enabled him to secure at least partial independence of patronage without recourse to play-writing. The novel, which was its natural offspring, and which, from the first, was a profitable undertaking, helped to complete the emancipation. Richardson's *Pamela*, the earliest society novel, tedious as it may seem to us, appealed to the sympathies of every class in Europe, and established a new school of foreign as well as of domestic fiction. The novel and the monthly magazine emerged during the same generation. Together with the polite essay, they helped to abolish pedantry, and we may justly say that they brought the development of modern English prose literature to a stage of finished grace and elegance not hitherto reached even in the noble examples furnished by Bacon, Taylor, Milton, and Sir Thomas Browne, who wrote as men must write who have not been brought into intimate accord with the idiomatic expression of a general audience.

Editor's Drawer

Some Reflections

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

THERE is Company to dinner; two kinds. A man, who left his cane by Father's golf-clubs, and a purple lady whose bonnet is on Mother's bed. I went and looked at the bonnet. It has ever so many little black beads on it. Black beads are not pretty. Nothing that is black is pretty. If I could sew better I would get my box of beads and sew up the Company's bonnet with lovely blue and red and yellow ones. When the purple lady came up-stairs she would see her bonnet all fixed up and she would be surprised. "What nice little girl has done this?" she would say.

I am coming down-stairs to see the Company. I have had my face washed. It didn't hurt much this time. It never hurts so much when you think you are going to see something different right after it. I have on my new slippers with the buckles. I am coming down sitting, so as not to wear the slippers out. If I could fly down it would be better. I asked the Gardener about flying. "If you were good for a hundred years," I said, "would you get so that you were able to fly like the angels?"

The Gardener said that he had been good for over a hundred years and he never saw anything come of it but death and taxes.

Then Mrs. Goodwin, that stays in the kitchen, said, "Shame to talk so to that poor child." And the Gardener said something with apples of eyes and other queer words in it. I didn't hear what apples of eyes were, because I went away to look for round stones.

I like Company because it is new, and wears more rings than Mother does, and has cologne on its handkerchief: I can see it in the sitting-room. I would like to get a little closer to smell the cologne, but I am afraid to come down off the stairs and walk through the hall because the Company's cane is

standing by the golf-sticks looking at me. It is a very horrid cane. There is a big white egg on top of it and an alligator coming out of the egg. I don't want to go past it. Maybe, if I did, the alligator would crawl out and get me. I will just stay on the stairs where there is nothing wild and where I can see the Company.

Mother has on a white dress. Father is sitting up straight and being nice and funny. Every one's voice is different from the way it is when they talk to me. The purple lady has more black beads on her back. I should like to count them to see if there are as many as the Children of Israel. There are quite a good many Children of Israel. I have a picture of them doing hard work and getting whipped for being good—



THE GARDENER SAID HE HAD BEEN GOOD FOR OVER A HUNDRED YEARS

only they are not all children; most of them are as old as Father. . . . Just now the purple lady pointed at the brass teakettle. I waited to hear Father tell her "You mustn't point," but he didn't; she went on pointing. In a few minutes Father will take hold of her hand and keep it until she promises not to point any more. . . . He didn't do that either. Perhaps she doesn't know any better. . . . I can't see the purple lady's face, but I think she is the same one that brought me a chocolate rabbit the last time she was Company. The man never brings me anything. Mrs. Goodwin says he doesn't like children. When I asked her what he did like she laughed and said, "Rare rows for medlars." I didn't know what kind of a rose that was. I went and asked the Gardener. He didn't know either, but he showed me a marble lying on his spade. It was a blue marble. The Gardener told me he had been digging and had broken through to China without meaning to, and the marble was the first thing he hit. I had to kiss him before I could have it. When he kisses me he gets cross and won't talk afterward. Mrs. Goodwin says it is all on account of his own little girl who died.

I wish I could get by the purple lady to see if she has those little voices in her breathing that she had last time. I sat on her lap and heard them while she was talking. They called out to each other, "Say, say, say! Come up here and play. Why? Why? By and by! Don't go away, don't

go away, come and play!" I asked Mother what the little voices were. She said, "It is Asthma, you mustn't talk about it." I asked Mother if I might think about it. She said I might if I was sure to think kindly and if I took care not to hurt the lady's feelings.

Pretty soon, when the pudding comes in, I will shut my eyes so that I can get past the alligator without his seeing me, and I will go and sit on the purple lady's lap. I want to ask her if she likes black beads better than colored ones, or if she only wears them because her mother wants her to and knows what's best for her. Then when she talks I will hear the little voices calling: "Say! say! Come up here and play, don't go away!" The little voices are her feelings. They are called *Asmers*. I will think kindly about them and not hurt them.

Mrs. Bingley is here. She brought the new baby. The baby yawns and doesn't care for anything. I took him my rubber lamb that I am too big for. He hit it. He cries so much that everybody is ashamed of him, and poor mother has to stay in bed so she can keep him hidden. Father told me that he was my little brother. A baby cannot be a little brother. A little brother wears a red hat and takes hold of your hand and runs with you. I saw one once.

Mrs. Bingley sews and looks at me when she bites off her thread, and sings long songs with her spectacles on her forehead. Her songs have "Beseech" and "Grace" and "Thy Spirit" in them. I asked her if "Beseech" was a place where you pick up shells and go barefoot on the sand. She said "No, it was more like hankering after a thing and taking on to get it once you didn't have it." Then I said, "Do you know more than my father, Mrs. Bingley?" and she stopped sewing and looked at me and said I was "comical." Then her spectacles fell off and she polished them on her dress; watching her do that made me forget to ask her about "Grace" and "Thy Spirit," but I think "Grace" is a little girl with a white apron and brown curls, and "Thy Spirit" is a pigeon with red eyes and a little letter in his mouth, who comes on valentines and is in church windows and funerals.

Since that baby has come to live with us nobody lets me do anything. I have to stay with Mrs. Bingley all day. I get tired looking at her. When I ask her about things, she sort of groans and says "I dare say"—and then she doesn't dare say it. When I asked her to please explain the pictures on her needle-book, she got cross and said "As plain as the nose on your face 'Scene in Italy' on one side, 'Home of the Eskimo' on the other." Then when I asked her to please explain them a little longer she said I "made her creep." The windows are open and the honeysuckle is trying to come in the



WHERE I CAN SEE THE COMPANY

room. I can hear the Gardener with the grass-cutter, and I can smell the cut-down grass. The cherries on the tree by the swing are ripe. I think I will get under the bed so that none can see me if I should happen to cry. It is not very nice under the bed, but it is better than having to look at Mrs. Bingley. If I was out where the Gardener is, I would ask him to make me some earrings out of cherries and a basket out of ribbon grass. If I was only out there I could sit on the grass when it was all raked up in a haycock and play house. I asked Mrs. Bingley if I could go out and help the Gardener, and she said "No, it would worry your Ma." I told her not to call my mother a Ma—as if she was a horrid mother—and she laughed. It is not nice of her to laugh. . . . When I cried just then, all the slats of the bed spread out and ran into each other like one big slat. I stopped crying to watch them do it, then they stopped doing it. I tried to cry some more to see them do it again, but then I couldn't cry. Father came and opened the door and asked if it was a wild animal howling. I came out from under the bed, and he said something to Mrs. Bingley with long words in it, and told me I could go out and be a perfect little savage if I want-



SHE BROUGHT ME A CHOCOLATE RABBIT LAST TIME SHE WAS COMPANY

ed to. I didn't want to be a perfect little savage; I only wanted to go out and help the Gardener.

He has the Earth

SOME months ago excavations were being made for new tracks on the line of a certain famous railway. At one point a near-by resident obtained permission to remove a quantity of turf to resod his premises, the section boss being instructed to notify the excavating "gang" when the resident should have secured all he desired.

The "Hibernian's" report is as follows: "The man that wanted the earth has got it."

Scant Measure

AN eccentric North Carolina woman greeted her new minister with, "Oh, Dr. Mason, I am so glad to hear a good preacher once more; we have certainly been feeding on the nubbins of the Gospel."

Lucky

A CENSUS-TAKER, while on her rounds called at a house occupied by an Irish family. One of the questions she asked was, "How many males have you in this family?"

The answer came without hesitation: "Three a day, mum."

A Reprimand

MRS. STILES was on her way to prayer-meeting. As she passed the Brown house, she looked in and saw Donald sitting on the porch.

"Aren't you afraid alone out here, Donald?"

"I'm not alone."

"Oh! Who's with you—Ellen?"

"No. If you was a good woman, Mrs. Stiles, you would *know* who was with me."



"Yes, Katrina, it is a pretty-lookin' rose, but it smells most like my old pipe."

Natural Cause

A SCIENTIST, in the employ of the government at Washington, recently met his physician in the street.

"I don't know what's the matter with me, Doctor," said the man of science. "I am limping badly to-day. Do you think it's locomotor ataxia?"

"Scarcely that," replied the physician. "You are walking with one foot on the curb and the other in the gutter."

Faith-Cure in the Quarters

A YOUNG doctor had a sick negro woman on his hands. She never tired of talking of her ailments; so, to keep her quiet as well as to really know her temperature, he put his fever-thermometer in her mouth, telling her to keep very still, and not to move until he took it out again.

He went on fixing some medicine for her, gave his instructions to her daughter, and left, saying he would be back again in the morning.

The thermometer he entirely forgot, until he was too far away to return for it.

The next day the woman greeted him with smiling face and said:

"Doctor, you knows dat dar funny thing you put in my mouf? Well, sir, I kep' it dar pretty nigh all night, and it sho did do me a sight o' good!"



*My kitten isn't a reg'lar cat,
But you just ought to see
How much faster she can lap
Milk from a dish than me.*

Pretty Peggy

HIS gold beams a-spinning, I asked of the sun

If he ever had any to spare;

"Only once," he replied, "too many I spun,
And I gave them to Peggy for hair."

I asked of the sky if his stars were all right,

Or if he had over-supplies;

He said, "I had two which were rather too bright,

So I gave them to Peggy for eyes."

I asked of some fays who were cutting out flowers,

If they had any remnants or snips;

They said: "We had scraps of these poppies of ours,

But we gave them to Peggy for lips."

I said to the rain, "What becomes of the drops

That you may not have used when it clears?"

He said, "If there are any left when it stops,

I'll give them to Peggy for tears."

I artfully coaxed him to spill them all out,
And scatter them over the miles,

And that is the reason, I haven't a doubt,
That Peg's always dimpling with smiles.

CAROLYN WELLS.

His Platform

A PROMINENT Chicago politician, when a candidate for an important municipal office, related the following story to illustrate why he should be elected instead of one of his opponents:

"Once I told three negroes that I'd give a big turkey to the one who'd give the best reason for his being a Republican.

"The first one said, 'I see a 'Publican kase de Publicans sot we niggers free.'

"Very good, Pete," said I. "Now, Bill, let me hear from you."

"Well, I see a 'Publican kase dey done gib us a pectective tariff."

"Fine!" I exclaimed. "Now, Sam, what have you to say?"

"Boss," said Sam, scratching his head and shifting from one foot to the other—boss, I see a 'Publican kase I wants dat turkey.

"And he got it."



MR. CENTAUR. "Great Zeus! this custom of throwing old shoes is a relic of barbarism."

"For Parents and Others"

BY JOHNSON MORTON

THERE should be money in my Bank
That stands upon the shelf.
Pennies and dimes for many times
I've dropped them in myself.
Some I have earned by doing tasks
And errands for Mamma,
Some handed me most generously
As gifts by my Papa.
And Grandmamma and Uncle Tom
Have made me presents too,
In various ways, on holidays,
Bright silver pieces new.
"Don't spend this, Son," they always
add,
"But let it safely lie
Until you find you know your mind
And what you want to buy!"
So I have done as I was told,
And put the coins away.
"A prudent boy will wealth enjoy
Some time," the grown-ups say!
But all the while I think and think
Of what I really need,
When suddenly it comes to me—
A *New Velocipede!*
I tell them, then, at breakfast-time
Just what I mean to do.
To my surprise they all advise,
"We'd wait, if we were you!"

But I've resolved to have my way
(The money's mine, you see),
To spend it all, the big and small,
Whatever there may be.
Now, it's the very queerest thing,
I find no money there;
For, when I take my bank and shake.
Nothing comes out but *air!*
Of course I cry. Mamma is stern.
"Don't be a silly, lad."
But Pa gets red and turns his head.
"Old Man, this is too bad."
And Grandmamma and Uncle Tom
Both hurry from the table;
With pain immense, to raise twelve cents
Between them they are able!
The fact that all the money's gone
Is not so very strange,
For, bit by bit, they've taken it,
Those grown-ups have, for *change*.
Of course they pay it back that night
In dollar bills and gold,
Silver and such to twice as much
As any Bank could hold.
"You can buy *three* velocipedes
To-morrow!" they all say.
But they don't see what troubles me.
I wanted *one* to-day!

Her Reason

THE Bishop of Norwich, while walking in the suburbs, met a little girl of about eight or nine years, who asked, "Oh, please, sir, will you open this gate for me?" The Bishop held back the gate for the little maid to pass through, and when she thanked him he asked her if she was not big enough to open the gate herself. "Oh, yes, sir," she replied, sweetly, "but you see the paint is wet, and I should have soiled my hands."

Sympathy

A WASHINGTON couple, recently married, had just entered the train that was to bear them North on their honeymoon, when they became aware of the close scrutiny their "new clothes" attracted from a German woman in the car. Evidently she had correctly "sized up" the couple as bride and groom. When the young woman, on opening her hand-bag, caused some rice to fall to the floor, the German woman smiled in a satisfied way as if convinced of the correctness of her surmise.

The bride soon became conscious of the attention she attracted from the German

woman, which attention was augmented by that bestowed upon her by other passengers who took their cue from the Teutonic person. Seeing that the bride was every moment becoming redder and more uncomfortable by reason of this scrutiny on the part of the passengers, the German woman, in the goodness of her heart, leaned across the aisle and said in a soothing way:

"Ach, nefer mind, my dear! I'm a viddler voman now, but by dis time next veek I'll be in de same fix myself!"

A Barrier to Correspondence

TWO little girls, having met for the first time at a summer resort, speedily became fast friends. By bedtime of that first eventful day both were deploring the fact that Elizabeth was to return to her own home very early the next morning.

"But," consoled Elizabeth, "we can write to each other. What's your address?"

"Just Ontonagon, Michigan."

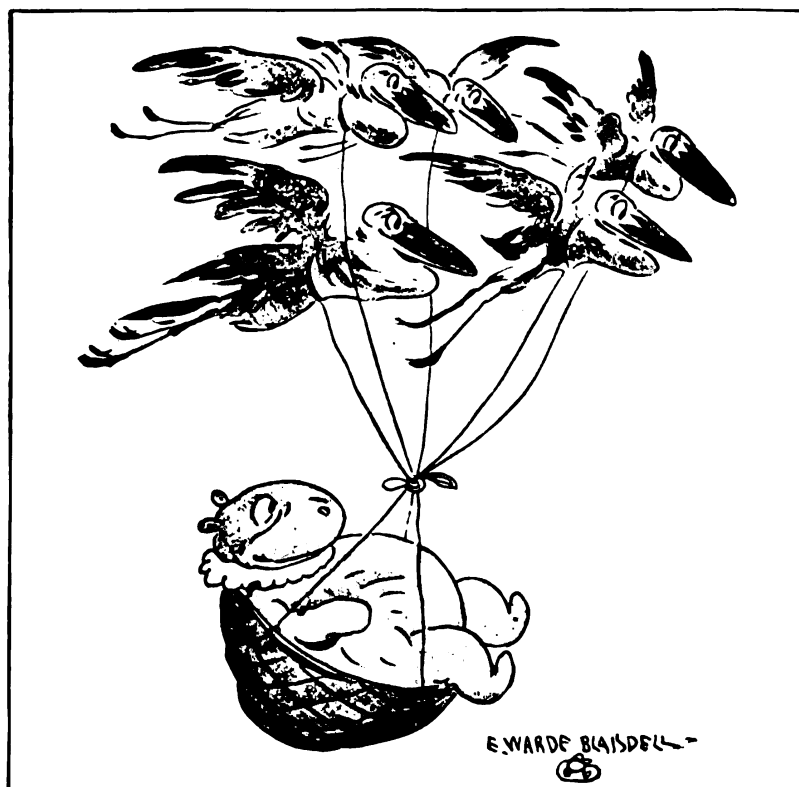
For a moment or two Katherine looked deeply depressed. Then she brightened.

"Well!" said the little girl, "I guess I'd better write the first letter right now and hand it to you. I can't spell that word."



Newspaper Item

"Mr. Bubble's automobile ran into a washout in Spring Creek."



The Storks' Busy Day

"When I was a Boy"

A BOY who had been spending his summer in the mountains was unexpectedly joined by his father, and took the opportunity to ask for a new tennis-racket.

"What!" cried his father, "a new tennis-racket? Why, I just bought you one a month ago. No, sir, you can't have it. Why, when I was a boy I didn't have tennis-rackets and all those things, let alone having new ones every month. This can't go on. Look here, what are you going to do about it yourself? Some day your sons will want to have a new tennis-racket every five minutes. What are you going to do about it?"

"Aw!" said the boy, calmly winking at his father, "I'll put up the same old gag, I'll tell 'em about when I was a boy."

Scholars' Humor

WHILE the late Sir Richard Jebb was still Professor of Greek in the University of Glasgow, his lecture-room was directly under that of Veitch, the Professor of Logic. Veitch always made a point of finishing his lectures some few minutes before the end of the hour, and of winding up with an oratorical peroration frequently concluded by a quotation from one of his favorite poets, Shakespeare or Wordsworth. This was always greeted by his students with tumultu-

ous applause of hands and feet. Jebb, who always found the academic hour too short for his lectures, was often interrupted by the final applause from the domain of Logic overhead. One day its vigor was so mighty that a piece of the plastered ceiling was dislodged, and plumped down squarely upon Jebb's outspread book. He cast a quizzical glance upward, and calmly remarked, "Gentlemen, it is evident that Professor Veitch's conclusions do not agree with the premises."

He Knew

A WELL-KNOWN Congressman, from Virginia, leaving his house one morning, forgot a letter that he had meant to mail. That afternoon something called it to his mind, and as it was of considerable importance he immediately hurried home. The letter was nowhere to be found. He summoned his faithful old darky servant.

"Zeke," he asked, "did you see anything of a letter of mine around the house?"

"Yessuh. Yo' lef' it on yo' table."

"Then where is it now?"

"Ah mailed it, suh."

"Mailed it! Why, Zeke, there wasn't any name or address on the envelope!"

"Jus' so, suh. Jus' so. Ah thought it mus' be in answer to one of dem 'nony-mous letters yo've been gettin' lately."



LAWYER. "What did you say when he called you a liar?"
 GIRAFFE. "He left before I had time to clear my throat."

The Sure Haven

BY EDITH HARMAN BROWN

I'M a very cultured baby,
 For I've always had a nurse,
 And my temperature is taken every
 night,
 But the lady who's my mother
 Does not fondle me at all,
 For to rock me would be apt to hurt my
 sight!
 I am left to howl for hours,
 It's my exercise, they say,
 Though I fancy I can tell when I'm in
 pain;
 But there's no use in complaining,
 It's a simple waste of breath,
 For I've squirmed and cried too often and
 in vain.
 And although my father loves me,
 (I can see it in his eyes),
 He must leave me when the trained nurse
 says to go.

Oh, I wish I'd been a baby
 In the good old-fashioned days
 When development of theories was more
 slow!
 Yet there comes one happy hour
 When the nursery's dark and still—
 Nurse is dining, mother's gone to take a
 rest;
 In then steals a gentle figure,—
 Oh, I know that face so well,
 And the feeling of my head against her
 breast!
 When I'm safe at last with grandma,
 See her healthy, rosy face,
 As she folds me in her strong old loving
 arms,
 I am sure I'd be quite happy
 To be nurtured as she was,
 If, at her age, I possess one-half her
 charms!



Illustration for "A Sense of Scarlet"

See page 399

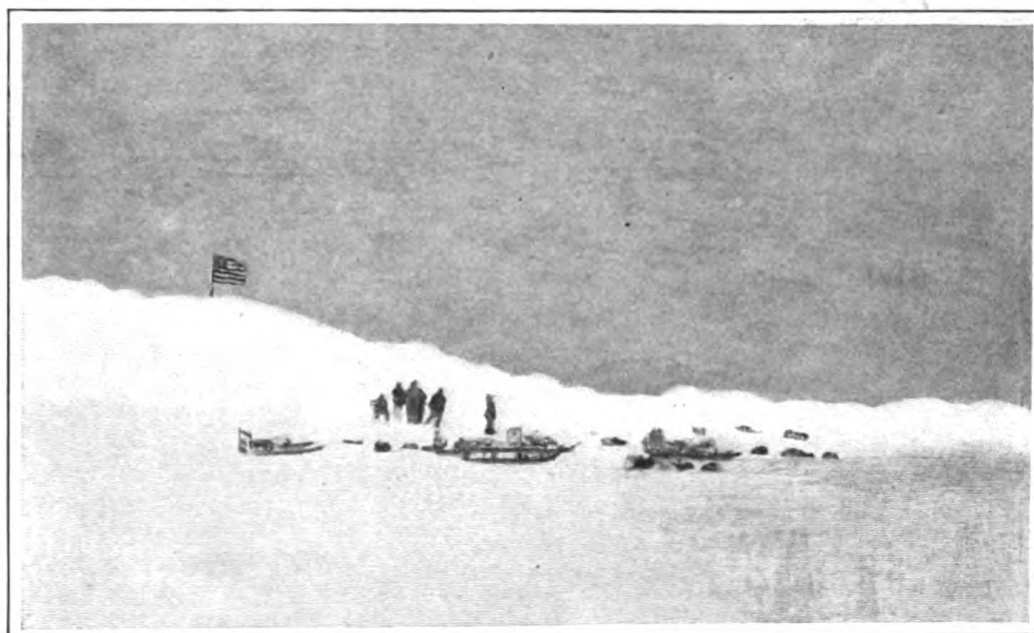
A FIGURE TO PROVOKE TEARS

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

FEBRUARY, 1907

No. DCLXXXI



THE FLAG AT 87° 6' N. LAT., APRIL 21, 1906

Within 200 miles of the north pole. The nearest approach ever made by human beings. Photographed by Commander Peary during a momentary lull in a blinding storm of ice dust

Nearest the North Pole

FIRST COMPLETE REPORT OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB'S LATEST EXPEDITION

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

DURING the past eighteen months, a new line of trench has been advanced in the long siege of the mystery of the North, an additional degree added to the polar record, and the Stars and Stripes again placed in the lead in that centuries-long international test

of determination, endurance, and experience known as the Race for the Pole.

This fact possesses naturally the principal popular interest; but distinct additions have also been made to our knowledge of the inner arctic regions.

Ice conditions in the western half of

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the central polar sea have been found to be pronouncedly different from preconceived theories.

The unknown portion of the Grant Land north coast, between the farthest

A third progressive census has been obtained of the Whale Sound Eskimos (the most northern people in the world).

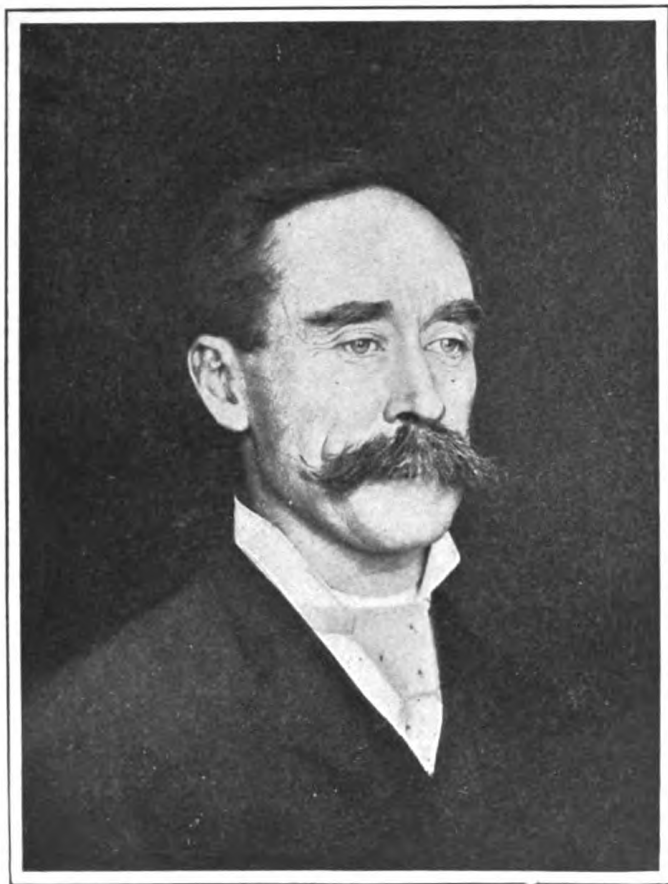
The value and effectiveness of present methods and equipment for rapid and continuous arctic and antarctic work have been strongly accentuated.

Finally, it is believed, the ideal type of ship for arctic and antarctic work has been evolved.

That these results have been accomplished is due entirely to the generosity and public spirit of the Peary Arctic Club of New York city, which numbers among its members Henry Parish, Anton Raven, George Crocker, General Thomas Hubbard, Jacob Schiff, Randolph Kleybolte, Herbert Bridgman, James Colgate, John C. Phillips, and others; and particularly to the unflagging interest and personal efforts of the president of that club, Morris K. Jesup.

On the 16th of July, 1905, the club's steamer *Roosevelt* left New York Harbor for her northern voyage. This ship, built by the club (the contract signed and guaranteed by Mr. Jesup a year previously, before the subscriptions to the club were sufficient to pay for her), is the first American ship built for arctic exploration. Constructed of American timber, in an American shipyard, upon plans which were the result of American experience, fitted with American machinery, and in command of an American, who hoped to attain the pole by what is known as the American route, the *Roosevelt* went north as a typical American entry in the great "International Race."

Her course from the anchorage in the North River to Sandy Hook was noisy with the friendly greetings of every shore and passing whistle; but at the *Roose-*

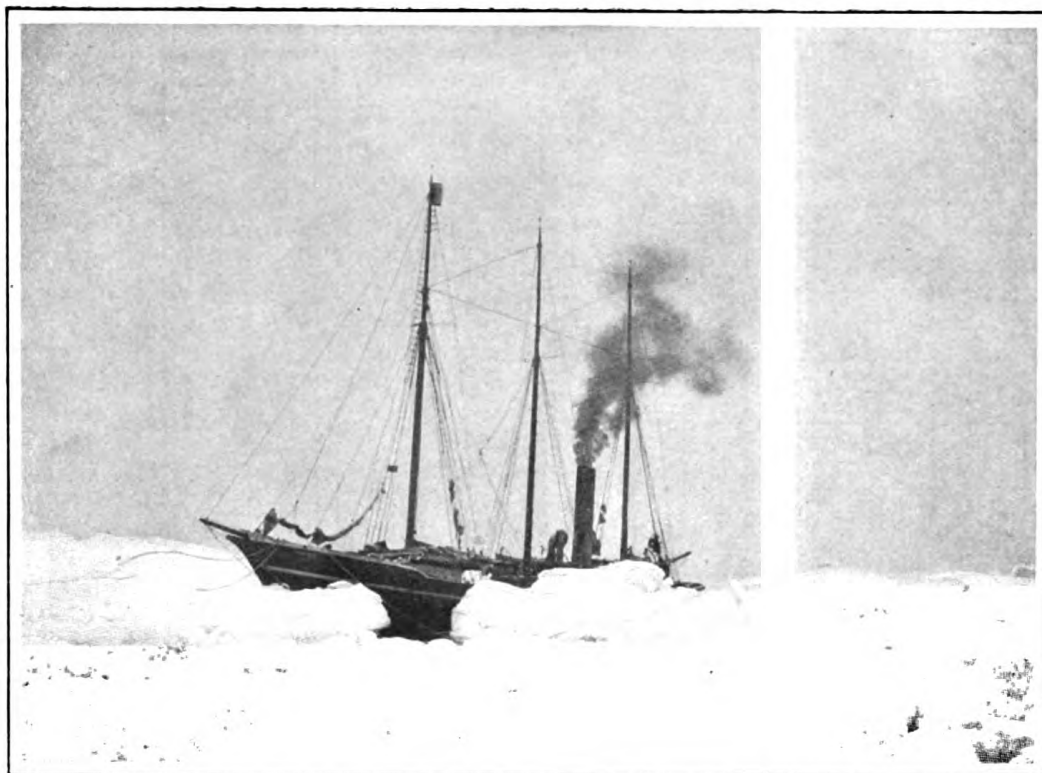


COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

west of Aldrich in '76 and the farthest north of Sverdrup in 1902, has been traversed and delineated, thus closing the gap and making the explorations from Robeson Channel westward continuous.

The existence of new land in the vicinity of the one-hundredth meridian and the eighty-third parallel has been practically determined. Soundings have been made along the north shore of Grant Land west to the eighty-fourth meridian, and in Kennedy Channel and Kane Basin, and samples of the bottom secured.

An additional series of tidal and meteorological observations have been taken on the shores of the polar ocean.



THE "ROOSEVELT" FIGHTING A WAY ACROSS ROBESON CHANNEL, THROUGH THE HEAVY ICE

velt's masthead only a single flag, the Stars and Stripes, fluttered in the wind, embodying not only the American idea, but my own deep sense of responsibility, and the feeling that while it seemed as if such a ship, combined with years of experience and most fixed determination, must achieve success, yet those same long years of experience had taught the possibility of so many hostile contingencies, that now was no time for a holiday display of bunting. And here it may be said that, uniting the sail plan, sheer, and above-water model of our best Maine coasting-schooners with the under-water model which my own years of experience in arctic navigation, combined with the long years of constructive experience of her builder, Captain Charles B. Dix (who put his whole heart and soul into the work), this was and is the strongest ship for arctic work afloat to-day, and one that can force a passage through heavy ice which, I believe, no other ship could negotiate. In addition to this the *Roosevelt* possesses weatherly qualities

in the open sea equal to the handiest of sailing-vessels.

From New York we proceeded to Bar Harbor to take leave of Mr. Jesup; and if anything were needed to strengthen my determination, it was Mr. Jesup's firm hand-grasp (the last as we got under way) and his final words—"Peary, I believe in you and the ship." From Bar Harbor to Sydney, Cape Breton, where every available space on board was filled with coal, thence northward through the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Strait of Belle-Isle; then lying to for half an hour off Domino Run, on the Labrador coast, to send letters home; then up the North Atlantic, through Davis Strait and Baffin Bay to Cape York, twelve days from Sydney, the *Roosevelt* pushed her way. Here for the first time since the day that Mrs. Peary, smashing a block of ice against her iron-clad stem, had christened her *Roosevelt*, the ship felt the shock of arctic ice, and in the first preliminary round showed that she would be equal to her work.

From my Eskimo friends at Cape York I obtained the present distribution of the entire tribe, and began immediately the round of the Eskimo settlements to pick up the tried and trusty men whom I had in mind to form my Eskimo contingent. Numbers of these were located in Melville Bay, and we drove eastward into the depths of this terror of the whaling captains as far as Meteorite Island, from which, eight years before, I had borne away the

thoroughly overhauled, and all preparations made for our battle royal with the ice, which could be seen lying in wait for us a few miles off the harbor.

In the earliest hours of August 17, the *Roosevelt* swung out from the harbor of Etah and severed all communication with the civilized world. Below decks the ship was filled with coal until her plank-sheer was nearly to the water; on deck were over two hundred Eskimo dogs, and on the topgallant-forecastle and the tops of both forward and after deck-houses were over half a hundred Eskimos—men, women, and children, and their belongings. The heavy pack-ice surging down Smith Sound gave me an opportunity to see what good work the ship could do, even with boiler-power reduced one-half, as it was by the failure of the water-tube boilers. On the western side of the sound from Cape Sabine southward the ice was packed so densely as to be entirely impenetrable to any human effort. This made it impossible for me to establish a depot at Payer Harbor (my winter quarters in 1901 to 1902), which had been selected as the site of my sub-base, lying as it does at the head of certain summer navigation in Smith Sound and at the entrance to the prolific game region of Buchanan Bay.

Barred out of Payer Harbor, we forced our way to Victoria Head, the northeastern headland of Bache Peninsula, another desirable site for a sub-base. Here a large cache of provisions, boats, coal, sails, and spars for the construction of a house, etc., etc., was landed, the work consuming some ten hours. While this was in progress I went ashore with two or three Eskimos to a neighboring valley where I had hunted seven years previously, and secured three musk-oxen. The arrival of this supply of fresh meat on board created a very agreeable impression upon every one, and especially upon the "tenderfoot" members of the expedition and crew.

From Victoria Head nearly to Cape Fraser almost continuous open water was encountered; then we were driven to cover in Maury Bay to escape the large fields of very heavy ice which were moving rapidly southward before a fresh northerly wind, crashing with savage



TYPES OF PEARY'S ESKIMO ASSISTANTS
Oo-Bloo'-Yah and Ach-a-Ting'-Wah; man and wife of
the most northern peoples

great Ahnighito Star Stone, the largest of all known siderites. Four Eskimo families were gathered in here; then we turned northward, visiting all Eskimo settlements, even to the depths of Inglefield Gulf (in some cases depopulating entire villages), and finally rendezvousing at Etah, the most northern Eskimo settlement, with the auxiliary ship *Eric*. Here our coal-supply was replenished from the *Eric*, our machinery



AN EXPANSE OF POLAR ICE
Submitted for the consideration of believers in automobiles for Arctic work

fury against the iron bastion of Cape John Barrow, under which we lay. With the cessation of this wind we squeezed and hammered our way up to Scoresby Bay, and thence to Richardson Bay, working the shore lead and seizing every opportunity afforded by the changing tides. From here northward the aspect of the ice was so extremely unfavorable that I determined to test my belief, gained in my last four years of work in this region, that the Greenland side of Kennedy and Robeson channels offers, as a rule, more favorable opportunities for navigation than the Grinnell Land side.

Firm in my confidence in the capabilities of the *Roosevelt*, and against all the so-called canons of arctic navigation in this region, the ship was headed eastward and driven into the thick of the channel-pack. The ice encountered was very large and heavy, and its southward drift inevitably swept us down. Still, we made fair progress eastward, and after a severe and protracted struggle, during which Bartlett and the mate remained continuously in the fore-rigging and I in the main-rigging, we broke out into loose ice off Cape Calhoun and swung directly northward. From here to Newman Bay our course lay close along the Greenland coast, and we encountered much open water, with only temporary barriers (noticeably at Franklin and Joe islands), which in each instance a few hours of hard and skilful battering were sufficient to overcome.

From Joe Island to Cape Lupton we

steamed through completely ice-free water, in the teeth of a stiff northerly gale, across a swell which caused the *Roosevelt* to pitch perceptibly. West along the Grinnell Land coast the ice lay densely packed and without a break. Just beyond Cape Lupton, while smashing through a narrow tongue of ice, a sudden swirl of the current—which at times runs like a mill-race in this deep channel—swept the ice together in a

way that I can only liken to the sudden scurry of fallen leaves before an autumn breeze, pinched the ship between the big cakes, and smashing her against the ice-foot, ground her along its vertical face with a motion and noise like that of a railway-car which has left the rails and is bumping along over the ties. Fortunately for us, she scraped into a shallow niche in the ice-wall, and was hastily secured with every available line.

The entire flurry lasted less than five minutes, but in that time the steering-gear was almost

disabled. The back of the rudder was twisted on the stock, the heavy iron head-bands and fittings broken, and the steel tiller-rods snapped. Temporary repairs were effected, and as soon as the ice pressure relaxed, we steamed on round Cape Sumner and tied up to the fast ice in Newman Bay, to await the opening of a lead across Robeson Channel to Cape Union or vicinity. During six days we remained in Newman Bay waiting for an opportunity to get across to the Grinnell Land shore, the northern ice



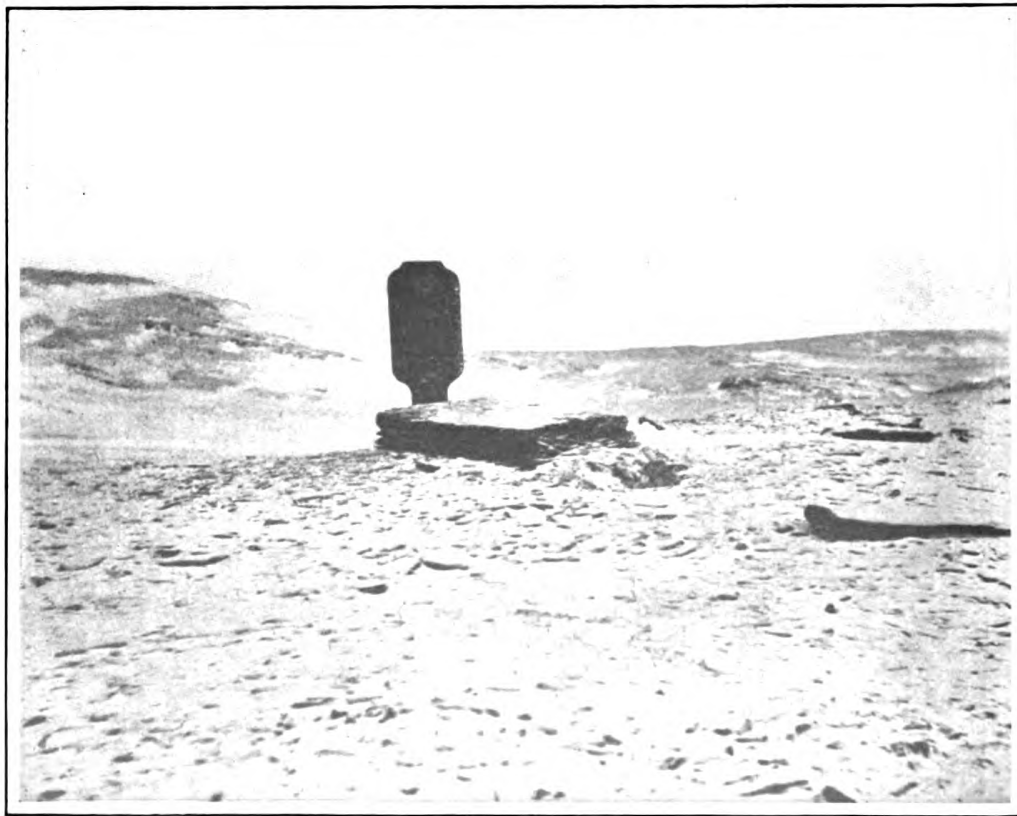
AH'-WEE-AH-GOOD'-LOO
Little Eskimo child of four years

gradually filling the bay and the channel, until no open water was to be seen from the top of Cape Sumner. At the end of this time, impatient of the delay, and encouraged by our success in crossing the channel at Cape Calhoun, fires were cleaned, machinery thoroughly inspected, and the *Roosevelt* driven out for another contest with the channel pack, in which, at the time, no pool or lane of water was visible.

Just off the point of Sumner a brief nip between two big blue floes, which the swift current was swinging past the cape, set the ship vibrating like a violin string for a minute or so before she rose to the pressure. This was the beginning of a thirty-five-hour struggle through ice almost continuously up to the *Roosevelt's* rail, and frequently of such height that the boats hanging at the deck-house davits had to be swung inboard to clear the pinnacles. The battle was won by sheer brute insistence, for rarely was there slack enough between the floes to

enable the *Roosevelt* to butt with any effectiveness. On the few occasions when this could be done, the steel-clad bow rose on the ice at which we charged like a steeplechaser clearing a fence. At the end of the thirty-five hours, we forged out into a small pool of water under the shelter of the northern cape of Wrangel Bay fifteen miles from Sumner. During our passage we had been swept up and down the channel by the changing tides.

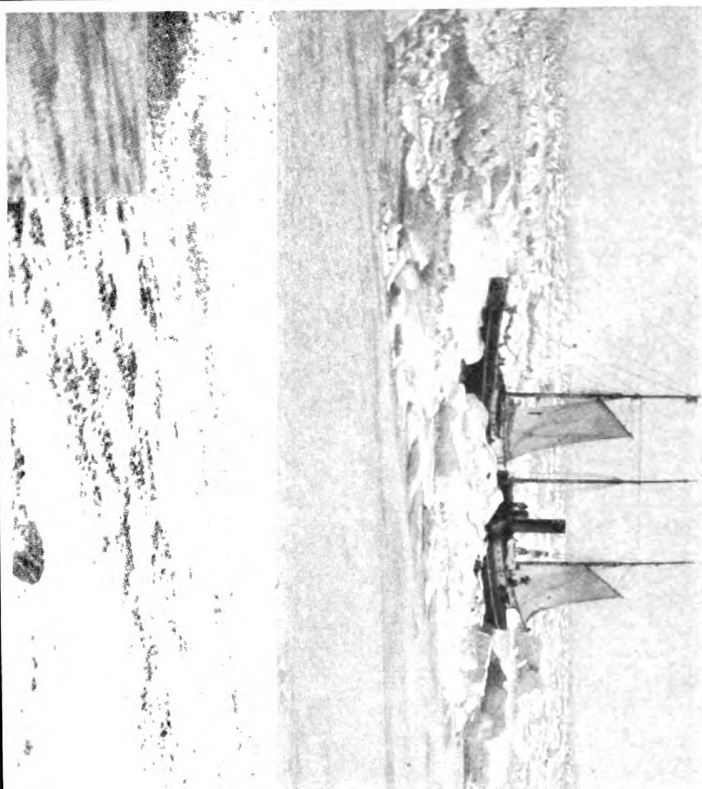
In Wrangel Bay the heavy ice damaged the rudder again, but did not keep us from forcing our way to Lincoln Bay. Here we were delayed and three times forced ashore by the rapid and vicious movements of the ice. Finally, escaping and gaining shelter in a shallow indentation just south of Cape Union, the last rush was made, and after several anxious episodes between the heavy floes which were crowding into the mouth of Robeson Channel on the flood-tide, we rounded Cape Rawson, and steaming at full speed, fairly hurled the *Roosevelt* into a shallow



A LONELY TOMB IN THE ARCTIC

Grave of Peterson, Danish interpreter of the Nares (English) Expedition, who died in the far north thirty years ago

THE SHIP JUST ARRIVED AT CAPE SHERIDAN, WINTER QUARTERS 1905-6



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nook in the face of the ice-foot under the point of Cape Sheridan, just as the polar pack closed in compactly against the shore.

It was now 7 A.M. of September 5, and as I jumped over the rail upon the ice-foot, on my way to the summit of the nearest hill to reconnoitre the ice northward towards Cape Joseph Henry, few can realize my feeling of release from the ever-present fears and anxieties which had been my companions during the upward voyage. I felt now that the risks and chances of the northern voyage were past. My ship might be lost by being forced ashore, as our present position was an extremely exposed one, and the shore northward from here offered absolutely no shelter, but we were not likely to lose provisions and equipment, and possessing these, the remainder of my programme could be carried out even should the ship get no farther north or never return south. Twenty-four hours later two hunting parties of three Eskimos each with supplies for ten days were sent out, one to scour the country to the southeast, the other to the southwest; and a day or two later another party was sent to reconnoitre Porter Bay under Cape Joseph Henry, some twenty-seven miles to the north, which I had in view for our winter quarters, having been impressed by the advantages of the bay during my sledge journey of 1902.

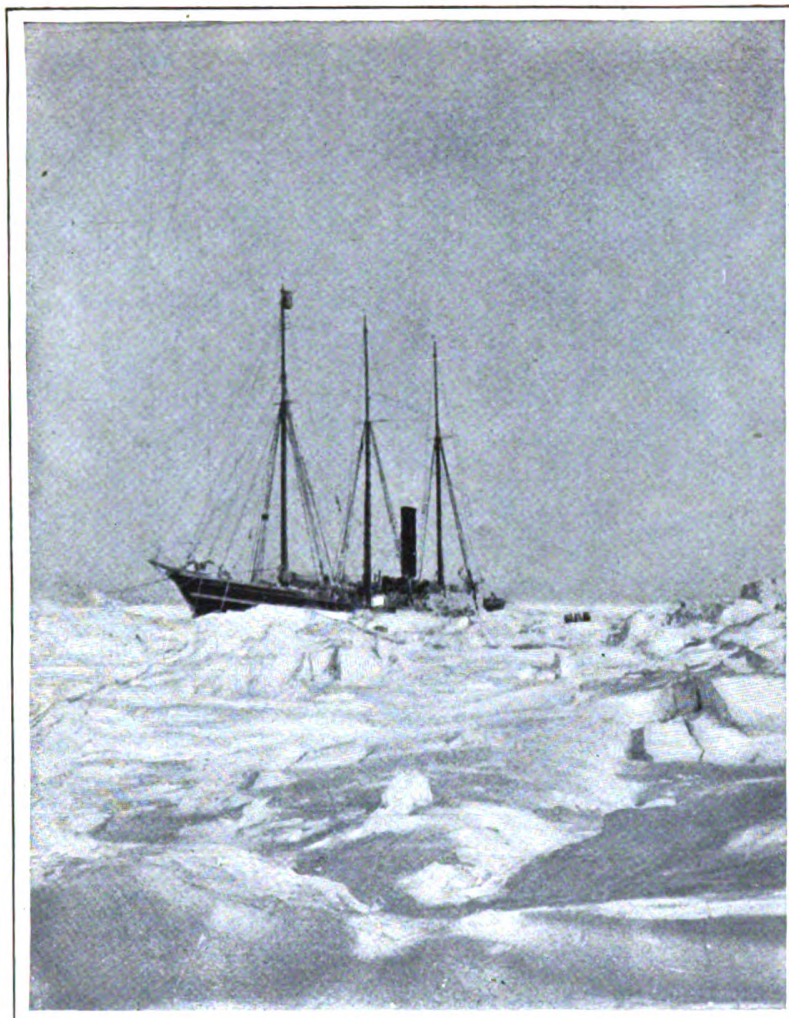
In the following days no opportunities offered to get farther north, and on the evening of September 16, with the turn of the flood-tide, a large floe pivoted around Cape Sheridan, crushing everything before it, until at last it held the ship mercilessly between its own blue side and the unyielding face of the ice-foot. Its slow, resistless motion was frightful, yet fascinating; thousands of tons of smaller ice which the big floe drove before it the *Roosevelt* had easily and gracefully turned under her sloping bilges, but the edge of the big floe rose to the plank-sheer, and a few yards back from its edge was an old pressure ridge which rose higher than the bridge-deck.

For an instant, which seemed an age, the pressure was terrific; the *Roosevelt's* ribs and interior bracing cracked like the discharge of musketry. The main-deck amidships bulged up several inches,

the main-rigging hung slack, and the masts and rigging shook as in a violent gale; then, with a mighty tremor and a sound which reminded me of an athlete intaking his breath for a supreme effort, the ship jumped upward. The big floe snapped against the edge of the ice-foot forward and aft and under us, crumpling up its edge and driving it inshore some yards, then came to rest, and the commotion was transferred to the outer edge of the floe, which crumbled away with a dull roar as other floes smashed against it and tore off great pieces in their onward rush—leaving us stranded but safe. This incident, of course, put an end to all thoughts of farther advance, and to provide against the contingency of a still more serious pressure rendering the ship untenable, all supplies and equipment, together with a considerable quantity of coal, were landed, officers and crew and Eskimos, including the women and children, working almost without interruption for the next thirty-six hours.

After this the principal energies of the party were devoted to the hunt, which my previous acquaintance with this region rendered satisfactory beyond my expectations. A very considerable number of arctic hare were obtained along the coast from Cape Rawson to the western side of Black Cliffs Bay, but after a time these were nearly cleaned out by my Eskimos. Musk-oxen were to be our mainstay, and while my confidence that we should find numbers of these animals within a comparatively short distance of the ship was justified by events, I still recognized that our main source of supply must be the drainage basin of Lake Hazen, the northern portion of which, covering the southern slopes of the United States Range, had not been drawn upon by me while at Fort Conger between 1899 and 1902. This region was tapped with great success by parties travelling directly overland to Lake Hazen, and by the first of November some 250 musk-oxen had been secured. The unexpected discovery in this region of considerable numbers of the new species of the arctic reindeer,* five skins of which I had brought home in 1902 from Buchanan Bay region, lent

* *Rangifer pearyi*, Allen.



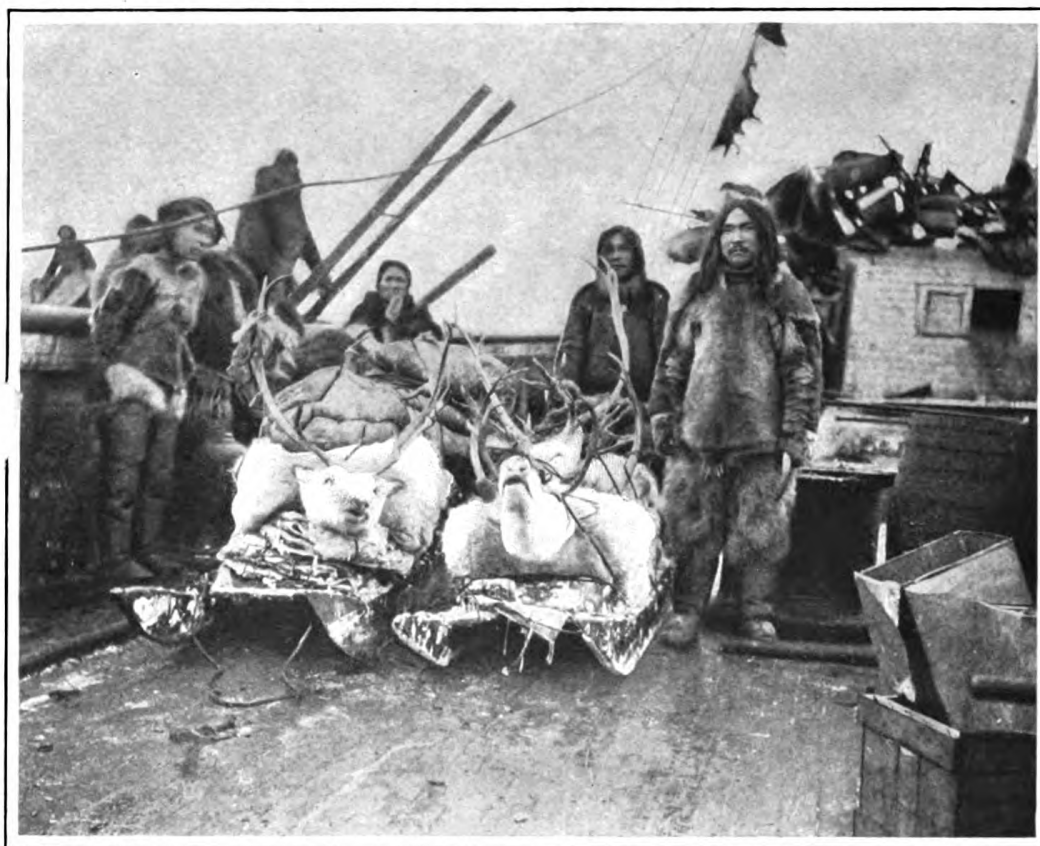
DURING THE ARCTIC NIGHT

Through all the months of darkness a bright light, the ship's "Eye," peered steadily northward. Dr. Wolf made this photograph by moonlight at the time of the December full moon

special interest to our hunting expeditions. The first specimens of this magnificent snow-white animal were from a fine herd of eleven surprised in a valley close by Cape Joseph Henry. Seven of the herd were obtained, including the wide-antlered buck leader. These beautiful animals, in their winter dress almost as white as the snow which they traverse, were found scattered over the entire region from Cape Hecla to Lake Hazen, and later westward along the North Grant Land coast, over fifty specimens in all being secured.

On October 12, from the summit of Black Cape, I saw the sun set for the last

time, down the misty ice-filled lane of Robeson Channel. Soon after this, with almost the suddenness of lightning from a clear sky, I faced the possibility of the complete crippling of the expedition by the extermination of my large pack of dogs. Some eighty of these indispensable animals died before the cause was traced to poisoning from the whale-meat which I had taken for dog-food. This meat, to the amount of several tons, was thrown away, and I found myself confronted, at the beginning of the long arctic night, with the proposition of subsisting my dogs and most of my Eskimos upon the country. Without my previous famili-



RETURN OF HUNTING PARTY FROM CAPE HENRY

In September, 1905, was made the first kill of these peculiar reindeer, originally discovered by Peary during a former expedition. For this reason Professor Allen has classified them as *Rangifer Pearyi*

arity with the region, this would have been an impossibility; even as it was, it possessed elements of uncertainty; but with the satisfactory start already made in obtaining musk-oxen in September and October, and knowing that these animals could be killed, by those who knew how, even in the depths of the great arctic night, I believed there was something more than a fighting chance for success; and in three days one hundred and two dogs, together with twenty adult Eskimos, men and women and six children, went into the field in addition to those already out, leaving the ship almost deserted. From this time until the 7th of February, the dogs and the greater portion of the Eskimos remained in the Lake Hazen region, a portion of the men coming to the ship during the full moon of each month with sledge-loads of meat, and returning with tea, sugar, oil, and biscuit.

The winter was the direct antithesis of that experienced by the *Alert* in this region. Temperatures were comparatively high, and every few days we had violent winds from the south—sometimes in the shape of squalls of a few hours' duration, sometimes continuing as furious gales for two or three days. At these times leads from a hundred yards to two or three miles in width invariably formed, extending from Cape Rawson to Cape Joseph Henry and doubtless farther in both directions. The ice was in more or less active motion practically all the time.

On Christmas night the ice suddenly broke completely away from the shore, from Cape Rawson to beyond Cape Sheridan, and disappeared in the inky darkness, leaving the starboard side of the *Roosevelt* exposed and unprotected. Simultaneously a violent southerly gale began which threatened to tear the ship from her moorings, though the



ESKIMO WOMEN AND CHILDREN LIVING ON PEARY'S SHIP AT CAPE SHERIDAN

port anchor and cable and every steel and manila cable on board were made fast to the ice-foot. The swell heaving around Cape Rawson from the mild sea in Robeson Channel rocked the *Roosevelt* pronouncedly.

The next three weeks was a period of constant anxiety, the ice-pack surging back and forth along the shore on each tide, and liable to crash in upon us at any time. Every one slept in his clothes, all lanterns and portable lights were kept filled and trimmed, ready for immediate use, and provision was made for the instant extinguishment of all fires. On February 7, Marvin came in with the last of the field parties, and on rounding up my dogs I found that I had one hundred and twenty left, just enough for twenty teams of six dogs each. A few days later Captain Bartlett, with Dr. Wolf, fireman Clark, and assistant-steward Percy, with twenty Eskimos and sledges, went to Hecla with advance loads of supplies and to

reconnoitre the ice to the northward. Bartlett's report, although disagreeable, was not unexpected. From the summit of Hecla, 1600 feet above the sea-level, he observed leads (or open lanes) of water extending as far north as could be seen with a powerful telescope, while leads and pools were numerous to the northeast. From February 19 to the 23d the entire northern party left for Cape Hecla in four successive divisions, Captain Bartlett going with the first division, and I with the last.

When I left the *Roosevelt* there was a lead of open water extending from Cape Joseph Henry past Capes Sheridan and Rawson. The northern part of Robeson Channel was open. There was open water along the Greenland coast as far as the Black Horn Cliffs and apparently to Cape Bryant, with numerous pools and leads in the sweep from Cape Henry to Cape Bryant. Two days were spent at Cape Hecla resting the dogs, overhauling harnesses, traces, sledges, cloth-

ing, and all other equipment, readjusting teams and loads where necessary.

Then on the 28th of February the first party drew out for the northern journey, following a route *via* Point Moss, about twenty miles west of Hecla, which I had selected for our departure from the land, as likely to carry us clear of the leads extending north from Hecla. From Hecla, as from the ship, the party drew out in divisions on successive days, in order to prevent the confusion incident to large parties, and to economize the time and labor of building snow houses, one snow igloo at each camp sufficing for the entire party, each division occupying it one night.

My plan of campaign contemplated dividing the route, for a distance of 250 to 300 miles north of the land, into sections of about fifty miles, each section to be in charge of a member of the party with two or three Eskimos and their teams and sledges, who, after reaching their section, should continue to traverse

it back and forth, continually advancing supplies, and in this way forming as it were a post-road, which I hoped would give me a final base or point of departure for the last stage of the journey in a latitude as high or higher than Abruzzi's "farthest." The frequent traversing of each section under this arrangement would result in keeping the trail intact, even in spite of considerable movement of the ice. The order of march contemplated a pioneer party, with picked dogs and very lightly loaded sledges, to select the best route through the rough ice, and break a trail which the heavily loaded sledges of the main parties could follow.

When the northern end of the first section was reached, the sledges assigned to this section would transfer their loads to the other sledges, depositing any surplus in a cache, then return to Point Moss, reload, and go out again to the end of the section, and continue to repeat this operation. At the end of the second section the sledges of this section



A PRESSURE RIDGE



THE CAMP AT THE BIG LEAD

would return to the northern end of the first section, and taking over there the loads brought out by the sledges of the first section, again turn northward. This arrangement, with myself in the rear, where I could be in touch with everything going on ahead of me and meet any contingencies arising, presented, I felt positive, the most effective arrangement possible, and one susceptible of pronounced and speedy modification in the event of unexpected conditions. Such organization of parties is the ideal one wherever there is a fixed surface upon which to travel, and would, had not the delay at the big lead and the closely following six days' gale occurred at just the most unfortunate psychological moment, have been susceptible of such adjustment as would have enabled me, in spite of the abnormally open season last year, to reach the pole.

On my second march from the land the movement of the ice was so pronounced that I was compelled to hurriedly assemble my sledges upon an old

floe and wait until the commotion ceased. Farther on the doctor's party was delayed by open water and obliged to camp. Beyond this the captain's party was delayed for a day by an open lead, and other leads necessitated détours before they could be crossed. This and the extreme roughness of the ice, a very considerable portion of the trail having to be cut out with pickaxes, made our progress slow.

Our first glimpse of the sun was obtained March 6.

Some eighty miles from land the character of the going greatly improved, and I began to hope that we were through the shattered ice near the land and on the less rugged surface of the central polar area. Leads, however, were more frequent and wider.

At 84° 38' north latitude I came upon Captain Bartlett, Henson, and Clark, with their parties, stalled by a broad lead extending east and west as far as could be seen. A careful reconnaissance showed no immediate prospect of crossing, and I sent Captain Bartlett and

Clark, with their sledges, back to bring up more supplies, remaining with my own party and Henson's to get across the lead at the first opportunity. At this time the parties of Marvin, Dr. Wolf, and Ryan were bound outward from the land on their second trip.

The lead slowly widened, keeping an impassable strip of water constantly open. After a delay of six days the lead (now about two miles wide) was crossed on young ice, which bent beneath our weight and necessitated half-loads on the sledge. Henson's party proceeded north immediately, while I remained a day longer to establish a cache on the north side of the lead, and leave instructions for the supporting parties, which I hoped would arrive in two or three days. When I started north from the lead the weather was so thick it was almost impossible to follow Henson's trail, and a westerly wind was blowing, which set the ice groaning.

At the end of three marches I overtook Henson at $85^{\circ} 12'$ north latitude, camped in a dense fog. My own igloo was hardly completed before it began to blow heavily. The ice quickly responded to the wind pressure. Henson's igloo, built too near the edge of the floe, was destroyed. The gale, accompanied by snow, increased in violence, and continued without interruption for six days. At its close my observations showed that we had been driven some seventy miles to the eastward.

Henson's party was immediately started northward, and two Eskimos with empty sledges were sent back on the trail to meet any supporting parties that might possibly have crossed the lead before the storm, or if none had done so, to bring up the cache at the lead. These men returned inside of twenty-four hours, saying they had been able to get less than half the distance back to the cache, when they had encountered open water and completely shattered ice extending as far as they could see from the highest pinnacles. It was evident that I could no longer count in the slightest degree upon my supporting parties, and that whatever was to be done must be done by a dash.

At Storm Camp we abandoned everything not absolutely necessary, and I bent every energy to setting a record pace.

The first march of ten hours, myself in the lead with the compass, sometimes on a dog-trot, the sledges following in Indian file with drivers running beside or behind, placed us thirty miles to the good — my Eskimos said forty. Four hours out on the second march I overtook Henson in his third camp, beside a lead which was closed. When I arrived, he hitched up and followed behind my hurrying party. I had with me now seven men and six teams with less than half a load for each.

As we advanced, the character of the ice improved, the floes becoming much larger and pressure ridges infrequent, but the cracks and narrow leads increased, and were nearly all active. These cracks were uniformly at right angles to our course, and the ice on the northern side was moving more rapidly eastward than that on the southern.

As dogs gave out, unable to keep the pace, they were fed to the others. April 20 we came into a region of open leads, trending nearly north and south, and the ice motion became more pronounced. Hurrying on between these leads, a forced march was made. Then we slept a few hours, and starting again soon after midnight, pushed on till noon of the 21st.

My observation then gave $87^{\circ} 6'$. So far as history records, this is the nearest approach to the north pole ever made by human beings.

I thanked God with as good a grace as possible for what I had been able to accomplish, though it was but an empty bauble compared with the splendid jewel for which I was straining my life out. But, looking at the skeleton forms of my remaining dogs and the nearly empty sledges, and bearing in mind the drifting ice and the unknown quantity of the big lead between us and the nearest land, I felt that I had cut the margin as narrow as could be reasonably expected.

My flags were flung out from the summit of the highest pinnacle near us, and a hundred feet or so beyond this I left a bottle containing a brief record and a piece of the silk flag which six years before I had carried around the northern end of Greenland.

Then we started to return to our last igloo, making no camp here.

[TO BE CONCLUDED IN MARCH.]

The Glass Door

BY MARY TRACY EARLE

CHARLOTTE and Emory Blake lived at the old Blake place, on the little plateau at the foot of the Colton hill, in a vine-covered stone cottage. The place had belonged to old George Blake. When it came into Emory's hands he sold it to Uncle Billy Kerr, and used the money for a course in a school of pharmacy. Later, Charlotte, who was then Charlotte Hastings, bought it, and, after her marriage, finished paying for it out of its own products, while her husband talked politics or played chess in his drug-store. It was said that when Blake was doing either of these things he was as likely as not to keep a customer standing a half-hour before waiting on him,—and this not so much out of interest in his discussion or his game as from complete lack of interest in the business of selling drugs.

North Pass correctly interpreted this general nonchalance of Blake's as a sign that he was an unwilling partner in the matrimonial venture he had undertaken. Indeed, it was known that the engagement had hung fire for years through no fault of Charlotte's, and everybody had noticed that such mildly loverlike enthusiasm for her society as Blake had shown before he went to the school of pharmacy had disappeared from his manner when he returned. Charlotte had told people that they should marry as soon as he came home, yet the wedding did not come off for two years. During this time it was noticed that although she held her head high and was fertile in good reasons for the delay, her girlish look left her, her features sharpened, and her speech developed an acid reaction; it was at this time, too, that she bargained with Uncle Billy Kerr for the old Blake place, and also borrowed money from the old man to put up a new house. When people saw the house going up it was generally supposed that she was preparing either to rent it or to live in

it as an old maid; but when it was completed, to the surprise of every one, Charlotte and Blake were married and moved in.

The morning after the wedding Blake was in his drug-store playing chess as languidly as ever, but Charlotte spent her whole day planting a vegetable-garden, in a mood of unreckoning exaltation such as rarely comes to a woman of her nature, and never comes to her but once. She had felt no such blissful security when Blake and she were first engaged. Blake was weak. She had felt it intensely even when her infatuation for him was too fresh to permit her to reason, and a weak man while unmarried is peculiarly liable to changes of affection. But, on the other hand, a weak man once safely married is completely in the power of his wife; during the last two years of their engagement certain illusions regarding herself and Blake had fallen from her eyes; she had stated both those facts plainly to herself, and they had helped her to decide upon a course of action. There had been moments when she had despised herself for using her stronger will to coerce Blake into the fulfilment of his engagement, but on the morning after the wedding these moments were forgotten, and, as she hoed and raked and planted in the brisk air and the bright spring sunshine, her whole existence seemed uplifted by the knowledge that she and Blake at last belonged unquestionably to each other; that every output of her strength was for their common comfort, and would continue to be as long as they both should live.

As the first year of married life goes, Charlotte's first year was fairly successful. She knew Blake's faults already, and had made up her mind to them, and if there was a frank indifference in his quiet languor, she had made up her mind to that, too. He was never unkind, and there were times when some fresh evi-

dence of her devotion to him would touch him into an appreciation that was almost responsive. And there were other times when she would find him looking at her with an expression which any other observer might have classed as pity, but which she counted as tenderness. On the whole, it seemed to her that time was bringing them together, as she had counted that it would, and with this hope her face lost its sharp outlines.

Her first heavy chagrin was at the time of her baby's birth. When Blake came into the room to inquire for her, and she turned down the bed-cover to show him the little bundle at her side, a look of pain and aversion flashed across his face, and he moved away, begging her not to show the baby to him until it was older. On another day she tried to make him select a name for it, and he refused.

"Call it anything you please," he said at first, but she would not let him go at that.

"I've been thinking," she suggested, with a hesitation that was foreign to her,—"I've been thinking of calling her for your mother—Dorcas."

They were alone in the room, and he was sitting by her bed, but looking away from her into the corner of the room, while she looked anxiously at him. At her words he started, flashing a keen glance at her. "Why should we name her that?" he asked.

There was something so sharply disturbed in his manner, and his distaste for the idea was so evident, that Charlotte flushed in extreme embarrassment.

"I thought you might like to," she explained.

"Well, I wouldn't,—I—I don't think the name's pretty in itself," he declared; adding, with a great effort to speak naturally, "I'd rather name her for you."

Charlotte's lips came together so closely that all the unpleasant lines showed around them. "I certainly shall not name her for myself," she said. "You must think of some other name."

Blake got to his feet. "That's the only one I can think of," he said. "If you don't like it, you can take some other. It's your affair, not mine."

Charlotte's eyes flashed and then filled with tears, for she was very weak. "If I were asking you to father some other

man's child, you couldn't act more as if you despised me," she sobbed.

He turned as he was leaving the room and gave her a long look full of exasperation, repugnance, and despair. "You are quite mistaken," he said. "I don't despise you. I despise myself."

For half an hour Charlotte sobbed, her hands clenched at her sides, her tears flowing unchecked; then, quite suddenly, she was calm, and, drying her disfigured face, she began to take account of stock. All that she had before, she reasoned, she still had. The gains of a year might seem to be lost in the outbreak of a moment, yet they still existed as a solid foundation to build upon. There would be constraint at first, but the effort of daily patience would overcome it in time; moreover, there was the baby. Blake might refuse to look at her now, but as she grew and acquired the irresistible graces of a healthy babyhood he would be obliged to see and to yield to her. A man of his nature could not live in the house with a child and not love it. She touched the small form at her side, as if to assure herself that this ally which she had so suffered for had not deserted her. Yes, she had more hope now than ever before, she told herself, and her eyes shone with a passionate tenderness, though her lips were set in a hard line. Suddenly the line broke into a smile.

"I'll name her Hope," she said.

When Hope was two months old she began her mission, and when she had reached six months Blake was vying with Charlotte in his devotion to her. He even plucked up a little interest in his business; sometimes he talked over his place with his wife, and the words which had passed between them over the naming of the child, though unforgotten, seemed so far in the past that Charlotte's courage strengthened with each day. The sense of security which had marked the first months of her married life did not return, but she could feel herself making a strong fight against fate to hold what she had, and, if she were never entirely certain of the issue, at least she fought with the obstinacy which has no knowledge of yielding. Sometimes even her love for Blake seemed to lose itself in this obstinacy, and her tenderness towards her child seemed the only womanly

sentiment left in her; but more often her love for her husband mounted high and unmixed above the other feelings as the tremendous, inexplicable passion of her life.

Hope's attainment of six months was marked by an unusual display of energy on the part of Blake. The first cold weather of autumn had come, and when the house doors were closed, Charlotte was surprised to hear her husband declare that the sitting-room, where the baby would spend most of her time in winter, was poorly lighted, and needed to have a glass door substituted for the wooden one which opened on to the front porch. Still more to her surprise, the door was delivered from an adjoining town the next day, and on the following morning Blake rose earlier than usual and hung it before going down to his store. It was the first time he had lifted his hand towards the improvement of Charlotte's house.

He whistled boyishly while he measured and fitted in the hinges, and when it came to holding the door while the hinges were screwed in place, he called to Charlotte. She came, with lips as usual closed very tight, but with cheeks flushed very pink, and when the work was finished she was so atremble that she had to sit down for a moment before she could put breakfast on the table.

To give a reason for the delay, she kept looking at the door. "The room is perfect now," she said.

Blake swung the new acquisition back and forth, and latched it once or twice to make sure that it was perfectly adjusted. When he was satisfied he glanced at his wife.

"It will give our baby the sunlight," he said, and their eyes met for a moment.

All that day, whenever Charlotte could bring her work into the sitting-room, she sat facing the glass door. She was not exactly happy; she was too strangely excited for happiness; but she was keenly awakened and alert. Every nerve in her seemed keyed up to its ultimate tension, and if the shadow of a cloud passed, even if a red leaf fell outside, she looked out expectantly through the door.

It was middle afternoon when, on looking up, she saw a young woman crossing the porch, leading a little child. Char-

lotte jumped to her feet, then reseated herself and waited for the tap on the glass. The visitors were strangers to her, and though she could not have told why, as she sat staring at them through the door, her mouth suddenly set into the lines of indomitable obstinacy which had grown so deep around it in the past three years. When she finally crossed the room to open the door, she walked slowly and deliberately, as if she had some definite purpose in mind and meant to accomplish it.

The woman on the outside was the first to speak. "Does Mr. Emory Blake live here?" she asked.

"He does. I am his wife. What can I do for you?" asked Charlotte.

The woman gave a little cry and drew back. "Oh no!" she said, breathlessly.

Charlotte stood, white and stiff and silent, while the other looked about her in a despairing helplessness. She was a frail-looking woman, worn with fatigue and the excited emotions with which timidity spurs itself to action. She looked as if she longed to sit down somewhere, and as if perhaps she could have more courage seated, but Charlotte made no motion to invite her to enter. After a while the newcomer brought her frightened eyes back to the set face in the doorway.

"I am so sorry for you," she said, timidly. "I am his wife."

A shiver of resentment ran convulsively through Charlotte's muscles. "You can be sorry for yourself," she said, roughly.

"But he married me while he was at the school of pharmacy," the other cried, weakly. "I was Nettie Trent. I clerked, and I boarded where he did, and we fell in love and married. He told me about you. You are Charlotte Hastings, aren't you, that wanted to marry him before he left home?"

Charlotte moved her dry lips soundlessly once or twice before she could speak. Then her masterful spirit rose to a new task. She drew herself up and looked down gravely, almost compassionately, upon the woman who had been Nettie Trent.

"I was Charlotte Hastings before my marriage," she said. "I am sorry to be the one to hurt you, but you have been

cruelly treated. I was married to Emory Blake before he left home for the school."

The smaller woman gave a little gasp and stood silent, while Charlotte, with the fire in her veins scorching her cheeks and eyes and almost smothering her breath, waited for her to offer some resistance, to assert her own claim, or to ask for proof of the statement which denied it; but Nettie said nothing, and after a moment her gaze dropped from Charlotte's and she began to sob. Charlotte took her by the hand and led her into the room.

Neither of them spoke for a long time. Nettie sat with her face buried in her hands. On one side her child tugged at her dress; on the other, little Hope slept in her cradle. Charlotte stood pale and tall, watching all three.

At last Nettie looked up. "I suppose you think I ought to hate him—now I've found out," she said, "but I don't; I just can't. When we were together he was so sweet to me. I don't think he meant to harm me. He must have thought it would come out all right somehow."

"If I were in your place," Charlotte said, slowly, "I should hate him."

Nettie wiped her eyes and drew her child up into her arms. "But what he did was almost as bad for you as it was for me," she urged, "and you don't hate him."

Charlotte turned suddenly and walked to her own baby's cradle. "Oh, I don't know," she said, in a low voice.

After a moment she came back and sat down. "I must ask you some questions," she said, gravely. "Is this your only child?"

The young woman nodded. Her lips were quivering. "Named Dorcas," she said, brokenly,—*"for his mother."*

Charlotte flushed and the lines about her lips deepened. "Does he—provide for you?" she asked.

The other nodded once more. "He sends me money once in a while. I wrote him not to worry when he didn't have it. I'm clerking again."

Charlotte made no comment. She was thinking how strange it was that this other woman, who was a frail, poor-spirited thing, should be ready to support herself and child out of love for

Blake. In Charlotte's mind, which was pitilessly clear and active, there was room for a passing wonder at the mysterious power which so weak a man could exert over women, even without his will. She was wondering, too, if her own passion for him would ever rise again. At present she was far from loving him; she felt only a bitter resentment, a desire to punish him by holding to him, and a towering obstinacy and pride which refused to be set at fault and put to shame. While she was boldly examining and analyzing herself she glanced at the clock to see how long before he could possibly return; the time was ample, and she continued to sit silent. Presently her baby woke, and she rose and went to it.

As she lifted it from its cradle, Nettie started up and came towards her. Hope hid her face against her mother's neck, but after an instant turned shyly to steal a glance at the stranger.

Nettie sat down again, trembling. "Your baby is like him," she said.

"Very like him," Charlotte answered, and as the baby nestled up to her again, she dropped her cheek against it and tears came into her eyes—scalding tears that seemed to sear their way up from the depths of her heart.

Suddenly the other wife leaned forward, eagerly suspicious. "You have no other children—*older?*" she asked.

Charlotte looked round blankly, her eyes still wet. "*Other* children?" she echoed, but Nettie's sharpened face brought her to herself. She wiped her eyes on Hope's dress. "I lost—a child," she said.

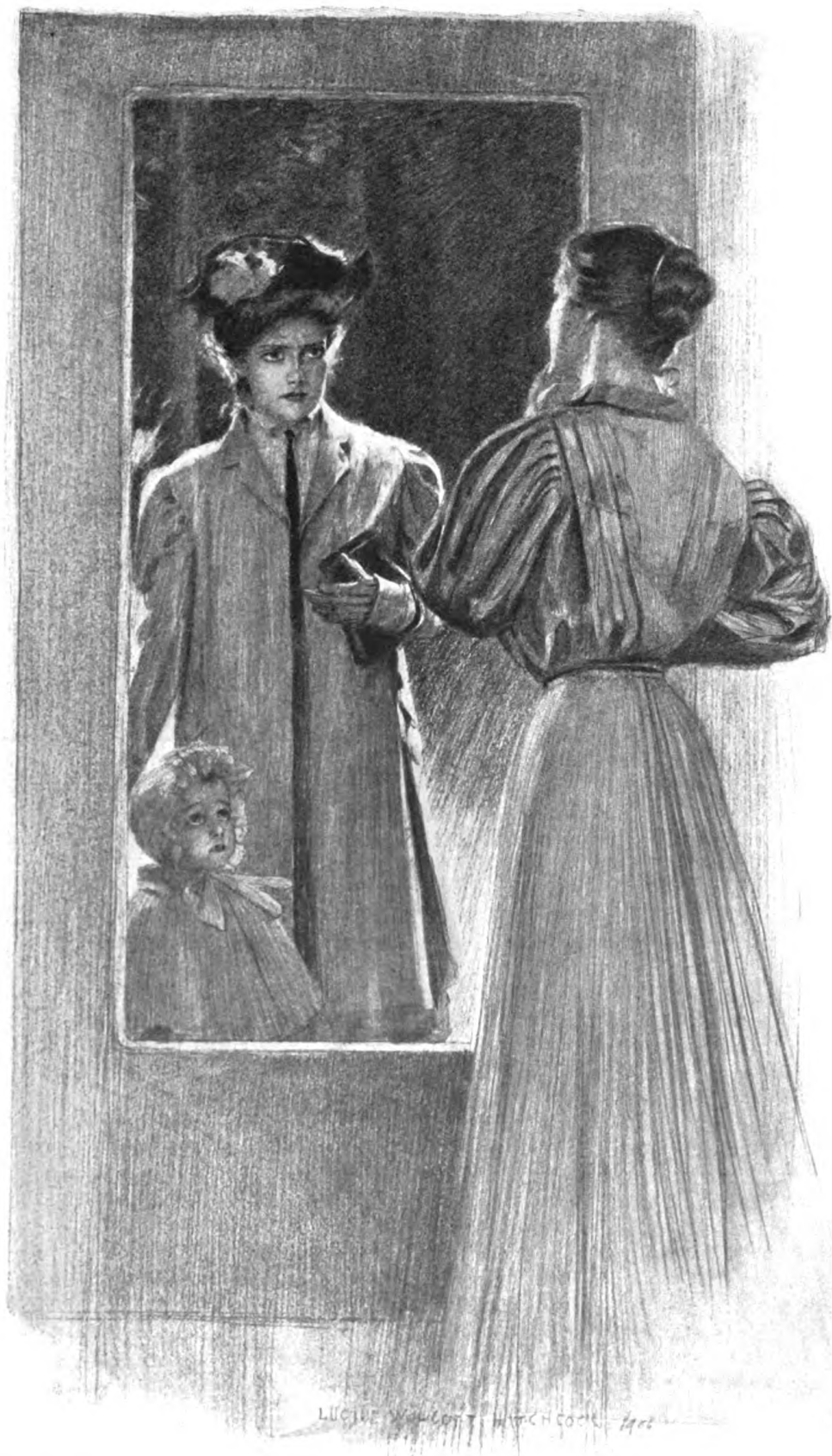
"Oh," Nettie murmured, "I'm sorry I asked you. It was older than Dorcas?"

Charlotte stood at bay, with her child strained close to her. She nodded.

"Oh!" Nettie murmured again, in a shaken voice. She looked at Charlotte in despairing envy. "What is this baby named?" she asked.

"This one," Charlotte answered, "we call Hope."

She seated herself and began trotting the child to a slow measure. There were still a few questions which she wished to ask, but the other's simple acceptance of all she said inspired her with cool deliberation. There was plenty of time, and she wished to make no mistake. She



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

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THE WOMAN OUTSIDE WAS THE FIRST TO SPEAK

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

must be sure of her own safety, and after that she must do anything she could for the comfort of the other woman. It would probably be very little.

"How did you get here?" she inquired, finally. "You must have asked somebody where Mr. Blake lived."

"No, I didn't have to ask. He'd written me he was boarding with a woman that lived on his old place," Nettie said, "and I knew where that was because he'd often told me all about where he grew up and just the road he used to take from the station to the house, and I remembered every word of it. I didn't like to go to him at his store for fear there would be loafers around, so I came right to his house. I thought I wouldn't mind telling the woman that I was his wife, if she asked me any questions while I waited for him."

"You were very wise," Charlotte said, dryly.

Nettie settled back in her chair, rocking her little girl, who had grown restless and impatient, and as she rocked she began to pour out her heart. "You must think queer of me to sit down here with you like this and not to be in a rush to go," she began, "but I feel like I've got to sit still and—and kind of get my breath before I can start out. I've been so afraid of it that it doesn't seem like I ought to be surprised, but I tell you it pretty near kills me now I know it for sure." She paused and stroked a stray lock of hair away from her child's eyes. "My baby's like him, too," she said, irrelevantly. "My baby's just as like him as yours is."

Charlotte glanced again at the clock. "How do your friends treat you?" she asked, abruptly. "Do they believe you were really married or not?"

A bright flush sprang over Nettie's face. "They believed it at first, of course, just the way I did," she answered, quickly, "but lately they've been suspecting something. It was what they said made me get uneasy. I don't distrust folks right quick myself."

"And none of them tried to make inquiries for you?"—Charlotte put the question seriously, all her nerves tight strung.

"Oh no," Nettie said. "I don't have any family or any friends close enough to me to take trouble like that."

"And I presume you're glad now that they didn't," Charlotte said. "In your place I'd rather find it out for myself."

"Oh, I'd much rather," Nettie answered. "I couldn't have stood having other people find it out, and I'm not going to give anybody that knows me a chance to find out now. You see, I've been afraid of this so long that I've had time to make my plans and to save up money a little. Before I came here I gave up my place and told folks I was going to join Mr. Blake; so I'll not go back. I'll go to New York and get work there."

Charlotte looked at her keenly. "I suppose you're depending on Mr. Blake to help you?" she said.

Again the color sprang into Nettie's face. "Oh no, ma'am," she answered. "I couldn't let him help me now. I did wrong to live with him, but I didn't know he was married, so I don't feel like one of that kind of women; but if I was to take money from him now, I—I shouldn't feel that I was raising my child honest."

Charlotte lifted her baby so that it hid her face. "For him to help you would only be right," she said, from its shelter. "He owes you—money, at least."

The other shook her head. "I couldn't bear it," she said, chokingly. "Oh, you can't understand—nobody could understand unless she'd been through what I have, being left before my baby came, and having people ask me close questions, and then, little by little, losing my own faith. You can't see why, but if I was to take money from him now, it would make me feel my shame, and I don't want to,—I want to feel honest."

Charlotte lowered Hope to her knee. "Perhaps I can understand that—in a way," she said, with twitching lips.

Nettie looked into her face with a helpless, childish perception of the suffering shown in its drawn lines. "You're so good to me—I believe you feel 'most as bad as I do," she declared; "and if I were you, I wouldn't say a word to anybody about my having been here. Nobody knows it. I didn't have to ask my way. There aren't many women would treat me the way you do, and I won't stay here any longer making you feel bad." She rose, still holding her heavy

child in her arms. "There isn't anything more we've got to say to each other, is there?" she asked.

"Wait a moment," Charlotte said. She, too, rose, and as she stood looking at the other woman, so much smaller, so much weaker, so blindly trustful, and so patient, her heart, which had sunk in shame, rose suddenly in pity; at that moment if she had opened her lips the truth would have escaped from them, but her stubborn will held her lips closed.

Nettie eyed her with troubled uncertainty, but after a moment moved towards the door.

"Well, I must go," she declared.

"Wait a moment," Charlotte said again. Her voice was so dry and strange that after she had spoken she paused to moisten her lips. Her limbs trembled, and in the glass door which she had opened against the wall she could see the ashen whiteness of her face.

Nettie turned once more and the two women confronted each other, each holding her child.

Charlotte put a hand up to her throat. "I have money I could give you," she offered. "Not his, my own."

The other shook her head. "Oh, I couldn't," she exclaimed. "Anyway, I don't need it. I've saved up a good deal. And you've done better than give me money; you've been kind to me." She put out her hand with a little appealing gesture and took Charlotte's, which lay cold in it.

"You'd better go," Charlotte broke out. "You'll meet him coming home if you wait any longer. Here; I'll tell you how to go a roundabout way."

She walked out on to the piazza and led the way down the steps and round to the back of the house, where she stood giving short, sharp directions, when across her hurried words came Blake's voice calling from the front:

"Charlotte! Charlotte! Where are you and Hope?"

For the first time since they had lived together Blake had come home before his hour.

The two women looked at each other. Charlotte pointed to the path which hid itself quickly in the shelter of an orchard. "Run," she whispered. "I'll keep him in the house."

But Nettie stood as if paralyzed, her eyes widening and filling with tears. "Oh, you've been so good—mayn't I see him—mayn't I bid him good-by?" she begged.

Charlotte lifted her voice to answer Blake. "Yes, Emory; stay where you are; I'm bringing Hope," she called. "Hurry!" she whispered to the other woman. "It won't do you any good to see him. Think of what he's done. Hurry, I say!"

Nettie put her hand up to her head. "I—I can't," she murmured. She swayed a little, and before Charlotte could reach out to catch her she had slipped to the ground.

At the same moment Blake came out of the back door of the house. For an instant he stared in bewilderment. Then he was at Nettie's side and had lifted her in his arms.

Charlotte saw his face as he kissed her. A moment later she was indoors on her knees beside her bed, with her face buried in the cover and her hands clutching it.

A cold wind swept through the house. Front and back the doors stood open. The sun was already low in the west and the evening promised to be chill. Presently Charlotte rose. She closed the front door carefully, wrapped Hope in a cloak, and, with her child on her arm, passed out at the back.

Blake had stretched his wife on the back porch and was bending over her. He looked up, and at sight of Charlotte's face he straightened himself.

She paused an instant. "I'm starting to harness the horse," she said. "You can catch the night train at Antioch if I drive fast."

He stood silent, his face working. It was as if strength were being born in him to say something in his own defence.

"She has plans," Charlotte added. "You'd better pick up some of your things in the house."

She passed on, and laying Hope in the bottom of the wagon, harnessed the horse with swift, shaking hands. The sun was out of sight when she drove back to the house. Nettie sat on the steps staring dazedly around her. Blake was not in sight.

"Are you ready?" Charlotte called.



THE RIDE WAS LONG AND COLD

He came out, carrying an old hand-bag. At the step he hesitated.

She pointed silently to the back seat, where he was to sit with Nettie and the child, and after an instant he helped them in.

The ride was long and cold. Night fell, and the stars came out in remote, hostile legions. The children slept. Occasionally Nettie and Blake advised together in hushed voices. Charlotte whipped the horse.

As they drew near to the end of their journey Blake leaned forward and touched her arm.

"What about the store?" he asked.

Charlotte broke her long silence harshly. "Your stock will cover what you owe on it, I guess."

At the station she stayed in the wagon. Blake took his wife and Dorcas into the waiting-room and came back for his bag.

Charlotte had it ready for him, resting on the wheel.

He did not offer to take it at first, but stood in the beam from the station window, trying to speak.

"Well?" she said.

"I guess there's not much I can say," he choked out.

For a long time she made no answer. Then her breath came with an unexpected gasp. "It wasn't your fault—I made you do it," she said. For a moment more they were silent. Then she shifted the sleeping baby towards him.

"Don't you want to kiss her?" she asked.

He bent his face to the child with a sudden passionate tenderness. As he looked up, his wet eyes met Charlotte's, which were full of tears.

She put out her hand to him. "I guess I've been hard on you," she said.





IN THE HEART OF MANHATTAN

Manhattan Lights

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHEN the twenty-four-hour-day man has been evolved and perfected he will pass his summers, maybe, near the north pole, where the sun is visible and radiant half the year at a time. For by that time, no doubt, the arctic end of the world will be easily accessible, and better equipped than now to furnish steady work or entertainment to an energetic person. But his winters at least he can spend in New York—a

city which darkness invades only to a limited extent, in which night as well as day has its full quota of shining hours, and human activities improve every one of them.

All American cities are comparatively well lighted nowadays. Even the quietest country villages have their rows of coal-oil lamps filled to last during the hours of darkness and to go out automatically for lack of kerosene some time about

VOL. CXIV.—No. 681.—46

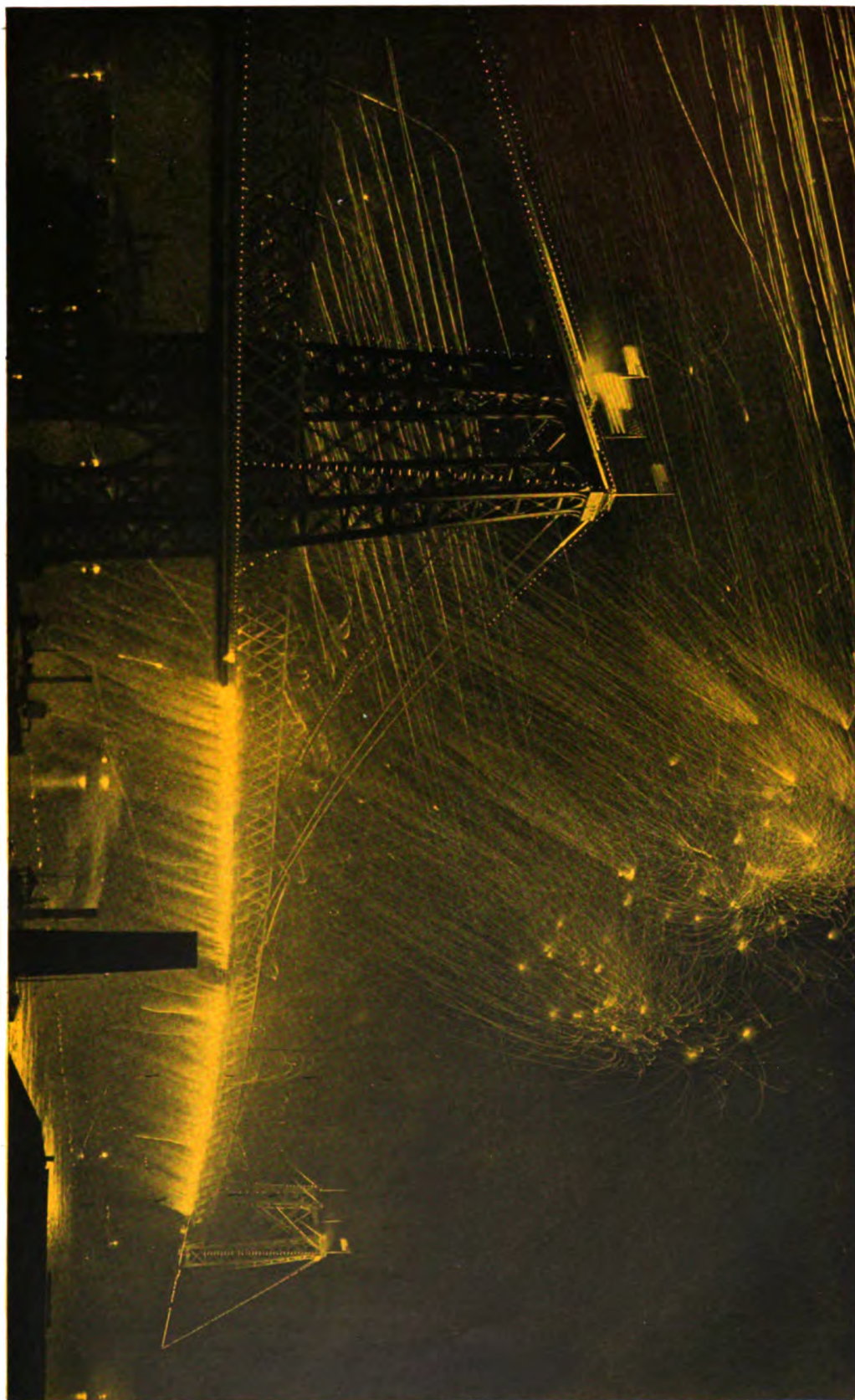


ON RIVERSIDE DRIVE—GRANT'S TOMB IN THE BACKGROUND

dawn. Protection as well as convenience demands light, and when something happens, like the San Francisco earthquake, to put a great city's lighting apparatus out of commission, there is immediate alarm for fear of crimes that marauders and thieves may be tempted to undertake under cover of the unaccustomed darkness. Travelling at night and looking out of the car window, one notices all the degrees of nocturnal effulgence with which the various grades of towns and cities provide themselves. Arc-lights are the common sentinels of the larger towns and big suburban villages. Following them come the long stretches of street lights slanting out into the distance, and then the obstreperous combination of street lights, saloon lights, shop lights, and advertising signs joining in boisterous exuberance at the centre of evening traffic. Coming from the north or the east through Westchester County into New York, the last half-hour or more of the journey is through a succession

of suburban towns whose lights merge into a continuous illumination. Miles above the Harlem River the city blocks begin, and at the river itself spring out graceful rows and stretches of lights regularly spaced on the bridges and viaducts that span the river and cross the big gully that gashes the metropolitan end of the Bronx. By whatever route you reach or leave Manhattan Island in the evening, the river lights are beautiful. On the North River the spectacle varies according to the hour and the season, for the down-town lights in Manhattan are more numerous when the days are short and the tenants of the great office-buildings have to light up to finish their day's work. Across from the lower Jersey ferries late in the afternoon of a winter day glow and sparkle the great company of tall shafts grouped against the sky, each one pierced to the top with regular rows of shining windows. A memorable sight they make, those shafts and huge blocks of gleaming holes, reaching far above

FIREWORKS ON THE NIGHT OF THE OPENING OF THE NEW BRIDGE OVER THE EAST RIVER



A MEMORABLE SIGHT THEY MAKE FROM THE HUDSON—THOSE HUGE BLOCKS OF GLEAMING HOLES



their neighbors that come between them and the river. There is much in that spectacle to recompense a tired man for being a commuter, and nowhere else on earth is there the like of it.

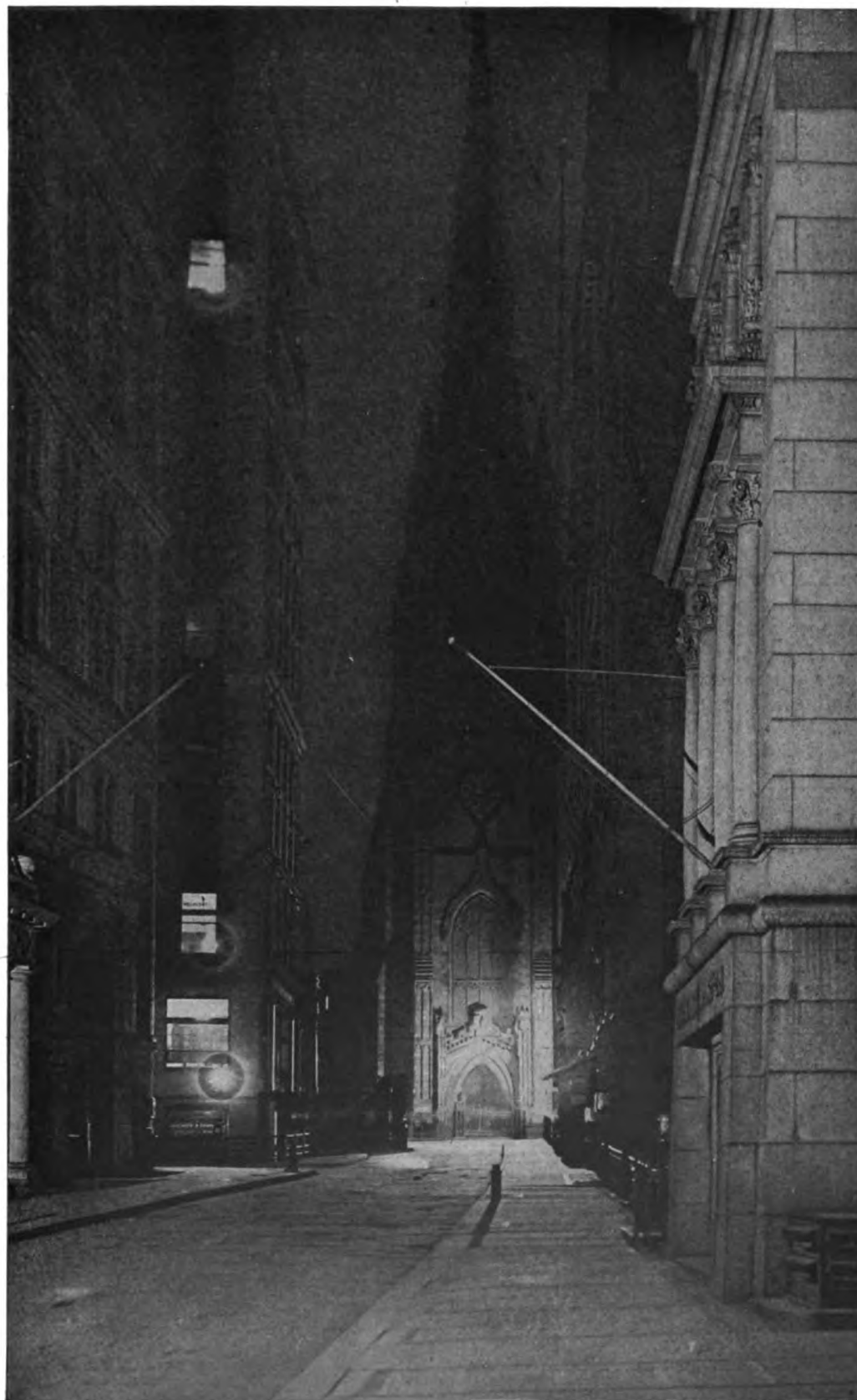
And besides the tall shafts and the intervening lower lights, and the glow of the streets that run to the river and border it, there are all the river lights—the ferry-boats, with their long rows of bright windows, hurrying on their various courses; the Sound steamers going out; other steamers coming in; all manner of lights more sober on all manner of shipping; the street glare and the ferry-house and wharf lights ashore; and higher up, here and there, the obtrusive and commercial, but none the less radiant, advertising signs.

The down-town office-building lights go out early—most of them—but up the river some of the tall up-town hotels continue, all the evening and in spite of curtained windows, to be lighthouses.

On the East River, besides the city lights and the river lights, are the high, curving bridges, very striking and beautiful, with their unobstructed outlines marked by the glow of the electric bulbs.

There is poetry in these river lights, bordered and framed by the dark shining water and reflected in it. Travellers and the winter commuters see the most of them. The hundreds of thousands of people who cross the bridges see something of them, and so may the crowds that throng the recreation piers on summer evenings. And the piers, like the bridges, are part of the spectacle. When Blackwells Island is turned into a park, as surely it will be some day, it will be, in its way, the most interesting park New York will have, and will be an admirable place wherefrom to watch the river lights. The night views from Corlears Hook Park, with both the bridges in sight, must be charming, and the far-down East-Siders doubtless profit by them; but for dwellers in mid-Manhattan, Corlears Hook is farther away than London and less often visited. When the twenty-four-hour man comes, no doubt he will go down there and see the night sights on the East River, for possibly he will have time to spare.

We sixteen-hour people, who have to go to bed for a little while even in New

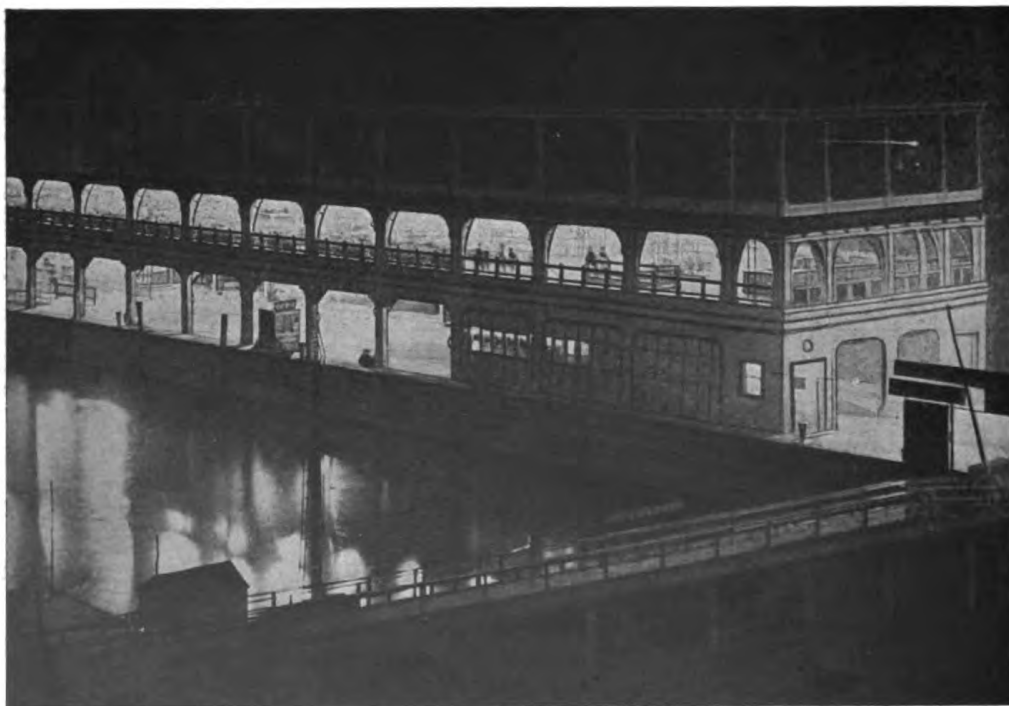


LOOKING UP WALL STREET TO TRINITY CHURCH

York, travel, as a rule, on definite beats. If we live in New York, we see by daylight certain streets and by nightlight certain others; the same ones year after year and no others, except when some unwonted enterprise diverts us from our usual course. If we spend our summers, or part of them, in town, we may come to know the Claremont and the Hudson River lights as one looks north from there, and the lights on the Jersey shore opposite. Newspaper men, newsdealers, and all who are concerned with the publication or distribution of morning newspapers, know the City Hall Park, still the most important centre of newspaperdom and still one of the liveliest all-night centres in New York. Wall Street is dead at night, but it never is dark. It is always there, usually solitary except for policemen, but almost as carefully lighted as Fifth Avenue. Dark streets are not favored in the banking districts, and nowhere in New York is there a stronger contrast than Wall Street by day and Wall Street by night. Nobody sleeps there except janitors and their families. Nobody works there at night

except scrub-women, though in very busy times the clerks of the brokers and the bankers and the lawyers work until very late. Usually six o'clock finds Wall Street all but deserted, and at midnight the whole district is dead, and the lights that burn so faithfully are like so many candles burning to the better repose of Business, dead and laid out in a great narrow high-walled church.

Farther down-town, around the Battery and the ferry-houses and the Elevated Railway stations, there is activity all night long. Within easy walking distance in other directions are streets so crowded with humanity that there is no hour when all the people are abed. Any one who pictures in his mind the down-town residence and shopping streets as dismal or murky will gain a very interesting readjustment of his ideas whenever he goes to see them. The soberest and dimmest lighted streets in town are very respectable ones, like those that run east and west of Fifth Avenue, and are still uninvaded by business. They are quiet at all times, and at night are lighted just enough for protection and convenience.



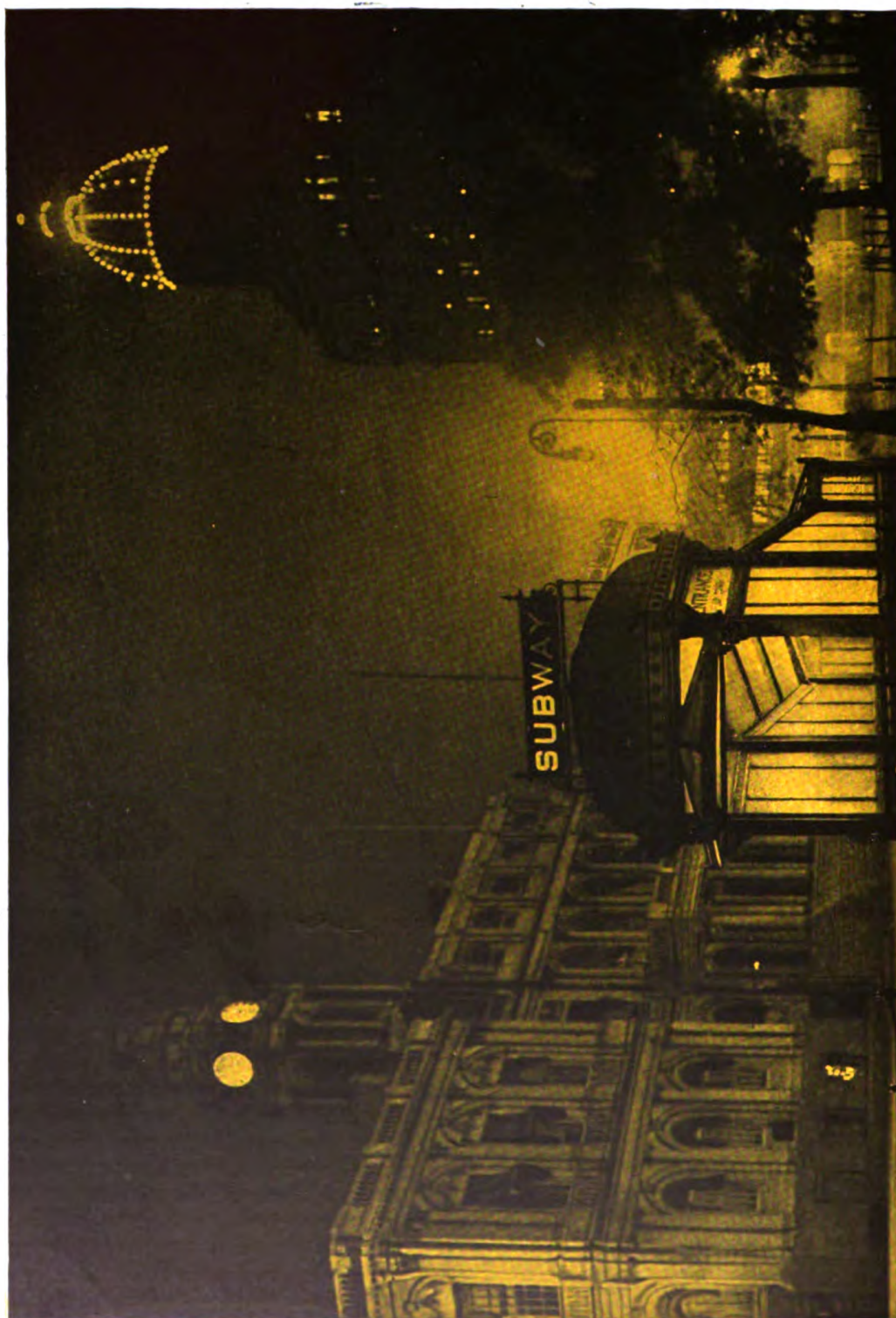
THE RECREATION PIER IS A BRILLIANT SPOT ALONG THE SHORE



THE SHERMAN STATUE AT THE ENTRANCE TO CENTRAL PARK

To go from one of them in the evening to one of the populous thoroughfares of the East Side is like coming out of a dusky wood into daylight. The East Side and every great tenement-house district spends its evenings, in good weather, as far as possible out-of-doors. That means in the street, and the streets are lighted according to the use that is made of them. The street lights are many and bright; the shops shine, the billiard-rooms glitter, the saloons blaze. Coming back from them to the blocks where richer people live, a whole house to every family, curtains closely drawn, and no shops or saloons, is a return to twilight from noonday.

But not all up-town New York is soberly lighted of an evening. Go to the pleasure centre, and you will find a nightly illumination which, they all tell us, no other city in the world can quite hold a candle to. That is what they say about Broadway between Twenty-seventh Street and Forty-sixth. In no other city, we are assured, is there so brilliant a stretch of artificial evening radiance. It is the theatre district, as every one knows, and also the before-and-after-theatre district, much frequented by persons who dine in restaurants, and by others, or the same ones, who have the curious habit of wanting supper after the play. Resident in New York and the ter-



ON THE LEFT THE VENERABLE CITY HALL STANDS DARK AMONG ITS BRILLIANT SURROUNDINGS

ritory immediately tributary to it is a very imposing number of people who go often to the theatres. Stopping in New York there are at all times somewhere between fifty and a hundred thousand people, a large proportion of whom go to the theatre in the evening. It is this enormous money-spending crowd that has caused the theatre district in New York to become a world-famous curiosity in electrical street illumination. All day long this part of Broadway is a crowded and busy district, full of shops and restaurants, and a great thoroughfare of a great city; but at eight o'clock of an evening in the theatre season it is deluged with a crowd which quickly disappears and is lost for three hours, when it surges out again, and fills the streets, the restaurants and lobster palaces, the carriages, the motor-cars, the cabs, the Subway, the Elevated stations, and the street-cars. A part of this crowd goes home immediately when the theatres let out; part of it disperses to various hotels and restaurants on Fifth Avenue or the cross-town streets, and part of it clings to Broadway, and eats and drinks in the light of its radiance. Wherever this up-town theatre crowd pauses, there the lights are bright and the streets are lively until after midnight. It is to catch the eyes of this evening crowd that the theatre section of Broadway has been so jewelled with all manner of electrical contrivance. Advertisement is the motive. The result is somewhat blinding, but it is undoubtedly interesting, and, softened by due distance, it stirs the imagination and becomes even beautiful.

The most dazzling part of this show is still between Thirty-fourth and Forty-sixth streets, but the centre of greatest radiance is moving up-town, and Longacre Square is on the point of being the shiningest place in Manhattan. There, besides a theatre or two and some restaurants with profuse electrical embellishments, one sees to best advantage the pretty outside electric-light decoration of two great new hotels. Up Broadway is the distant glitter of the Columbus Circle; down Broadway, bordered by high buildings, is the blazing chasm of the theatre district. Out spring the cross streets on either side with their lights.

Up and down speed automobiles with great glaring eyes, and here and there, a little way back, where a vacant roof invites, flame advertisements in white and colored lights, not especially edifying as to the wares they cry, but beautiful in their brightness, as well as, in some cases, in their color and design.

Up at the Columbus Circle there is another light centre, and looking from there, farther up Broadway, you see other centres still, and note the crimson letters flaming on the walls of theatre and hotel. All over Manhattan Island there are such light centres, all more or less party-colored and brilliant, and garish though they may be, all more or less beautiful.

For light itself is beautiful, and though indoors it is easy to have too much of it, out-of-doors it is hard to misuse it so extravagantly that it will not still please the eye. The long rows of white street lights—incandescent gas-lights and arc-lights tempered by ground-glass shades—are pretty as they stretch away; the orange globes of intense light that hang by the theatre doors and the colors of the signs and names and emblems are all pretty. But most beautiful and most stirring to the spirit are the lights to which distance lends its enchantments—the river lights, and the shore lights seen from the rivers, the bridge lights, the tall shafts of buildings with windows all aglow. The show in New York is provided every night and with profuse prodigality; the trouble is to get the perspective.

And, after all, that is a prevailing difficulty about life itself on the island of Manhattan. The show there is a lavish show in a thousand particulars, but the perspective is somewhat to seek. The people who see the Manhattan lights in which there is the greatest charm and which most inspire the mind that contemplates them are not those of the surging crowd in the theatre district, but of the army of travellers and late commuters who cross the river to go home. A degree of detachment, it seems, and of contemplative distance is favorable to full appreciation of Manhattan. Its lights are like its noises—stunning when too near, but soothing and inspiring from afar.

The Speech of Deeds

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

"I AM afraid you will find it dull," Mrs. Hardison forewarned, deprecatingly. "You must have met so many clever people. But I have done my best. There is to be the president of our club—such a handsome woman, and so brilliant."

"What has she done?" asked Mrs. Vanderlyn, with the civility which she felt to be required.

"It isn't so much what she has *done*. It's what she has read, what she knows. She is informed upon every subject it is possible to imagine. And she has your husband's writings simply by heart. She is one of his most ardent disciples."

Mrs. Vanderlyn smiled, the smile nicely balanced between a modest appreciative gratitude and a natural wifely pride, with which, for fifteen years, she had received the enthusiasms of that portion of the public which bought and perused the works of Thomas Vanderlyn.

"And then there is a young poet—Launcelot Lorimer?" The rising inflection and the look of expectancy asked if the name were not already known.

As the wife of Thomas Vanderlyn it had fallen to her daily lot to have every one tell of relatives or dear friends who had written, or who aspired to write. And by second nature she had at command the requisite expression of interest. She wore it now, tempered by a slight shadow of humility at her own remissness, in that she did not recognize a name which should have been familiar.

"Haven't you seen any of his work? It has been in the magazines. He is the greatest lover of Nature and flowers—wild flowers, of course. I was so glad to get those two. They are very much engaged; but they wanted to meet you. I explained that it was to be most informal, just six of us—because you were still in mourning for your husband."

"And the sixth?" inquired Mrs. Vanderlyn, suspecting a detrimental.

Mrs. Hardison's voice fell to a tone of apology. "It's a friend of George's whom he simply *would* have, though I told him that he would be completely out of place. But George insisted. He thinks there is no one quite like Mr. Matheson. I must say I didn't suppose he'd come. He almost invariably refuses invitations. He is one of the most occupied men in New York. It isn't only business; he does a great deal of charitable work besides—though he hates to talk of it. But as I was saying—I thought I'd please George and then be able to ask some one else anyway. So I wrote to Mr. Matheson. I was never in my life more surprised than to receive his acceptance. I can only suppose that you were the attraction. I am sure I hope you will like him, for George is bound he shall sit on your right. I wanted to put Mr. Lorimer there, but George said you wouldn't care about a poet who does verses to the moonlight and the lilies. You know George is the best soul in the world, but he doesn't care for poetry. So"—Mrs. Hardison summed up the situation in the tone of one who has resigned herself to it—"I am afraid you will have to have Mr. Matheson. If he doesn't talk—sometimes he simply won't—you will have George on the other side, and you two seem to get along remarkably well. I must say it surprises me a little, because George really isn't clever."

"Isn't he recognized as one of the leaders of his profession?" Mrs. Vanderlyn ventured, in the depreciated husband's defence.

"Oh! of course he knows about bridges and lighthouses, and that sort of thing." Mrs. Hardison's rating of it was evidently not very high. "But then," she reverted, "you yourself are so sweet and adaptable that you can manage with any one. Perhaps you and Mr. Matheson will get along famously." She rose to

take her leave, but on the threshold she turned. "By the bye—I forget that you haven't been in this country since your marriage. But you know whom I mean, do you not?—Henry Matheson, of Matheson and Company—that huge dry-goods firm."

"I supposed it was he," said Mrs. Vanderlyn.

She went back into the sitting-room of the hotel suite in which she had taken up her abode a month before, when she had returned to the land of her birth.

"You know which Mr. Matheson I mean, do you not?" She smiled over the recollection of the question and of the persistent flow of words, which had permitted only an occasional brief phrase upon her own part. How disconcerted her prospective hostess would have been to learn that only by reason of an abrupt alteration in the course of past events had she been chattering to Mrs. Thomas Vanderlyn—and not to Mrs. Henry Matheson.

It would be worth while to watch her when there should begin to work into her mind the possible explanation of Mr. Matheson's unlooked-for acceptance. It would probably be the most amusing episode of a dinner which otherwise promised ill.

The president of the club who had *done* nothing in particular, but who knew everything, who was one of Thomas Vanderlyn's most ardent disciples! How was one to be a disciple of Thomas Vanderlyn? What, after all, had been his faith? What had he stood for? What was his philosophy? What one helpful lesson was to be gleaned from all his volumes? The disciple of Thomas Vanderlyn—it could only mean that one sought to see life through the medium of involved epigrams which would not bear the test of fundamental stress and passion.

But the habit of the years through which she had checked herself in her thoughts of the man she had married made her do so now. She had trained herself to it, lest she should become morbid, lest by dwelling too constantly upon her dislike it should come to be a possessing, embittering detestation. And it was a poor thing to spend one's days despising the dead.

She put her mind resolutely upon something else. What would Henry Matheson have to say to her? At fifty would he bear any resemblance to the man of five-and-thirty who had loved her? In many ways, to judge from Mrs. Hardison's estimate, he must be unchanged. Did he love her yet? He had not married, and his was no unstable character whose passions flamed up and went out.

His place in her thoughts was dominant the next evening when she took a final look at herself in Mrs. Hardison's mirror. That which she saw was not unsatisfactory. At the time when she and Henry Matheson had parted she had not been beautiful. But she had been called the charming Leslie Ilchester. And she was charming still. It was one of the beliefs with which she had deliberately striven to keep alive her self-esteem, her self-respect, that had she not been known as Thomas Vanderlyn's wife, she could have been reputed for her own attractions. Something had been needed to sustain a normal and healthy egotism, that she might not wilt utterly under the blight of disenchantment and repression.

Yes, dispassionately looked at, time had taken little from her and had given much. But what of Henry Matheson?

Immediately upon entering the drawing-room she saw. In his own case it was not only that he had not lost. He, too, had gained—and greatly. He looked all his years, but they were an added distinction. He had reached middle age with every promise more than fulfilled. Coming up to her now, he held out his hand, speaking her name with a grave directness which made her forget to watch Mrs. Hardison's face that she might enjoy its bewilderment. But she was recalled.

"Why, Mrs. Vanderlyn! You let me talk about Mr. Matheson for half an hour. You never once gave me the slightest idea—"

"I don't think you offered me much opportunity."

Mrs. Hardison took it amiably, with a laughing pout. "I suppose I *did* chatter," she confessed.

Matheson stood smiling down into Mrs. Vanderlyn's eyes. "What did Mrs.

Hardison have to say about me?" he asked. It was the subject of the question who answered for herself.

"I told her that you had refused almost every invitation I had ever sent you, and that my astonishment knew no bounds when you accepted this one."

"You understand now, I suppose?"

It was presumably to his hostess that he spoke and in half jest. But it was at Mrs. Vanderlyn he looked, and to her that some more serious ulterior meaning seemed addressed.

The president of the club recalled an observation of Thomas Vanderlyn's, which by reason of its ambiguity fitted the present situation as it might have a number of others. She quoted it. The widow's face—unconsciously to herself—took on the expression appropriate for meeting the tribute; but she was observing that Matheson's, whether purposely or no, assumed a blank and stolid aloofness. Was it that he disliked Thomas Vanderlyn's productions?—or the lady president? Conceivably both. But either would be a bond.

It was hardly to have been called a successful dinner. There were too many conflicting aims. Fortified by the unpliant personality of the man upon her right, Mrs. Vanderlyn allowed herself the unwonted luxury of refusing to be adaptable. No doubt it was failure in duty to her hosts, no doubt it was even in questionable taste. But it was a deep, inexpressible relief. She did not want to listen to the president's always available views, and she made little pretence of doing so. She met two or three quotations from the novels of Thomas Vanderlyn with a change of subject. She made no smallest effort to flatter the poet—to whom flattery, she judged, was necessary. Nor did she return the somewhat too persistent and palpably admiring gaze which he kept fixed upon her.

A man who had nothing more virile to do than to write sonnets upon the lark and lyrics on the daisy—! It was to the simple Hardison that she devoted herself—Hardison, who could talk best on lighthouses and bridges, and whose knowledge of literature was confined to Dickens, Thackeray, and Scott. Her husband, had he been living and here, would have

looked upon Hardison as mentally a negligible quantity. Yet who had done more good, the stylist who had made his life-work the analysis of unfecund human motives, or this builder of lighthouses which had saved the storm-tossed and the fog-bound, of bridges which had carried commerce and civilization into new fields?

Within the bounds of courtesy she left Matheson to himself. But she was always well aware that he was sitting there beside her, self-contained, powerful, imparting by contrast something of triviality to all the rest of them, even to Hardison, who was allowing himself to be made nervous by his anxiety to live up to the club president's knowledge.

It was only at the last moment before they left the table that she turned pointedly to Matheson. "After the cigars, will you come and talk to me, monopolize me?" she said. "Out of pity, don't leave me to a man who does verses and a woman who is well informed."

He obeyed. When he came from the dining-room he went directly to her, putting aside the poet, whose obvious intention it had been to forestall him.

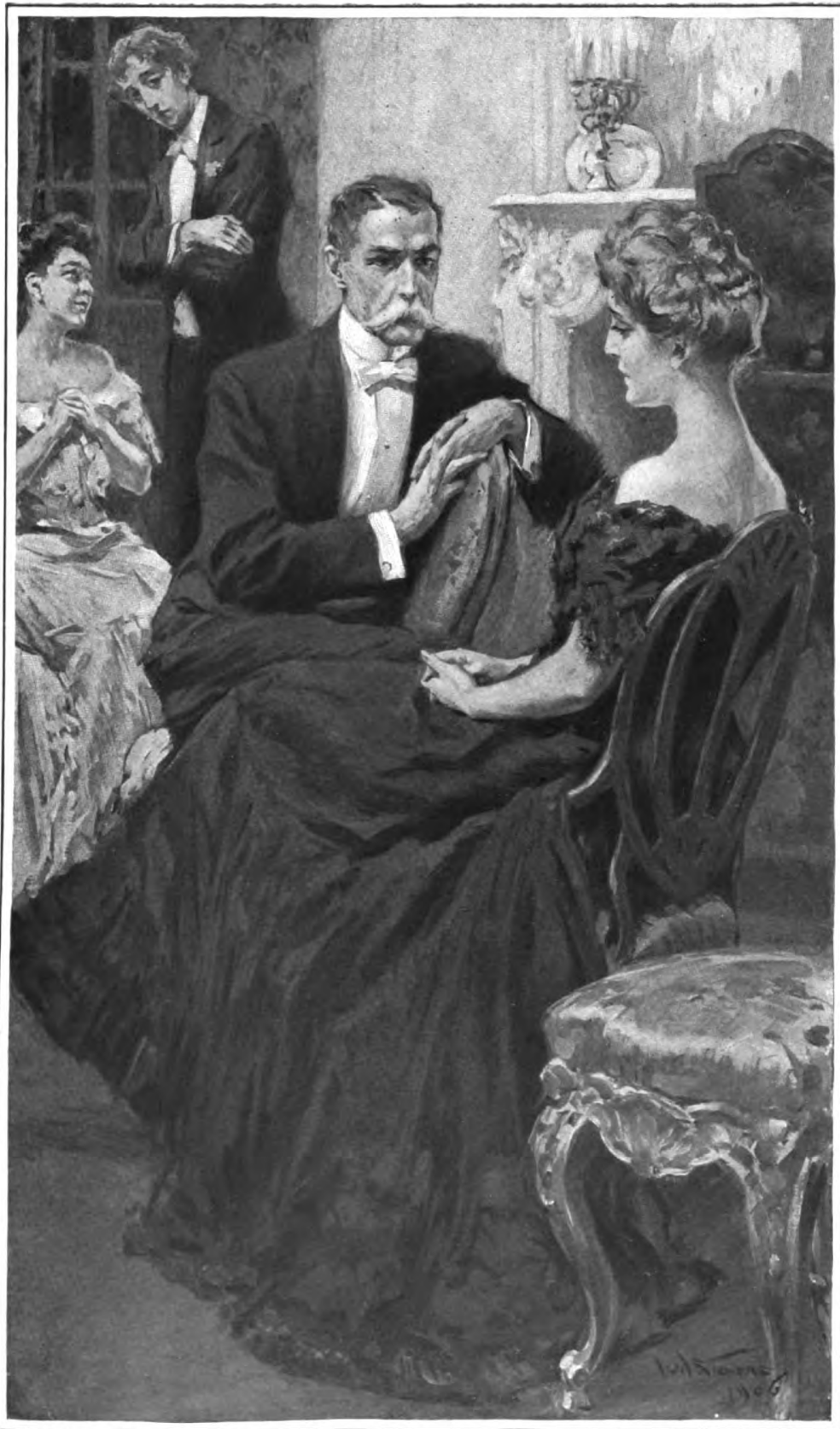
He asked her regarding the past fifteen years. "You were in England for the most part, I suppose. Your home was there?"

"More exactly, it was there that we rented other people's homes. We never had one of our own." Something in his look recalled to her that she had long ago given it as one of her reasons for preferring to pass her days in England that there was more of home life there than in her own country, and that her tastes were essentially domestic.

She colored now at the self-betrayal. "Mr. Vanderlyn was obliged to go to the Continent so often," she offered, "for rest and change of scene. He needed it for his work."

She thought of what had been her own impatience with those frequent migrations in search of refreshment for a body and brain exhausted to querulousness and irritability by the strain of trying to produce much from a temperament which had little to give.

It had been so exasperating to have to break up her household time and time again, just when she had begun to feel



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

SHE COLORED NOW AT THE SELF-BETRAYAL

that she was making the hired domicile in a measure their own.

"Next to England we were most often in Italy. My little son died there." Her voice had dropped.

"Was it the only child?" he asked.

She could feel the sympathy he did not put into words.

"The only one," she answered. There was a brief pause, which he made no attempt to fill. "Of course we met all manner of delightful people," she felt it incumbent upon her to assert. He should not guess at the failure it had all been. He should not say to himself that she might better not have sent him away.

It was no desire to protect the memory of her husband. Beyond the bare semblance which convention required she made small pretence of loyalty. But she defended her own pride.

"And you have never been back in your own land until now?" Matheson questioned.

"No. Mr. Vanderlyn was not fond of his native soil, you know. His talent flourished better in that of an older civilization."

"And you—did you never want to return?"

"Yes," she confessed, "I did; especially at first. I was very homesick for mine own people. But of course Mr. Vanderlyn wanted me with him. He had the English husband's belief that a wife's place is with her lord."

"The Court of Equity and Parliament have only altered the Common Law view of wives on the books—not in the hearts of the populace," he observed.

She laughed irresistibly, more amused than she perhaps should have been by this bit of ironic subtlety, so unlike his ordinary blunt methods.

"The *lex scripta* hasn't yet become exactly a habit of thought," she owned. "But now," she suggested, "you must tell me of yourself."

"I have made money. And I have attended to business. You remember that Mr. Vanderlyn once wrote to the effect that that was the whole existence of the American man. He held us fit for nothing else."

She surveyed him critically. "I should say that *you* were fit for whatever you might undertake."

"Only, my dear Leslie, because I should never undertake that for which I was not fit."

"You are epigrammatic," she told him.

"Heaven forbid!" he ejaculated. And she laughed again.

Was he perhaps a little jealous still?

Once in the course of the evening he said to her that he had never read but one of her husband's novels. "I went through that to the end. But I am bound to admit that I couldn't understand it. I myself have never but two reasons for doing things—because I want to or because I must."

"Will you come to see me?" she asked, as she prepared to take her leave.

"I had intended to," he answered. And she felt sure that he *had* intended to whether she had extended the invitation or not.

As she drove back to the hotel she asked herself if he were still in love with her? It was not easy to say. But was *she* in love with him? Had she ever really ceased to be so? Though at the time she had not known it, she had long since realized that it was flattered vanity which had made her break her engagement to Matheson and marry Vanderlyn. The latter had been a man much older than herself, and already of established reputation. He had come to revisit his own land, which he had abandoned in his early youth. For two decades he had been away from his countrymen, purposely out of touch with them. And he had found that relations were not to be renewed.

From the remoteness of his standpoint he had judged them. They were uninformed, material-minded, they were business machines devoid of higher aspirations. They had no speech save that of finance and affairs. And, since money was all their thought, no need for another.

Yet for his countrywomen his admiration had gone to the other extreme. They were immeasurably the superiors of the males who provided for them. They had all the soul and intellect which their gross lords lacked. They appreciated the subtle, the refined. His opinions had been published, commented upon, attacked, agreed with. They had formed the topic of the hour. Scoffers

had said that for once Thomas Vanderlyn had expressed himself comprehensibly. If the men, in their financial absorption, had shown themselves prone to go on their way ignoring his verdict, the women, whom he had eulogized, were ready to do all homage.

He had been sought after, entertained, honored, quoted. And full in the glare of this publicity he had courted Leslie Ilchester. Had it not been enough to unsettle the judgment of any young girl? To marry this distinguished, self-expatriated *littérateur* had seemed so brilliant a destiny compared with becoming the wife of a prosperous business man. And the influence of Vanderlyn's opinions had been such as to give her no little contempt for those of Matheson's kind, no slight estimate of her own vast superiority.

But how had Thomas Vanderlyn ever come to do anything so definite, so natural, as to marry? In nothing else had she ever known him to be simple, resolute, unwavering.

He might have found to his hand one of those studies in which he delighted, had he been able to read her heart—had it ever occurred to him to think her feelings worth considering. At all times he had been ready enough to analyze his own mental processes for her benefit, but never once had he suspected the conflict which went on in his wife's mind as she tried to put away the memory of Matheson, that it might not furnish a contrast such as to make her husband intolerable.

No, she had never ceased to love Henry Matheson. She had only obliged herself to cease thinking of him. But could she do even that now? Was there any reason why she should? Or did he intend to let her?

Certainly not at once. A few days later he came to her hotel. And after that, for a man of such multitudinous interests, he appeared to have a good deal of leisure at her disposal.

Upon an evening which they spent together she brought herself to make a request. He sat in a big chair across the hearth from her—the hired hearth, like all she had known since her girlhood, the property of whosoever paid.

"I have been warned," she began, "that there is nothing which will send

you away so quickly as to try to make you talk of your charities."

"You can't send me away," he answered, composedly.

"Do you really dislike to speak about them?"

"That depends. But there is not a great deal to tell. Like every one else, I have a few little private charities here and there—deserving cases which come up and need attention. And I subscribe to a number of 'causes.' Nobody escapes that. The size of your bank account is always most accurately known to the directors of the organizations, and the subscription is proportioned to it."

"But the model tenements? You see, I have details."

"Those are not charity. It is a mistaken impression. They are a business proposition. They pay me a percentage on my investment."

"How much?" she asked.

Matheson reddened. "Enough to make it better than having the money idle."

"As if your money were likely to be idle! How much do they pay you?" She insisted upon her point.

"What a business head you have developed! Well—about, say, one or one and a half per cent."

She smiled her comprehension. "Just enough to keep the tenants from being the recipients of charity. And not by any means sufficient to pay you for your time."

"It is a safe and sure investment, however," he insisted, "which is more than one can always say for higher interest rates."

"I want you to take me to see the two which are under construction at present," she told him.

"Why? Are you going in for model tenements?"

Her eyes lit with a flash of vexation. It was a little too reminiscent of her husband's delicate sarcasms. Yet, after all, had she not deserved it? As Henry Matheson had last known her, had she not been in a fair way to become a creature of fads? In those days she had been always "taking up" one thing or another.

She relapsed to humility. "I am not 'going in' for anything now—except for the duty or pleasure at hand." There



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"IT WILL NOT BE A SINECURE, YOU" KNOW"

was a touch of sadness which could hardly have escaped him.

"I beg your pardon," he said, quietly. "It is very kind of you to be interested in the subject at all. I will come for you to-morrow if I may—at ten o'clock. I think we had better drive. It is quite in the slums."

He kept her in the buildings much longer than she had expected, forgetting her in discussions with contractors and workmen. Going down the bare, well-lighted corridors, he would disappear into a room and leave her to her own devices. Then, remembering her, he would come back and civilly explain some matter of heating, of ventilation, of sewage. She knew that she was far from uppermost in his mind, that he was more concerned with anything else at hand. Yet she was enjoying listening to his short and succinct directions. He appeared to know his subject thoroughly. What a debt of gratitude hundreds of mothers owed him that he made it possible for their children to have air and warmth and light! For want of just those her own baby boy had died. A pestilential Venetian palace had taken her husband's fancy, and he had insisted upon living in it.

It was of men such as this one that Thomas Vanderlyn had spoken with contempt. But were these matters to be held less worthy the masculine intellect than devoting one's days to involved romantic treatises upon the ambiguous half-impulses of imaginary creatures? Did a man look better, his feet amid a pile of shavings, his hands formidably brandishing a length of lead pipe, his whole being absorbed in a discussion relative to elbows and joinings—or standing complacent to receive the homage of a galaxy of raptly admiring women? To whom did humanity owe more—to her distinguished husband or to this substantial merchant? And altogether apart from any question of the latter's benefactions, to how many thousands had the mere needs of his business given the chance to earn a livelihood? But had any one ever found himself aided, uplifted, by a line of Thomas Vanderlyn's works? Which was of the more value to a striving world—the intricate niceties of the written language, or this speech of deeds?

Yet Matheson was not without a verbal eloquence of his own, as he made apparent while they drove back up-town together and sat at luncheon in a window looking out upon the snow-covered park. He had forgotten his reserve. His thoughts were still full of the buildings and of improvements with which he was experimenting. He talked steadily and with a technicality which sometimes made it difficult to follow all his meaning.

"I wish," she put in once, in wistful contemplation, "that I had some way of being of service in the world. It seems to me that my life has been a useless one, frittered away and wasted."

He did not try to console her by denying it. Presumably he agreed with her. "The worst of all this," he summed up his own concerns in the end, "is that there is more than I can properly attend to without giving almost my whole time. The supervision isn't really over when the buildings are finished and the rooms rented. It is only beginning. There are a good many matters which need seeing to constantly coming up—in spite of the tenants' endeavors to keep them down. To be sure, I have an agent, but the arrangement isn't in every way satisfactory. At best he is only a man, and there is required, besides, a woman's point of view, a woman's handling. I have found it the same, too, with certain cases that happen now and then among the female employees of the store. And I have been considering trying to get some one who is capable of helping me out. But the difficulty has been to find a person answering the requirements. She should have an unusual combination of qualities—common sense, a very high order of tact and discretion, a pleasant personality, and, above all, a knowledge of human nature."

Mrs. Vanderlyn laughed. "I am afraid you will be put to it to discover this paragon of her sex."

"No," he told her. "I have such a woman in mind."

She was conscious of a sharp jealousy. It seemed to her that the light and vivacity must have faded visibly from her face.

Yet she forced herself to a smile. "Yes?" She indicated her desire to hear further.

"It has occurred to me within the last few days to ask you if you would consider undertaking it."

The light came into her face again, a glow of pleasure and of renewed, unfeigned animation.

"It will not be a sinecure, you know," he forewarned. "The more especially"—a restraint and hesitation seemed to take hold upon him, but he mastered them,— "the more especially, Leslie, as in this case I want the position to carry with it the additional duties of—my wife."

Mrs. Vanderlyn's eyes turned to the window and looked out. At the moment the middle of the street was almost empty, save for a toiling stage and a hansom which was coming directly toward her. In the latter were two people, a man and a woman, both young, both radiant with something more than youth—its fulfil-

ment. Because her place in the window was at somewhat a higher level she could see that they held each other's hands behind the closed doors. The girl's whole look was that of the dreamy absorption of love; the man's told a possessing devotion.

And it was this which, for the gratification of an uneasy vanity, she had once sent out of her life. It was gone forever. No power could give it back. Yet there remained still affection, contentment, trust, respect, the ability to serve, and that for which her whole being yearned now with the intensity that might once have gone to passion—the right to be of use. She did not know that she gave a long and tremulous sigh.

Her eyes looked back to meet those of the man who waited. And there was in them a mist of tears for the irretrievable—a smile for what yet might be.

The Spirit Wind

BY GRACE STONE FIELD

THE Wind is a ghostly thing.

Have you heard him sing?
Have you heard him shout,
When the frost is about?
"Oho.—Oho!" Have you heard him pipe,
When the pumpkin's ripe,
For the leaves to dance?—
Have you listened, askance,
To a Voice, that cried,
When the old Year died?
Have you seen him ever?
Ah, never;—never!

Did you hear him whispering, soft and low,
Where the lilies blow?
Did you hear his lilting, witching tune,
In flow'r-sweet June?—
Listen!—He's gone.
He was here anon—
Where did he fly?
You may search; you may try
On the sea, in the heart of a rose;
Wherever he goes;—
Can you catch him ever?
Ah, never;—never!

Our Navy Fifty Years Ago

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

NAVAL officers who began their career in the fifties of the past century, as I did, and who have survived till now, have been witnesses of one of the most rapid and revolutionary changes that naval science and warfare have undergone. It has been aptly said that a naval captain who fought the Invincible Armada would have been more at home in the typical war-ship of 1840 than the average captain of 1840 would have been in the advanced types of the American civil war.* The twenty years here chosen for comparison cover the middle period of the century which has but recently expired. Since that time progress has gone on in accelerating ratio; and if the consequent changes have been less radical in kind, they have been even more extensive in scope. It is interesting to observe that within the same two decades, in 1854, occurred the formal visit of Commodore Perry to Japan, and the negotiation of the treaty that brought her fairly within the movement of Western civilization.

When I received my appointment to the Naval School at Annapolis, in the early part of the year 1856, the United States navy was under the influence of one of those spasmodic awakenings which, so far as action is concerned, have been the chief characteristic of American statesmanship in the matter of naval policy up to twenty years ago; since which there has been a more continuous practical recognition of the necessity of a sustained and consistent development of naval power. This wholesome change has been coincident with and doubtless largely due to a change in appreciation of the importance of naval power in the realm of international relations which, within the same period, has passed over the world at large.

* J. R. Soley. "The Blockade and the Cruisers," 1883, Scribner's *Navy in the Civil War*.

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Between the day of my entrance into the service, fifty years ago, and the present, nowhere is change more notable than in the national attitude towards the navy and the comprehension of its office. Then the navy was accepted without much question as part of the necessary lumber which every adequately organized maritime state carried, along with the rest of a national establishment. Of what use it was, or might be, few cared much to inquire. There was not sufficient interest even to dispute the necessity of its existence; although, it is true, as late as 1875 an old-time Jeffersonian Democrat repeated to me with conviction the master's dictum, that the navy was a useless appendage—a statement which the work of the War of Secession, as well on the Confederate as on the Union side, might seem to have refuted sufficiently and with abundant illustration. To such doubters before the war, there was always ready the routine reply that a navy protected commerce; and American shipping, then the second in the world, literally whitened every sea with its snowy cotton sails. In my first long voyage, in 1859, from Philadelphia to Brazil, it was no rare occurrence to be becalmed in the doldrums in company with two or three of these beautiful semi-clipper vessels, their low black hulls contrasting vividly with the tall pyramids of dazzling canvas which rose above them; a distinctive mark at that time of American merchant shipping. They needed no protection then; and none foresaw that within a decade, by the operations of a few small steam-cruisers, they would be swept from the seas, never to return. Everything was taken for granted, and not least that war was a barbarism of the past. From 1815 to 1850, the lifetime of a generation, international peace had prevailed substantially unbroken, despite numerous revolutionary movements internal to the states concerned; and it had been lightly as-

sumed that these conditions would thenceforth continue, crowned as they had been by the great sacrament of Peace, when the nations for the first time gathered under a common roof the fruits of their several industries in the World's Exposition of 1851. The shadows of disunion were indeed gathering over our own land, but for the most of us they carried with them no fear of war.

The political condition and balance of the world now is very different from that of the period of which I have been writing. Of this universal change and displacement the most significant factor—at least in our Western civilization—has been the establishment of the German Empire, with its ensuing commercial, maritime, and naval development. To it certainly we owe the military impulse which has been transmitted everywhere to the forces of sea and land—an impulse for which, in my judgment, too great gratitude cannot be felt. It has braced and organized Western civilization for an ordeal as yet dimly perceived.

I do not think there is error or exaggeration in this picture of the "environment" of the navy in popular appreciation at the time I entered. Under such conditions, which had obtained substantially since soon after the war of 1812, and which long disastrously affected even Great Britain, with all her proud naval traditions and maritime and colonial interests, a military service cannot thrive. Indifference and neglect tell on most individuals and on all professions. The saving clauses were the high sense of duty and of professional integrity, which from first to last I have never known wanting in the service; while the beauty of the ships themselves, quick as a docile and intelligent animal to respond to the master's call, inspired affection and intensified professional enthusiasm. The exercises of sails and spars, under the varying exigencies of service, bewildering as they may have seemed to the uninitiated, to the appreciative possessed fascination, and were their own sufficient reward for the care lavished upon them.

The result of all this had been a body of officers and of men-of-war seamen, strong in professional sentiment and admirably qualified in the main for the duties of a calling which in many of its

leading characteristics was rapidly becoming obsolete. There was the spirit of youth, but the body of age. As a class, officers and men were well up in the use of such instruments as the country gave them; but the profession did not wield the corporate influence necessary to extort better instruments, and impotence to remedy produced acquiescence in, perhaps more properly submission to, an arrest of progress, the evils of which were clearly seen. The same conditions recurred afterwards. No administrative period of our naval history since 1812 has been more disastrously stagnant and inefficient than that which followed closely the War of Secession, with its extraordinary and in the main well-directed administrative energy. The deeds of Farragut, his compeers, and their followers, after exciting a moment's enthusiasm, were powerless to sustain popular interest. Reaction ruled, as after the war of 1812.

To whomsoever due, in the decade immediately preceding the War of Secession there were two notable attempts at regeneration, which had a profound influence upon the fortunes of that contest. Of these, one affected the personnel of the navy, the other the material. It had for some time been recognized within the service that, owing partly to easy-going toleration of offenders, partly to the absence of authorized methods of dealing with the disabled or the merely incompetent, partly also, doubtless, to the effect of general professional stagnation upon those naturally inclined to worthlessness, there had accumulated a very considerable percentage of officers who were useless; or worse, unreliable. In measure, this was also due to habits of drinking, much more common in all classes of men then than now. Even within the ten years with which I am dealing, an officer not many years my senior remarked to me on the great improvement in this respect in his own experience; and my contemporaries will bear me out in saying that since then the advance has been so sustained that the evil now is practically non-existent. But then the compassionate expression, "A first-rate officer when he is not drinking," was ominously frequent; and in the generation before, too little attention had been paid to the equally significant remark that with a

fool you know what to count on, but with one who drank you never knew.

But drink was far from the only cause. There were regular examinations, after six years of service, for promotion from the warrant of midshipman to a lieutenant's commission; but, that successfully passed, there was no further review of an officer's qualifications, unless misconduct brought him before a court martial. Nor was there any provision for removing the physically incompetent. Before I entered the navy I knew one such, who had been bedridden for nearly ten years. He had been a midshipman with Farragut under Porter in the old *Essex* when captured by the *Phæbe* and *Cherub*. A gallant boy, specially named in the despatch, he had such aptitude that at sixteen, as he told me himself, he wore an epaulet on the left shoulder—the uniform of a lieutenant at that time; and a contemporary assured me that in handling a ship he was the smartest officer of the deck he had ever known. But in early middle life disease overtook him, and, though flat on his back, he had been borne on the active list because there was nothing else to do with him. In that plight he was even promoted. There was another who, as a midshipman, had lost a foot in the war of 1812, but had been carried on from grade to grade for forty years, until at the time I speak of he was a captain, then the highest rank in the navy. Possibly, probably, he never saw water bluer than that of the Lakes, where he was wounded. The undeserving were not treated with quite the same indulgence. Those familiar with the Navy Register in those days will recall some half-dozen old die-hards who figured year by year at the head of the lieutenant's list; continuously "overslaughed," never promoted, but never dismissed.

But there were those also who, despite habits or inefficiency, slipped through even formal examination; commanders whose ships were run by their subordinates, lieutenants whose watch on deck kept their captains from sleeping, midshipmen whose unfitness made their retention unpardonable—for at their years to re-begin life was no hardship, much less injustice. Of one such the story ran that his captain, giving him the letter required by regulation, wrote, "Mr. So-and-so is

a very excellent young gentleman, of perfectly correct habits, but nothing will make an officer of him." The midshipman answered his questions, however; and the board considered that they could not go beyond that fact, and passed him in the face of the opinion of a superior of tried efficiency, who had had his professional conduct under prolonged observation. I never knew this particular man professionally, but the general estimate of the service confirmed his captain's opinion. Twenty or thirty years later I was myself one of a board called to deal with a precisely similar case. The letter of the captain was explicitly condemnatory and strong; but the president of the board—a man of exemplary rectitude—was vehement even in refusing to act upon it, and his opinion prevailed. Some years afterwards the individual came under my command, and proved to be of so eccentric worthlessness that I thought him on the border-line of insanity. He afterwards disappeared, I don't know how. Talking of examinations, a comical incident came under my notice immediately after the civil war, when there were still employed a large number of those volunteer officers who had honorably and usefully filled up the depleted ranks of the regular service—an accession of strength imperatively needed. There were among them, naturally, inefficients as well as efficient. One had applied for promotion, and a board of three, among them myself, was assembled to examine. Several commonplace questions in seamanship were put to him, of which I now remember only that he had no conception of the difference between a ship moored and one lying at single anchor—a subject as pertinent to-day as a hundred years ago. After failing to explain this, he expressed his wish not to go farther; whereupon one of the board asked why, if ignorant of these simple matters, he had applied for examination. His answer was, "I did not apply for examination; I applied for promotion."

Basil Hall tells an interesting story in point. When himself about to pass for lieutenant, in 1808, while in an anteroom awaiting his summons, a candidate came out flushed and perturbed. Hall was called in, and one of the ex-

amining captains said to him, "Mr. —, who has just gone out, could not answer a question, which we will put to you." He naturally looked for a stunner, and was surprised at the extremely commonplace problem proposed. From the general incident he presumed his predecessor had been rejected, but when the list was published saw his name among the passed. Some years later he met one of the examiners, who in the conversation recalled to him the circumstance. "We hesitated," he said, "whether to let him go through; but we did, and I voted for him. A few weeks later I saw him gazetted second lieutenant of a sloop of war, and a twinge of compunction seized me. Not long afterwards I read also of the loss of that ship, with all on board. I never have known how it happened, but I cannot rid myself of an uneasy feeling that it may have been in that young man's watch." He added, "Mr. Hall, if ever you are employed as I then was, do not take your duties as lightly as I did."

Sometimes Retribution does not assume this ghastly form, but shows the humorous side of her countenance; for she has two faces, like the famous ship that was painted a different color on either side, and always tacked at night, that the enemy might imagine two ships off their coast. I recall—many of us recall—a well-known character in the service, "Bobby," who was a synonym for inefficiency. He is long since in his grave, where reminiscence cannot disturb him; and the Bobby can reveal him only to those who knew him as well and better than I, and not to an unsympathetic public. Well, Bobby after long indulgence had been retired from active service by that convulsive effort at reestablishment known as the Retiring Board of 1854-5. The action of the board was afterwards extensively reviewed, and among the data brought before the reviewers was a letter from a commander, who presumably should have known better, warmly endorsing Bobby. In consequence of this and perhaps other circumstances Bobby was restored to an admiring service; but the Department, probably through some officer who appreciated the situation, sent him to his advocate as first lieutenant—that is, as general manager and right-

hand man. The joke was somewhat grim, and grimly resented. It fell to me some time afterwards to see the commander on a matter of duty. He received me in his cabin, his feet swathed on a chair, his hands gnarled and knotted with gout or rheumatism, from which he was a great sufferer. Business despatched, we drifted into talk, and got on the subject of Bobby. His face became distorted. "I suppose the Department thinks it has done a very funny thing in sending me him as first lieutenant, but I tell you, Mr. Mahan, every word I wrote was perfectly true. There is nothing about a ship from her hold to her trucks that Bobby don't know; but"—here fury took possession of him, and he vociferated,—"put him on deck, and a trumpet in his hand, or handling men, and he is the d—dest fool that ever man laid eyes on." How far his sense of injury biased his judgments as to Bobby's acquirements I cannot say; but a cruise or two before I had happened to hear from eye-witnesses of the latter's appearance in public after his restoration, as first lieutenant in charge of a deck. On the occasion in question he was to exercise the whole crew at some particular manœuvre. Taking his stand on the hawse-block, he drew from his pocket a small note-book, cast upon it his eye, and announced—doubtless through that fatal trumpet,—“Man the foreroyal-braces!” A pause, and further reference. “Man the mainroyal-braces!” Again a pause. “Man the mizzenroyal-braces—man *all* the royal-braces!” It is quite true, however, that there may be plenty of knowledge with lack of power to apply it professionally—a fact observable in all callings, but one which examination alone will not elicit. I knew such a one who said of himself, “Before I take the trumpet I know what ought to be said and done, but with the trumpet in my hand everything goes away from me.” This was doubtless partly stage fright; but stage fright does not last where there is real aptitude. This man, of very marked general ability, esteemed and liked by all, finally left the navy; and probably wisely. On the other hand, I remember a very excellent seaman—and officer—telling me that the poorest officer he had ever known tacked ship the best. So men differ.

Thus it happened, through the operation of a variety of causes, that by the early fifties there had accumulated on the lists of the navy, in every grade, a number of men who had been tried in the balance of professional judgment and found distinctly wanting. Not only was the public—the nation—being wronged by the continuance in responsible positions of men who could not meet an emergency, or even discharge common duties, but there was the further harm that they were occupying places which, if vacated, could be at once filled by capable men waiting behind them. Fortunately, this had come to constitute a body of individual grievance among the deserving, which counterbalanced the natural sympathy with the individual incompetent. The remedy adopted was drastic enough, although, in fact, only an application of the principle of selection in a very guarded form. Unhappily, previous neglect through a long series of years to apply selection had now occasioned conditions in which it had to be used on a huge scale and in the most invidious manner—the selecting out of the unfit. It was therefore easy for cavillers to liken this process to a trial at law, in which unfavorable decision was a condemnation without the accused being heard; and, of course, once having received this coloring, the impression could not be removed, nor the method reconciled to a public having Anglo-Saxon traditions concerning the administration of justice. A board of fifteen was constituted—five captains, five commanders, and five lieutenants. These were then the only grades of commissioned officers, and representation from them all insured, as far as could be, an adequate acquaintance with the entire personnel of the navy. The board sat in secret, reaching its own conclusions by its own methods; deciding who were and who were not fit to be carried longer on the active list. Rejections were of three kinds: those wholly removed, and those retired on two different grades of pay, called “Retired” and “Furloughed.” The report was accepted by the government and became operative.

This occurred a year or two before I entered the Naval School; and, as I was already expecting to do so, I read with

an interest I well recall the lists of persons unfavorably affected. Of course, neither then nor afterwards had I knowledge to form an independent opinion upon the merits of the cases; but, as far as I could gather in the immediately succeeding years from different officers, the general verdict was that in very few instances had injustice been done. But no such system can work unless a government have the courage of its findings; for private and public opinion will inevitably constitute itself a court of appeal. In Great Britain, where the principle of selection has never been abandoned, in the application the Admiralty is none the less constrained—browbeaten, I fancy, would hardly be too strong a word—by opinion outside. P. has been promoted, say the service journals; but why was A. passed over, or F., or K.? Choice is difficult, indeed, in peace-times; but years sap efficiency, and for the good of the nation it is imperative to get men along while in the vigor of life, which will never be effected by the slow routine in which each second stands heir to the first.

In 1854-5 the results of a contrary system had reached proportions at once disheartening and comical. It then required fourteen years after entrance to reach a lieutenant's commission—the lowest of all. That is, coming in as a midshipman at fifteen, not till twenty-nine, after ten or twelve years, probably, on a sea-going ship, was a man found fit, by official position, to take charge of a ship at sea or command a division of guns. True, the famous Billy Culmer, of his Majesty's navy, under a system of selection found himself a midshipman still at fifty-six, and then declined a commission on the ground that he preferred to continue senior midshipman rather than be the junior lieutenant; but the injustice, if so it were, to Billy and to many others had put the ships into the hands of captains in the prime of life. Of the historic admirals of that navy, few had failed to reach a captaincy in their twenties. *Per contra*, I was told the following anecdote by an officer of our service whose name was—and is, for he still lives—a synonym for personal activity and professional seamanship, but who waited his fourteen years for a lieutenantcy. On one

occasion the ship in which he returned to Norfolk from a three years' cruise was from there ordered to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, to go out of commission. For some cause almost all the lieutenants had been detached, the cruise being thought ended. It became necessary therefore to intrust the charge of the deck to him and other "passed" midshipmen, and great was the shaking of heads among old stagers over the danger that ship was to run. If this were exceptional, it would not be worth quoting, but it was not. A similar routine in the British navy, in a dry-rot period of a hundred years before, had induced a like head-wagging and exchange of views when one of its greatest admirals, Hawke, was first given charge of a squadron; being then already a man of mark, and four years older than Nelson at the Nile. But he was younger than the rule, and so distrusted.

The vacancies made by the wholesale action of 1854 remedied this for a while. The lieutenants who owed their rank to it became such after seven or eight years, or at twenty three or four; and this meant really passing out of pupilage into manhood. The change, being effected immediately, anticipated the reaction in public opinion and in Congress, which rejected the findings of the board, and compelled a review of the whole procedure. Many restorations were made; and, as these swelled the lists beyond the number then authorized by law, there was established a reduced pay for those whose recent promotion made them in excess. For them was adopted, in naval colloquialism, the inelegant but suggestive term "jack-ass" lieutenants. It should be explained to the outsider—perhaps even many professional readers may not know—that the word was formerly used for a class of so-called "frigates," which intervened between the frigate class proper and the sloop of war proper, and, like all hybrids, such as the armored cruiser, shared more in the defects than in the virtues of either. It was therefore not a new coinage, and its uncomplimentary suggestion applied rather to the grudging legislation than to the unlucky victims. Of course promotion was stopped till this block was worked off; but the immediate gain was re-

tained. Before the trouble came on afresh, the War of Secession, causing a large number of Southern officers to leave the service, introduced a very different problem—namely, how to find officers enough to meet the expansion of the navy caused by the vast demands of the contest. The men of my time became lieutenants between twenty and twenty-three. My own commission was dated a month before my twenty-first birthday, and with what good further prospects, even under the strict rule of seniority promotion, is evident, for before I was twenty-five I was made lieutenant-commander, corresponding to major in the army. Those were cheerful days in this respect for the men who struck the crest of the wave; but already the symptoms of inevitable reaction to old conditions of stagnancy were observable, to those able to heed.

It would be difficult to exaggerate the benefit of this measure to the nation, through the service, despite the subsequent reactionary legislation. By a single act a large number of officers were advanced from the most subordinate and irresponsible positions to those which called all their faculties into play. "Responsibility," said one of the most experienced admirals the world has known, "is the test of a man's courage"; and, where the native fitness exists, nothing so fits for responsibility as bearing it. The responsibility of the lieutenant of the watch differs little from that of the captain in degree, and less in kind. To early bearing of responsibility Farragut attributed in great part his fearlessness in it, which was well known to the service before his hour of strain. It was much that the government found ready for the extreme demands of the war a number of officers who, instead of supervising the washing of lower decks and stowing of holds during their best years, had been put betimes on the deck in charge of the ship. From there to the captain's berth was but a small step. "Passed midshipman," says one of Cooper's characters, "is a good grade to reach, but a bad one to stop in." From a fate little better than this many promising young officers were thus rescued for the commands and responsibilities of the approaching war.

The Bachelor and the Baby

BY MARGARET CAMERON

THE circumstances which led to Franklin Keene's being on that particular train were peculiar enough in themselves to warrant a word of explanation. He lived in San Francisco, and had intended to spend Christmas there, but the business which had brought him across the continent had been unexpectedly complicated, detaining him in New York. His one close friend in town, Dr. James Burleigh, the noted alienist, had vainly urged him to make his presence known to some of his many acquaintances in or near the city, but Keene maintained that Christmas was a day sacred to intimate gatherings, and that he should be much more comfortable with a book and an easy chair at the club than he could possibly be in a company where he must feel himself in but not of the circle.

Therefore the doctor, after putting his friend up at the club, had gone his appointed way, not without misgivings, and Keene was prepared to spend a solitary Christmas, when, on the morning of the 24th, he was called to the telephone and required to assure the possessor of a pleasantly modulated feminine voice that he really was Franklin Keene—the Franklin Keene, “from the beloved West.” Knowing something of the clanishness of Californians in the East, and never having heard of B. Franklin Keene, of Chicago—it is doubtful whether in any event it would have occurred to the Californian that Chicago could properly be classified as belonging to “the West,”—he admitted his identity, and was warmly urged to dine on the following day with Mr. and Mrs. Edward Logan, in Macalac, a small New Jersey suburb. Mrs. Logan explained that she had just learned, from a man who had seen him at the club, of his presence in town, and while they had never actually met, she hoped he would share her feeling that the possession of so many

friends in common constituted acquaintance, at least.

When he still seemed a little puzzled, she added: “Oh, perhaps you don't remember me as Mrs. Logan? Before my marriage I was Grace Bennett.”

Keene had friends in San Francisco who spoke often of a Miss Bennett. He had been under the impression that her name was Laura, and had not heard that she had married, but reflected that certainly she was the best authority as to her name and state. In the mean time she was rapidly explaining that as neither she nor Mr. Logan had any relatives in the East, they had asked two or three equally detached friends to spend Christmas with them, and assured him that his presence would give the feast quite a family aspect to her, as it was so long since she had seen any one from “home.” When he had accepted, she said that Mr. Logan would look him up during the day with a more formal invitation—she had ‘phoned on the mere chance of catching him—but lest they should miss connections she gave him directions concerning the train he was to take, and said that her husband would meet him at their station.

Keene's business kept him down-town for the remainder of the day, so Mr. Logan's failure to find him was not surprising, and he set off for the suburbs, at midday on Christmas, with a sense of amused and adventurous anticipation.

This was still his state of mind when, as the train started after one of its many stops, he heard behind him a startled exclamation: “Oh! This is my station!” and turned to see a pretty, well-dressed young woman, a baby in her arms, already wrenching open the door at the back of the coach, which was the last of the train. He sprang after her and caught her shoulder when she had descended the first step.

“You can't do it!” he cried.

"I must! This is my station!"

"Impossible!" The train gained headway with every second.

"I tell you I *must*!" imperiously.

"Then give me the baby!"

Realizing that her reasons might be cogent and that there was no time for argument, he seized the child and swung himself from the now rapidly moving train. The effort to check the momentum thus acquired taxed his agility, and when, once sure of his own footing, he looked about for the young woman, it was to discover her still standing on the back platform of the departing train, alternately beating the hand-rail and stretching out her arms to the baby he held. In vain he thrust up his hand and jerked it wildly in futile effort to remind her of the bell-rope. She fell to pounding the rail again in helpless frenzy, and the train passed around a curve and out of sight.

"Well, I'll — be — hanged!" gasped Keene, for the moment conscious only of surprise — a comparatively tranquil emotion which he was not permitted to enjoy.

"*Yaa-a-a-a-ah!*" came a vigorous remonstrance from under his arm.

"Here! Hi! Suffering cats! what's the matter with you!"

Fearfully clutching the long and voluminous draperies where they seemed most solid, he eventually succeeded in bringing the now struggling infant to an upright position, only to be terrified by the increasing violence of its contortions and the rending strength of its screams. He was a bachelor of thirty-eight, "fond," as he afterward said, "of children of an intelligent age, but with no fancy for irrational, bellowing little animals like that"; and it seemed to him that no merely human mechanism could long withstand such strain as that baby now proceeded to put upon itself.

In vain he jiggled it, exactly, he was sure, as he had seen nurses do. The shrieks continued, and the little red face grew redder.

"There, there! Quit that! 'Sh-sh—'sh! Confound that woman! Why didn't she jump? What would she do with you now?"

A flash of memory showed him what she would probably do. He had seen

other people do it, with astonishing results. Placing his hands firmly about the child's body under the arms, he lifted it high above his head, rolling it slightly to and fro. At the same time he assumed a determinedly cheerful grin, and engagingly gurgled: "Googly—googly—googly — goo! Keechery — keechery—tschk! Tschk! *Whee—ketchum!*" without apparent effect. The baby's vehemence in no wise abated, and Keene attempted once more to clasp the kicking, writhing little body against his shoulder.

"Here! Don't go on like that!" he begged, perspiration starting all over him as he desperately reversed the child's position, and felt it curl around his arm and spring into rigidity again. "Good Lord! Are you going to have spasms? What shall I do?"

Not since a Thanksgiving day, years before, when he had realized that nothing but his kicking could save his beloved 'varsity team from ignominious defeat on the gridiron, had he known anything so nearly resembling terror.

"*Yah! Yi! Yah!*" spluttered his charge, getting a fresh breath. Then, opening its toothless little mouth to an extent that Keene was certain must prove fatal: "*Yaa-a-a-a-a-ah!*"

He caught sight of a man leaving the otherwise deserted station, and called: "Hey! Hey, there! Stop a minute!"

The man paused, looking back.

"Are you the station agent?"

"Um-h'm!"

"Where are you going?"

"Home to dinner."

"Well—see here, do you know anything about children?"

"Nope." He would have passed on, but Keene intercepted him.

"Have you any idea whose baby this is?"

"No," suspiciously. "Ain't it yours?"

"It is not!"

"How'd you come by it, then?"

"A young woman was going to jump off that train with it. To save her a fall I took the child and swung off, and—she didn't. She was carried on."

The man grinned. "Done you to a turn, didn't she?" he observed. "Christmas, too!"

"Not at all!" indignantly protested Keene. "She was not at all that sort of

person. She was very much distressed. She stood on the back platform and cried. She'll be back on the next train."

"Oh, sure!" The man spat derisively.

"In the mean time—I don't know what to do with—with this." He helplessly indicated his shrieking burden. "There seems to be something the matter."

"Sounds colicky. Better take him in the station. There's a fire there."

"Well, but—see here, you're married, ain't you?"

"Um-h'm."

"Children of your own?"

"Nope."

"Don't you want to take this poor little beggar home, and—"

"You bet I don't!" The man started hastily on.

"Here! Listen! I'll pay you well, and the mother—"

"Not much you don't! That's your game, is it? Well, I'm on to you all right! And see here, you!" he added, threateningly. "Don't you go leaving that kid in the station and skipping out, neither! This here depot ain't no founding asylum!"

"I certainly shouldn't desert the child," said Keene, with dignity.

"No?" The man leered unpleasantly. "Well, anyhow, you won't do it here, see? You're just a little too smooth!"

He turned to the door of the little building, closed it, and produced a large key from his pocket.

"What are you doing?" demanded the Californian. "Open that door! I'm going to wait for—"

"Oh no, you ain't! You're going to

hit the pike. That's what you're going to do. It'll be cold waiting around this here platform this afternoon."

"But I tell you that woman will be back on the next train, and she'll—"

"Oh, sure!" sardonically. "But there ain't going to be any more trains till night."

"What?"

"Nope. There's expresses, but they don't stop here. First north-bound train from this station, five-twenty-three."

"Jove!" Since his chivalrous adventure Keene had not before remembered the Logans and their dinner.

"First south-bound train, six-twelve."

"But—oh, she'll never wait for that! I tell you she was frantic! She'll walk back!"

"Oh, sure she will! Huh!"

"And I—see here, you've got to help me out of this! There's a good fellow! You take charge of this youngster until the mother—"

"Not on your life!" Keene pro-

duced a ten-dollar bill, but the man continued to back away, repeating: "No, sir, not on your life! I have trouble enough of my own!"

"But I'm due in Macalac—how far is that?"

"Next station. Five miles by the road, three by the track."

"I've got to get there somehow in a hurry. I'm expected there to dine."

"Oh, sure! Say, you're the real thing, ain't you? I wonder you didn't think of that before! Well, it's the pike for yours." He locked the door. "Now, skip!"



"I'M EXPECTED THERE TO DINE"



"NO, SIR! I HAVE TROUBLE ENOUGH OF MY OWN!"

Indignation, appeal, bribery, and threats proved alike unavailing, and the weeping child in his arms added to Keene's helplessness. He learned that the only telegraph-office in the village was in the station, and that the operator had gone to Newark for the afternoon. The station telephone was out of order and the "store" was closed. There was no livery-stable.

He resolved to appeal to some kind-hearted woman in the neighborhood to give the baby care and shelter until the mother's return, and accordingly betook himself to a near-by cottage, the sinister station agent lounging observantly behind.

The door was opened by a gaunt, middle-aged woman, whose holiday smile changed to an expression of suspicious doubt as he said:

"Madam, this child's mother has been

accidentally carried on to the next station. She will return as soon as possible. Would you be willing to care for the child until she comes back?"

"You the father?"

"No; I—"

"Whose baby is it?"

"I—I don't know." The woman sniffed and partially closed the door, peering around its edge at him. "I saw this lady about to get off a moving train. To save her from a fall I took the child and jumped, and she—"

"When you'd never seen her before?"

"No, I never saw her before; but she's evidently a very nice woman, and she was coming to this place. Now, you are quite near the station, and if you would take the child until she returns—"

"You goin' to wait for her?"

"No, I—I can't. You see"—he hastily combated the growing distrust in the

woman's face—"I have an engagement in Macalac—and it may be an hour or more before the mother can get back."

"Yes, I guess it 'll be all that," said she, cynically, and was about to close the door.

"But, madam! It's very cold—and the child is crying."

"I ain't deaf."

"Won't you at least let me have a glass of milk for it? I'll pay—"

"A glass o' milk! Land o' love! You don't think a young one o' that age *drinks* milk, do you?" Then, as he flushed hotly, she added with severity: "My advice to you, young man, is to take that poor, sufferin' child back to wherever you got it from, just as soon as the Lord 'll let you. I ain't makin' any accusations, but it's pretty clear to me that you've got enough to answer for now, 'thout addin' murder." With that she closed the door.

Keene turned away, wrath in his heart, but discovering the grinning station agent leaning on the fence, he proceeded to the gate with as much dignity as he could command under the circumstances.

"Didn't make it work, did you?"

"Your town doesn't seem remarkable for its display of Christian charity and good will to man," said the Californian.

"Oh, we've got charity enough."

"But it begins at home?"

"Well, we ain't no easy mark."

Keene shrugged his shoulders and passed on to a pleasant-looking house, well back from the street. He rang the bell and waited; the baby wailed and the station agent hung over the gate. Presently Keene rang again, and again waited.

"Might as well quit when you get tired," called his tormentor. "There ain't nobody home."

"Why in thunder didn't you say so!" muttered Keene.

When he reached the street, the waiting man confronted him.

"Now, that's about enough," said he. "You skip!"

"Step aside," said Keene, curtly, and would have passed him.

"No, you don't!" he objected, clenching an ugly fist. "You're mighty slick, comin' into a quiet country village with your high hat and your paytent-leathers, and your story about a distracted mother. Christmas, too! But we ain't such hay-

seeds as we mebbe look, and your story ain't good enough. You might find some soft-hearted woman to believe it—I believed some of it myself till you begun tryin' to work the kid off onto me—and you ain't goin' to get the chance to fool 'em. You're goin' to hike—*right now!*"

"All right," said Keene, after a moment. "I'm handicapped just now, but—I'll settle this with you later. I'm going up the track. If I miss the mother—if she comes back by the road, you tell her that I've taken the child—Why, of course!" he cried, jubilantly. "*That's* what I'll do! I'll take it straight to Mrs. Logan! Mrs. Edward Logan, of Macalac. Will you remember that?"

"I'll remember fast enough—when she comes."

So Keene turned his face to the sharp north wind and set off on his three-mile tramp up the track, plotting the downfall



"WHOSE BABY IS IT?" SHE ASKED

of that station agent as soon as he could get a letter to the division superintendent, but consoling himself that in walking to Macalac he should the sooner be able to return to the poor, anxious little mother the baby, who, exhausted by long outcry, had at last subsided into comparative quiet.

The station agent, after watching him out of sight, went to a neighbor's telephone and held a short conversation with Mrs. Edward Logan, of Macalac.

On the road, which lay, a part of the time, within sight from the track, Keene saw sundry vehicles, but from none of them came the eager signal for which, with each fresh approach, he hopefully watched. On the tracks nothing passed except an express-train, hurling itself southward, and he could not know that it had been flagged at Macalac, and was preparing to stop at the station he had just left.

Once he paused to fumble for the little hands under the white cloak, and finding them cold, he stripped off his heavy overcoat, wrapped it around the child, and strode on into the teeth of the bitter wind. Soothed by the warmth and lulled by the swing of his quick gait, the baby finally slept. The wind grew colder and Keene more ravenously hungry; and so, at last, they came to Macalac station, to find it entirely deserted. No frantic, waiting mother, no attendant, no message. Then, for the first time, Keene shared, momentarily, the suspicions of the pessimistic station agent, but immediately dismissed the thought as unworthy. Somehow he had missed her, and nothing remained but to throw himself and the baby upon the mercy of Mrs. Logan, whose hospitable Western heart would surely respond to the call.

Puzzled as to which direction to take from the station, he saw a phaeton coming down one of the roads, and walked toward it.

"I beg your pardon," he said, stopping as it approached, "but can you direct me to the house of Mr. Edward Logan?" The baby, aroused by the cessation of motion and the sound of voices, whimpered slightly, and the young woman in the phaeton turned bright, startled eyes toward the muffled figure in Keene's arms.

"Logan?" said the young fellow driving. "Certainly. It's the new house—the first to the left after you turn the curve yonder."

"Thank you," said Keene, starting on.

"*Yaa-a-a-aie!*" contributed the baby, thrusting a hand out through the air-hole Keene had left in the wrapping.

The boy in the phaeton twitched the reins, but his sister laid restraining fingers on his arm.

"Oren!" she exclaimed. "Listen! That sounds like Brudder!"

"Well, I've always told you and Ethel that all babes sound alike to me. Now you see the force of—"

"*Yaa-a-a-aie!*" came down the wind to them.

"That is Brudder!" cried the girl, throwing back the robe and turning to spring out.

"Oh, tommy!" He held her arm. "How could it be Brudder? Don't be an idiot, Florence! One in a family's enough, and Ethel's fairly daffy over the boy!"

"Well, you've nothing to say!" she retorted. "And I tell you that is Brudder! I saw his little hand, with the ring I gave him tied on. I *did!* I thought it might be a coincidence, but now—! Oren, *will* you turn around and follow that man? Or shall I get out?"

Meanwhile, Keene swung along at a brisk gait, enlivened by the prospect of food, warmth, and sympathy.

At the door he was told that Mrs. Logan was engaged; but he sent in his name, with the message that he had been unavoidably detained by an accident, and would be grateful for a few words with either Mr. or Mrs. Logan. The servant looked curiously at him, and eventually admitted him, rather doubtfully, he thought, to a reception-hall. He heard the light cadence of laughing voices in an adjoining room, and eagerly sniffed the mingled aromas of coffee and tobacco as he sank into a chair.

"Yah! Ya-ah! *Yaa-a-a-a-a-aie!*" demanded the baby, digging one fist into half-open eyes, and ineffectually trying to swallow the other. Sounds in the next room suddenly ceased.

"Has he come, Katie?" asked a woman's voice—the pleasant voice he had heard over the telephone. The maid's



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"OREN!" SHE EXCLAIMED. "THAT SOUNDS LIKE BRUDDER!"

reply was lost in another outburst from his ward, whom he succeeded in quieting somewhat.

"What!" he next heard. "Oh no! Impossible! Ned, he's come, and he says his name is Franklin Keene."

"Well, I'll be jiggered!" replied a man. "Keene, eh? *Franklin Keene*? Are you sure, Katie?"

"No, no!" cried several voices at once. "Surely not!"

"You'd better see him, Ned," suggested Mrs. Logan.

The curtains parted, and a tall, clean-limbed, clean-featured man, a few years Keene's junior, entered the hall.

"Good evening," said he.

Keene arose, the whimpering baby still cradled in his arm, and extended his hand, which the other took, a puzzled look creeping into his eyes as he surveyed his guest.

"I owe you a series of apologies, Mr. Logan," began the Californian. "First for failing to notify Mrs. Logan that I should not be able to get here in time for dinner,—but there was no possible means of communication; and second, for appearing at this hour—and, as you see, not alone. It was like this: I took the twelve-twenty-five train—"

"From town?"

"Yes, of course, from town. We were just pulling out of the station below here, when I discovered a young woman with a baby—this baby—about to jump from the moving train." He told briefly the story of his leap from the train, and its results, humorously touching the suspicions of the station agent and the discomforts of his long walk, concluding: "And in the end, having failed to find the mother, I could see but one solution of the trouble; and that was, to come here and throw myself and the baby on your hospitality."

"Y-yes," said Logan, reflectively rubbing his chin as he scrutinized the man before him. "We heard you were coming."

"You heard?"

"We know all about your efforts to dispose of the child down the line, and we were told that you were coming here. The station agent telephoned."

"But I wasn't trying—"

"Oh, weren't you?" Although Logan

smiled pleasantly as he spoke, his eyes were steely. "Evidently the station agent judged by appearances. He said you were a smooth proposition, but I hadn't looked for anything quite as clever as this. You see, Mr.—er—Keene, the only flaw in your story lies in the fact that the real Mr. Keene—Mr. Franklin Keene—is already here."

"What's that?"

"Is already here," succinctly repeated Mr. Logan. "Keene, will you step into the hall a moment, please?"

There entered then a slender young man, with scanty hair and a lean, incisive countenance.

"*This* is Mr. Franklin Keene," affably continued Logan. "Now—one moment, please!—we knew that you were coming, we knew that you would attempt to leave the child here, but it would interest me very much to learn how *you* knew that we expected Mr. Keene here to-day."

"That happens to be my name." Logan's smile at this was politely incredulous. "And when Mrs. Logan telephoned me at the club—"

"She telephoned, certainly, but—" he turned quickly to the other man. "Didn't you talk to her over the 'phone yesterday morning?"

"No, certainly not."

Mrs. Logan—a pretty, graceful woman—pulled apart the curtains and entered, silent and startled.

"She didn't call you up, inviting you out here to-day?"

"Certainly not," repeated the lean one. "You asked me yourself when we met—"

"Yes, yes! But she had already telephoned—"

"Not to me. You didn't say anything about it."

"I didn't know it until I got home last night. So you"—to the Californian—"got that message, did you? Are you a member of the club?"

"Only temporarily. I am the guest there of Dr. Burleigh." The baby raised its voice again, and Keene mechanically tried to hush it.

"Of Dr.—ah!"—Logan's tone suggested that many things had suddenly been made clear to him—"Dr. James Burleigh?"

"Oh, that poor little baby!" Mrs. Logan impulsively took the child and

cuddled it, muffled as it was, in her arms, retreating with it to her husband's side.

"Thank you," said Keene to her, gratefully. "Yes, James Burleigh. We're old friends."

"Who's Burleigh?" asked Keene's namesake.

Logan drew a card and pencil from his pocket, upon which he scrawled, "Specialist mental disorders," for his friend's eye, while he continued, in a changed tone: "I see, I see. And you somehow got the message intended for Mr. Keene—"

"But I repeat, my name is Keene!"

The situation was growing irritating.

The door-bell whirled shrilly, and the maid slipped past the group to answer the summons.

"Certainly, certainly, that's all right." Logan's hasty reassurance failed somewhat of its soothing intent. "And you thought it was for you. And then, on the way out here—"

"I want to see Mrs. Logan!" demanded an excited girl's voice at the door. "I want to ask—I saw a man with a baby—"

Those in the hall turned at the interruption, Logan immediately exclaiming: "Hello, Faulkner! Come in."

"Thanks. I hope you'll pardon us, but my sister imagines—"

"It is Brudder! It is Brudder!" Florence had darted to the baby, thrust aside the heavy wrap, and now, clasping him to her breast, she confronted Keene, panting: "Where is my sister? What has happened to Ethel?"

The curtains screening the library were hastily pushed back, revealing the other guests clustered in the doorway, the men still holding their half-consumed cigars.



"WHERE IS MY SISTER?"

"Your sister!" repeated Keene, a little dazed at this fresh complication.

"This is her baby! Where is she?"

"Oh!" Infinite relief spoke in the tone. "Thank Heaven!"

"Where is she?"

"I haven't the faintest idea"—Keene smiled reassurance into the anxious eyes—"but I'm afraid she's somewhere between here and the next village—and I'm afraid she's frightened," he gently added. Then he told the story again, very quietly, to Florence Faulkner.

"Why, Ned," whispered Mrs. Logan, "he's very— Don't you find him attract-

ive?" Her husband nodded, never taking his observant glance from the Californian's face. "And you really think—?"

Again he nodded. "Unquestionably, I'm afraid."

"But he seems so sane!"

"They often do. But he's firmly possessed of this hallucination about the name,—and we know of his efforts to dispose of the child; and yet, you see yourself that, normally, he's not the sort of fellow to—" He paused, shaking his head.

"Oh, what a pity!"

"Oh, Oren—do you—do you think—?" faltered Florence, when the tale was told. "It doesn't seem a bit like Ethel. She's always so careful—especially with Brudder. Oh no! She never would have tried—"

"Perhaps," suggested Logan, "Mr.—Keene saw her standing near the door and fancied—"

"Look here," demanded the college boy, "are you telling this straight? Because if my sister"—he hesitated under the steady, blazing indignation of Keene's glance—"because if my sister—" he continued, brokenly, to the company, and stopped.

"I don't think you need be alarmed about Mrs. Gerard's safety, Faulkner," said Logan, quickly; "but if I were you, I'd lose no time in looking her up. It is doubtful whether Mr. Keene can tell us anything more about her. Have we explained to you that we have two Mr. Keenes here? One is a friend from the West, and the other is a guest"—significantly—"of Dr. James Burleigh."

"Oh!" gasped Florence. "Oh, mercy!" and clasped her nephew closer.

"Good Lord!" cried Keene, in sheer exasperation. "Of course I'm his guest! But I'm not his patient, if that's what you mean! We're friends. We were roommates at college. We played on the same—"

"Yes, yes, that's all right. You are just old chums. We all understand that perfectly. Now, don't let's get excited."

"Excited! Man! I'm as sane—yes, by Jupiter! I'm a whole lot saner than you are!"

"Of course, you're as sane as anybody. Now, that's all right, isn't it?" Logan laughed easily, with a restraining glance

at the women, who were showing an inclination to huddle away. "Now we understand each other perfectly and everything's all right. Faulkner, you'd better leave your sister and the baby here, and go at once to find Mrs. Gerard."

"Oh, poor Ethel!" sobbed Florence. She turned a tear-wet face to Keene. "Tell me truly—*truly!* Did you get off that train with the baby to save Ethel?"

"Truly, truly, I did," said he, gravely and gently. "Do you believe me?"

For a moment she looked into his steady eyes. Then she laid her hands in his. "Yes, I believe you. Because—because, you see, you took off your coat to wrap the baby in. You wouldn't have done that if—if—"

"Bless your heart!" said he. "You're all right! Now, come on, Mr. Faulkner. We'll go out and find your other sister. That is—you're not afraid, I suppose?"

The college boy, himself a man of impressive inches, laughed a little at that. "Oh no," he said, "I'm not afraid."

"All right. And when Jim Burleigh gets back"—Keene addressed Logan—"I'll get him to give me a certificate of mental soundness, and then I'll be in a position to ask you what part of California *your* Franklin Keene comes from."

"California!" cried Mrs. Logan.

"Yes, California!"

"Oh, I'm not from the coast," said the lean one. "Chicago's my home."

Keene turned a bewildered face to the hostess. "You *said* California, didn't you?"

"Did I? Oh no, I couldn't! I must have said 'the beloved West.' That's what I call it."

Meanwhile young Faulkner had been muttering to himself: "California. Cali—Keene of California! Keene—of California?" and now he broke out sharply:

"See here; what was your college?"

Keene mentioned his Alma Mater.

"Why, say! You're not—you're never 'Kicking Keene of '92'!"

"Yes, I am."

"You are? You are?" The boy seized him by both hands. "Why, people, this man was one of the greatest football-players this country ever—why, he kicked five goals running—"

"No, I didn't," interrupted Keene. "It was only four."



"OF COURSE I'M HIS GUEST," CRIED KEENE, "BUT I'M NOT HIS PATIENT"

"I know all about him! Crazy nothin'! He's Keene—the Keene! Keene of California!"

Nobody but the maid had heard the door-bell, but they all heard the mother's cry as she ran to gather in her boy.

When the excitement had cooled a little, somebody discovered Keene's famished condition, and there ensued much rivalry to make him comfortable. The first thing they brought him was liquid, and he looked over the glass at young Faulkner, asking:

"What do you call that boy?"

"His small sister has dubbed him 'Brudder,' and that goes while the rest of us squabble over whether he shall be

named Scott, after his father, or Richard, after his grandfather, or Oren, after his other grandfather and me. But I can tell you one thing. After to-night—and I know Florence and Ethel will back me up in it—after to-night my vote goes for Franklin Keene!"

"Well, here's to him, anyhow," said the Californian, laughing.

"How well it has all ended!" sighed Florence, happily.

"Oh, I don't know!" objected Keene, looking at her. "Why ended? Why assume that it's all over? Somehow, I'd rather you'd think of it as a good beginning."

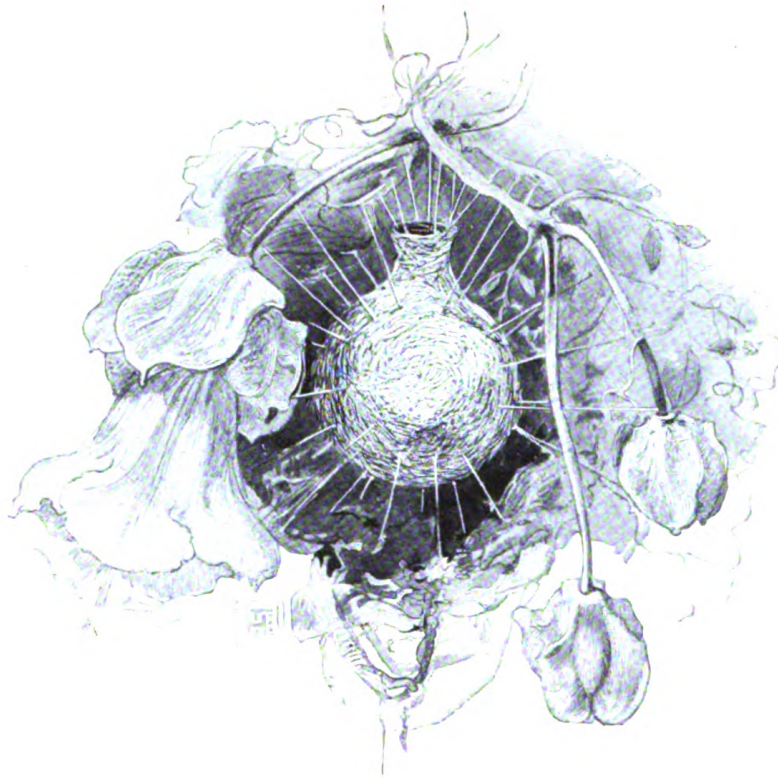
And that is what it proved to be.

Doom

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

TO see the sun no more,
No more to breathe the air;
To stand before an open door,
With sinking heart and slow—and then
Into the night to fare.

Vol. CXIII.—No. 681.—50



EGG-COCOON OF ORANGE ARGIOPE

The Story of a Spider

BY HENRY C. MCCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

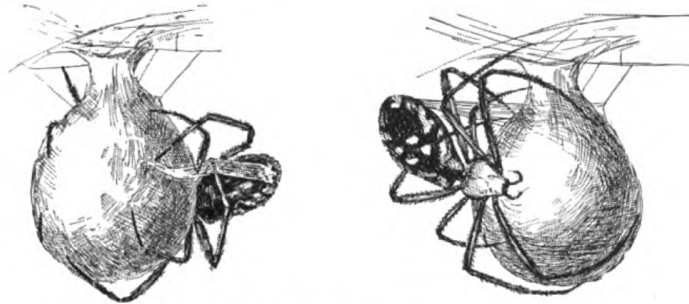
IF size and beauty and fair handicraftsmanship might give title to queenhood of *Aranæ*, the crown, without doubt, would go to Orange Argiope. And pray, who is she? She is a spider! Familiars of rural scenes often have seen her vast and shapely cobweb hung in divers sites, especially in low-lying places, which she chiefly affects, perhaps because they give the best foraging-grounds for her enormous appetite for insects.

True, she does come at times into our gardens and shrubbery-dotted lawns; mainly in the corners where clumps of bushes grow. There you may see her great snare hung amid the honeysuckles or evergreens. You will know it by the broad white shield that fills the centre, from which there reaches downward a

fair zigzag of spinning-work that may well have been the model of the "winding stair" which in the verses of old-time reading-books led to "the dismal den" of that touching ballad "The Spider and the Fly." Argiope herself you will know by the orange-yellow pattern of circular and irregular spots upon her velvety-black abdomen, and her orange and black legs outstretched from her gray trunk.

But the garden is not her favorite haunt. She hears the call of the wild. Like a true pioneer, she thrives better outside the belt of highest culture. In yonder fallow fields that embosom our Brookcamp and Devon Runs and the upper waters of the Darby Creek you will find her in October or the closing days of September. She comes to her maturity in this season. Here is one individual

housed within a tuft of tall grasses whose feathery tops she has banded together with silken ligatures, and whereon by and by she will hang her egg-nest. Downward thence she has stretched her web where it is sure to ensnare frisking grasshoppers that thrive here undisturbed.



ARGIOPE WEAVING THE COCOON

Hard by, another orb is woven between the stalks of a cluster of wild chrysanthemums, whose white flowers make a dainty bower above her. A third spinner has chosen the drooping heads of twin stems of goldenrod for the foundations of her snare. A fourth, nearer the stream, is encamped upon a cove of wild blackberries, whose leaves are already taking on that rich russet which heralds the coming autumn and the ripened year.

Your approach, signalled from plant to plant by the rustling foliage, has disturbed our spider, watching solitary, head downward, against her white silken shield. See! the web begins to move. Slowly it sways toward you—then away; forward and back, to and fro, faster and faster—until the whole orb seems in a whirl of motion, the centre of which is the silken shield. Curious! And how is it done? And why?

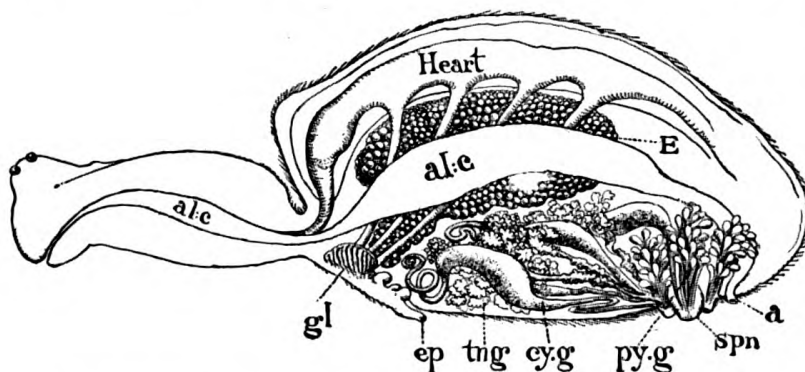
At first you can note the bending and straightening of the legs by which the web is drawn backward and forward. But soon your eyes cease to follow the

movements, and you stand in amaze at these rare gyrations until the web gradually grows still. Perhaps the oscillating orb touches some thread of memory and recalls a vision of a rural picnic-ground, with a swing hung to a high branch of a wide-spreading oak. And there comes a passing fancy that Argiope "works up" her oscillating orb, hung by its silken cables to the yellow drooping plants, somewhat as we were wont to do the big swing in those days upon which some of us already look through a far vista.

But why does the spider do this? We have often asked her that, in our silent naturalist way, and thus it seems to us the answer should run: The prime motive of animal life is food; and one comes to think that an insect, especially if it be a strong one, were it to strike that outspread net, would have less chance to break into freedom—scant as that might be—when involved more and more closely within the beaded meshes by the lassoing-lines as they sway back and forth

around it. We may therefore count this swaying of her web as one of Argiope's tricks to secure her prey.

Next to gaining its food the animal's instinct looks to its safety. Many perils beset Argiope and her ilk besides the collecting-bottle of a naturalist, or the club of a



DIAGRAMMATIC VIEW OF THE LOCATION OF THE SPINNING ORGANS IN (ARGIOPE AURANTUM) ORANGE ARGIOPE

Spn, spinnerets; py. g, pyriform glands; cy g, cylindrical glands; tr. g, tree-form glands; ep, epigynum through which the eggs are deposited; gl, gills; E, eggs; a.l.c, alimentary canal; a, anus. The figure is a composite one.

thoughtless boy, or of a foolish man who still has the ill manner of "killing those who are sent unto him." Her tribe are cannibals, one is loath to confess, and must be watched and fended against. And then the raiding wasps! Of all merciless enemies, these are the most death-dealing, especially at their time of maternal activity in provisioning their egg-nests. Now, if you will observe closely, you shall find that this rapid swaying and whirling of the spider's orb must confuse the aim of a foraging foe, and tend to shunt it from her quarters, or even so entangle it as to verify in the raider's experience the adage "caught a Tartar." Here, confessedly, we are theorizing; and if the reader has an hypothesis that better pleases him, let him hold it stoutly.

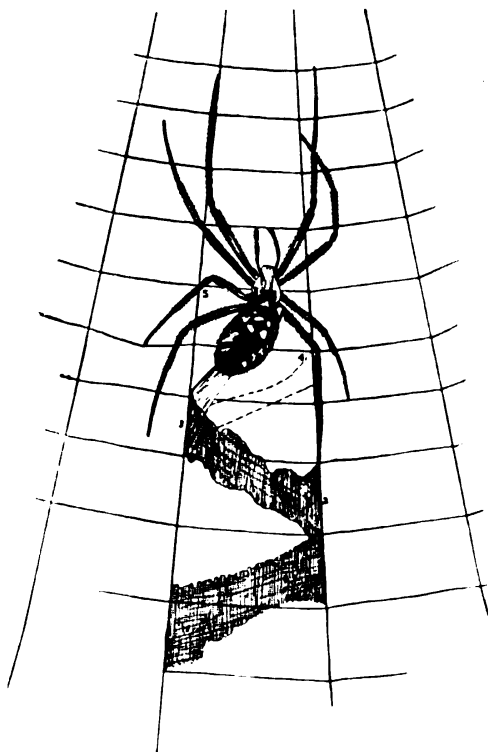
But while we stand theorizing, a grasshopper comes our way. How gracefully he swings on yonder grass stalk! How gayly he skips! What an athlete he in jumping! Alas! he has made one jump too many, for his last leap—literally his last—lands him upon the fatal snare of the spider Argiope. Our spider, hanging there so placidly

and seeming so lethargic, has instantly become a type of frenzied energy. She leaps upon the partly entangled insect. She seizes it with her sharp claws and strong, spiked legs. From her spinnerets pours forth a stream of silk ribbon which, dexterously drawn out by the hind feet, encompasses the struggling insect, which is meanwhile revolved by the captor's forelegs and palps. The motions are so rapid that one hardly follows them; and ere he has well grasped the situation the captive is swathed in a white silken bag, and hangs there in the gap in the broken web made by its struggles, like a canvas-covered ham hung to a cellar rafter.

Poor grasshopper!—or, let us say rather, poor locust! For since the creature must die and be eaten, let it perish under its own name. And now, see how deftly Argiope swings her prey in its silken wrapping from point to point until she has reached her central shield! Thereto she lashes it and settles quietly to her feast. But scarcely has she well begun ere there is another ring at her door-bell. In other words, a large fly has struck another part of the orb and the news "thrills along the line" to the central shield. In a trice Argiope is upon it. It is enswathed, and hangs there by a short cord in a small silken sack—a trussed-up fly.

Admirably done! No cowboy ever flung lasso more effectively, or more thoroughly tied up and disabled his victim's limbs. And the creature manufactures her ropes as she goes. This done, Argiope returns leisurely to her feast, leaving the fly in reserve as a sort of dessert. One feels a touch of pity for these unfortunate insects. But consider, in a utilitarian spirit, what a vast service our Orange Argiope and her kind are conferring upon man by thus acting as nature's checks upon an increase of insect life that would soon make human life miserable.

Standing thus at gaze upon the masterly way in which our aranead gets her food, one admires not only the tremendous energy of the animal, but the rare efficiency of the instruments with which she works. To begin with, there is her wide-spread net, with its radiating lines and spiral infilling. It covers at least

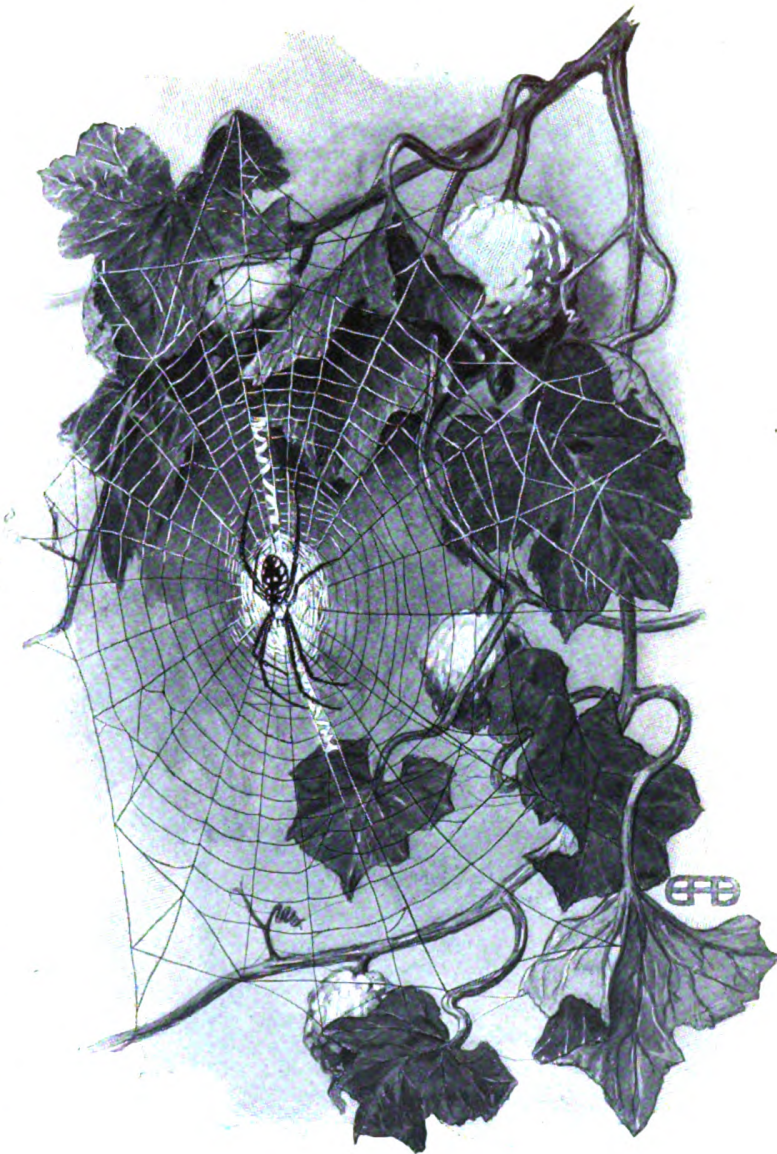


WEAVING THE ZIGZAG OR SPIRAL STAIR

four square feet of surface, and any insect vaulting or in flight that shall strike it must surely be halted. In the momentary pause and shock of its arrest, even if not entangled, it gives the skilful operator the opportunity to seize it.

But that is not all. Look more carefully at these spirals that wind their way over the radii to the central shield. Scoop out a section thereof with this glass cup and examine it with your hand-lens as it is stretched across the mouth of the vessel. Every spiral thread is covered with minute beads! Touch your pencil to this spot. See! Your pearly beads have disappeared; and as you withdraw your pencil, you perceive that they have melted into a viscid liquid

that has caused the silken threads to stick tightly to the pencil. You cannot release it without breaking a gap in the web. It is this armature of viscid beads that makes Argiope's web effective in so entangling insects within the lines that they are usually at her mercy, and escape only by uncommon vigor or a rare chance. The dews of summer gather upon these viscid beads and their connecting threads, forming strings of minute translucent spheres that in the changing lights of morning glisten like diamonds. It is not inept to compare such a dew-bespangled orbweb to a jewelled necklace;



ORBWEB OF ORANGE ARGIOPE

for truly fair lady never hung about her neck one more lovely in form or more artistic in construction. Thus seen, there are few objects in nature more striking and beautiful than Argiope's snares; but they are terrible engines of destruction to the unfortunates who fall into their embrace.

Another feature of this remarkable structure, which we are studying here in the tall growth by the brookside, now catches our eye. The spider's silken shield or mattress is placed, as a rule, above the centre of her orb. On either side of it are thrown out strong inter-

lacing cords which form an open canopy that serves as fender or protective wings. Insects striking against these are suddenly arrested and are apt to flutter down into the orbweb, and so into the claws of the sentinel ogress. Or, should the

ing a bit through the bushes, you find her diligently swathing a silken ball the bigness of a walnut, swung to a small sheeted canopy well lashed to the surrounding stems and leaves of a high stalk of wild field-flowers. This is her egg-cocoon. She strides around and around it, changing her course at every round, drawing out, the meanwhile, ribbons of white spinning-stuff. These she eases up into half or quarter inch loops by slackening her abdomen, and beats them down and spreads them out with her spinnerets upon the surface. Thus she manages to enwrap her pretty casket evenly; and when it is done she leaves it hung amid a maze of crossed lines, and so balanced and stayed that it is like to outlive the winter with its snows and winds.

Had you come a little earlier, you would have seen the spider mother thrusting up against the wee silk canopy a round bunch of yellow eggs. There are a thousand of them, or thereabouts;



ARGIOPE SWATHING HER VICTIM

insect be a raiding wasp, it may be fended off; or, at least, by the sharp contact it signals the alarm, and puts Argiope upon her guard for defence, or warns her to escape. The latter she often does by slipping dexterously behind her orb, thus putting her thick shield between her and her foe.

A few days later you are back in the aranead settlement, and miss Orange Argiope from her seat and snare. Mous-

good promise, one would think, for a full household in due time! But, like the orchard blooms of spring, there will be many a life-bud lost in Argiope's garden ere October comes again. Next the mother, still working upwards, had overlaid the egg-mass with a crinkled silken yarn of a brownish hue, which, as the eggs shall hatch, shall be cradle and commons for the spiderlings until the call of spring bids to their exode. Next to this

was placed a bright yellow floss, loosely spun between the eggs and the inner surface of the outer case at which the mother was spinning when you came upon her.

This she will closely wrap and pack, and, as it seems, finish it with a sort of varnish that makes it water-tight. At least, if you will visit it in midwinter you shall find that it crackles beneath your touch like oilskin. Indeed, the good spider matron has made canny provision for her children's future in this silk-spun, pear-shaped cradle home. How got the cunning and skill into her brain-cells? And did the first mother Argiope have the same? And if not, why not? And how did her houseful of baby spiderlings manage in those early days to get on without it?

One cannot know all this rare handiwork without wondering by what delicate machinery has it been done. Delicate indeed; and ingenious, and beautifully wrought beyond one's best powers to describe. There are few things in nature so well fitted to awaken admiration as the vital mechanism by which a spider's spinning-work is done. To dissect its various parts from an araneid corpus and mount them for study and exhibition is not difficult for one who has some skill with the microscope. The limitations of this article will not allow more than a general description here.

To begin with the manufacture of the raw material, we must go to the silk-glands. These lie in an orderly mass in the lower part of the apex of the abdomen, and consist of a large number of glands of several shapes and sizes. Many are pear-shaped (pyriform), some are "tree-formed," some are cylindrical or vermiform. Within these are secreted several kinds of liquid silk, and the substance that forms the viscid beaded armature of the spiral lines of the orbweb.

Argiope is able to secrete at least three colors of silk stuff—the white, which forms the web, and the enswathement of captives and the egg-cocoon; the brown mass that fills the cocoon interior; and the flossy yellow between that and the inside of the sac. The glands end in minute ducts which empty into spinning-spools regularly arranged along the sides and upon the tips of the six spinnerets, or "spinning-mammals," or "spinning-

fingers," which are placed just beneath the apex of the abdomen. The spinnerets are movable and can be flung wide apart, or pushed closely together, and the spinning-spools can be managed in the same way.

The silk-glands are enfolded in muscular tissue, pressure upon which, at the will of the spider, forces the liquid silk through the duct, into the spool, whence it issues as a minute filament, since it hardens upon contact with the air. One thread as seen in a web may be made up of a number of the filaments, and is formed by putting the tips of the spools together as the liquid jets are forced out of the ducts. When the spinnerets are joined and a number of the spools are emptied at once their contents merge, and the sheets or ribbons are formed which one sees in the enswathement of a captive or the making of Argiope's central shield. This delicate machinery the owner operates with utmost skill, bringing into play now one part and now another, and again the whole, with unfailing deftness and a mastery complete.

Once more let us visit our favorite hunting-grounds in these open fallow fields. September is mellowing into October. We pause by the familiar sites where a few weeks ago our Orange Argiopes had encamped in the full swing of their activity. They are gone! Whither? Ah, here is one, a shrunken remnant of her former self, suspended in listless mood upon a tattered web. Here is another sluggishly striding around the margins of her orb, weaving in her spirals as though spreading a table for the last banquet of life.

Still further, as one moves on, he sees fragments of the once beautiful snares stretched out at various points between the stalks of tall grass and low-lying shrubbery. The strands flutter in the breeze. The central patch of white silk flaunts like a tattered banner after a battle. The radii are snapped asunder. The spirals have been disarmed of their viscid beads, or keep only enough to capture helpless insects of the smaller sorts that expire without even the poor satisfaction of helping to rejuvenate exhausted nature by rendering their lives an offering to the vigor of another creature. The race of Argiope is gone for the current year.

The Brown Bird

BY ALICE BROWN

IS this a time to pipe of sorrow and loss,
When a fervid sun is climbing the eastern hill?
To blot out the bloom of dawn with the shade of a cross,
And poison the stream at its fount with a drop of ill?

Ah woe! for the brown bird there in his own home wood,
Dumb, stricken with wounds in the warmth of his mottled breast,
While the hunter hawk, savage with hunger and drunk on blood,
Tears, and feeds and pierces again, with a cruel zest.

Yet the will of the hawk is the will of the One who made
And feathered the innocent wings, that their ways might meet;
Who winnowed them forth, the betrayer and sore betrayed,
Who stilled one heart, for the conqueror heart to beat.

And the day in the wood was the day appointed of all,
As truly as fire and sword in the fields of men.
For the same fate measured the drift of the feathers' fall
That cancels a kingdom lost in a bloody fen.

But if in the changing web of the time to be,
Far off through the vista of mornings born to die,
The wronged brown bird lies void of his being's fee,
The sky still locked to the echoing of his cry,

Then is the weaving vain, and the shuttles' throw
Vain as the treadmill track by the weavers trod,
Where, sightless all, yet seeking the way, they go,
Marked out of old by the will of the living God.

Nay, it is not vain. The shriek from the riven air
Of the bird pursued by the beak and his own wild fear,
The fluttering flight, the moment of keen despair
When the savage hunter swoops and the clutch is near:

This shall be measured and paid, all, all, to the uttermost span,
That no lost balance hang in the ultimate wage,
When the eye of Eternal Justice bends to scan
And ponder, keen and close, on the open page.

"That hast thou done," says the page. "And thus it was done to thee.
Now the hidden ill at last hath worked out the open good.
And that life might live, did the brown bird lie, that day,
Dead, with a bloody breast, in the shade of the patient wood."

A Sense of Scarlet

BY MRS. HENRY DUDENEY

WOMEN leaned over the garden gates, men steadied themselves on the spade and straightened their backs, even the children stopped play—sobered by a vague suspicion of the unusual. They all of them, young and old, stared down the village street, to that point where the street ended, where it narrowed into a lane, a cart track, and led to the foot of the hills. For hills these simple folk cared nothing; in them they saw nothing. But the figure going so swiftly towards the hills, she awoke their sense of drama. She went without a glance; went with her eyes shining out at distance, with her small, roughened hands clenched on the bosom of her China-blue bodice.

It was dusk, and the month of May. The air was full of the sweet, dewy smell of growing things; moreover, fustian hung on it. Men home from the day's toil were tending their own gardens, while the women gossiped, and the little children straddled about in the road, their pinafores and their yellow heads making pale patches. Everything in the fading light was spectral. You were struck by the appalling ghostliness of a white broom-tree, by the languor of white lilac bunching at an open house-door.

The figure went down the street—went with dignity, with decision that nothing could brook, with misery that nothing could cure.

"She be goin' ter the hills," said an old woman. "'Twas on the hills they did use ter meet; all the sweetheartin' couples does." She looked after her tenderly, and added: "The gell be clean daft. Why, 'tis ten months since Stephen Ringrose went ter the war, an' three since we had news o' his death."

The statuesque figure was passing out of sight. The girl was red-haired, and the sunset rushed with joy into her thick braids, making golden cables of them. When she was quite gone, the neighbors

emotionally collapsed and the women began to think of sane housekeeping. One picked her baby from the road, where it was peaceably employed in filling its rosy, podgy fists with dust and then letting it dribble over the plaited bosom of its checked pinafore.

"Day do dror out!" she said. "'Twon't be dark fer an hour or more. Git up, you naughty gell. Come along, sweet, come ter mother. I'll be gittin' indoors an' seein' about supper agenst my Jim comes in from the garden."

"Bide a bit." A neighbor clutched her arm. "Lookee now. Well, I niver did! What do you make o' thet fer a bit o' fun?"

It was Phœbe Arlott who spoke—and shrilly. She was a sharp woman—of nature and feature; a single woman, skilled with scandal and severe on sweethearting. She was the village dressmaker, and her spotted bodice was stuck all over—slantwise, straight, in rows or irregular—with cheerful-headed pins that winked, with the rather baleful slimness of pointed needles.

She put her hands on her hips, tossed back her head, and laughed. All the men looked up from digging, all the women caught their breath. A second figure was passing down the street.

It was a figure that must inevitably provoke tears, laughter, or both. It was instinct with the grotesque; with that intangible, unconscious something which is at once most mournful and most gay.

The figure of a man in an ill-fitting black coat and waistcoat and lavender trousers—all too big for him. They hung on him in folds, like the ruckled skin of an animal. He had a bowler hat, and a flower in his buttonhole; a gaudy May tulip this, scarlet and full, like a sweetheart's ready lip: the lip that is half sweet, half sulky—that is, coquetry condensed.

This second figure lifted the village

shoulder-high on the heights of emotion. It had become a feature of these early summer evenings to see daft Lizzie go down the street, to watch her melt, as it were, into the embrace of the maternal hills. But Stephen Coombs the tailor supplied a new ingredient. He had them all on a full new diet of utter amazement.

They watched, but none dared speak. There was mute agony in the nervous swing of his sickly bare hands; he was evidently fully alive to the heart-break and also the absurdity of the occasion. No human being ever born can escape the absurdity of clothes too big.

He went by the cottages with a swing that was almost martial. Yet he was but a tailor—a meek man, to sit crosswise on a board; a man who sewed and snipped, and was wise with a paper pattern. Phœbe Arlott curled her nose with contempt of his craft—it was twin with her own, and womanish.

Perhaps he had caught this new military manner from the clothes he wore; it was the wedding suit of a soldier.

He went quickly, as the girl had gone. And yet between them there was that subtle difference of bearing which makes the dividing-line between the distraught and the sane. This was no vague, sorrow-stricken fool. This was a man taking a strong course. He was in masquerade, yet there was the dignity of utter desperation about him. And the more imaginative of his neighbors, or the more tender, could guess in a measure at the agony which had half devoured him as he put on those garments—of a rival, dead.

He went along stolidly, yet going red and white like a girl. He would answer neither gibe nor greeting, yet he missed nothing. He was acutely alive to every nod, every smothered chuckle, every deprecating grin or puzzled scratching of a neighbor's head. The men stopped digging and watched him sheepishly—a fellow man making a fool of himself. The women were struck into unusual silence. They beheld an act—eccentric, yet ardent—which fired them. Women worship the romantic, and they guessed at once why Stephen the tailor was going in twilight after daft Lizzie, wearing Stephen the soldier's wedding suit. Each one wished that a man would

do something extravagant for her sake. Women deprecate the prudent. They love a madman, a hero, or a rogue.

Something must be said to mark the occasion. Some one must seize the reins and drive bravely into this emotional moment. Phœbe Arlott felt this. She caught the tailor's glance as he passed her. It was mild, yet there was fire in it—and a tremendous demand for pity. She bent forward, her mouth spread, and as she did so he shrank back and lifted his hand—to strike her? to ward her off? She did not know. In either case she was afraid of him—and suffered him to pass. When he was out of range she took courage, and broke the eloquent silence by a long, cackling laugh.

"Ef thet ain't a rare good joke!" she said, wiping her eyes and shaking her sharp shoulders.

"A joke! Law! Phœbe Arlott! The pore chap's heart be broke."

"'Tis a crool trick fer any man ter play a simpleton," said a slow voice—and the carpenter looked over his fence; he was a large, flat-faced creature, with ruminative eyes.

"Crool, Richard Trent?" cried the women. "He be doin' it fer consolation."

"Them clothes"—Phœbe Arlott screwed up her eyes and stared down the darkening street—"be full three sizes too large, but he's put 'em on wi' care. A man not used ter needle an' thread would ha' looked worse. He've drawed in the weskit an' the trousers at the back. He made the suit hisself fer Stephen Ringrose ter wed Lizzie in. A bitter job—but business be business."

"Thet's true, Phœbe Arlott; you've made a many weddin'-gownds."

"An' niver sewed a stitch o' desire inter one," snapped the dressmaker. "I could ha' settled in life fower times had I the mind."

"Thet be the plea o' ivery single 'ooman as I ever knowed, love," returned the other, smoothly.

She was a little, old, white-haired woman; bent, rosy; of comfortable, bundled-up shape—and grandmother or great-aunt to half the parish. She and Phœbe Arlott were constant combatants in the matter of love, and the smooth-tongued matron always won.

"You'd niver think thet Stephen the

soldier and Stephen the tailor was cousins," said Phœbe, capitulating.

"As babbies," said the elder woman, who was bound to oppose her on any point, "you couldn't tell 'em apart. An' in manhood their eyes tells the same tale; blue eyes—good coortin' eyes be blue 'uns."

"Stephen the tailor be but a paste-board figger aside what Stephen the soldier wur," persisted the dressmaker. "I can see un now as he went swaggerin' along in his fine red coat—a walk like a prince, an' a mouth allus screwed up fer a jest or a whistle."

"Or a kiss," added the grandmother, slyly, and with a secret, triumphant nod at all her married neighbors.

"I knows nowt o' kissin'."

"Nobbuddy niver done you thet discredit, Phœbe Arlott. We all marks you fer a downright plain, sober-livin' single 'ooman."

The sun dropped lower, grew redder, as they sparred and chattered, and Stephen the tailor passed clean out of sight.

One by one the neighbors went indoors. Lattices clicked to, lights gleamed. The drama of the hills unfolded.

Stephen the tailor strode on; he was completely martial—in his gait, in his eye, in his plunging bosom.

To-night was crisis; he rose beyond the sane happenings of day, forgot completely—a waxed thread, an iron, a board on which one sat cross-legged, unmanly. To-night he was a soldier—of the affections. He was stepping forth to fight—the eternal battle of the heart. Lizzie should wander daft on the hills no more. Life could not continue so for either of them. To sit and stitch each day, at dusk to see his loved one walk stiffly, distraught, past his window—it was insupportable. He had watched her many times and called her, but she flung him never a glance. Last night, frenzied, he ran out into the street and tried to stop her by force—it was then that she screamed and wriggled and wanted to bite his hand. He would never forget the square white flash of her teeth.

Well! To-night should see the end—or the beginning. He welcomed the idea of change; any change, however violent. He looked down at his loosely hanging,

slovenly broadcloth coat. He recalled the silent protest with which he had taken the roll of cloth and cut the garment out, and marked it with chalk, and basted and stitched and pressed it until it was a perfect thing—according to the sartorial ideal of the rustic. He could not make it other than perfect; he had such a delicate zest in his effeminate calling. And yet he had never done a harder job in all his life, for Lizzie had been his sweetheart before Stephen the soldier came swaggering home. However, he had gone abroad to fight again, and got killed, and the wedding suit was left on Stephen the tailor's hands.

He approached the hills, and wondered if he would find Lizzie and just where. He had courted her on these very hills; a vague, tentative wooing—until the other Stephen came home, and stormed her with one bold kiss on the mouth, and won her. Their lips had been twin, those two—not a word needed; everything had been crystallized into lovely certainty.

As the living Stephen went through the village and along the lane to the foot of the downs, he noticed everything he passed with the morbidly acute observation of a man tuned to desperation. Everything he saw was martial—everything and everybody. The pins and needles on Phœbe Arlott's bosom had been weapons; he put up his hand to save himself from them.

The wonderful sunset he saw as he went along! It hung in the west—the red sun—like some watchful enemy: and it was all of blood, of battle, of slaughter, violence, and rapine. It lighted him; he saw blood upon his pallid hands, and blood was on his coat, turning it red. A red coat! He laughed.

There were soldiers all over the place. They pressed him hard—pygmy hordes in red and in green. He saw battalions of erect red clover in a field just over the gently swaying hedge; the new grass on the wayside bank stood up, each blade regular and distinct—a well-drilled soldier. And the tall white company of daisies, the florets of wild parsley—how military they were, how scrupulously turned out!

He began to climb the hills—round hills, sheep-cropped. He heard the sheep-bells, and the evensong of birds. Every-

thing around him was color, was music, was grief—the grief lying deep in his own sorely plagued heart.

He stood on the eloquent downs—a speechless, rich eloquence, which to-night he understood. To-night he would fight a greater battle than Stephen the soldier had ever fought—although he had died in the doing. Stephen the soldier had been but a piece, to be moved at will in the great game of juggling land, but Stephen the tailor was fighting for himself and for the woman he loved.

The downs arose, round upon round—a classical jostle of sweet shoulders. Presently shielding his eyes—indoor eyes, unused to space and sunlight,—he saw Lizzie sitting close huddled in a lap of the hills, her hands fast on her bosom. She was so close that he nearly stumbled on her; in his large sweeping ardor of search he had looked only to the horizon.

She was staring out at the stretch of sky, at the sun-torn hilltops, and down at the pastoral landscape and the homely village—yet not discerning. Her soul had withdrawn from her mournful eyes. Stephen stood watching, his heart protesting and ablaze. Why had his soldier cousin ever crossed their path?

He wore that dead man's clothes, and a clammy feeling of graveyards blew over him as he fingered the glossy broadcloth, stroked it, fondled it—with a professional joy in its quality—and asked himself what he should now do; how move, when to speak—and what? Lizzie had not seen him. He approached cautiously, gingerly, on tiptoe, as you go towards a bird you wish to cage. If he might only cage this bird, God bless her! and hang upon her every note for the rest of his life, and be her perfect slave, as she would be his willing prisoner!

"Lizzie!"

He stood close, set his hand on her shoulder. He knew he must be bold, with touch, with caress if need be. There had been nothing halting about Stephen the soldier. It was hard for a meek man of stitches to play fighter. Hard! Not a bit of it—Love would teach. Love makes the perfect actor, the incomparable artist.

"Come along home, Lizzie. Night drors in."

She put out her scarlet lip and smiled,

then frowned. Did she pout that lip for kisses or for petulance? And what would Stephen the soldier have done? The tailor's courage failed him; an ardent part affronted his timid nature. His eyes burned blue in his head, yet he remained rigid, and marked the little flicker of returning sense in Lizzie's eyes die down. He angrily told himself he was a fool. Had he kissed her, the cloud might have rolled away.

And why not? She was his—or had been before a soldier tore her from him.

"Lizzie dear, the dew's a-fallin'."

She turned round and looked at him—looked for a long, long time. He hardly dared breathe; the little bells of pasturing sheep kept up a pensive tinkle, and far down in the village the sun flamed on the upper window of a plastered cottage. It was Phoebe Arlott's, and the tailor remembered how warlike that woman's breast had been. He could not forget. The dying sun burned through her window in crimsons, in tawnies, in passionate wine purples; it made of that window, under a brow of thatch, one vast bloodshot eye—to fling ferocious glances.

Lizzie was looking at him, and presently she unclenched one hand from her bosom. Ever since the news came that Stephen the soldier had been shot in Africa her hands had a trick of rising to her breast and staying there. As fast as her mother or the neighbors pulled them down, so she put them up again. Poor little hand! She spread it out, looked at it, stroked the sleeve of his coat. She stroked, and then she picked and clutched, making a moaning noise which tore the tailor's heart. The beat of this heart of his was a blacksmith's hammer to-night. He was afraid—of those flaming eyes, so sweet, so dear, so estranged; afraid of that loved hand, so crafty. It was a wild beast of a hand, that would pat in play or tear in fight. He felt all the passion and puzzle of it, the bewilderment and frantic struggle, through the black sleeve.

"You've got on your weddin'-coat, Steve," she said at last, looking dreadfully afraid.

"Yes, dear heart, all my weddin' clothes," he returned, stoutly.

"But 'tis a workin'-day. An'-an' be our banns called?"

"Not till Sunday, Lizzie; that 'ull be the fust time o' askin'."

He looked at her, he kept on his guard against her, God help them both! She looked so fierce and tender. The round sweat stood, a chaplet of twinkling stones, above his steady eyes.

"Theer be a summat—give—here," she said, suddenly, and pushing back the great loose loops of hair. "Maybe 'tis sunstroke; soldiers has it in furrin, red-hot lands. Likely I cotched it from a soldier, Stephen."

"Most like you've had a nightmare, love. Put it clean out o' mind, an' let's git along home."

"It wun't be druv out o' mind." She stared at him; a glance of fire, to burn through his pallid cheeks. "You ain't so brown as you was, Stephen dear."

What could he say to her?—a man never skilful at words. She fell to stroking his sleeve again.

"'Tis a pity ter spile a weddin' suit on week-days."

"It won't spile, Lizzie. Come along home."

Her hand stole up to her bosom again.

"I'll niver go home," she said.

"Lizzie, give me them hands; let me hold un—so." He forced them down and drew them near his knee, and chuckled, "'Tis—coortin'."

"Coortin'!" She caught the quaver in his voice, saw the terrified wink of his eye, and flung him a look of scorn.

He must be brave; an ardent lover, savage, masterful. He must be Stephen the soldier. He looked at the broad-cloth suit—too large for him. He pushed back the bowler hat, also too large. No man ever appeared more grotesque or engaged in a more subtle struggle.

"Coortin'!" He laughed, looked at her boldly, and, in a sortie, took her lips.

They were close together, he and she, once more—at last, after falseness, death, and madness. Fate had given him this moment at last. Her red head fell heavily against his shoulder, and presently he saw the large tears falling, falling. They dropped unchecked; they made damp spots—of blood?—on her bodice. Everything that Stephen the tailor saw and did and felt to-night turned to battle. Weapons and blood! His mind was tuned to these. He was a soldier.

Presently, to his trembling relief and vague horror, Lizzie sat up. What would she do next? She wiped her eyes and laughed and showed her little teeth. They were not fierce; they were white and merry. She had a sane, sweet mouth; red lips—caressed. Was it possible that he had kissed her into sense?

"Come along home," he said, rising, helping her up. She seemed so happy, so clear-witted and docile. She looked deeply into his face—questioning—but simply said at last:

"I love your eyes, Stephen; coortin' eyes, so grandmother do say. An' you've got a gay flower in your buttonhole."

They went down the hill. Stephen thought the fight was over, but at the very foot she stopped, and drew her golden brows together.

"It wur a dream—or sunstroke?"

"A dream, a dream," he said, hastily—and was once more afraid. She knew he was; the terrible shadow of perplexity, hardly past, stepped back and stood in her eyes, making a pool of them.

"I dreamt," she said, "if it wur a dream," and looking at him piercingly through the vague, violent light of sun dying in deep purple, "thet you went fer a soldier an' got killed. It sent me crazed; I wur a foolish, wanderin' critter. The neighbors laughed, and when I come up here ter the hills, hopin' ter see you—a flesh-an'-blood man or a pore ghost, I warn't in no ways sure—the children tugged me by the skirt an' shouted. I went clean daft; I hit one little 'un—its mother niver seed."

She was looking very cunning, and tried to snatch her hands from his. They were standing still, and he held them both.

"I made ter bite a man what stopped me; nowt should keep me from my love. An' in my bosom I kep' the letter they sent ter say you was dead. You—you bain't a soldier, Stephen?"

The bright, large tears in her poor eyes, the quiver of her lip!

The tailor laughed; but it was cracked merriment and he a tinsel braggart.

"Me a soldier! Blesh ye, no! Thet's a good 'un."

"You bain't a-goin' fer one?"

"'Tain't likely, an' me a bridegroom—a'most."

"What be your callin'? I've clean forgot," she said, planting her foot firmly.

He could not move her.

"I tell 'ee I be a bridegroom—a'most," he returned, with a boisterous laugh. "Step out brisk, Lizzie; your mother 'ull be all on the fret."

"In my dream," she told him, solemnly, "I hit out at mother, acause she stole the letter from my bosom."

"A dream be ugly dwellin' on. Come home."

But she stood firm, and said, with new violence:

"I wun't go through the village fer them ter laugh at me. Tell 'ee I wun't."

There was silence on the hills—the hills that were looking on and waiting and wondering, and asking themselves was this man in a black coat too big for him a mere simpleton of snips and scissors and painstaking stitches, or was he really a warrior and crafty? Silence—for a moment; the grave hills asking!

Then Stephen the tailor, with tender brutality, with the mastery which woman

demands, dragged her into his arms and crushed her against him and kissed her again; tamed her, bound her to him indissolubly. All his anguish, all his terrible emotions of the past few months, he packed into that long, throbbing pressure of the lip. In it he forgave and forgot; in it he got her fully back.

"I likes you ter be bold," said Lizzie, her sweet eyes dancing. "The soldier in my dream wur very bold."

"I wun't suffer you ter talk o' dreams."

"No, never no more, arter ter-night," she promised him. "And you—you've kissed it all out. I be gooin' ter forget. You're but a tailor, Stephen, but you'd fight ef needs be, I truly do b'leeve."

She looked at him proudly through the elusive light—thinking him beautiful, such a hero and perfect gentleman in the black coat and bowler hat.

For him? He thrilled. She had called him a tailor quite simply, so naturally. She had her wits back.

"I'd fight fer love," he said, after some ponder, "but niver fer land."

The Tree

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

OF old my tops took the first sunbeam,
The storm found me steadfast and stanch,
My root was spread out by the waters,
And the dew lay all night on my branch.

I hived in my stem the full honey
Of summers of heat and of light,
The song of the bird at the dawning,
The song of the wind in the night.

The sun and the sweet I surrender
When lost in the gyre and the flash,
In the rosy bloom, and the shadow
While the coal drops into the ash.

Now, but a fagot, I linger
For the sacrificial flame
That shall give me again the freedom
Of the unknown whence I came!

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XII

THE JEHAD AND THE LIONS

"**A**LLAH hu Akbar! 'Allah hu Akbar! Ashhadu an la illaha illalla!" The sweetly piercing, resonant voice of the muezzin rang far and commandingly on the clear evening air, and from bazaar and crowded street the faithful silently hurried to the mosques, leaving their slippers at the door, while others knelt where the call found them, and touched their foreheads to the ground.

In his palace by the Nile, Harrik, the half-brother of the Prince Pasha, heard it, and breaking off from conversation with two urgent visitors, passed to an alcove near, dropping a curtain behind him. Kneeling reverently on the solitary furniture of the room—a prayer-rug from Medina—he lost himself as completely in his devotions as though his life were an even current of unforbidden acts and motives.

Cross-legged on the great divan of the room he had left, his less pious visitors, unable to turn their thoughts from the dark business on which they had come, smoked their cigarettes, talking to each other in tones so low as would not have been heard by a European, and with apparent listlessness.

Their manner would not have indicated that they were weighing matters of life and death, of treason and infamy, of massacre and national shame. Only the sombre, smouldering fire of their eyes was evidence of the lighted fuse of conspiracy burning towards the magazine. One look of surprise had been exchanged when Harrik Pasha left them suddenly—time was short for what they meant to do; but they were Moslems, and they resigned themselves.

"The Inglesi must be the first to go—shall a Christian dog rule over us?"

It was Achmet "the ropemaker" who spoke, his yellow face wrinkling with malice, though his voice but murmured softly.

"Nahoum will kill him." Higli Pasha laughed low—it was like the gurgle of water in the narghile—a voice of good nature and persuasiveness from a heart that knew no virtue. "*Bismillah!* Who shall read the meaning of it? Why has he not already killed?"

"Nahoum would choose his own time—after he has saved his life by the white carrion. Kaïd will give him his life if the Inglesi asks. The Inglesi—he is mad. If he were not mad, he would see to it that Nahoum was now drying his bones in the sands."

"What each has failed to do for the other shall be done for them," answered Achmet, a hateful leer on his immobile features. "To-night many things shall be made right. To-morrow there will be places empty and places filled. Egypt shall begin again to-morrow."

"Kaïd?"

Achmet stopped smoking for a moment. "When the khamsin comes, when the camels stampede, and the children of the storm fall upon the caravan, can it be foretold in what way Fate shall do her work? So but the end be the same — *malaish!* We shall be content to-morrow."

Now he turned and looked at his companion as though his mind had chanced on a discovery. "To him who first brings word to a prince who inherits, that the reigning prince is dead, belong honor and place!" he said.

"Then shall it be between us twain," said Higli, and laid his hot palm against the cold, snaky palm of the other. "And he to whom the honor falls shall help the other."

"*Bismillah*, but it shall be so," an-

swered Achmet, and then they spoke in lower tones still, their eyes on the curtain behind which Harrik prayed.

Presently Harrik entered, impassive, yet alert, his slight, handsome figure in sharp contrast to the men lounging in the cushions before him, who salaamed as he came forward. The features were finely chiselled, the forehead white and high, the lips sensuous, the eyes fanatical, the look concentrated yet abstracted. He took a seat among the cushions, and after a moment said in a voice abnormally deep and powerful, "Dias—there is no doubt of Dias?"

"He awaits the signal—the hawk flies not swifter than Dias will act."

"The people—the bazaars—the markets?"

"As the air stirs a moment before the hurricane comes, so the whisper has stirred them. From one lip to another, from one street to another, from one quarter to another, the word has been passed—'Nahoum was a Christian, but Nahoum was an Egyptian whose heart was Moslem. The stranger is a Christian and an Inglesi. Reason has fled from the Prince Pasha, the Inglesi has bewitched him. But the hour of deliverance draweth nigh. Be ready! To-night! So has the whisper gone.'"

Harrik's eyes burned. "God is great," he said. "The time has come. The Christians spoil us. From France, from England, from Austria, from Greece—it is enough. Kaïd has handed us over to the Greek usurers, the Inglesi and the Frank are everywhere. And now this newcomer who would rule Kaïd, and lay his hand upon Egypt like Joseph of old, and bring back Nahoum, to the shame of every Moslem—look you, the spark is to the tinder, it shall burn—*bismillah!*"

"And the hour, Effendina?"

"At midnight. The guns to be trained on the Citadel, the Palace surrounded, Kaïd's Nubians?"

"A hundred will be there, Effendina, the rest a mile away at their barracks."

"And Prince Kaïd, Effendina?" asked Higli, cautiously.

The fanatical eyes turned away. "The question is foolish—have ye no brains?" he said impatiently.

A look of malignant satisfaction flashed from Achmet's eyes to Higli, and he said,

scarce above a whisper: "May thy footsteps be as the wings of the eagle, Effendina. The heart of the pomegranate is not redder than our hearts are red for thee. Cut deep into our hearts, and thou shalt find the last beat is for thee—and for the Jihad!"

"The Jihad—ay, the Jihad! The time is at hand," answered Harrik, glowering at the two. "The sword shall not be sheathed till we have redeemed Egypt. Go your ways, effendis, and peace be on you and on all the righteous worshippers of God!"

As Higli and Achmet left the palace, the voice of a *welee*, or holy man—admitted everywhere and treated with reverence—chanting the Koran, came somnolently through the courtyard—"Bismillah hirrahmah, nirraheem. Elhamdu lillahi sabbila!"

Rocking his body backwards and forwards and dwelling sonorously on each vowel, the holy man seemed the incarnation of Moslem piety; but as the two conspirators passed him with scarce a glance, and made their way to a small gate leading into the great garden bordering on the Nile, his eyes watched them sharply. When they had passed through, he turned towards the windows of the harem, still chanting. For a long time he chanted. An occasional servant came and went, but his voice ceased not, and he kept his eyes fixed ever on the harem windows.

At last his watching had its reward. Something fluttered from a window to the ground. Still chanting, he rose and began walking round the great courtyard. Twice he went round, still chanting, but the third time he stooped to pick up a little strip of linen which had fallen from the window, and concealed it in his sleeve. Presently he seated himself again, and, still chanting, spread out the linen in his palm and read the characters upon it. For an instant there was a jerkiness to the voice, and then it droned on resonantly again. Now the *welee's* eyes were fixed on the great gates through which strangers entered, and he was seated in the way which any one must take who came to the palace doors.

It was almost dark, when he saw the bowob, after repeated knocking, sleepily and grudgingly open the gates to admit a visitor. There seemed to be a mo-

ment's hesitation on the bowob's part, but presently, assured by something the visitor showed him, the latter made his way deliberately to the palace doors. The *welee* raised his voice a little, and dwelt long and vibrantly upon his words. As the visitor neared the holy man, who chanted monotonously, *Ihdines sirah tal-mus takeema*, he was suddenly startled to hear between the long-drawn syllables the quick words in Arabic:

"Beware, saadat! See, I am Mohammed Hassan, thy servant! At midnight they surround the Palace—Achmet and Higli—and kill the Prince Pasha. Return, saadat. Harrik will kill thee!"

David made no sign, but with a swift word to the faithful and daring Mohammed Hassan, passed on presently, and was admitted to the palace. As the doors closed behind him, he could hear the voice of the holy man still chanting: "*Waladalleen—Ameen—Ameen! Waladalleen—Ameen!*"

The voice followed him, fainter and fainter, as he passed through the great bare corridors with the thick carpets on which the footsteps made no sound, until it came soft and undefined, as if it were from a great distance. Then suddenly there fell upon him a sense of the peril of his enterprise. He had been left alone in the vast dim hall while a slave, made obsequious by the sight of the ring of the Prince Pasha, sought his master. As he waited he was conscious that people were moving about behind the great screens of mushrabieh which separated this room from others, and that eyes were following his every motion. He had gained easy ingress to this place; but egress was a matter of some speculation. The doors which had closed behind him might swing one way only! He had voluntarily put himself in the power of a man whose fatal secret he knew. He only felt a moment's apprehension, however. He had been moved to come from a whisper in his soul—and he had the sure conviction of the predestinarian that he was not to be the victim of "the Scytheman" before his appointed time. His mind resumed its composure, and he watchfully waited the return of the slave.

Suddenly he was conscious of some one behind him—he had heard no one approach. He swung round and was met

by the passive face of the black slave in personal attendance on Harrik. The slave did not speak, but motioned towards a screen at the end of the room, and moved towards it. David followed. As they approached the screen, a broad panel opened, and they passed through, between a line of black slaves. Then there was a sudden darkness, and a moment later David was ushered into a room blazing with light. Every inch of the walls was hung with red curtains. No door was visible. He was conscious of this as the panel clicked behind him, and the folds of the red velvet caught his shoulder in falling. Now he saw sitting on a divan on the opposite side of the room Prince Harrik.

David had never before seen him, and his imagination had fashioned a different personality. Here was a combination of intellect, refinement, and savagery—the red, sullen lips stamped the delicate fanatical face with cruelty and barbaric indulgence, while yet there was an intensity in the eyes that showed the man was possessed of an idea which mastered him—*une idée fixe*. David was at once conscious of a complex personality, of a man in whom two natures fought. He understood it. By instinct the man was a Mahdi, by heredity he was a voluptuary, that strange commingling of the religious and the evil found in so many criminals. In some far corner of his nature David felt something akin. The rebellion in his own blood against the fine instinct of his Quaker faith, upbringing, and feeling made him grasp the personality before him. Had he been born in these surroundings, under these influences—! The thought flashed through his mind like lightning, even as he salaamed before Harrik, who salaamed and said, "Peace be unto thee!" and motioned him to a seat on a divan near and facing him.

"What is thy business with me, effendi?" asked Harrik.

"I come on the business of the Prince Pasha," answered David.

Harrik touched his fez mechanically, then his breast and lips, and a cruel smile lurked at the corners of his mouth as he rejoined:

"The feet of them who wear the ring of his Prince wait at no man's door. The

carpet is spread for them. They go and they come as the feet of the doe in the desert. Who shall say, They shall not come; who shall say, They shall not return!"

Though the words were spoken with an air of ingenuous welcome, David felt the malignity in the last phrase, and knew that now was come the most fateful moment of his life. In his inner being he heard the dreadful challenge of fate. If he failed in his purpose with this man, he would never begin his work in Egypt. Of his life he did not think—his life was his purpose, and the one was nothing without the other. No other man would have undertaken so Quixotic an enterprise, none would have so recklessly exposed himself to the dreadful accidents of circumstance. There had been other ways to overcome this crisis, but he had rejected them for a course fantastic and fatal when looked at in the light of ordinary reason. A struggle between the East and the West was here to be fought out between two wills; between an intellectual character steeped in Oriental guilt and cruelty and self-indulgence, and a being selfless, human, and, in an agony of remorse for a life lost by his hand, ready to attempt the most perilous thing in a cause which only he could have who would lose the whole world and save his own soul—and save the world also, though but a little.

Involuntarily David's eyes ran round the room before he replied. How many slaves and retainers waited behind those velvet curtains?

Harrik saw the glance and interpreted it correctly. With a look of dark triumph he clapped his hands. As if by magic fifty black slaves appeared, armed with daggers. They folded their arms and waited like statues.

David made no sign of discomposure, but said slowly: "Dost thou think I did not know my danger, eminence? Do I seem to thee such a fool? I came alone as one would come to the tent of a Bedouin chief whose son one had slain, and ask for food and safety. A thousand men were mine to command, but I came alone. Is thy guest imbecile? Let them go. I have that to say which is for Prince Harrik's ear alone."

An instant's hesitation, and Harrik

motioned the slaves away. "What is the private word for my ear?" he asked presently, fingering the stem of the narghile.

"To do right by Egypt, the land of thy fathers and thy land; to do right by the Prince Pasha, thy brother."

"Who art thou to preach to me? What is Egypt to thee—thou, it may be, a Greek money-lender, a scavenger? Why shouldst thou bring thine insolence here? Couldst thou not preach in thine own bazaars beyond the sea?"

David showed no resentment. His reply was composed and quiet. "I am an Englishman—as thou knowest. I am a counsellor and a minister of the Prince Pasha—also as thou knowest. I am come to see thee, to save Egypt from the work of thy hands."

"Dog of an unbeliever, what hast thou to do with me or the work of my hands?"

David held up Kaïd's ring which had lain in his hand. "I come from the master of Egypt—master of thee, and of thy life, and of all that is thine."

"What is Kaïd's message to me?" Harrik asked, with an effort at unconcern, for David's boldness had in it something chilling to his fierce passion and pride.

"The word of the Effendina is to do right by Egypt, to give thyself to justice and to peace."

"Have done with parables. To do right by Egypt—wherein—wherefore?" The eyes searched David like bits of fiery steel.

"I will interpret to thee, excellency."

"Interpret." Harrik muttered to himself in rage. His heart was dark, he thirsted for the life of this arrogant Inglesi who came alone—alone to preach to him of his duty. Did the fool not see his end? Midnight was at hand! He smiled grimly.

"This is the interpretation, O Prince! Prince Harrik has conspired against his brother the Prince Pasha, has treacherously seduced officers of the army, has planned to seize Cairo, to surround the Palace and take the life of the Prince of Egypt. For months, Prince, thee has done this: and the end of it is that thee shall do right by Egypt and by thy lawful Prince, ere it be too late. Thee is a traitor to thy country and thy lawful lord."

Harrik's face turned pale; the stem of the narghile shook in his fingers. All

had been discovered, then! But there was a thing of dark magic here. It was not a half-hour since he had given the word to strike at midnight, to surround the Palace, and to seize the Prince Pasha. Achmet—Higli had betrayed him, then! Who other?—no one else knew save Zaida, and Zaida was in the harem. Perhaps even now his own palace was surrounded. If it was so, then, come what might, this masterful Inglesi before him should pay the price—the only price. He thought of the den of lions hard by, of the cage of tigers—the menagerie not a thousand feet away—he could hear the distant roaring now, and his eyes glittered. The Christian to the wild beasts! That, at least, before the end. A Moslem would win heaven by sending a Christian to hell.

Achmet—Higli! No others knew. The light of a fateful fanaticism was in his eyes. David read him as an open book, and he saw the madness that was upon him.

“Neither Higli, nor Achmet, nor any of thy fellow conspirators has betrayed thee,” he said. “God has other voices to whisper the truth than those who share thy crimes. I have ears, and the air is full of voices!”

Harrik stared at him. Was this Inglesi, then, with the gray coat buttoned to the chin and the broad black hat which remained on his head unlike the custom of the English—was he one of those who saw visions and dreamed dreams, even as himself? Had he not heard last night a voice whisper through the dark: “*Harrik, Harrik, flee to the desert. The lions are loosed upon thee!*” Had he not risen with the voice still in his ears and fled to the harem, seeking Zaida, she who had never cringed before him, whose beauty he had conquered, but whose face turned from him when he would lay his lips on hers. And as he fled, had he not heard, as it were, footsteps lightly following him—or were they going before him? Finding Zaida, had he not told her of the voice, and had not she said, “*In the desert all men are safe—safe from themselves and safe from others; from their own acts and from the acts of others*”? Were the lions, then, loose upon him? Had he been betrayed?

Suddenly the thought flashed into his mind that his challenger would not have

thrust himself into danger, given himself to the mouth of the pit, if violence were intended. There was that inside his robe than which lightning would not be more quick to slay. Had he not been a hunter of repute? Had he not been in deadly peril with wild beasts, and was he not quicker than they? This man before him was like no other he had ever met. Did voices speak to him? Were there, then, among the Christians such holy men as among the Moslems, who saw things before they happened, and read the human mind? Were there sorcerers among them as among the Arabs?

In any case his treason was known. What were to be the consequences? Diamond-dust in his coffee? To be dropped into the Nile like a dog? To be smothered in his sleep?—For who could be trusted among all his slaves and retainers when it was known he was disgraced, and that the Prince Pasha would sleep happier if Harrik were quiet forever?

Mechanically he drew out his watch and looked at it. It was nine o'clock. In three hours more would have fallen the *coup*. But from this man's words he knew that the stroke was now with the Prince Pasha. Yet if this pale Inglesi, this Christian sorcerer, knew the truth in a vision only, and had not declared it to Kaïd, there might still be a chance of escape. The lions were near—it would be a joy to give a Christian to the lions to celebrate the capture of Cairo and the throne. He listened intently to the distant rumble from the menagerie. There was one cage dedicated to vengeance. Five human beings on whom his terrible anger fell had been thrust into it alive at one time or another. Two were slaves, one was an enemy, one an invader of his harem, and one was a woman, his wife, his favorite, the darling of his heart. When his chief eunuch accused her of a guilty love, he had given her paramour and herself to that awful death. A stroke of the vast paw, a smothered roar as the teeth gave into the neck of the beautiful Fatima, and then—no more. Fanaticism had caught a note of savage music that tuned it to its height.

“Why art thou here? For what hast thou come? Do the spirit voices give thee that counsel?” he snarled.

"I am come to ask Prince Harrik to decide how he may repair the wrong he has done. When the Prince Pasha came to know of thy treason—"

Harrik started. "Kaïd believes thy tale of treason?" he burst out.

"Prince Kaïd knows the truth," answered David quietly. "He might have surrounded this palace with his Nubians, and had thee shot against the palace walls. That would have meant a scandal in Egypt and in Europe. I besought him otherwise. It may be the scandal must come, but in another way, and—"

"That I, Harrik, must die?" Harrik's voice seemed far away. In his own ears it sounded strange and unusual. All at once the world seemed to be a vast vacuum in which his brain strove for air, and all his senses were numbed and overpowered. Distempered and vague, his soul seemed spinning in an aching chaos. It was being overpowered by vast elements, and life and being were atrophied in a deadly smother. The awful forces behind visible being hung him in the middle space between consciousness and dissolution. He heard David's voice at first dimly, then understandingly.

"There is no other way. Thou art a traitor; thou wouldst have been a fratricide; thou wouldst have put back the clock in Egypt by a hundred years, even to the days of the Mamelukes—a race of slaves and murderers. God has ordained that thy guilt should be known in time. Prince, thou art guilty. It is now but a question how thou shalt pay the debt of treason. Dost thou desire trial?"

In David's calm voice was the ring of destiny. It was dispassionate, judicial; it had neither hatred nor pity. It fell on Harrik's ear as though from some far height. Destiny, the controller—who could escape it? Had he not had the voices in the night—"The lions are loosed upon thee"? He did not answer David now, but murmured to himself like one in a dream.

David saw his mood, and pursued the startled mind into the pit of confusion. "If it become known to Europe that the army is disloyal, that its officers are traitors—like thee—what shall we find? England, France, Turkey, will land an army of occupation. Who shall gainsay Turkey, if she chooses to bring an army

here and regain control, remove thy family from Egypt, and seize upon all its lands and goods? Dost thou not see that the hand of God has been against thee? He has spoken, and thy evil is discovered. Art thou stronger than destiny?"

He paused. Still Harrik did not reply, but looked at him with dilated, fascinated eyes. Death had hypnotized him—and against death and destiny who could struggle? Had not a past Prince Pasha of Egypt safeguarded himself from assassination all his life, and, in the end, had he not been smothered in his sleep by slaves?

"There are two ways only," David continued: "to be tried and die publicly for thy crimes, to the shame of Egypt, its present peril and lasting injury; or to send a message to those who conspired with thee, commanding them to return to their allegiance, and another to the Prince Pasha, acknowledging thy fault and exonerating all others. Else, how many of thy dupes shall die! Thy choice is not life or death, but how thou shalt die and what thou shalt do for Egypt as thou diest. Thou didst love Egypt, eminence?"

David's voice dropped low, and his last words had a suggestion which touched the thing at once the source of all Harrik's crimes, and that also which redeemed him in a little. It got into his inner being. He roused himself and spoke, but at first his speech was broken and smothered.

"Day by day I saw Egypt given over to the Christians," he said. "The Greek, the German, the Frenchman, the Englishman, everywhere they reached out their hands and took from us our own. They defiled our mosques; they corrupted our customs; they ravaged our trade, they stole our customers; they crowded us from the streets where once the faithful lived alone. Such as thou had the ear of the Prince, and such as Nahoum, also an infidel, who favored the infidels of Europe. And now thou hast come, the most dangerous of them all! Day by day the Moslem has loosed his hold on Cairo and Alexandria and the cities of Egypt. Street upon street knows him no more. My heart burned within me. I conspired for Egypt's sake. I would have made her Moslem once again. I would have fought the Turk and the Frank as did Mehemet

'Ali; and if the infidels came, I would have turned them back, or if they would not go, I would have destroyed them here. Such as thou should have been stayed at the door. In my own house I would have been master. We seek not to take up our abode in other nations and in the cities of the infidel. Shall we give place to them on our own mastaba, in our own courtyard, hand to them the keys of our cities? I would have raised the Jihad if they vexed me with their envoys and their armies!" He paused, panting.

"It would not have availed," was David's quiet answer. "God is not with the traitor. This land may not be as Tibet—a prison for its own people. If the Moslem goes, the Christian must come. If the door opens outward, then must it open inward also. Egypt is the bridge between the East and the West. Upon it the peoples of all nations pass and re-pass. Thy plan was folly, thy hope madness, thy means to achieve horrible. Thy dream is done. The army will not revolt, the Prince will not be slain. Now only remains what thou shalt do for Egypt."

"And thou—thou wilt be left here to lay thy will upon Egypt. Kaïd's ear will be in thy hand—thou hast the sorcerer's eye. I know thy meaning. Thou wouldst have me absolve all, even Achmet and Higli and Dias and the rest, and at thy bidding go out into the desert"—he paused—"or into the grave."

"*Not into the desert,*" rejoined David firmly. "Thou wouldst not rest. There, in the desert, thou wouldst be a Mahdi. Since thee must die, wilt thee not order it after thine own choice? It is to die for Egypt."

"Is this the will of Kaïd?" asked Harrik, his voice thick with wonder, his brain still dulled by the blow of Fate.

"It was not the Effendina's will, but it hath his assent. Wilt thou write the word to the army and also to the Prince?"

He had conquered. There was a moment's hesitation, then Harrik picked up paper and ink that lay near, and said: "I will write to Kaïd. I will have naught to do with the army."

"It shall be the whole, not the part," answered David determinedly. "The truth is known. It can serve no end to withhold the writing to the army. Remember what I have said to thee. The

disloyalty of the army must not be known. Canst thou not act after the will of Allah, the all-powerful, the all-just, the all-merciful?"

There was a moment's pause, and then suddenly Harrik placed the paper in his palm and wrote swiftly and at some length to Kaïd. Laying it down, he took another and wrote but a few words—to Achmet and Dias. This message said in brief: "Do not strike. It is the will of Allah. The army shall keep faithful until the day of the Mahdi be come. I spoke before the time. I go to the bosom of my Lord Mohammed. *Allah Akbar!*"

He threw the papers on the floor before David, who picked them up, read them, and put them into his pocket.

"It is well," he said. "Egypt shall have peace. And thou, eminence?"

"Who shall escape Fate? What I have written I have written."

David rose and salaamed. Harrik rose also.

"Thou wouldst go, having accomplished thy will?" Harrik asked, a thought flashing to his mind again, in keeping with his earlier purpose. Why should this man be left to trouble Egypt?

David touched his breast. "I must bear thy words to the Palace and the Citadel."

"Are there not slaves for messengers?" Involuntarily Harrik turned his eyes to the velvet curtains. No fear possessed David, but he felt the keenness of the struggle, and prepared for the last critical moment of fanaticism.

"It were a foolish thing to attempt my death," he said calmly. "I have been thy friend to urge thee to do that which saves thee from public shame, and Egypt from peril. I came alone because I had no fear that thou wouldst go to thy death shaming hospitality."

"Thou wast sure I would give myself to death?"

"Even as that I breathe. Thou wert mistaken; a madness possessed thee; but thou, I knew, wouldst choose the way of honor. I too have had dreams—and of Egypt. I dedicate my life to her, and, if it were for her good, I would die for her."

"Thou art mad. But the mad are in the hands of God, and—" Suddenly Harrik stopped. There came to his ears two distant sounds—the faint click of

horses' hoofs and that dull rumble they had heard as they talked, a sound he loved—the roar of his lions.

He clapped his hands twice, the curtains parted opposite, and a slave slid silently forward.

"Quick! The horses! What are they? Bring me word," he said.

The slave vanished. For a moment there was silence. The eyes of the two men met. In the minds of both was the same thing.

"Kaïd! The Nubians!" Harrik said at last. David made no response.

The slave returned, and his voice murmured softly, as though the matter were of no concern, "The Nubians—from the Palace!" In an instant he was gone again.

"Kaïd had not faith in thee!" Harrik said, with grisly humor. "But see, infidel though thou art, thou trustest me, and thou shalt go thy way. Take them with thee—yonder jackals of the desert. I will not go with them. I did not choose to live; others chose for me; but I will die after my own choice. Thou hast heard a voice—even as I. It is too late to flee to the desert. Fate tricks me. *'The lions are loosed on thee'*—so the voice said it in the night. Hark! do you not hear them—the lions? Harrik's lions, got out of the uttermost desert!"

David could hear the distant roar, for the menagerie was even part of the palace itself.

"Go in peace," continued Harrik soberly and with dignity, "and when Egypt is given to the infidel and Moslems are their slaves, remember that Harrik would have saved it for his Lord Mohammed, the prophet of God."

He clapped his hands once, and fifty slaves slid from behind the velvet curtains.

"I have thy word by the tomb of thy mother that thou wilt take the Nubians hence, and leave me in peace?" he asked.

David raised a hand above his head. "As I have trusted thee, trust thou me, Harrik, son of Mohammed."

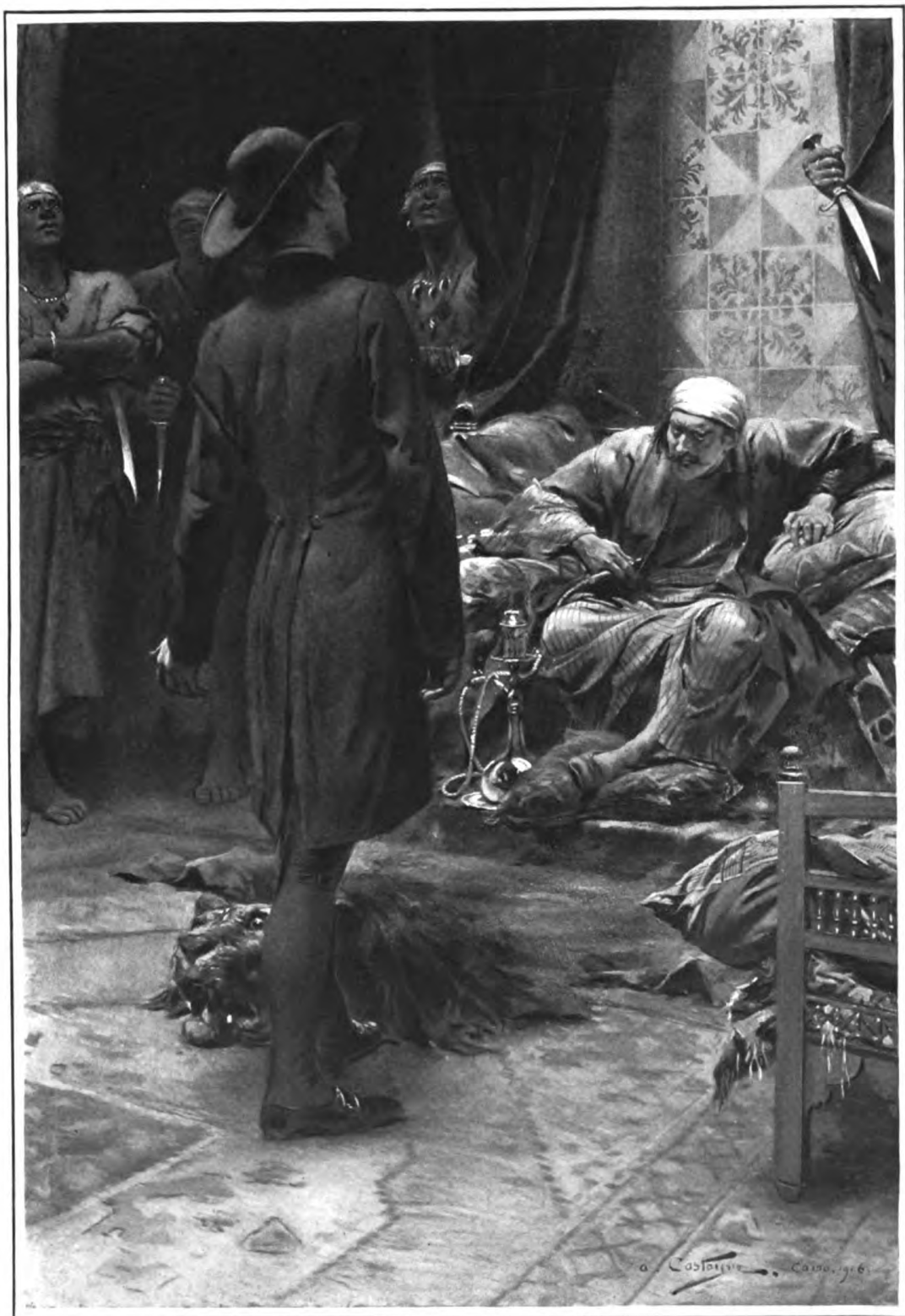
Harrik made a gesture of dismissal, and David salaamed and turned to go. As the curtains parted for his exit, he faced Harrik again. "Peace be to thee," he said, "in the name of God the compassionate, the merciful."

But, seated in his cushions, the haggard, fanatical face of Harrik was turned from him, the black, flaring eyes fixed on vacancy. The curtain dropped behind David, and through the dim rooms and corridors he passed, the slaves gliding beside him, before him, and behind him, until they reached the great doors. As they swung open and the cool night breeze blew in his face, a great suspiration of relief passed from him. What he had set out to do would be accomplished in all. Harrik would keep his word. It was the only way.

As he emerged from the doorway some one fell at his feet, caught his sleeve and kissed it. It was Mohammed Hassan. Behind Mohammed was a little group of officers and a hundred stalwart Nubians. David motioned them towards the great gates, and, without speaking, passed swiftly down the pathway and emerged upon the road without. A moment later he was riding towards the Citadel with Harrik's message to Achmet.

In the red-curtained room Harrik sat alone, listening until he heard the far clatter of hoofs, and knew that the Nubians were gone. Then the other distant sound which had captured his ear came to him again. In his fancy it grew louder and louder. With it came the voice that called him in the night, the voice of a woman—of the wife he had given to the lions for a crime against him she did not commit, which had haunted him all the years. He had seen her thrown to the king of them all, killed in one swift instant, and dragged about the den by her warm white neck—this slave wife from Albania, his adored Fatima. And when, afterwards, he came to know the truth, and of her innocence from the chief eunuch who had borne false witness and with his last breath cleared her name, a terrible anger and despair had come upon him. Time and intrigue and conspiracy had distracted his mind, and the *Jehad* became the fixed aim and end of his life. Now this was gone. Destiny had tripped him up. Kaïd and the infidel had won.

As the one great passion went out like smoke, the woman he loved, whom he had given to the lions, the memory of her, some haunting part of her possessed him,



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

"DOST THOU THINK I DID NOT KNOW MY DANGER, EMINENCE?"

overcame him. In truth, he had heard a voice in the night, but not the voice of a spirit. It was the voice of Zaida, who, preying upon his superstitious mind—she knew the hallucination which possessed him concerning her he had cast to the lions—and having given the terrible secret to Kaïd, whom she had ever loved, would still save Harrik from the sure vengeance which must fall upon him. Her design had worked, but not as she intended. She had put a spell of superstition on him, and the end would be accomplished, but not by flight to the desert.

Harrik chose the other way. He had been a hunter. He was without fear. The voice of the woman he loved called him. It came to him through the distant roar of the lions as clear as when, with one cry of "*Harrik!*" she had fallen beneath the lion's paw. He knew now why he had kept the great beast until this hour, though tempted again and again to slay him.

Like one in a dream, he drew a dagger from the cushions where he sat, and rose to his feet. Leaving the room and passing dark groups of waiting slaves, he passed into empty chambers and through long corridors, the voices of the lions growing nearer and nearer. He sped faster now, and presently came to doors, on which he knocked thrice. The doors opened, and two slaves held up lights for him to enter. Taking a torch from one of them, he bade them retire, and the doors clanged behind them.

He held up the torch and came nearer. In the centre of the great room was a cage in which one great lion paced to and fro in fury. It roared at him savagely. It was his roar which had come to Harrik through the distance and the night. He it was who had carried Fatima the beloved about his cage by that neck in which he had laid his face so often.

The hot flush of conflict and the long anger of the years were on him. Since he must die, since Destiny had befooled him, left him the victim of the avengers, he would end it here. Here, against the thing of savage hate which had drunk of the veins and crushed the bones of his fair wife, he would strike one blow deep and strong, and shed the blood of sacrifice before his own was shed.

He thrust the torch into the ground,

and with the dagger grasped tightly, carefully opened the cage and stepped inside. The door clicked behind him. The lion was silent now, and in a far corner prepared to spring, crouching low.

"Fatima!" Harrik cried, and sprang forward as the wild beast rose at him. He struck deep, drew forth the dagger—and was still.

CHAPTER XIII

ACHMET THE ROPEMAKER STRIKES

WAR! War! The chains of the conscripts clanked in the river villages; the wailing of the women affrighted the pigeons in a thousand dove-cotes on the Nile; the dust of despair was heaped upon the heads of the old, who knew that their young would no more return, and that the fields of dourra would go ungathered, the water-channels go unattended, and the onion-fields be bare. War! War! War! The strong, the broad-shouldered—Aka, Mahmond, Raschid, Haleem, Selim, they with the bodies of Seti and the faces of Rameses, in their blue yeleks and unsandalled feet, would go into the desert as their forefathers did for the shepherd kings. But there would be no spoil for them—no slaves with swelling breasts and lips of honey, no straight-limbed servants of their pleasure to wait on them with caressing fingers; no rich spoils carried back from the fields of war to the mud hut, the earth oven, and the thatched roof; no rings of soft gold and necklaces of amber snatched from the fingers and bosoms of the captive and the dead. Those days were no more. No vision of loot or luxury allured them. They saw only the yellow sand, the ever-receding oasis, the brackish, undrinkable water, the withered and fruitless date-tree, handfuls of dourra for their food by day, and the keen sharp night to chill their half-dead bodies in a half-waking sleep. And then the savage struggle for life—with all the gain to the pashas and the beys and those who ruled over them; while their own wounds grew foul, and, in the torturing noon-day heat of the white waste, Death reached out and dragged them from the drooping lines to die. Fighting because they must fight—not patriot love, nor

understanding, nor sacrifice in their hearts. *War! War! War! War!*

David had been too late to stop it. It had grown to a head with revolution and conspiracy. These he had destroyed on the day he came to be Kaïd's counsellor—it was at his hand, flaming across his path; but that was far away in regions where bad government had made secret rebels every day. For months before he came conscripts had been gathered in the Nile country from Rosetta to Assouan, and here and there, far south, tribes had revolted before he had learned the ways of the Palace. It was too late for him to devise another course. One day, when this war was over, he would go alone, save for a faithful few, to deal with these tribes and peoples upon another plane than war; but here and now the only course was that which had been planned by Kaïd and those who counselled him. Troubled by a deep danger drawing near, Kaïd had drawn him into his tough service, half-blindly catching at his help, with a strange, almost superstitious belief that luck and good would come from the alliance, seeing in him a protection against wholesale robbery and debt—were not the English masters of finance, and was not this Englishman honest, and with a brain of fire and an eye that pierced things? The spirit of the warlike Ibrahim who conquered the Soudan and Syria and made Turkey shiver behind the doors of the seraglios—it was not in Kaïd; the conquering days of Egypt were done.

Then upon it all had come the conspiracy of Harrik and Achmet and Higli and Dias, from which David had saved him and a debilitated Egypt.

David had accepted the inevitable. The war had its value. It would draw off to the south—he would see that it was so—Achmet and Higli and Dias and the rest, who were ever a danger. Not to himself: he did not think of that; but to Kaïd and to Egypt. They had been outmanœuvred, beaten, foiled, knew who had foiled them and what they had escaped; congratulated themselves, but had no gratitude to him, and still plotted his destruction. More than once his death had been planned, but the dark design had come to light—now

from the workers of the bazaars, whose wires of intelligence pierced everywhere; now from some hungry fellah whose yelek he had filled with cakes of dourra beside a bread-shop; now from Mohammed Hassan, who was for him a thousand eyes and feet and hands, who cooked his food, and gathered round him fellaheen or Copts or Soudanese or Nubians whom he himself had tested and found true, and ruled them with a hand of plenty and a rod of iron. Also, from Nahoum's spies he learned of plots and counterplots, chiefly on Achmet's part; and these he hid from Kaïd, while he trusted Nahoum—and not without reason, as yet.

The day of Nahoum's wrath and revenge was not yet come; it was his deep design to lay the foundation for his own dark actions strong on a rock of apparent confidence and devotion. A long torture and a great overwhelming was Nahoum's design; and in that day he would gather in all that the great Englishman would have desired and secured for Egypt. He knew himself in the scheme of a master workman, and by and by he would blunt the chisel and bend the saw; but not yet. Meanwhile, he hated, admired, schemed, and got a sweet taste on his tongue from aiding David to foil Achmet—Higli and Dias were of little account; only the injury they felt in seeing the sluices being closed on the stream of bribery and corruption kept them in the toils of Achmet's conspiracy. They had saved their heads, but they had not learned their lesson yet; and Achmet, blinded by rage, not at all. Achmet did not understand clemency. One by one his plots had failed, until the day came when David advised Kaïd to send him and his friends into the Soudan, with the punitive expedition under loyal generals. It was David's dream that in the field of war a better spirit might enter into Achmet; that patriotism might stir in him.

The day was approaching when the army must leave. Achmet threw dice once more.

Evening was drawing down. Over the plaintive pink and golden glow of sunset was slowly being drawn a pervasive silver veil of moonlight. A cara-

van of camels hunched along in the middle distance, making for the western desert. Near by, village life manifested itself in heavily laden donkeys; in wolfish curs stealing away with refuse into the waste; in women upright and modest bearing jars of water on their heads; in evening fires where the cover of the pot clattered over the boiling mass within; in the voice of the muezzin calling to prayer.

Returning from Alexandria to Cairo in the special train which Kaïd had sent for him, David watched the scene with grave and friendly interest. There was far to go before those mud huts of the thousand years would give place to rational modern homes; and as he saw a solitary horseman spread his sheepskin on the ground and kneel to say his evening prayer, as Mohammed had done in his flight between Mecca and Medina, the distance between the Egypt of his desire and the ancient Egypt that moved round him sharply impressed his mind, and the magnitude of his task settled heavily on his spirit.

"But it is the beginning—the beginning," he said aloud to himself, looking out upon the green expanses of dourra and lucerne, and eying lovingly the cotton-fields here and there—the beginning of the industrial movement he foresaw—"and some one had to begin. The rest is as it must be—"

There was a touch of Oriental philosophy in his mind—was it not Galilee and the Nazarene, that Oriental source from which Mohammed also drew? But he added to the "as it must be," the words, "and as God wills!"

He was alone in the compartment with Lacey, whose natural garrulity had had a severe discipline in the months that had passed since he had asked to be allowed to black David's boots! He could now sit for an hour silent, talking to himself, carrying on unheard conversations. Seeing David's mood, he had not spoken twice on this journey, but had made notes in a little "Book of Experience"—as once he had done in Mexico. At last, however, he raised his head, and looked eagerly out of the window as David did, and sniffed.

"The Nile again," he said, and smiled. The attraction of the Nile was upon

him, as it grows on every one who lives in Egypt. The Nile and Egypt—Egypt and the Nile—its mystery, its greatness, its benevolence, its life-giving power, without which Egypt is as Sahara, it conquers the mind of every man at last.

"The Nile, yes," rejoined David, and smiled also. "We shall cross it presently."

Again they relapsed into silence, broken only by the *clang, clang* of the metal on the rails, and then presently another, more hollow sound—the engine was upon the bridge. Lacey got up and put his head out of the window. Suddenly there was a cry—a cry of fear and horror over his head, a warning voice shrieking:

"The bridge is open—we are lost. Effendi—master—Allah!" It was the voice of Mohammed, who had been perched on the roof of the car.

Like lightning Lacey realized the danger, and saw the only way of escape. He swung open the door, even as the engine touched the edge of the abyss and shrieked its complaint under the hand of the terror-stricken driver, caught David's shoulder, and cried: "Jump—jump into the river—quick—God!"

As the engine toppled, David jumped—there was no time to think—obedience was the only way. After him sprang, far down into the gray-blue water, Lacey and Mohammed. When they came again to the surface, the little train with its handful of human freight had disappeared.

Two people had seen the train plunge to destruction—the solitary horseman whom David had watched kneel upon his sheepskin, and who now from a far hill had seen the disaster—but had not seen the three jump for their lives—and a fisherman on the bank, who ran crying towards a village standing back from the river.

As the fisherman sped shrieking and beckoning to the villagers, David, Lacey, and Mohammed fought for their lives in the swift current, swimming at an angle up-stream towards the shore; for, as Mohammed shouted to them, there were rocks below. Lacey was a good swimmer, but he was heavy, and David was a better, but Mohammed had proved his merit in the past on many an oc-

casion when the laws of the river were reaching out strong hands for him. Now, as Mohammed swam, he kept moaning to himself, cursing his father and his father's son, as though he himself were to blame for the crime which had been committed. Here was a plot, and he had discovered more plots than one against his master. The bridge-opener—when he found him, he would take him into the desert and flay him alive; and find him he would. His wrathful eyes were on the hut by the bridge where this man should be. No one was visible. He cursed the man and all his ancestry and all his posterity, sleeping and waking, until the day when he, Mohammed, would pinch his flesh with red-hot irons. But now he had other and nearer things to occupy him—in the fierce struggle towards the shore Lacey found himself failing, and falling down the stream. Presently both Mohammed and David were beside him, Lacey angrily protesting to David that he must save himself.

"Say, it's Egypt—think of Egypt and all the rest. You've got to save yourself—let me splash along!" he spluttered, breathing hard, his shoulders low in the water, his mouth almost submerged.

But David and Mohammed fought along beside him, each determined that it must be all or none; and presently the terror-stricken fisherman who had roused the village, still shrieking deliriously, came upon them in a flat-bottomed boat manned by four stalwart fellaheen, and the tragedy of the bridge was over—But not the tragedy of Achmet "the ropemaker."

CHAPTER XIV

BEYOND THE PALE

MOHAMMED HASSAN had vowed a vow in the river, and he kept it in so far as was seemly. His soul hungered for the face of the bridge-opener, and the hunger grew. He was scarce passed from the shivering Nile into a dry yelek, had hardly taken a juicy piece from the cooking-pot at the house of the village sheikh, before he began to make friends who could help him, even the sheikh himself; for what money Mohammed lacked, Lacey, who had a

profound confidence in him, supplied—and later the fiercely indignant Prince Kaïd himself, to whom Lacey and Mohammed went secretly, hiding the thing from David. So there were a score of villages where every sheikh, eager for gold, listened for the whisper of the doorways, and every slave and villager listened at the sheikh's door. But neither to sheikh nor to villager was it given to find the man.

One evening there came a knocking at the door of the house which Mohammed still kept in the lowest Moslem quarter of the town—a woman who hid her face, and was of more graceful figure than frequented those dark purlieus. The door was at once opened, and Mohammed, with a cry, drew her inside.

"Zaida—the peace of God be upon thee," he said, and stared lovingly yet sadly upon her, for she had so much changed.

"And upon thee peace, Mohammed," she answered, and sat upon the floor, her head upon her breast.

"Thou hast trouble—eat," he said, and put some cakes of dourra and a meated cucumber beside her.

She touched the food with her fingers, but did not eat.

"Is thy grief, then, for thy prince who gave himself to the lions?" he asked.

"*Inshallah!* Harrik is in the bosom of Allah. He is with Fatima in the fields of heaven—was I as Fatima to him? Nay, the dead have done with hurting!"

"Since that night thou hast been lost—even since Harrik went. I searched for thee, but thou wert hid. Surely, thou knewest mine eyes were aching and my heart cast down—did not thou and I feed at the same breast?"

"I was dead, and am come forth from the grave; but I shall go again into dark where all shall forget, even I myself; but there is that which I would do, which thou must do for me, even as I have done good and shall do good to thee—that which is the desire of my heart."

"Speak, light of the morning and blessing of thy mother's soul," he said, and crowded into his mouth a roll of meat and cucumber. "Against thy ardab shall be set my date-tree—it hath been so ever."

"Listen, then, and by the stone of the Kaaba, keep the faith which has been thine and mine since my mother, dying, gave me to thy mother, whose milk gave me health and, in my youth, beauty—and in my youth beauty!" She buried her face for a moment in her veil, and her body shook with sobs which had no voice.

Presently she continued: "Listen, and by Abraham and Christ and all the Prophets, and by Mahomet the true revealer, give me thine aid but this once more. When Harrik gave his life to the lions, I fled to her whom I had loved in the house of Kaïd—Laka the Syrian, afterwards the wife of Achmet 'the rope-maker.' By Harrik's death I was free—no more a slave. Once Laka had been the joy of Achmet's heart, but, because she had no child, she was despised and forgotten. Was it not meet I should fly to her whose sorrow would hide my loneliness? And so it was—I was hidden in the harem of Achmet. But miserable tongues—may God wither them!—told Achmet of my presence. And though I was free and not a bondswoman, he broke upon my sleep. . . ."

Mohammed's eyes blazed, his dark skin blackened like a coal, and he muttered maledictions between his teeth.

"... In the morning there was a horror upon me, for which there is no name. But I laughed also when I took a dagger and stole from the harem to find him in the quarters beyond the women's gate. I found him, but I held my hand, for one was with him who spake with a tongue of anger and death, and I listened. Then, indeed, I rejoiced for thee, for I have found thee a road to honor and fortune. The man was a bridge-opener—"

"Ah—! O, light of a thousand eyes, fruit of the tree of Eden!" cried Mohammed, and fell on his knees at her feet, and would have kissed them, but that, with a cry, she said, "Nay—nay, touch me not—I am accursed. But listen. . . . Ay, it was Achmet who sought to drown thy Pasha in the Nile. Thou shalt find the man in the little street called Singat in the Moosky, at the house of Zaleel the date-seller."

Mohammed rocked backwards and forwards in his delight. "Oh, now art thou like a lamp of Paradise, even as a

star which leadeth an army of stars, beloved," he said. He rubbed his hands together. "Thy witness and his shall send Achmet to a hell of scorpions, and I shall slay the bridge-opener with my own hand—hath not the Effendina secretly said so to me, knowing that my Pasha, the Inglesi, upon whom be peace forever and forever, would forgive him. Ah, thou blossom of the tree of trees—"

She rose hastily, and when he would have kissed her hand, even as he would have kissed the hand of a man, she drew back to the wall. "Touch me not—nay, then, Mohammed, touch me not—"

"Why should I not pay thee honor, thou princess among women! Hast thou not the brain of a man, and thy beauty, like thy heart, is it not—"

She put out both her hands and spoke sharply. "Enough, my brother," she said. "Thou hast thy way to great honor—thou shalt yet have a thousand ardabs of well-watered land and slaves to wait on thee. Get thee to the house of Zaleel. There shall the blow fall on the head of Achmet, the blow which was mine to strike, but that Allah stayed my hand that I might do thee and thy Pasha good, and to give the soul-slayer and the body-slayer into the hands of Kaïd—upon whom be everlasting peace!" Her voice dropped low. "Thou saidst but now that I have beauty. Is there yet any beauty in my face?" She lowered the yashmak and looked at him with burning eyes.

"Thou art altogether beautiful," he answered, "but there is a strangeness to thy beauty like none I have seen, as if upon the face of an angel there fell a mist—I have not words to make it plain to thee."

With a great sigh, and yet with the tenseness gone from her eyes, she slowly drew the veil up again till only her eyes were visible. "It is well," she answered. "Now, I have heard that tomorrow night Prince Kaïd will sit in the small courtyard of the blue tiles by the harem, to feast with his friends, ere the army goes into the desert at the next sunrise. Achmet is bidden to the feast."

"It is so, O beloved!"

"There will be dancers and singers to make the feast worthy?"

"At such a time it will be so."

"Then this thou shalt do. See to it that I shall be among the singers, and when all have danced and sung, that I shall sing, and be brought before Kaïd."

"*Inshallah!* It shall be so. Thou dost desire to see Kaïd—in truth, thou hast memory, beloved!"

She made a gesture of despair. "Go upon thy business. Dost thou not desire the blood of Achmet and the bridge-opener?"

Mohammed laughed, and joyfully beat his breast, with whispered exclamations, and made ready to go. "And thou?" he asked.

"Am I not welcome here?" she replied, wearily.

"O, my sister, thou art the master of my life and all that I have," he exclaimed, and a moment afterwards he was speeding towards the Palace.

For the first time since the day of his banishment, Achmet the ropemaker was invited to the Palace. Coming, he was received with careless consideration by the Prince. Behind his long, harsh face and sullen eyes a devil was raging, because of all his plans that had gone awry, and because the man he had sought to kill still served the Effendina, putting a blight upon Egypt. To-morrow he, Achmet, must go into the desert with the army, and this hated Inglesi would remain behind to have his will with Kaïd and with Egypt. The one drop of comfort in his cup was the fact that the displeasure of the Effendina was removed, and that he had, therefore, his foot once more inside the Palace, and felt the old air of obsequiousness and cringing about him. When he came back from the war he would win his way to power again. Meanwhile, he cursed the man who had eluded the death he had prepared for him. With his own eyes had he not seen from a hilltop the train plunge to destruction, and had he not once more got off his horse and knelt upon his sheepskin and given thanks to Allah—a devout Arab obeying the sunset call to prayer, as David had observed from the train?

One by one, two by two, group by group, the unveiled dancers came and

went; the singers sang behind the screen provided for them, so that none might see their faces, after the custom; until at last Kaïd and his guests grew listless, and smoked and talked idly, though there was in the eyes of Kaïd a watchfulness unseen by any save a fellah who squatted in a corner eating sweetmeats, and a hidden singer who waited long until she should be called before the Prince Pasha. Her glances continually flashed between Kaïd and Achmet. At last with gleaming eyes she saw six Nubian slaves steal silently behind Achmet. One, also, of great strength came suddenly and stood before him. In his hands was a leathern thong.

Achmet saw, felt the presence of the slaves behind him, and shrank back numbed and appalled. A mist came before his eyes; the voice he heard summoning him to stand up seemed to come from infinite distances. The hand of doom had fallen like a thunderbolt. The leathern thong in the hands of the slave was the token of instant death. There was no chance of escape. The Nubians had him at their mercy. As his brain struggled to regain its understanding, he saw, as in a dream, David enter the courtyard and come towards Kaïd.

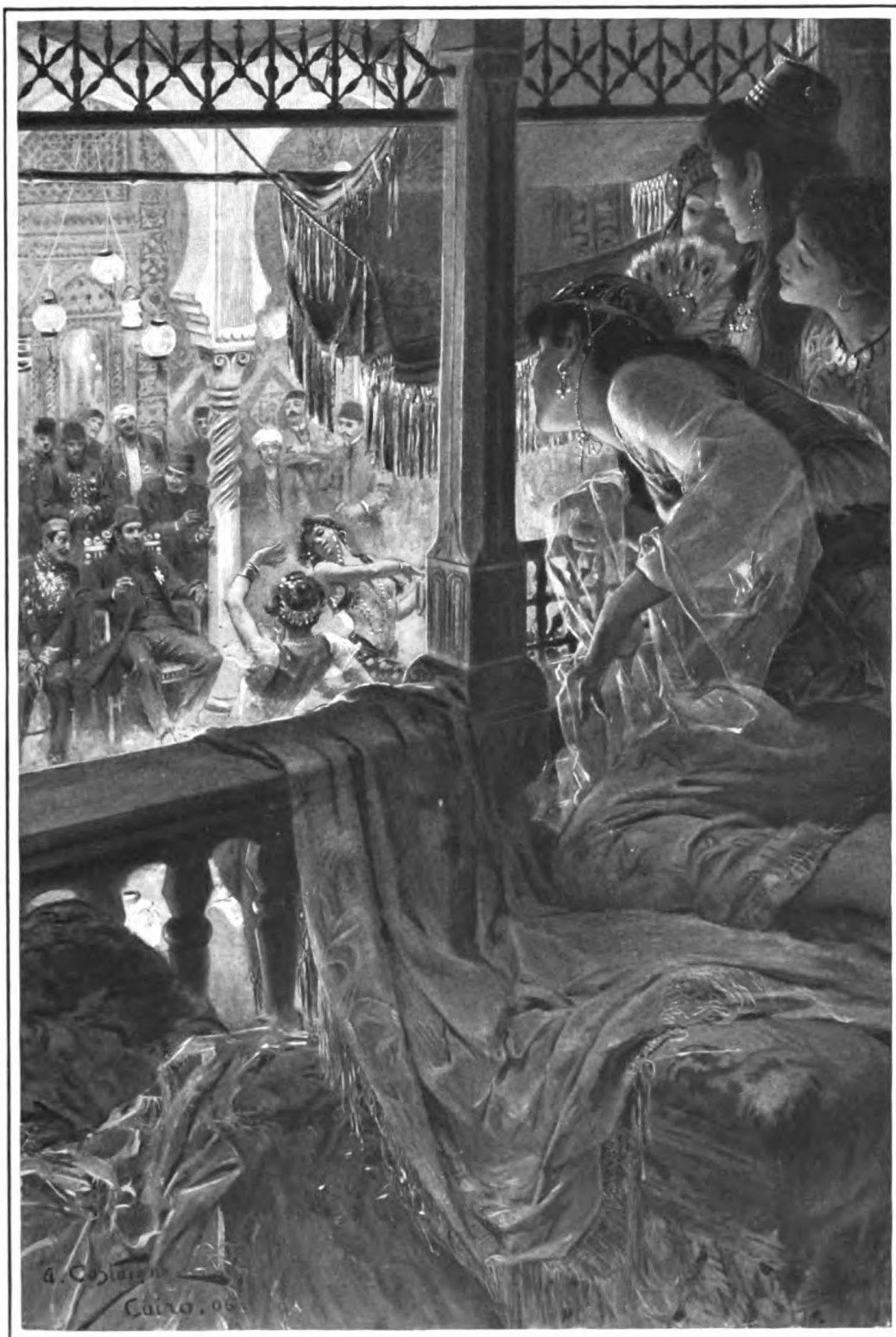
Suddenly David stopped in amazement, seeing Achmet. Inquiringly he looked at Kaïd, who spoke earnestly to him in a low tone. Whereupon David turned his head away, but after a moment fixed his eyes on Achmet.

Kaïd motioned all his startled guests to come nearer. Then in a strong, unmerciful voice he laid Achmet's crime before them, and told the story of the bridge-opener, who had that day expiated his crime in the desert by the hands of Mohammed—but not with torture, as Mohammed had hoped.

"What shall be his punishment—so foul, so wolfish?" Kaïd asked of them all. A dozen voices answered, some one thing, some another, but most inclined to mutilation of hands and feet, and then, half-buried in the sand of the desert, to be eaten by ants.

"Mercy!" moaned Achmet, aghast. "Mercy, saadat-el-Pasha!" he said to David.

David looked at him calmly. There



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

THE FEAST IN THE COURTYARD BY THE HAREM

was little mercy in his eyes, as he answered: "Thy crimes sent to their death in the Nile those who never injured thee. I forgive thee for what thou didst plot against my life—of little value, yet God has saved it from thee. Dost thou quarrel with justice? Compose thy soul, and I pray only the Effendina to give thee that seemly death thou didst deny to others, thy victims." He bowed respectfully to Kaïd.

Kaïd frowned. "The ways of Egypt are the ways of Egypt, and not of the land once thine," he answered, shortly. Then, under the spell of that influence he had never yet been able to resist successfully, he added to the slaves: "Take him aside. I will think upon it. . . . But he shall die at sunrise ere the army goes. Shall not justice be the gift of Kaïd for an example and a warning? . . . Take him away a little. I will decide."

As Achmet and the slaves disappeared into a dark corner of the courtyard, Kaïd rose to his feet, and, upon the hint, his guests, murmuring praises of his justice and his mercy and his wisdom, one by one slowly melted from the courtyard; but once outside, hastened to carry the tale to the four quarters of Cairo, and to proclaim how yet again the English Pasha had picked from the Tree of Life an apple of fortune.

The courtyard was now empty, save for the servants of the Prince, David and Mohammed, and two officers in whom David had advised Kaïd to put trust. This had been part of his task—to surround the Prince with those who were not self-seekers, of whom the poor spoke well, whose loyalty was part of their characters. Presently one of these officers said: "There is another singer, and the last. Is it the Effendina's pleasure that she be heard?"

Kaïd made a gesture of assent, sat down, and took the stem of a narghile between his lips. For a moment there was silence, and then out upon the sweet, perfumed night, over which the stars hung brilliant and soft and languorous, a voice at first quietly, then fully, and palpitating with feeling, poured forth an Eastern love-song:

Take thou thy flight, O soul, that hast no more

The gladness of the morning! Ah, the perfumed roses

My love laid on my bosom as I slept!

How did he wake me with his lips upon mine eyes,

How did the singers carol—the singers of my soul,

That nest among the thoughts of my beloved! . . .

All silent now, the choruses are gone,

The windows of my soul are closed, no more

Mine eyes look out to see my lover come.

There is no more to do, no more to say:

Take flight, my soul, my love no more returns!

At the first note Kaïd started, and his eyes fastened upon the screen behind which sat the singer. Then, as the voice, in sweet anguish, filled the courtyard, entrancing them all, rose higher and higher, fell and died away, he got to his feet, and called out hoarsely, "Come—come forth!"

Slowly a graceful veiled figure came from behind the great screen. He took a step forward.

"Zaida! Zaida!" he said, gently, amazedly.

She salaamed low. "Forgive me, O my lord," she said, in a whispering voice, drawing her veil over her face. "Before going hence it was my soul's desire to look upon thy face once more."

"Whither didst thou go at Harrik's death? I sent to find thee, and give thee safety—but thou wert gone, none knew at all."

"O my lord, what was I but a mote in thy sun, that thou shouldst seek me?"

Kaïd's eyes fell, and he murmured to himself a moment, then he said slowly: "Thou didst save Egypt, thou and my friend"—he gestured towards David—"and my life also, and all else that is worth. Therefore bounty, and safety, and all thy desires were thy due. Kaïd is no ingrate—no, by the hand of Moses that smote at Sinai!"

She made a pathetic motion of her hands. "By Harrik's death I am free, a slave no longer. O, my lord, where I go bounty and barrenness are the same."

Kaïd took a step forward. "Let me see thy face," he said, something strange in her tone moving him with awe.

She lowered her veil suddenly and looked him in the eyes. Her wan beauty smote him, conquered him, the exquisite

pain in her face filled the eyes that looked at her with wonder and foreboding, and pierced the heart of Kaïd. He reached out his arms passionately.

"O cursed day that saw thee leave these walls! I did it for thy good—thou wert so young, thy life was all before thee! But now—come, Zaida, here in Kaïd's palace thou shalt have a home, and be at peace, for I see that thou hast suffered. Surely it shall be said that Kaïd honors thee." He reached out to take her hand.

She had listened like one in a dream, but as he was about to touch her, she suddenly drew back, veiled her face, save for the eyes, and said in a voice of agony: "*Unclean! Unclean! My lord, I am a leper!*"

An awed and awful silence fell upon them all. Kaïd drew back as though smitten by a blow.

Presently upon the silence her voice sharp with agony said: "I am a leper, and I go to that desert place which my lord has set apart for lepers, where, dead to the world, I shall watch the dreadful years come and go. Behold, I would die, but that I have a sister there these many years, and her sick soul lives in a hell of loneliness. O my lord, forgive me. Here was I happy; here of old I did sing to thee, and I came to sing to thee once more a death-song—I am not selfless, but I have suffered, and the pains of hell have been upon me. Also, I came to see thee do justice, ere I went from thy face forever."

Kaïd's head was lowered on his breast. He shuddered. "Thou art so beautiful—thy voice—all! Speak! Thou wouldst see justice—speak! It shall be made plain before thee, though it cost me Egypt."

Twice she essayed to speak, and could not; but from his sweetmeats and the shadows Mohammed crept forward, kissed the ground before Kaïd, and said, "Ef-fendina, thou knowest me as the servant of thy high servant, Claridge Pasha."

"I know thee—proceed."

"Behold, she whom God has smitten, man smote first. I am her foster-brother—from the same breast we drew life. Thou wouldst do justice, O Ef-fendina. Canst thou do double justice—ay, a thousandfold? Then"—his voice raised almost shrilly—"then do it

upon Achmet 'the ropemaker.' She—Zaida, told me where I should find the bridge-opener."

"Zaida once more!" Kaïd murmured.

"She had learned all in Achmet's harem—hearing speech between Achmet and the man whom thou didst deliver to my hands yesterday."

"Zaida—in Achmet's harem?" Kaïd turned upon her.

Swiftly she told her dreadful tale—how, after Achmet had murdered all of her except her body, she rose up to kill herself, but fainting, fell upon a burning brazier, and her hand accidentally thrust in the live coals felt no pain. "And behold, O my lord, I knew I was a leper; and I remembered my sister and lived on," she ended, in a voice numbed and tuneless.

Kaïd trembled with rage, and he cried in a loud voice, "Bring Achmet forth."

As a slave sped upon the errand, David laid a hand on Kaïd's arm, and whispered to him earnestly. Kaïd's savage frown cleared away, and his rage calmed down; but an inflexible look came into his face, a look which petrified the ruined Achmet as he salaamed before him.

"Know thy punishment, son of a dog with a dog's heart, and prepare for a daily death," said Kaïd. "This woman thou didst so foully wrong, even when thou didst wrong her, she was a leper."

A low cry broke from Achmet, for now when death came he must go unclean to the after-world, forbidden Allah's presence. Broken and abject he listened.

"She knew not—till thou wert gone," continued Kaïd. "She is innocent before the law. But thou—beast of the slime and brother of reptiles—hear thy sentence. There is in the far desert a place where lepers live. There, once a year, one caravan comes, and, at the outskirts of the place unclean, leaves food and needful things for another year, and returns again to Egypt after many days. From that place there is no escape—the desert is as the sea, and upon that sea there is no khiassa to sail to a farther shore. It is the leper land. Thither thou shalt go to wait upon this woman thou hast savagely wronged, and upon her kind, till thou diest. *Inshallah!* It shall be so."

"Mercy! Mercy!" Achmet, horror-stricken, turned to David. "Thou art merciful. Speak for me, saadat-el-Pasha."

"When didst thou have mercy?" said David, quietly. "Thy crimes are against humanity. Humanity gives judgment."

Kaïd made a motion, and, with dragging feet, Achmet the ropemaker passed from the haunts of familiar faces.

For a moment Kaïd stood and looked at Zaida, rigid and stricken in that awful isolation which is the leper's doom. Her eyes were closed, but her head was held high.

"Wilt thou not die?" Kaïd asked her, gently.

She shook her head slowly, and her hands folded on her breast. "My sister is there," she said at last.

For a moment all was still, and Kaïd added with a voice of grief: "Peace be upon thee, Zaida. Life is but a spark. If death comes not to-day, it will to-morrow, for thee—for me. *Inshallah!* Peace be upon thee!"

She opened her eyes and looked at him. At sight of what was in his face, they lighted with a great light for a moment.

"And upon thee peace, O my lord, forever and ever!" she said softly, and, turning, left the courtyard, followed at a distance by Mohammed Hassan.

For a moment Kaïd stood motionless looking after her.

There came to David's lips, as he looked at Kaïd, the words, "*He is not far from the kingdom of God!*" but he said, in a matter-of-fact voice, "The army at sunrise—thou wilt speak to it, Effendina?"

Kaïd roused himself. "What shall I speak?" he asked anxiously.

"Tell them they shall be clothed and fed, and to every man or his family a hundred piastres at the end."

"Who will do this?" asked Kaïd, incredulously.

"Thou, Effendina—Egypt and thou—and I."

"So be it," answered Kaïd.

As they left the courtyard, Kaïd said suddenly to an officer behind him: "The caravan to the Place of Lepers—add to the stores fifty camel-loads this year, and each year hereafter. Have heed to it. Ere it starts, come to me. I would see all with mine own eyes."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Romance

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

THE moonlight is a silver sea
Where shadow ships at anchor ride,
And on the wind there seems to be
A rhythmic murmur, far and wide;
As if the heaving ocean still
Raised toward his white love in the sky
A following tide of dreams, that fill
The slumbering forest with their sigh.

All quiet lie the shadow ships
Athwart the silver sea of night;
Its waveless flood around them slips,
A star their only riding light.
For so, where all alone she rides,
The Moon recalls her love, the Sea;
And all her dreams are glistening tides
Mysterious with his melody.

The White Squall

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

THE Straits of Belle-Isle were smooth and still, save for the long, slow heave and fall of a sullen groundswell. Newfoundland stood out of the waters, a faint, dim green mass, and Labrador showed cold and low on the western horizon.

"Ain't it hot?" The skipper drew the back of a slimy hand across his face.

"'Tis warm, zure!" Jack Ellison answered, hauling away at one of the handlines. The boat drifted evenly across the fishing-grounds, moved by a tiny breeze from the south.

"Blast un, *dog!*" the fisherman growled, recognizing the short jerks as the fish came up out of the greater pressure of deep water. It was. He brought the vicious slim body on with a heave, leaned down, caught the ugly snout, and bent it at an angle.

"Thar, blast ye, swim!"

Swim the robber, the devastator of the cod-banks, did, its snout causing ripples to twinkle away in the sunlight. Round and round it went, getting weaker; then it barely moved; a flop, and its white belly gleamed on the surface.

"Sarv' un right!" Ellison grunted, feeling his array of lines. The skipper watched it all, perched on the tiller.

"Aye, Jack, he's got it this cruise!" He yanked one hand then, and pulled lustily. "No dogfish this!"

Throwing a little jet of water as it sang over the low rail, the line piled aboard, coiling at the skipper's feet.

"Got 'un too!" the big fisherman shouted, pulling in with great swings of his arms.

"Bet my 'un's bigger'n your 'un—bet ye a chaw!"

"I take it, ye lubber! Heave-ho together!" Their bended backs swayed rhythmically.

"Thar's a *cod!*" the skipper said with great satisfaction, a huge fish at his feet, its mouth feelers twitching and trembling.

"I'm be a-comin'!" the other grunted, heaving with all his strength, the line eating into the wood.

B-s-s-st—b-s-s-st—b-s-s-s-st! It sounded like a saw going through damp cedar. He reached over, fumbling in the water, and straightened up with an effort.

"'Tis a foine 'un!"

Gasping, the monster cod rolled its great eyes, dying on the stone ballast.

"Jehu! It are that!"

The skipper handed over his black plug. "Ye've won, Jack; snip her off!"

Ellison hitched his oilskin trousers before he claimed his winnings, and washed his mouth in sea water, for the taste of tobacco was very scarce between the two, and neither knew when they should be able to get more. He took the plug gingerly then, and turned it over and over in his big, black-haired hand, eyes agleam with anticipation. With lips parted eagerly, he put the tobacco between them and sank his white teeth into it.

"Don't suck the molasses out o' the rest!" the skipper admonished.

Ellison stowed the chew 'way back in his upper jaw and mouthed it ecstatically.

"Voine!" he muttered—"voine!"

The skipper looked at the piece that was left.

"It and t'other bit was all I saved—that night!" and his eyes were sad, looking over the long, rolling distances. "When am I a-goin' ter git back to my kiddies?" he groaned, softly,—*"when?"*

Ellison dropped the lines and put his hand on the other's shoulder.

"'Twon't be long afore 'un o' th' Bank fleet 'll be in th' Straits; I'll put ye aboard un, man, niver fear!"

The gaunt American, his face furrowed and seamed with care and bitter heartaches, looked up.

"Yer a good man, Jack Ellison; ye and yer woman hev bin kyind to a Captin widout ship nor money, an' I'm damned proud ter be able to help ye fish! Ah,

but, lad"—the deep-set eyes glistened—"ye don't know what it is to lose a good ship! A grand craft she was, God bless her timbers! an's carried me through many a gale an' tight corner; stancher'n South Church in Bosting, truer'n a man's wife, she's been to me; allus was ready when I axed her to keep her clo'es on in a big gale, fur th' sake of high prices, an' I'd give her a new coat o' paint fur't, an' a brand-clean top-hamper outfit, gaskets an' bonnets too. She knew it, darlin' old *Susan J.* Th' thousands o' miles I've seen pass under her bottom, that was allus clean an' bright; th' pounds an' pounds o' cod she's tuk into T. Wharf, an' I, God help me! lost me bearin's that night becos o' th' tide, an' cast her away!" The thin lips quivered at the memory and the broad shoulders trembled.

"Le' me talk; it's comfortin'," he said when the other tried to soothe. "Cast her away, the best o' the fleet; that could show a shinin' stern t' th' whul' crowd, an' was willin' allus when I said th' word." He stood up. "An' ye, ye damned ocean, thet hev give me money fur t' wife an' kiddies fur years an' years, hev done me dirt at last! I'll square wi' ye fur it! Jack here cheated ye onct out'n my life, an' I'll cheat ye out'n it allus, God curse ye!"

"'S-sht, man, don' na go on like that! 'tis sacrileegious zure!" The simple mind of the Labrador fisherman was aghast.

"Don't you tell me not to go on!" The skipper's face was livid with fury. "Wait till *yer* wife an' young 'un hev everythin' took by th' sea, an' mabbe you, Jack Ellison, won't dare to stand up like a man to my face, an' say that y' don't curse it as I do!"

The other hove in meditatively, and snapped another cod into the fish-hole. He baited with unconscious care and watched the gleaming bit sink under the still waters. They worked their lines in silence then; pulling in, unhooking, baiting, and casting out; the great leads striking with *phflu-utts*, and little spots on the calm where bubbles rose for an instant.

Heave and fall, heave and fall; ever the monotonous surge passed under them, wavelets running away from her clinker-

boards as the boat settled in the long valleys of green. As far as the eye could reach was that same irresistibly moving undulation. The ropes on the stocky masts rattled and slatted, and the rudder squeaked in its socket, swashing about forlornly. Over it all a strangely hot sun, that threatened wind by its torpid glare.

Now and then the skipper's face turned to the north, and he sniffed suspiciously. "Ef I was on the *Susan J.*, I'd order a sharp lookout t' th' nor'ard!" he volunteered. Ellison yanked in a cod before he answered. Then he too stared at the northern horizon.

Bleary and vague it looked, the rise and drop of the waters seeming to wash the skies.

"I guess un's nawthin' but un puff, mabbe—most—likely!"

Johnson's eyes twinkled.

"A' right, Jack! Yer in command!"

They fished on, the tattoo of dying cods' tails sounding muffled in the hole.

A breeze ruffled the surface, stirring the hair on the capless heads. The skipper sniffed again when the chill went through him, but he was silent; pulling in, baiting, and throwing out regularly.

A stronger puff came, crinkling the waters, forcing the boat sideways, the eddies of her passage boiling silently to windward. The skipper looked at Ellison. He was busy hauling.

"Might keep an eye out," he suggested, dropping a lead over, the line murmuring through his fingers.

"Wi' sich luck a' thiss, we'll stay!" the fisherman answered, tugging at another line.

"A' right, lad; *yer in command!*" The skipper's eyes were fixed to the north. When he hauled in he threw his cod into the hole by instinct, watching the skies.

They seemed to rise then, a gap between them and the long dead roll. Out of the wastes a faint, indistinct mass of cloud appeared, forming ranks that spread across the entire north.

"See that?" Johnson asked.

"Aye, I see un; t' fish is comin' fast! We'll make t' best of un afore t' wind strikes!"

The skipper grinned, turning his face from the other.

"It don't make no matter to me—

now!" he whispered. With the last word a great sorrow dropped into his eyes.

"Keelhaul ye!" he hissed at the waters, "yer a-goin' ter try ter catch me agin! Consarn ye, come on; I'm a-waitin'!"

Whe-e-e! A heavy blow sang through the ropes, and the breasts of the long swells were deeply ruffled. Ellison got in two fish at once—big ones. He hove out again, peering at the clouds.

"Yer a mite kearless, lad, fur t' sake of cod! Thar's other days a-comin'!"

"Niver had no sich un luck afore!" Jack whispered in exultation, dragging another cod aboard.

"Mind yerself, that's all!" the skipper warned, tossing a fish from his line among the others.

From the long swells the waves rose as if by magic, creating new lengths, with the old ones as foundations. The sun shone yet, decking the white crisp-lets on the seas with scintillating points. The blow passed. An even murmur whispered all about the two men. Faster and faster the clouds moved up the heavens, great masses crowding on behind. The first of them reached the sun, obscuring it instantly; the air was raw and damp, clammy with the promise of big wind. Regretfully Ellison took in one more cod.

"'Tis un shame fer to—"

"Hark, man! Listen!" the skipper interrupted, leaping to his feet, eyes alert, nostrils quivering.

From afar to the north'ard came a moaning, rushing sound, that grew louder and vibrated on the air.

"Ye fool!" Johnson shouted, seeing the pallor of the other's face. "Don't ye know what's comin'? *'Tis a white squall.*"

He took command naturally.

"To hell with those lines!"—as Ellison tried to pull them in—"less ye want to swim! Get out that grating quick's ye kin, make yer hands work—there; now lash those sweeps to it! There! man, look alive; she's a-comin' *vicious!*" casting his eyes to the north.

The water-line was one unbroken stretch of white where the blue-black clouds parted from it, and a faint roar drifted down to them. The big fisherman obeyed, scarcely realizing that he did so. John-

son glanced over the stubby boat. "Make *that* fast to the bunch!" seeing a long light log that was aboard for wood in the little stove. Working desperately now, the enthusiasm of being told what to do by a man he trusted urging him on, Ellison made fast the lot. "Over with it, and eight fathom an' yer line! Move lively, Jack, dang ye! I don't want to be ketched asleep by *that!*" nodding towards the roar, that now seemed to thrumble in their ears. The skipper, while the other slaved, took half-hitches here and there, drawing the halliards tight and grunting as he got an extra turn on them. The breeze fell then, and a breathlessness was around.

"An' you a Labradorian!" Johnson said, mockery in his voice. "Takes us Bankers ter tell ye 'bout yer own— Hold fast!" he yelled.

With a downward rush and a scream, the wind struck them, the foam of the first rush pouring over their low sides. The boat tightened on her drag-anchor and labored heavily.

"She's a terror, no mistake!" the skipper shouted, climbing into his oilskins. Ellison had his on, and clung to the forethwart, anxiety in his eyes.

The seas had not as yet reached their full proportions; they banged at the craft with short snarlings and hissings of spray. Driven like snow, their peaks vanished to leeward, and the surface everywhere was one long lather of straight-flying spume. Johnson unshipped the tiller, and motioned to Ellison to come aft. They sat together, well astern, to lift the bows, watching the growth of the coamers.

"What were ye a-thinkin' of, not sayin' nawthin' when ye seed the wind shift into t' north'ard so suddint!" Johnson yelled at the other.

"Niver know un ter do this afore in t' Straits!"

"Straits or no Straits, ye want ter ke'p an eye on th' damned ocean! We'll be cussed lucky ef we gits outer this!—By gravvy! bail, man; come on, hustle! A couple more o' them 'll send us under!"

A towering crest broke inboard as he shouted. It swish-swashed coldly among the cod and the stone ballast.

A lumbering bait-can in his grip, Ellison got to work, bracing his feet on the

narrow deck-stanchions. Johnson found a big dipper—a steady stream came from his compartment.

Br-um-p! Bang—swi-i-i-ish—z-zp! A foot more in the hold; the cod floated now.

"Move lively, ye lubber!" The skipper's arms moved like parts of a machine. A scoop, a thrust, a lift, and a full stream over the side. His body swung with the pitching gracefully. Ellison struggled, but with all his great strength he could not keep up to the other.

"No use, Jack! Out ballast!" Johnson hove the stones by the board rapidly, their splash unnoticed in the howling noises of the squall. They got them all out, and shipped much less water for nearly an hour.

"It's wusser!" the skipper bellowed. Ellison nodded, fascinated by the frightful seas, accustomed as he was to wild days and nights on the coast. They waited some time longer; then the nasty *plash—plash—gr-r-rs-sh* warned them that the water was gaining too fast under their feet. They bailed again, the cod knocking about their legs, getting in their way.

"Drop, man, fur God's—" the rest of the skipper's sentence was strangled in his throat as a whirling sea buried the bows, its crest swa-ashing over them with a muffled *Br-o-oom*, leaving the boat nearly half full.

"Out wi' th' cod, quick!" Johnson thundered.

Ellison hesitated.

"Gol dang ye! ye fool, d'ye want to be stowed away in Davy Jones' locker?" Johnson screamed with rage.

The big fisherman stuck his fingers through the gills of a twenty-pound cod and hove it overboard, a tight feeling at his heart, for times had been hard and fish scarce since he lost Joe and the big boat on the trip for the doctor.

One by one the great fish dropped into the boiling seas, their white forms visible for an instant in the gray light. Two hundred and seventy-nine went back to their element, though dead, unable to appreciate their liberty.

By dint of aching muscles that worked only by force of will and danger, they got the boat nearly dry, and squatted together again aft.

"Was it wuth fishin' so late fur? We might 'a' been comfurable ashore now,

'stead o' prayin' ter God ter save us out here!"

Ellison did not answer. His huge hands were clenched, and Johnson could see his lips moving.

All the afternoon they backed slowly down the strait, the gale tearing, the seas dashing at them. From time to time they bailed, but now that the ballast and cod were gone, the chubby boat lifted more easily to the giant waves; settled with far less plunging in the deep hollows.

Night found them, cold and hungry, drifting on.

Of a sudden the wind slackened; in two hours but a light breeze was left of the blow.

"That's the way the danged north'ard squalls go!" the skipper grumbled, stretching himself, aching and stiff.

"Zure we're lucky!" Ellison murmured, half asleep.

"Turn to, man! Git yer drag aboard an' let's git sail on fur Forteau! Gol dang it! we must be thirty mile down!" Johnson stared into the quiet darkness, balancing easily as the great remnants of the blow lifted the boat and let it fall with easy motion. Ellison got in the grating, the sweep, and the log. Between them the two men hoisted the puny jib, settled the foresail in place, and stretched the mainsail to its fullest capacity.

"Take us five hours or more, I'll bet!" the skipper muttered, "all fur blasted cod that we ain't got!"

They sailed in silence, the breeze holding on gently.

Stars twinkled into sight, sparkling; no clouds anywhere in the deep-blue night skies.

"Ye've zaved me loife agin; I'm powerful obliged, Cap'n!" There was a catch in Ellison's voice and a tremor.

Johnson, curled up in the stern-sheets, tiller stowed under his arm, smiled grimly in the darkness.

"Say no more, Jack; I'm one ahead o' ye now; but, lad, ye sh'uld ha' knowed what was a-comin'!"

"Knows I oughter," the fisherman answered, slowly. "Wass more fur haulin' cod, I z'pose!"

The skipper chuckled, his shoulders tossing slightly: "Don't ye be too greedy when th' weather gi'es ye fair warnin'!

Ye was owner o' this craft, an' I warn't a-goin' to say *when*, till she got beyond ye!"

A soft chill stillness on the waters, the weakening breeze pushing them on. Ellison dozed; Johnson almost slept, waking with jerks of his head whenever he felt the boat keeping away from her course.

"It 'll be dom lonely t' Forteau wi'out ye!" Jack's deep voice, deeper than ever because of his sleepiness, rumbled aft.

"Wait till I gets away, lad—wait; mabbe"—the skipper's voice shook—"God knows when I— What's that?" He was wide awake, standing on the stern-thwart. The other stared through the blackness.

Far off, apparently at the upper end of the Strait, three lights—a red and a green and above them a white—blinked and vanished, then appeared again.

"'Tis un wessel!" Ellison announced.

"Aye, man, so I kin see, but what kind o' ship?"

Steadily the lights bore down on them, the masthead gleam rayonning in the night.

"'Bout ship, Jack!" Johnson called, his tones thrilling with hope. "Yon's a Banker, I know! 'Bout ship, ye lubber! an' I'll cross her bows fur home. Fur home an' th' kiddies!" he whispered, hauling in on the main-sheet as he jammed the tiller hard over. "Trim her flat 's she'll go!"

"Aye!" the fisherman answered, coiling the sheet-ropes at his feet, a sadness in his words,—*"aye!"*

Humoring the slightest whim of the wind, the skipper got the best out of the broad-beamed craft, and crept athwart-course to the oncoming lights; watching them, lips apart, eyes straining to gauge the chances of intercepting the ship.

Lap—lap—lap—g-r-r-r-gle; the waters parted under the squat bows heavily. The skipper licked his lips in anguish.

"We're goin' ter miss her, Jack, unless we make a light! Ha' ye got a match fur th' lantern?"

Ellison fumbled under his oilskins and felt a damp box. "Cap'en, won't ye stay along o' me? I canna fush alone, an' t' wife an' boy'll hev hard times t' winter 'less I'm ter find some 'un to fush along o' me." The voice was husky with emotion. Johnson watched the red and

green and white lights swinging on before he answered.

"I've saved ye twict!" he said, solemnly, "an' I axes ye is't fair dealin's, when *my* missus an' kiddies is 'broke' ter home in Bosting?"

Softly whistling, gently pushing, the wind carried through the awkward sails, while the waters gurgled and *sip-sip-ed* against the sides.

Ellison stiffened in his wet clothes.

"Naw, zor, 'tis na fair!" he mumbled, and began striking the matches on the under coaming of the narrow deck. The first one spluttered, flared—went out.

"Steady, Jack, fur God's sake!" Johnson murmured, his eyes on the passing lights. Match after match then proved wet and useless. The skipper's face dripped with the sweat of agony. "She's maybe the last through this winter!" he sobbed, dry-eyed, staring at the red light now, the only one visible.

"Tere's 'un match left, Cap'en, *da's all!*" The skipper moistened his lips again.

"Ha' ye got th' lantern ready?"

"Yiss!"

"Give *me* th' match!"

Faces near together, the skipper saw the pain in the other's eyes at his words.

"Strike it, *you!*" he said, quietly.

Once—twice, the fisherman drew the bit of pine across the wood. No result. He undid his oilskin trousers then, and his rough suit afterwards. Ps-sht! when he pulled the match head against his coarse flannels it flamed up, died away to a tiny flicker as he put it to the wick.

"Thank God!"

The skipper cried out in his joy as the oil caught, and a broad yellow beam of light came through the glass. He seized the lantern and leaped into the frail rigging, worming his way up. Twice a circle to the left, twice a circle to the right, then three up-and-down dips (the signal of a doryman adrift).

Ellison watched, fascinated. The red light kept on for a few moments. Johnson breathed hard in suspense.

"They'd oughter know that signal!" he gasped. "She sees us!" he shouted then, as the green light and the white came into view. He slid to the bottom and threw his arms about Ellison's neck.

"Yer match ha' saved my missus an'



Drawn by George Harding

ONE BY ONE THE GREAT FISH DROPPED INTO THE BOILING SEAS



Painted by George Harding

"CAPTAIN SAM JOHNSON, TER COME ABOARD!" THE SKIPPER SHOUTED

kiddies this cruise, Jack, an' Sam Johnson don't furgit."

He held the lantern high, waving it now and then.

Her bows whispering foam, the schooner bore down on them, all sails set, a ghostlike vision of canvas in the starlight, leaning slightly to the gentle wind, moving gracefully to the sea.

"Ahoy! Who do ye belong to, an' what d'ye want?" came a gruff, powerful voice.

"Capting Sam Johnson, ter come aboard!" the skipper shouted.

"Luff—luff! Tail in on yer sheets, my buccos!" the voice shouted again.

With a swo-i-ish and a boiling at her stern the schooner hove to, a line of faces over her rail. The skipper put the fishing-boat alongside with a deft sweep of the tiller. A silence as he swarmed up the chain-plates, his feet clinking on the metal. Then an exclamation of surprise.

"Well, dod gast me fur a lobster ef it ain't—"

"Sim! oh, Sim! It's you? What luck, man, *what* luck!" Johnson said, hoarsely.

"Stow yer gab an' leggo me paw!" Hearty and wholesome were the tones. "Who's yer pal?" the skipper of the *Martha Lowe*, out of Gloucester, bound home heavy in cod, asked, seeing the boat, Ellison waiting.

"Th' man 'ut saved me when I lost the *Susan J.*"

"Hell an' blazes! that's too bad ye

did! The missus comed to th' Wharf when I was sailin' an' axed me particular ter find out what 'ad becomed of ye! She's right mis'able, Sam, waitin' fur ye!"

"Jack, lad, wull ye come wi' us? I'll guarantee good pay, an' stand th' loss of yer boat!" Johnson called.

Ellison, holding on to the rope cast by one of the crew, looked up, tears in his eyes that glistened in the lantern's light.

"Naw, Cap'en, t'anks to ye! Mus' go back ter Forteau fur to look arter my woman"—he hesitated, a throb in his voice—"an' To'mie! Good luck to ye, Cap'en! You an' me's paid up now! T' God bless ye, Cap'en, an' yer no ta curse t' sea no more! 'T 'as been good ta you an' me *t'other* night, an' good to *you* *this* night, Cap'en! Do na curse no more! Goo'-by, Cap'en!"

The lone fisherman jumped to his sails, hauled the sheets trim and flat, his lantern showing dimly on his white face as his boat filled away from the schooner in the light wind.

"We're not square yit!" Johnson shouted, a lump in his throat, "not by a damn sight, Jack! I'll see you agin, lad!"

Faintly over the rolling waters came the answer: "Good luck, Cap'en! I'll be glad to see un when un coomes, an' t' boy'll be glad too! Goo'-by, Cap'en!"

The schooner fell off to her course for home, Johnson watching the glow of the fisherman's lantern till it vanished in the darkness of the sea.

Moonlight

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

O CLIMB with me, this April night,
The silver ladder of the moon!
All dew and danger and delight,—
Above the poplars soon,

Into the lilac-scented sky,
Shall mount her maiden horn,
Frail as a spirit to the eye—
O climb with me till morn.

The Art of Gari Melchers

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

NESTLED among the dunes of North Holland is a primitive and picturesque little studio. The spot is lonely and isolated. On one side chafes a menacing sea; on the other are the quiet waters of a broad canal. Round about wave masses of tall reed grass; here and there is a stunted oak or pine, while above drift continually great, moist-laden clouds. Over the doorway of this small, low-browed structure you will find written in crude, resolute characters the motto "Wahr und Klar." It is many years since this device was first traced, yet those who have followed with increasing interest the rise of Gari Melchers still note with pleasure that the distinctive features of his art remain truth and clarity. Never, throughout a singularly productive and successful career, has he forgotten either of those simple words which have themselves so well withstood the change of season and the touch of time.

Despite the fact that he has resided so long at Egmond and has painted numerous pictures thereabout, Mr. Melchers is not, as many assume, a Hollander either by birth or direct descent, nor has he devoted his entire energies to depicting Dutch life and scene. It is America, and more specifically Detroit, which claims his allegiance, he having been born in the lakeside city some five-and-forty years ago. In point of unvarying placidity and uniform success few artistic careers can compare with that of Gari Melchers. From the outset there were no harsh parental objections, nor in after-days was there any period of romantic anguish or pathetic probation. The stimulus of poverty and the sting of jealous emulation were alike unnecessary to his development. That which particularly characterizes his progress has always been an instinctive consciousness of what he wished to do and the way it could best be accom-

plished. When, at the age of seventeen, the boy went abroad to study painting, the only stipulation his father made was that the youthful aspirant should not go to Paris. The enshrouding seclusion of Düsseldorf was deemed less pernicious, so the first three years of his apprenticeship were passed under the guidance of Von Gebhardt and other zealous apostles of precedent. Among his fellow pupils were Kampf, Vogel, and Hans Hermann, and while manifestly a promising student, the young American gave no evidence of unusual ability.

Matters were different, however, when, thoroughly grounded in the elements of draughtsmanship and painting, Mr. Melchers, at twenty, decided to complete his training in Paris. Taking no marked pains to acquaint the family of his movements, he quietly entered the Academy Julian. Wholly unawares the admirable janitor of French art had opened his doors to a remarkable newcomer who, in response to the tonic atmosphere of the capital, soon made his presence felt. His studies were regarded as little short of phenomenal, and both under Boulanger and Lefèvre, and later at the Beaux Arts, his advance can best be measured by the rapidity with which he outdistanced his classmates. They were picturesque and diverting days, those early eighties when Gari Melchers frequented the Paris ateliers. The American girl had not yet broken down the barriers of the Quarter and complacently seated herself beside the youth of her own and other lands. That traditional gayety which has since fluttered away before her rumpled skirt and spotted apron was still at its height. If Mr. Melchers and his contemporaries dwell with a certain fragrance upon this period it is possibly because they have more to recall than recent students—or is it merely the enchantment of a more extended perspective?



PORTRAIT OF MRS. GARI MELCHERS



"THE MAN WITH THE CLOAK"
The National Gallery, Rome

Between terms there were, of course, numerous innocuous escapades, notably a trip with two atelier companions to Naples *via* Marseilles, when spirits ran so high and funds so low that the three were obliged to resort to the most gro-

tesque expedients in order to complete their journey, but for the most part the artist from overseas felt drawn toward more serious matters. It is with particular pleasure, almost reverence, that he looks back upon a long friendship with Puvis de Chavannes and to certain Tuesday evenings spent in the unpretentious home of Camille Saint-Saëns in the Rue Monsieur-le-Prince.* At the latter place he used to meet Mme. Henri Gréville, the novelist, and the quaint and courtly mother of the composer, and on these occasions Saint-Saëns would often play his *Danse Macabre* and other selections with that same eloquent brilliancy which so charmed the exacting Wagner circle at Wahnfried.† To the Salon of 1882 he sent his first picture, entitled "The Letter," and the following season two more canvases were well hung and favorably spoken of; so when he decided to return home for a brief visit during the ensuing year it was obvious that his student days had drawn to their close.

On again finding himself in Paris it was Mr. Melchers's inten-

tion to spend some time in Italy, but the cholera preventing, he moved northward, passing through Bruges and Ostend and finally, toward autumn, settled in Holland. Fascinated by the unspoiled simplicity of the place, he acquired two properties

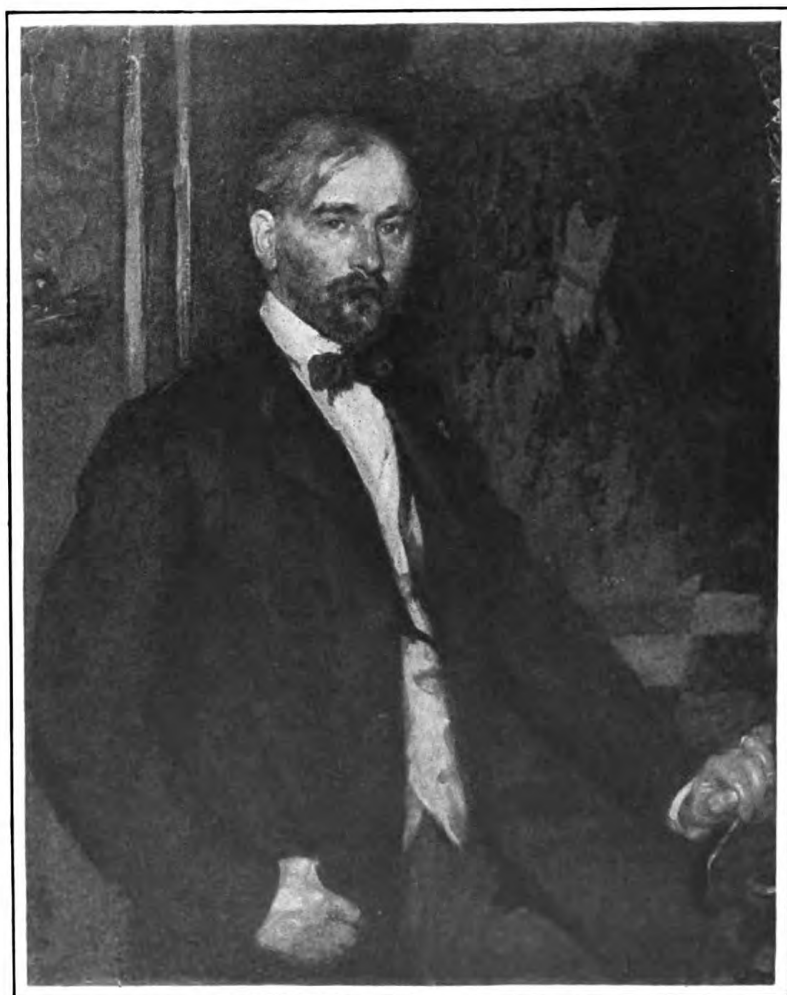


"MOTHER AND CHILD"

at Egmond, one being his residence at Egmond-aan-den-Hoef, the other his studio at Egmond-aan-Zee. It was from this same seaside refuge that he quickly began sending those sincere, straightforward, and frankly human canvases which to-day hang in the leading galleries of Europe and America, and which have won their author more honors than have thus far fallen to the lot of any among his countrymen. The Salon of 1886 witnessed his commanding reentry with "The Sermon," the next year "The Pilots" was described as the best foreign picture on view, and 1889 saw the industrious, unobtrusive painter of Egmond share with Sargent the two medals

of honor allotted the American section of the International Exposition. The only other American to achieve equal distinction has been Whistler, who was awarded a corresponding medal eleven years later.

Not alone were the vast majority of the Grand Prix recipients decidedly older than this artist of eight-and-twenty, many of them were already men of established reputation, such as Israels, Tadema, Liebermann, Von Uhde, and the like. While Mr. Melchers's four contributions were singularly strong and convincing, there was a certain affinity between his work and that of the two Germans, Liebermann and Von Uhde. Liebermann, too, had



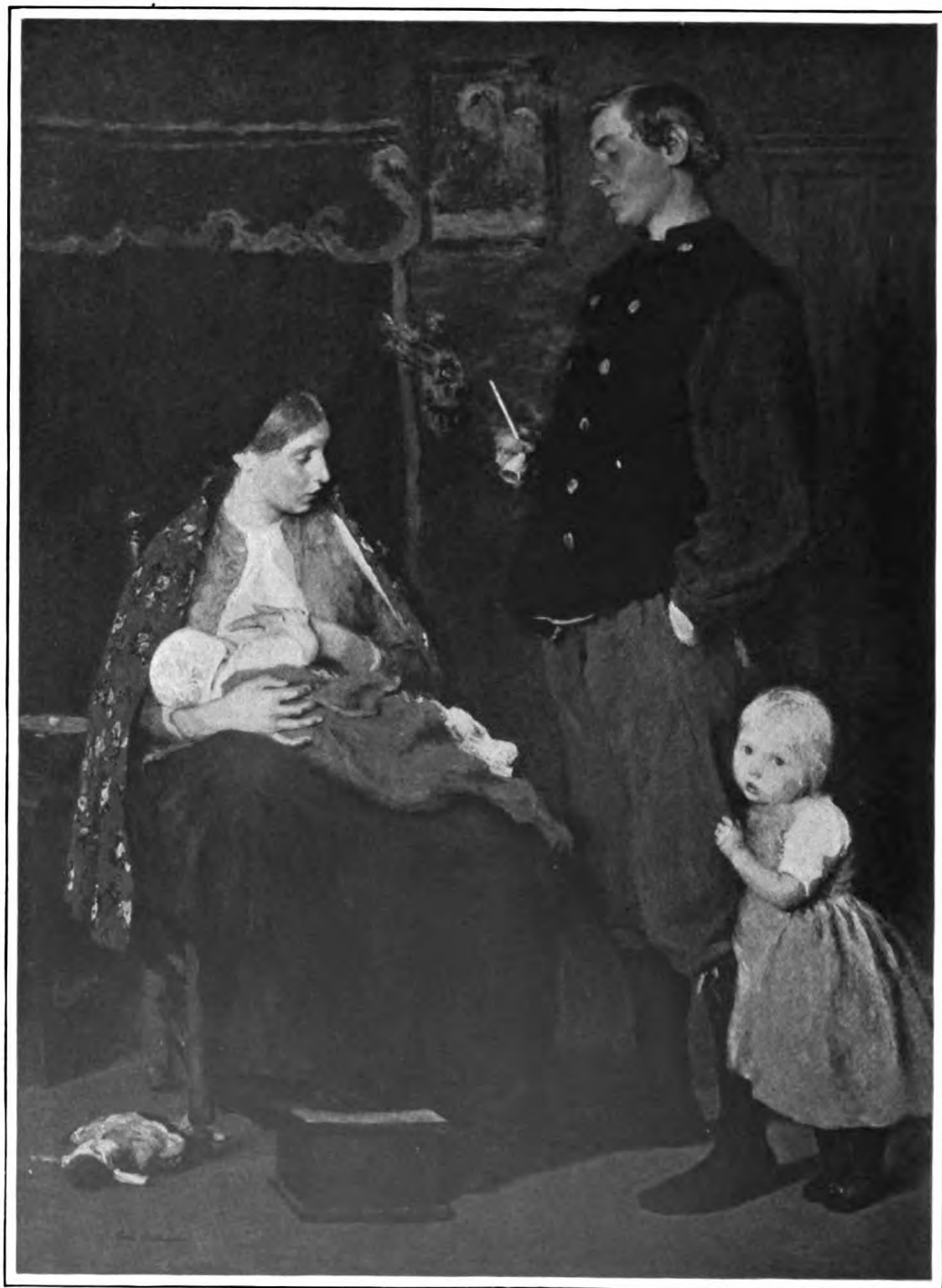
PORTRAIT OF GARI MELCHERS
 After the painting by J. J. Shannon

gone to Holland and had painted with vigor and restraint Dutch fisherfolk mending their nets on the sandy, weed-strewn shore, or inmates of the great hospitals and asylums dozing or chatting in sunlit courtyard. Von Uhde also had striven to bring home to naïve minds not only the spiritual message, but the bodily presence of our Lord just as He might gather about Him the poor and stricken children of to-day. It was not that Gari Melchers in any sense followed these men; he merely formed part of a sympathetic movement which both glorified the workman and endeavored to restate Scriptural truths in

the most unaffected of modern terms. Champions of this procedure have been many, beginning with the immortal painter-etcher of Leyden and Amsterdam and continuing through Millet to the gentle, mystical Bastien-Lepage. In this category Mr. Melchers has taken high rank. It would indeed be difficult to point to anything more rugged and yet more devout, more natural in its outward setting or more reverent in its evocation, than his "Supper at Emmaus," where for a moment the Master seats Himself in the midst of these humble folk and breaks bread at their rude board.



PORTRAIT OF MASTER STEDMAN BUTTRICK



"THE FAMILY"

National Gallery, Berlin

Nevertheless it is impossible to maintain that these latter-day pietists, these Christian socialists of art, achieved truly exalted results. The idea itself involves a paradox, a contradiction, hence it is obvious that when Mr. Melchers confined himself to the more specific reality which lay near at hand he attained a more consistent level. Untouched by personal subjectivity and unclouded by creed, he painted with resolute truth Dutch life in its deepest, most intimate phases. After "The Sermon" came "The Communion," after "The Pilots" came "The Shipbuilder." "In the Dunes" walk two flaxen-haired peasant girls, one carrying a yoke and a pair of blue pails, the other a huge basket. Striding briskly over the crusted snow a couple of "Skaters" hurry along toward the frozen canal. The whole subdued yet colorful picture of Holland is here. Prim interiors are flooded with that gray northern light which suffuses all things with a note of sadness and resignation; outdoor scenes respond subtly to shifting season or the precise hour of day. It is an art robust, explicit, and veracious. Nothing, surely, could be more sturdy, more wholesome, or more refreshing in its calm sanity.

While at the outset Mr. Melchers seemed satisfied with exactness of observation and fidelity of rendering, a certain appealing touch gradually crept into his work. Those rigid forms seated in bare Lutheran churches unbent before the fireside or amid the intimacy of the domestic circle. In-



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"THE BRABANT GIRL"

Owned by General Rush C Hawkins



" MATERNITY "

The Luxembourg Gallery, Paris

flexible truth became mellowed and modified by a tenderness which flowed straight from the human heart. Wholly endearing in their frank community of feeling are "The Family," now hanging in the National Gallery of Berlin, and the "Maternity" of the Luxembourg, showing a blond mother in flowered cap and cape holding in her arms a serious, blue-eyed infant. Constant effort and dis-

cipline, both spiritual and technical, were necessary in order that such results might be attained. The quiet years passed in the serene atmosphere of Egmond, with occasional trips to Paris or London, served to bring forth just those qualities which were most significant and most enduring both in the painter and in his chosen theme.

From the hour he first settled in Hol-

land until he had successively won the highest honors in Munich and Paris, Mr. Melchers led an ungregarious, almost obscure existence. Later, one of his whims was to have a number of studios at the same time in different places, and to drift to each in turn as he desired a change of view or a fresh inspiration. No one, in those bachelor days, ever knew where to find him. He might be at Egmond, in Paris, in Picardy, or at Bois-le-Roi on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. His mail followed him aimlessly about or accumulated unregarded in one particular spot. His friends were amused or annoyed according to their several temperaments, and dealers on the hunt for pictures were driven to distraction. Yet in this way the painter never fell into a rut. His vision continued vivacious and animated, and interest seldom flagged.

It was but natural after so long a residence abroad and such complete Continental recognition that Mr. Melchers should turn his eyes toward his own country, where he was less known and where he had so rarely exhibited. Within a relatively short period he has closely identified himself with local conditions. The medium has been portraiture; nor is portraiture anything of a departure, for throughout his career he has not only painted numerous specific likenesses, but has always been a deep and searching student of physiognomy. You need only gaze at the solemn, characteristic dignity of "The Man with the Cloak" who looks from the walls of the National Gallery of Rome, or note the becomingly frank and decorative "Brabant Girl" owned by General Hawkins, to realize how far Mr. Melchers had already carried portrait painting. And yet when he finally did return he discovered just that something which seemed to be awaiting him here. During the early and middle phases of his development he had found truth and tenderness. It remained for him to add the elusive caress of beauty, and this he has captured without sacrificing either of the previous conquests.

Notable among the painter's recent portraits of women are those of Mrs. Frederick M. Alger and of Mrs. Gari Melchers, the latter a full length in profile, exquisitely instantaneous in pose

and luminously clear in tone. These are not facile or frivolous likenesses; they evince, each of them, a rounded, certain mastery and a sense of color as true as it is unconventional. No vague, unsanitary landscapes envelop these individuals, nor are they suffocated with costly hangings or imperilled by unsteady bits of pottery. All is consistent, legitimate, and refreshing. You never see in any of Mr. Melchers's work a touch of drama or a hint of artifice. Behind the blond head of the "Brabant Girl" looms a row of delft; the white-gowned figure of Mrs. Melchers stands outlined against a quaint, flowered wall-paper. There is no convulsive striving after effect. The right result comes through an innate, infallible power of selection. The requisite elements seem always to have dwelt there within the limits of the frame.

Mr. Melchers professes keen admiration for views utterly dissimilar to his own, and in all his tastes displays a mellow, human, catholicity. One of his few theories is that "good things are nearly always good for the same reasons," and he also firmly believes that "the really big men are strikingly alike." Wholly undisturbed by sudden and seemingly radical changes of manner in others, he paints with a breadth and assurance that never fail to convey the desired impression. Behind the slightest of his sketches or the most ambitious full-length lurks a sound, disciplined surety of purpose which cannot go astray. In glancing at these portraits you may think of Hals or you may think of Velasquez, but you will scarcely think of any one not in the truest sense of the term a master craftsman. Now that he has come to us for a portion of each season, it is doubly apparent that Mr. Melchers's long sojourn abroad has splendidly served its purpose. The years in Egmond and in Paris, or the visits to London, where, in addition to Mr. Shannon, his friends numbered Watts and Val Prinsep, certainly bore rich fruit. He left a mere lad; he has returned a mature artist, bringing to a new country the lessons taught so well in the old. It was not otherwise that the great pioneers of the past were wont to do when Dürer wandered homeward from Italy or Holbein crossed the Channel to England.

A Happy Half-Century

BY AGNES REPPLIER

THERE are few of us who do not occasionally wish we had been born in other days, in days for which we have some secret affinity, and which shine for us with a mellow light in the deceitful pages of history. Mr. Austin Dobson, for example, must have sighed more than once to see Queen Anne on Queen Victoria's throne; and the Hon. Cecil Rhodes must have realized that the reign of Elizabeth was the reign for him. There is a great deal lost in being born out of date. What freak of fortune thrust Galileo into the world three centuries too soon, and held back Richard Burton's restless soul until he was three centuries too late?

For myself, I confess that the last twenty-five years of the eighteenth century and the first twenty-five years of the nineteenth century make up my chosen period, and that my motive for so choosing is contemptible. It was not a time distinguished—in England at least—for wit or wisdom, for public virtues or for private charm; but it *was* a time when literary reputations were so cheaply gained that nobody needed to despair of one. A taste for platitudes, a tinge of Pharisaism, an appreciation of the commonplace,—and the thing was done. It was in the latter half of this blissful period that we find that enthusiastic chronicler, Mrs. Cowley, writing in *Public Characters* of "the proud preeminence which, in all the varieties of excellence produced by the pen, the pencil, or the lyre, the ladies of Great Britain have attained over contemporaries in every other country in Europe."

When we search for proofs of this proud preeminence, what do we find? Roughly speaking, the period begins with Miss Burney and closes with Miss Jane Porter. It includes—besides Miss Burney—one star of the first magnitude, Miss Austen (whose light never dazzled Mrs. Cowley's eyes), and one mild but

steadfast planet, Miss Edgeworth. The rest of Great Britain's literary ladies were enjoying a degree of fame and fortune so utterly disproportionate to their merits that their toiling successors to-day may be pardoned for wishing themselves part of that happy sisterhood. Think of being able to find a market for an interminable essay entitled "Against Inconsistency in our Expectations"! There lingers in all our hearts a desire to utter moral platitudes, to dwell lingeringly and lovingly upon the obvious; but, alas! we are not Mrs. Barbaulds, and this is not the year 1780. Foolish and inconsequent we may be, but tedious never! And think of hearing one's own brother burst into song, that he might fondly eulogize our

Sacred gifts whose meed is deathless praise,
Whose potent charm the enraptured soul can raise.

There are few things more difficult to conceive than an enthusiastic brother tunefully entreating his sister to go on enrapturing the world with her pen. Oh, thrice-favored Anna Lætitia Barbauld, who could even warm the calm fraternal heart into a glow of sensibility!

The publication of *Evelina* was the first notable event in our happy half-century. Its freshness and vivacity charmed all London; and Miss Burney, like Sheridan, had her applause "dashed in her face, sounded in her ears," for the rest of a long and meritorious life. Her second novel, *Cecilia*, was received with such universal transport that, in a very moral epilogue of a rather immoral play, we find it seriously commended to the public as an antidote to vice:

Let sweet Cecilia gain your just applause,
Whose every passion yields to nature's laws.
Miss Burney, blushing in the royal box,
Had the satisfaction of hearing this
stately advertisement of her wares. Virtue was not left to be its own reward in those fruitful and generous years.

Indeed the most comfortable characteristic of the period, and the one which incites our deepest envy, is the universal willingness to accept a good purpose as a substitute for good work. Even Madame d'Arblay, shrewd, caustic, and quick-witted, forbears from unkind criticism of the well-intentioned. She has nothing but praise for Mrs. Barbauld's poems, because of "the piety and worth they exhibit"; and she rises to absolute enthusiasm over the antislavery epistle, declaring that its energy "springs from the real spirit of virtue." Yet to us the picture of the depraved and luxurious West India ladies—about whom it is safe to say good Mrs. Barbauld knew very little—seems one of the most unconscious-ly humorous things in English verse.

Lo! where reclined, pale Beauty courts the breeze,
Diffused on sofas of voluptuous ease.

With languid tones imperious mandates urge,
With arm recumbent wield the household scourge.

There are moments when Mrs. Barbauld soars to the inimitable, when she reaches the highest and happiest effect that absurdity is able to produce.

With arm recumbent wield the household scourge

is one of these inspirations; and another is this pregnant sentence, which occurs in a chapter of advice to young girls: "An ass is much better adapted than a horse to show off a lady."

To point to Hannah More as a brilliant and bewildering example of sustained success is to give the most convincing proof that it was a good thing to be born in the year 1745. Miss More began to be famous just as my cherished half-century began to dawn, and for the whole fifty years her life was a series of social, literary, and religious triumphs. In her youth, she was mistaken for a wit. In her old age, she was revered as a saint. In her youth, Garrick called her "Nine,"—gracefully intimating that she embodied the attributes of all the Muses. In her old age, an acquaintance wrote to her: "You who are secure of the approbation of angels may well hold human applause to be of small consequence." In her youth, she wrote plays that everybody went to see. In her old age, she wrote

tracts that everybody bought and distributed. Bishops composed Latin verses in her honor, and her biographer deemed it necessary to apologize for her correspondence with that agreeable worldling Horace Walpole. When her tragedy, *Percy*, was brought out in London, men "shed tears in abundance." When ladies tried to read this play to one another, they were so choked with emotion as to be unable to proceed. The Duke of Northumberland sent a special messenger to thank her for the honor she had done his historic name. Four thousand copies of *Percy* were sold in a fortnight. Ten thousand copies of *The Search for Happiness* were sold in six weeks. Twenty thousand copies of *Cælebs in Search of a Wife* were sold in England, and thirty thousand in America. "The Americans are a very approving people," acknowledged the gratified authoress. In Iceland, *Cælebs* was read—so Miss More says—"with great apparent profit"; while *Charles the Footman* and *The Shepherd of Salisbury Plain* made their edifying way to Moscow and St. Petersburg. "All this and Heaven too," as a reward for being born in 1745! The injustice of the thing stings us to the soul. Yet it was the unhesitating assumption of Heaven's copartnership which gave to Hannah More the best part of her earthly prestige, which made her verdicts a little like Protestant Bulls. When she objected to "Marmion" and "The Lady of the Lake" for their lack of "practical precept," these sinless poems were withdrawn from Evangelical bookshelves. As she waxed old, and affluent, and disputatious, it was deemed well to encourage a timid public with the assurance that her genius, though "great and commanding," was still "lovely and kind." And when she died, it was recorded that "a cultivated taste for moral scenery was one of her distinctions," as though Nature herself attended a catechism class before venturing to allure too freely the mistress of Barley Wood.

But Miss More *did* write. Nineteen closely printed volumes stand as melancholy witnesses of the fact. It was possible in those halcyon days to attain a fair literary reputation without such uncommendable industry. Mrs. Montagu, "the great Mrs. Montagu," established

herself for life by a defence of Shakespeare against the invidious criticisms of Voltaire; Mrs. Chapone, by her *Letters on the Improvement of the Mind*; and Mrs. Boscawen appears to have done nothing but admire the compositions of her friends.

Each art of conversation knowing,
High-bred, elegant Boscawen.

"She" (Mrs. Boscawen) "is at once polite, learned, judicious and humble," writes Miss Hannah More; from which we infer that the admiration for *Sir Eldred* and *Percy* must have been of a very ardent character indeed. Then there was the rather mysterious Miss Streatfield, who was received into the inner circle of the elect because, as a girl, she had been—Heaven knows why!—taught Greek. "Taking away her Greek, she is as ignorant as a butterfly," said Dr. Johnson; and, even with this unusual accomplishment, she seems to have been neither sensible nor clever. We find her, however, figuring in Madame d'Arblay's *Journal* as "a great beauty and famous Greek scholar"; and the *Literary Herald* lapses into verse over

Lovely Streatfield's ivory neck,
Nose and notions à la Grecque,

as though an acquaintance with Xenophon lent an Attic cast to countenance and character.

It is in the contemplation of such sunlit mediocrity that the hardship of being born too late is felt with crushing force. Why cannot *we* write "Letters on the Improvement of the Mind," and be held an authority on education all the rest of our days? Many people, we are assured, wrote to Mrs. Chapone, after the publication of this work, entreating her to undertake the intellectual training of their daughters. When we consider all that a modern educator is expected to know—from bird-calls to metric measures—we sigh over the time which demanded nothing more difficult than this:

"Our feelings are not given us for our ornament, but to spur us on to right actions. Compassion, for instance, is not impressed upon the human heart, only to adorn the fair face with tears, and to give an agreeable languor to the eyes. It is designed to excite our utmost endeavor to relieve the sufferer."

Was it really worth while to say this, even in 1775? Is it possible that the young ladies of the period were in dan-

ger of supposing that the office of compassion was to "adorn" a face with tears; and did they only pretend that they were sorry for the poor and sick, that their bright eyes might grow agreeably languid? Yet we know that Mrs. Chapone's little volume was held to have rendered signal service to society. Some halting verses of the period exalt her as the beacon-light of youth; and Mrs. Delany, writing to her six-year-old niece, counsels the little girl to read the "Letters" once a year until she is grown up. "They speak to the heart as well as to the head," she assures the poor infant; "and I know no book (next to the Bible) more entertaining and edifying."

Mrs. Montagu gave dinners. The real and very solid foundation of *her* reputation was the admirable manner in which she fed her lions. She also gave "literary breakfast parties," which sound rather formidable, breakfast not being a meal that lends itself freely to animated conversation. A mysterious halo of intellectuality surrounded this excellent hostess. "The female Mæcenas of Hill Street," Hannah More elegantly termed her, adding—to prove that she herself was not unduly influenced by gross food and drink,—“But what are baubles, when speaking of a Montagu!” Dr. Johnson praised her conversation—especially when he wanted to tease jealous Mrs. Thrale,—but sternly discountenanced her attempts at authorship. When Sir Joshua Reynolds observed that the *Essay on the Writings and Genius of Shakespeare* did its authoress honor, Dr. Johnson retorted contemptuously: "It does *her* honor, but it would do honor to nobody else"—which strikes me as a singularly unpleasant thing to hear said about one's literary masterpiece. Like the fabled Caliph who stood by the Sultan's throne translating the flowers of Persian speech into comprehensible and unflattering truths, so Dr. Johnson stands undecieved in this pleasant half-century of pretence, translating its ornate nonsense into language we can too readily understand.

But how comfortable and how comforting the pretence must have been, and how kindly tolerant all the pretenders were to one another. If, in those happy days, you wrote an essay on "The Harmony of Numbers and Versification,"

you unhesitatingly asked your friends to come and have it read aloud to them; and your friends—instead of leaving town next day—came, and listened, and called it a “Miltonic evening.” If, like Mrs. Montagu, you had a taste for letter-writing, you filled up innumerable sheets with such breathless egotisms as this:

“I come, a happy guest, to the general feast Nature spreads for all her children, my spirits dance in the sunbeams, or take a sweet repose in the shade. I rejoice in the grand chorus of the day, and feel content in the silent serene of night, while I listen to the morning hymn of the whole animal creation, I recollect how beautiful it is, sum’d up in the works of our great poet, Milton, every rivulet murmurs in poetical cadence, and to the melody of the night-ingle I add the harmonious verses she has inspired in many languages.”

So highly were these rhapsodies appreciated, and so far were correspondents from demanding either coherence or punctuation, that four volumes of Mrs. Montagu’s letters were published after her death; and we find Miss More praising the “humble” Mrs. Boscawen because she approached this standard of excellence: “Mrs. Palk tells me her letters are hardly inferior to Mrs. Montagu’s.”

Those were the days to live in, and sensible people made haste to be born in time. The close of the eighteenth century saw quiet country families tearing the freshly published *Mysteries of Udolpho* into a dozen parts, because no one could wait his turn to read the book. All England held its breath while Emily explored the haunted chambers of her prison-house. The beginning of the nineteenth century found Mrs. Opie enthroned as a peerless novel-writer, and the *Edinburgh Review* praising *Adeline Mowbray, or Mother and Daughter*, as the most pathetic story in the English language. Indeed, one sensitive gentleman wrote to its authoress that he had lain awake all night, bathed in tears, after reading it. About this time, too, we begin to hear “the mellow tones of Felicia Hemans,” whom Christopher North reverently admired, and who, we are assured, found her way to all hearts that were open to “the holy sympathies of religion and virtue.” Murray’s heart

was so open that he paid two hundred guineas for the *Vespers of Palermo*; and Miss Edgeworth considered that the *Siege of Valencia* contained the most beautiful poetry she had read for years. Finally Miss Jane Porter looms darkly on the horizon, with novels five volumes long. All the Porters worked on a heroic scale. Anna Maria’s stories were, if possible, still lengthier than Jane’s; and their brother Robert painted on a single canvas, “The Storming of Serin-gapatam,” seven hundred life-sized figures.

Thaddeus of Warsaw and *The Scottish Chiefs* were books familiar to our infancy. They stretched vastly and vaguely over many tender years—stories after the order of Melchisedec, without beginning and without end. But when our grandmothers were young, and my chosen period had still years to run, they were read on two continents and in many tongues. The King of Würtemberg was so pleased with *Thaddeus* that he made Miss Porter a “lady of the Chapter of St. Joachim,”—which sounds both imposing and mysterious. The badge of the order was a gold cross; and this unusual decoration, coupled with the lady’s habit of draping herself in flowing veils, like one of Mrs. Radcliffe’s heroines, so confused an honest British public that it was deemed necessary to explain to agitated Protestants that Miss Porter had no Popish proclivities, and must not be mistaken for a nun. In our own country her novels were exceedingly popular, and her American admirers sent her a rosewood armchair in token of appreciation and esteem. It is possible she would have preferred a royalty on her books; but the armchair was graciously accepted, and a pen-and-ink sketch in an album of celebrities represents Miss Porter seated majestically on its cushions, “in the quiet and ladylike occupation of taking a cup of coffee.”

And so my happy half-century draws to its appointed end. A new era, cold, critical, contentious, deprecated the old genial absurdities, chilled the old sentimental outpourings, questioned the old profitable pietism. Unfortunates, born a hundred years too late, look back with wistful eyes upon the golden age which they feel themselves qualified to adorn.

A Landscape by C. M. Dewey

MODERN landscape-painting, as developed during the past century, is a wholly new medium of expression compared to the portrait landscape of the earlier time, and justifies itself in its appeal to the imagination. As ideals changed, men set about finding means of expressing their imaginative vision. The portraitist's scrutiny of nature which had obtained under Dutch discipleship no longer satisfied the world, and reverie-image with its larger seeing and its inward emotion took the place of Dutch particularity. Instead of a copy, men demanded a symphony of nature—the beautiful memory of things seen as in a dream. It would be interesting, did the space of these papers permit, to show the close connection between modern landscape-painting and modern music. Their development has been coincident, both striving to express the brooding mystery and longing of the spirit of man.

From the beginning Mr. Dewey's work has shown poetic perception of Nature, and his aim has been towards a finer expression of her subtler qualities. He loves peaceful scenes with quiet pools, whispering trees, and pensive skies bathed in tender light—the evanescent moods of Mother Earth—which he presents with breadth and force, but with the reserve that shows the man of thought. His canvases are marked by poise, serenity, and intuition rather than by manual dexterity; his honest craftsmanship shows entire freedom from artifice, and his nice adjustment of sanity and sentiment, of perception and technique, leaves us in a contented mood. In this picture his best qualities appear. It shows his love for the simplicity and gravity of Nature. The light penetrates the dim aisles of trees in stray shafts, and the expectant ear almost awaits the sound of distant church-bells on the serene air. There are no stress and storm, but the scene is touched with the romantic illusion that comes from within—the expression of an earnest nature.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE VOICE OF THE TREES." BY CHARLES MELVILLE DEWEY
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

A Life Partnership

BY ROY NORTON

FOR thirty years they had been "pardners," had worked or played, enjoyed or suffered, and fed or starved together. Neither the desert's vastness, the mountain's ruggedness, nor the forest's impenetrableness had been strong enough to separate them, but now that mightier thing, the love of woman, threatened to come between.

They were alike in everything, even to birthdays, and if one asked their ages, they responded in brave chorus: "Sixty-five. Yes, we're sixty-five," and then with grave jubilation they might volunteer the further information that they "were goin' on sixty-six; yes, goin' on sixty-six."

They looked alike, as do aged married couples who have long dwelt in complete community of thought and interest. Their voices had the high, thin, quavering pitch of age, and were in unison; each had white hair, white eyebrows, and white beards, carefully trimmed alike in a style of their own, with the long upper lip smooth and the cheeks shaven to the corners of the lower lip and downward.

They always dressed alike, as if they were twin boys whose mother bought everything in pairs; same blue denim overalls, faded to a spotted kind of whiteness by much washing, same "hickory" shirts, same everything—sometimes patched in the same places. And that they had acquired the habit of thinking alike was shown in this love-affair.

Singularly enough it all came about, as good old Hugh McCarthy, who owned the claim farther up the cañon, said, because of "the buttin' in of civilization." And Hugh ought to know, because for ten years he had been their only neighbor within a day's ride.

The Ahpalino, as it meandered along the line trying to find whether it flowed in California or Oregon, wasn't very rich in gold; "jest fair diggin's—yes, jest fair diggin's," the partners had truthfully

told the forlorn-looking Jim Sands, when he first appeared on the scene with The Woman, then his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim, "not hankerin' much fur riches," staked as their claim the regulation number of feet a mile below. Then, as Hugh said, "Jim had caused a heap of trouble by gettin' up and dyin'." That was less than a year after his arrival, before his ditch and flume for "piping" had been completed, and therefore before there was any gold-dust in any receptacle in any place in the Sands cabin.

Neither tears nor weeds were affected by the widow; she was a little too used to "tough luck" and a little too angular and sharp-featured for either. One of the kind of women who seem to take nearly everything as a matter of course and all in the day's work. But the partners were tender-hearted old fellows, as becomes men whose lives had been passed out in God's good open, and from the time of Sands's death their trouble began.

Life with them had assumed great method, passing along fixed lines and within definite times. It seemed natural to always arise at six o'clock in the morning, turn the stream of water for hydraulic mining hissing and roaring against the bank at seven-thirty, "shut her off" at eleven-thirty, and so on, until at just seven-fifteen each evening—in the summer when all this happened—they could be found pottering around the truck-patch back of the cabin on the hill.

This excellent routine being broken upon, through the necessity of "lookin' after the widder" each twilight after the day's toil, was really the first little crack within the fife. It isn't on record anywhere whether Abner or Ezra was the one who first thought of going to her assistance, but it's most probable that both thought of it at the same time. The effect, however, was quite obvious.

Heretofore their cabin looked trimmer and neater. It was perched on a little flat where the gulch was broadest, and, with the big, solemn, companionable hills holding it in kindly fashion in their lap, it seemed part of the natural scene. They had taken much pains with it at odd times, had these two old fellows; had a kind of a lawn, and a gravelled walk, and old-fashioned flowers like hollyhocks and others that you don't know the names of any more; apple-tree or two, and lots of berry bushes.

Now that there was a widow a mile down the cañon, the grass didn't look so nice and the bushes weren't so trim, and it didn't take a pair of field-glasses to find a weed here and there in the garden. That's what Hugh said.

It went on this way quite a while, until after they had cut wood enough to run the Sands derelict through the winter and were ready to haul and pile it in her cache. And in the mean time the cumulative result was that both loved the widow, and both wanted to marry her, and each kept quiet because he didn't want to hurt his partner's feelings.

They nearly broke each other's heart getting along as far as the winter's-wood stage. Things went wrong that never had before; Abner would cook the tea too much, or forget that he was frying beans and let them singe. Ezra, in his abstraction, would forget to empty the tin wash-basin, and one night left his boots in the middle of the floor instead of in the corner where they had invariably gone for ten years.

The widow was a willing sort, and would probably have just as soon accepted one as the other. It was she who finally did the business. She cornered Abner alone one evening, while Ezra was in her cabin mending a shelf. She "allowed" it would be pretty lonesome for her when snow fell, and wished she lived nearer them, where they could both use the same wood-pile. It got to Abner. He told her he'd ask Ezra about it, and he did.

That night, after they had trudged through the darkness to their own cabin, lighted the lamp and taken their regular seats in regular places on opposite sides of it, Abner broke silence.

"Ezra," he said, with an odd little

quaver in his voice, "you've got to marry the widder. I give you my consent. 'Tain't fair to a woman to pay her as much attention as you have without marryin' her. Folks 'll talk."

Ezra nearly fell off his stool. The "talk" argument got him, although there hadn't been a living being up or down the cañon since Jim Sands died. Such fear hath scandal! And the worst of it was, although he wanted mightily to marry the widow, he didn't want to leave Abner, and it hurt his heart that Abner wanted to "marry him off that-a-way."

His jaw dropped until his mouth hung open, his eyes filled to the brim with tears, and he looked really old. He sat for a long time and gazed at the floor, a picture of utter dejection.

"Abner," he said, after he could trust himself to speak, "I ain't done nothin' to you, hev I? Ye don't want to get shet of me—do you?"

Then they both broke down about as far as they could, neither wishing to show his emotions to the other, and ended by discussing the trying situation from all points of view. Abner wasn't altogether frank, though; he practised deception by insisting that he didn't love the widow. Their confidence brought forth one result, and that was—the partition. There had been so many mental reviews of the years past that both realized the impossibility of living under separate roofs.

They slept in a double-decked bunk, one above the other, over against the cabin wall, and long after the smiling moon had crept over the hillside to watch tenderly over them through the night and throw the light of her peering through their window, they tumbled and tossed in the shadow of the great adventure; Abner because he was losing a partner and not gaining a wife, and Ezra because of the trial before him, winning a wife but losing a partner.

Ezra didn't know much of women. The kind he had seen on the salvaged edges of the world were not the kind he had wanted for companions, and certainly all women outside of dance-halls looked like angels and were highly unapproachable.

At sixty-five this clean-minded old chap was bringing a boy's heart and ideals to lay at the feet of a woman,



Drawn by Stanley Arthurs

BOTH LOVED THE WIDOW AND BOTH WANTED TO MARRY HER

Vol. CXIV.—No. 681—57

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and—as a boy—he brought them timorously. He who had for more than forty years fought Indians and bears and nature, and in a hundred ways gazed with unflinching calmness into the very eyes of Death, was afraid.

So heavily sat the fear of the night upon him that on the following day he procrastinated, and in the end convinced Abner that preparations should be made at the cabin before he ventured out upon his errand to the widow. So they decided to first build across the cabin the partition which was to lend privacy to domestic affairs.

Perhaps, too, Abner was the more easily convinced because the partition afforded a little more delay; but he felt that each blow of the hammer as it sent a nail into the giving pine was helping to build up the barrier between him and Ezra and his old life.

The partners failed to enjoy their handiwork when night-time came. The sense of estrangement was upon them. They smoked in silence before the lamp was extinguished, leaving them to the renewed keeping of the moon.

It was a long four-mile walk up the cañon to McCarthy's claim, but the next day found them plodding up to the cut where he was at work. They sat down together on the bank above his head and watched him. The noise of their approach was drowned by the boom of the swishing, swirling torrents where Hugh stood in rubber boots, master of the hill's destinies. The pent waters of the mountain falling hundreds of feet through steel pipe and compressed into the small nozzle of the Giant was doing great work that evening. McCarthy's hands played with terrific power as he held the silvered stream against some great boulder and sent it hurtling out of the way, or cleverly cut into a bank until it fell.

Even the noise of his singing was lost in the rush. The partners forgot their trouble and admiringly watched the work and the running sluice-boxes where gathered the muddy gold. They chewed tobacco steadily, their jaws sending their beards in and out with regularity. It was a great innovation, this visit. They almost forgot their mission. McCarthy saw them and shut down the water.

"Hello!" he called. "Glad to see you."

"Glad to see you," said Ezra. "Yes, glad to see you," piped Abner. Then, "Works well," they said, in unison.

McCarthy was puzzled. Here was the unexpected. He wisely decided to ask no questions, so stood wiping the sweat from his forehead and looking down the gulch.

"We're goin' to git married," said Ezra, feeling the need of conversation and taking the formality of announcement on his own shoulders. "Yes, we're goin' to git married," came the echo from Abner.

McCarthy's hands came down to his sides with surprise.

"Well, I'll be ——!" he said, then caught his breath. "Who to?"

"Widder Sands," they said, in unison.

"Both of you?" McCarthy asked, in amazement.

Again the partners felt the blow. For once but one of them replied. Already they were separated. Abner pointed his thumb at Ezra, and said tersely, "Him."

"When's it to be pulled off?"

"Soon's we kin git the preacher from over the divide," Abner replied. "Yes, soon's we kin git the preacher," Ezra concurred, fearful of being left out.

McCarthy's eyes twinkled humorously as he climbed up the bank to where they were seated. "Give Mrs. Sands my regards," he said, as he took his perch alongside. "When did you fix this up?"

The partners looked at each other as though recalling something, their jaws stopped wagging, and in chorus they said, "We ain't exactly asked her yit."

When McCarthy, with a well-developed sense of humor, laughed, the partners looked grieved. Atonement was made for levity by an invitation to the cabin. They showed their acceptance of his hospitality by washing their hands and faces with loud splutterings, and then each drew from his pocket a short comb and gravely smoothed down his white thatch of hair. They sat in silence as the host fried the bacon, warmed the beans, and brought out the "sour-dough" bread. In equal silence they ate and allowed Hugh to do the talking. They weren't strong on conversation, even when inviting a man to their wedding.

Night had fallen before they arose from their stools, put their pipes in their pockets, and showed signs of departure. Although urged to forego the long return trip until morning, they agreed that it wouldn't do to "sleep away from hum when it was only four mile off," tacitly admitting the home-longing that always burned within them, and trudged away in the starlight.

Ezra and Abner proposed to the widow the next day, Abner accompanying Ezra to the bend of the road and waiting until he should return. The alders out by the stream kept him company; and the birds, who all seemed to know him and commiserate with him, chirped sympathetically at him from the underbrush. The world looked pretty gray. Loneliness was leering at him from the corners and preparing to rub shoulders. Thirty years of partnership, and then desertion! He bravely tried to whistle when he heard the footsteps returning, and it hurt a little that Ezra seemed so elated and looked so boyish, and stepped out with a kind of conquering-hero air. Yes, Ezra had won by putting the case before her in good, honest, old-time way. Had told her he and Abner had decided to marry her, and that if she would have him, he would be "mighty glad to take keer of her."

McCarthy gave the bride away. There wasn't any particular reason why he should, but somebody always has to give a bride away, and Abner, feeling that decorum should be observed, insisted on giving Ezra away. The giving wasn't as easy for him as it was for McCarthy. He had to swallow the lump in his throat several times before he could find speech. When he did find words he bravely said: "Missus Sands, this has always been my pardner; now he's your'n. Take him. There ain't now nor never has been a pardner like him."

It almost broke the ceremony off. Ezra showed signs of retreat. However, they got through with it all some way, and tried to make the situation a merry one, cracking the good old jokes of fifty years ago and smacking lips over a bottle of claret produced by McCarthy. Indeed, they didn't comprehend until after the preacher had gone up the cañon with McCarthy and bedtime came.

The empty upper bunk, the lonely lamp, the chair without occupant, the shadows of the night, and—a partition! The first of the lonely nights when there was nothing to do but dream of others. Others by camp-fire, on plain and hill, or off up in the great forests where the trees held watch and sang brooding lullabies while the wind flirted with them above. An inch partition of wood had cut Abner off from all his world save memory. Loneliness and he had clasped hands, and in the clasp was life robbed of sunshine.

Every one who knew Mrs. Ezra said she was a good housekeeper. That's so, because Mrs. Ezra said so. "There wa'n't goin' to be no more clutterin' of boots in this cabing." That, too, because she said so. Once in a while she said other things, and at those times her voice had the sweet melody of a Chinese fiddle. But, after all, she wasn't a bad housekeeper. She scrubbed most of the time, as far as anybody ever knew.

Most wives are a great addition to the family. Mrs. Ezra certainly was.

Abner had checked off five months in the almanac, not having much else to do in the evenings, when the end came. In all those five months he had daily shrivelled in size, become repressed in spirit and sad of eye. From brooding at night he took to brooding in the day, and always was with him the feeling that now, at last, he was old. He seldom spoke in those days, and if one asked a question of the partners, it was Ezra who answered, in a falsetto solo. Duets were out of fashion. That is, Ezra answered unless his wife was around, on which occasions she answered enough for all three.

One day the remarkable happened. Abner was taken sick and couldn't work. It was the first time in at least fifty years, and naturally Ezra took note of it. The whole universe was upset. Like an astronomer chronicling the discovery of a new world, he took down the almanac and laboriously wrote on the margin, "On this day Abner was sick as Hell." Then he, too, brooded, and from Abner's side of the partition.

There was but one solution, and in great issues he was not wont to shirk. He went through the dividing line and softly but with firmness closed the door.

"We both love ye," he said to his bride, "and I don't want to do nothin' to hurt your feelin's, but if you don't mind, I guess you'll have to go. You see, Abner and me was fair to married before we met you, and we both feels as though we was committin' bigamy or burglary, or some other drefful thing. Abner's dyin' in there—of a broken heart. He ain't never been the same," and here he paused and with an unconsciously tragic gesture waved his arm at the partition, "since that thing was built." At last he was awake to the fact that it had divided their lives.

The former Mrs. Sands didn't seem to mind much. About the only divorce that could have jarred her, Hugh said, was from the scrubbing-brush.

About a hundred feet below their cabin the partners built one for her much more pretentious than their own. They devoted great time and care to its fitting—and wrought well. And with her went the partition from the older home—a menace destroyed. Then they dropped back as nearly as possible into the old life and tried to readjust themselves. They invariably passed a portion of the evening with her, and, as befitted gentlemen, worked for her happiness. It is doubtful if ever she had been as happy.

Sometimes, like bad boys, they overslept in the morning hours, and then she was of real assistance. She would thrust open the door and admonish them.

"Nigh on to six o'clock," she would say, "and you two big lazy fellers ain't out o' bed yit." Four bare feet would hit the floor from the double bunk, and Ezra and Abner would hurriedly and shamefacedly thrust their hands in their pockets, draw huge jack-knives, and cut kindling and frantically thrust it into the stove. Then together they would fill the pails and pots and pans with water, together would eat breakfast, together would go to work, and sometimes together would cast furtive glances behind them.

One day she died. That was the first and only time Abner ever made the trip to McCarthy's alone. The three—Ezra and Abner and Hugh—built a coffin, and gently laid her away where she had wished, up on the hillside back of the garden, where the little cross they afterward erected could always look down upon them in loving remembrance and gratitude for giving her the happiest days she had ever known.

Hugh said the prayers, and they weren't very long, because he was kind of out of practice. "Keep her lovingly,



SOMETIMES THEY OVERSLEPT IN THE MORNING HOURS

dear Lord," he said, "because she wasn't a bad sort," then broke down and forgot to say "amen." But the partners didn't. "Amen, Lord," said Abner, in tears. "Yes, Lord, amen," faltered Ezra, after him.

The flowers of spring snuggled round her resting-place, nor did they lack care in their nurturing, for each night two loving old men carried water for their replenishing and wrenched away vagrant weeds.

It was on the anniversary of her death that they made the last obliteration. No one knows whether they had ever discussed it in words. It was as evening—the long quiet evening—came that together they walked to the cabin built for her, and occupied by none but her, and to it applied the torch.

They sat in silence, these two old men, until naught remained but a few glowing heaps of logs, and the moon had arisen, and the night was mellow with memories of the joys and tragedies of their lives.

"You kin see down the cañon jest the way we uster before we built it," said Ezra, with a great, gentle, longing tenderness.

"Yes, kin see down jest the way we uster before we built it," came the wistfully answering voice, softly. "Jest the way we uster."



THEY SAT IN SILENCE WHILE THE CABIN BURNED

And they silently entered their home, for the first time in their lives holding each other's hand. The door closed behind them, the embers died out, and the great sheltering Father of Night stretched shielding palms over the cabin, the little cross on the hill, and all those things which "looked jest as they uster."



Psmith of Pavia

A MYSTERY

BY W. L. ALDEN

AS I came out of the railway station at Pavia, one burning midsummer day, I noticed a thin, eager, hungry-looking man, in shabby black clothing, who was watching me closely. No sooner had I climbed into the omnibus of the hotel than he came to the side of the vehicle and said to me, in fairly good English: "You want a guide, sir? Show you all things visible. I am the unique guide."

I could not at first think what brought the Prayer-book suddenly into my mind, but presently I remembered, and felt mildly thankful that the guide had not offered to show me all things invisible as well as visible. I thanked him, and said that I did not need a guide. "Very good, sir," he replied. "I will wait upon you at the hotel. I am English guide. Permit me—" and he offered me a printed card bearing the legend:

JOHN PSMITH.

Unique Guide to
the Monuments
of Pavia.

Just then the
omnibus moved

on, and rattled swiftly down the street leading from the station. The unique guide followed on foot, with the air of one who knew that his prey could not escape him and that haste was therefore unnecessary.

When I descended at the hotel, there was the guide, standing on the opposite sidewalk, and apparently wrapped in deep meditation. He had evidently taken a short cut to the hotel, for he had not the slightest appearance of having raced

an omnibus, with the thermometer at 92°. He was still standing thoughtfully on the sidewalk when I went to my room, and I temporarily forgot him while trying to solve the problem of bathing with three pints of water and a porridge-bowl.

I had come to Pavia in pursuance of a long-cherished purpose to visit all the Lombard cities that the tourist usually fails to see. Many travellers visit the Certosa of Pavia, which, in spite of its somewhat mongrel architecture, is imposing, and can-



May W. Lane Pustand

"I AM THE UNIQUE GUIDE"



Mayhew Porter 06.

"HE IS VERY HONEST, AND A STUPENDOUS INTELLIGENT GUIDE," SAID THE PORTER

not fail to please those bold spirits who have not the fear of Ruskin before their eyes. But the Certosa is five miles from the town of Pavia, and the ordinary tourist, travelling between Genoa and Milan, catches only a passing glimpse of the old blue wall and the domes and towers of Pavia from the window of his railway-carriage. Perhaps I ought to say that the wall of Pavia is not blue, but that venerable sentence "the old gray wall" has grown painfully familiar to me, as it must have grown to every one who has read of Italian cities, and I refuse to make any further use of it. Also, the railway traveller sees the long bridge over the Ticino, and informs his wife, or other companion, that the river is the Po. This in pursuance of the ineradicable conviction of all tourists that all the rivers in Lombardy are the Po.

Pavia has many attractions. For example, it has its full share of historical

associations. Hannibal fought his first battle with the Romans in Italy at Pavia, or at any rate in its immediate neighborhood. Columbus studied at the University of Pavia—a university which for more than a thousand years has held its place as one of the chief universities of Italy. What Columbus studied at Pavia is not known. It could not have been Bancroft's *History of the United States*, for in that case he would have been too tired to have cared to discover America. Possibly it was ecclesiastical seamanship; for we know that on his first great voyage he weathered a terrible gale by the clever expedient of vowing to go in procession to a shrine, clad only in his shirt. Seamanship such as this was precisely the sort that would probably be taught at a pious university, where eminent schoolmen had discovered how a man could convert himself into a procession by walking in his shirt. Furthermore, St. Augustine is buried in Pavia.

Late in the afternoon of the day of my arrival in Pavia I came down the stairs of my hotel with the intention of exploring the city. The unique guide was still waiting on the opposite side of the street, and I asked the porter if he knew him. "Sairtainly, sir," he replied. "He was Psmeth, the Greek. He is very goot guide."

"Oh!" I exclaimed. "So he is Greek? I thought he was English."

"I could not say," said the porter, stretching out both hands with a large gesture of apology. "We call him Greek because his father was an Englishman. He is very honest, and a stupendous intelligent guide."

It was, as I have said, a very warm day, and that perhaps was the reason why I failed to see that a man should be called a Greek because his father was an Englishman. I was wrestling with this problem as I passed the threshold of the

hotel, and Psmith swooped down upon me and took immediate possession of me. Now I do not like guides. In fact, I would rather miss seeing an important saint or the very dingiest of pictures rather than to see them at the cost of an explanation in broken English from a hungry guide. But there was something in the happy expression of Psmith's face which conquered me. He had waited so patiently for me to be delivered into his hands, and was so obviously delighted when I came in sight, that I had not the heart to reject him.

We walked on together towards the Duomo, Psmith chatting cheerfully of the weather, but showing occasional signs of sadness over the depressed condition of the tourist-market in Pavia.

"They all go to Milan or Genoa," he said, mournfully. "In Milan and Genoa it is noisy, and the hotels are very dear. I know Genoa, for I was born there."

"You told me," said I, "that you were English. Why do the people here call you the Greek?"

"Yes," replied my guide, "my father was an Englishman. He was a sailor, and he married my mother, who kept a wine-shop in Genoa. He was a good man and a learned."

"But why," I insisted, "if your father was an Englishman, should you be called a Greek?"

"Ah, sir," answered the guide, "it is a long story, but I will tell you in the Duomo. Here it is too hot."

The Duomo boasts of a beautiful doorway and of the tomb of St. Augustine. Psmith gave me a long biography of the saint, in whom he took much pride. There was not much else to see in the Duomo, but it was dark and cool after the glare and heat of the streets, and I sat down on the pedestal of a column and once more demanded to know why Psmith was called a Greek.

"Who knows?" he answered. "Sometimes a man is called an Englishman and sometimes a Frenchman and sometimes a Spanish man. We do not always know why these things are."

"You spell your name queerly," I continued. And then it flashed upon me that Psmith began with the Greek letter Psi. Could this afford a clue to the mystery of the guide's nationality?



May Nelson Preston 06.

SHE HURLED A STONE



May Wilson Griston 26.

"I CANNOT EXPLAIN, SIR," HE REPLIED

"My father he spelled his name likewise," replied Psmith, "but he had his misfortunes. He was compelled to kill a man in the wine-shop—a man who had said insults and had refused to pay for his wine. Yes! He spelled his name precisely as I spell."

I began to think that logic had never been taught in Pavia, either at the university or elsewhere. I had met a porter who thought that because a man was half an Englishman he should be called a Greek, and I had met a guide who spelled his name with a Greek letter because his father had killed a man in a wine-shop.

"I see!" I exclaimed, peremptorily. "You promised to tell me what you said was a long story about yourself, but you have told me nothing. Now tell me at once why you, who are half English and half Genoese and spell your name with a Greek initial, are called the Greek by the people of Pavia. This I must know, and know at once."

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"I will tell you all, sir!" cried the guide. "My mother was not strictly Italian, for she was born in Switzerland, and I think her father was a Frenchman. She was not very happy with my father, for sometimes he drank too much wine, and then he would say that he would make my mother know that he was an Englishman, and he would beat her after the manner of the English. And she did not live to be very old, for her head was thin and it would break very easily; and twice every year I have masses said for her soul, but they cost much money."

"Come," I said, "let us see Pavia." And we went out of the church—Psmith wearing a sad smile, and I wondering if there was really any answer to the riddle of his true nationality.

As we passed through a narrow street a dog fled across our path, and at the same time a woman rushed to the door of a house and hurled a stone, which struck Psmith on the ankle. As he held the injured limb in one hand and hopped

hither and thither on one leg in order to maintain his balance, he lavished sarcasm and abusive epithets on the woman, and called the universe to witness that no woman had sufficient intelligence to hit even a Spitz dog with a stone. Why a Spitz dog should afford a safer aim to a woman than any other species of dog Psmith did not condescend to explain. The woman listened in silence, and when he had finished his tirade she made a derisive gesture, and exclaiming, "*Va-tene! porco tedesco!*" she vanished into her house.

Now the expression the woman used may be literally translated into the dialect of Psmith's lamented father thus: "Garn, you German swine!" It seemed to wither Psmith, for he made no attempt to reply, and limped down the street, muttering to himself.

"Psmith," cried I, "this thing has got to stop. That woman called you German. If you don't explain why you are English, Italian, Swiss, Greek, and German all at once, you are going to meet with trouble."

"I cannot explain, sir," he replied. "These Pavians are pigs and the sons of pigs. They have no knowledge. Do not mind what they say, sir! Perhaps I am German. Who can tell."

I had to be satisfied with this explanation, for Psmith's feelings as well as his ankle had been deeply wounded, and he was not in a state to discuss matters of importance and intricacy. We walked on until we reached the university, where the guide showed me a statue of Volta, standing in a courtyard, and assured me that Volta had invented lightning. It was not a bad statue, and the courtyard in which it stood looked as if it had once been the cloister of a monastery. The sun striking on its marble columns made them dazzlingly white, and I wondered how it happened that the studious youth of Pavia had not covered the white surfaces with names and inscriptions, after the manner of youth.

I saw no students in Pavia, for it was vacation-time. The Italian university student is almost invariably a red-hot radical, and spends much of his time in making political demonstrations, or in actively rebelling against some unpopular professor. When he rebels or

demonstrates, the authorities close the university for a few weeks, and thank Heaven that they have an unexpected vacation. At the university the students learn how to wear a sort of tam-o'-shanter cap jauntily on one side of the head, and practise, with much assiduity, the art of making unearthly noises in the street at dead of night. An Italian university student may be safely backed to talk for more hours and in a louder tone concerning nothing, than can any other species of being, human or otherwise. Pavia also has a reputation for teaching the medical art. This, as Herodotus would say, is all that I am permitted to say concerning the University of Pavia.

We went to see the two leaning towers of Pavia. The tower habit must have been very prevalent in Lombardy in the middle ages. Rich people of otherwise good moral character became addicted to the tower habit, and squandered their money in building towers. Most of these towers are built of common brick, after the model of the common factory chimney. They are extremely ugly, and, so far as can be ascertained, were utterly useless to their owners. Psmith, however, dwelt at some length on the beauty of the towers of Pavia.

"This," he said, "is the country of towers. Genoa is a fine city, but it has no towers, except, of course, the lighthouse, and therefore is not as healthy as Pavia."

This new fact in sanitary science interested me greatly. At first sight it seems improbable that the health of a city should depend upon the number of its towers, but then the more improbable a theory may seem, the more truly scientific it may prove to be.

We had a look at the outside of the Castello, which was once the palace and fortress of the Visconti family, in the days when they ruled over Pavia and enjoyed themselves in the hearty, strenuous, decapitating manner of the times. The Castello has been greatly modernized outwardly, and is now the barracks of the garrison of Pavia. The guide told me that there was nothing worth seeing inside the buildings, and if there were, we could not see it, since no civilians were



Mary W. in on Psmith 06.

"PSMITH, I AM A DESPERATE MAN!"

allowed to enter the place. That gave me the comfortable feeling that as a sightseer I had done my whole duty towards the Castello. The most satisfactory moments in the tourist's experience are those in which he finds that he is not allowed to enter buildings which he has come to see.

After a cursory look into several churches of minor importance, the guide led me to the great bridge across the Ticino, where on summer evenings the beauty and fashion of Pavia come to promenade. At the time there was no one on the bridge, except a peasant with a donkey, neither of whom gave any marked evidences of the possession of either beauty or fashion. Psmith and I leaned over the parapet of the bridge between two of its many beautiful columns. The river ran swiftly, and looked as if it might be deep.

"Is the river deep in this place?" I asked.

"Immensely deep," replied Psmith. "Many persons come here to be drowned."

I placed my hand suddenly on his shoulder and said: "Psmith, I am a desperate man. I am not, as you think, an Englishman. I am an Arab, and terribly ferocious. Tell me instantly who and what you are, or else the river waits for you."

With a terrified expression of face, in which at the same time I seemed to detect relief and joy, Psmith clasped his hands and cried: "*Ana arabi keman. Manish rubbawi. Ana Masrawi.*"

What he said was good Arabic—at all events, of the Egyptian variety. It was, in brief, a claim that he too was an Arab. And this new complication was all that I had gained by my clumsy trick!

I gave Psmith up then and there as an insoluble problem. I paid him his money and begged him to depart. He thanked me, assuring me that he would remember me "world without end," and then went away hastily. My joke had plainly frightened him, and for the fiftieth time, or thereabouts, I recognized the fact that jokes are not understood in Italy.

With Reluctant Feet

BY ROSE YOUNG

MY mother and I were in the Twin Oaks attic sewing carpet-rags. No carpet was ever made out of our rags, but my mother had been brought up to sew carpet-rags once in ever so often, and she was bringing me up in that way. I hated the sewing, though I liked the pretence of being on grown-up terms with my mother. She sat in one little cane-seated rocker. I sat in another. Her ball grew fast. I did not sew two strips together in as many minutes. I idled and admired my mother—the light, quick turns of her hands and head, hyacinths in the wind, and the gayety of her eyes, beneath which lay in impalpable blue shadows the imprint of her physical delicacy. Back of her the attic was in darkness, but a broad band of light, an illumined, vibrating path, reached from her to the window. I followed it through the window off toward the sky.

Her voice brought me back to her again by and by. "Does it ever occur to you that you are growing up?" she asked. I wondered that her tone should have grown so grave.

"Oh yes," I answered, carelessly. "I notice it a lot. I can ride Norval's mare now. Last year she threw me every time I got on her."

"I didn't know that Norval's mare would stand a side-saddle?" My mother regarded me with keen question.

"And I can buckle the shaft-straps myself now when I help Poke harness," I continued, rapidly. "My hands are bigger—why, mother, look! They are bigger than yours right now."

"You are going to be a much larger woman than I am," she said, musingly. Her attention had strayed from Norval's mare. I was glad of it. She looked at the hands lying in her lap, hers blue-veined and frail, mine hard and tanned.

"Will I be taller than you?" She was very tall.

"Yes,—but especially broader."

"I wish I could be exactly like you."

Reading my eyes, she blushed and said, "You ridiculous child!" She was easily embarrassed by any reference to her beauty, even from my father or me. There was a Puritanical streak in her.

"But listen," she went on, grave again; "it's true that you are getting bigger, you are growing up. You will soon be a woman. I think you are already too big to scour the country with the El-dridge boys, as you have been doing this last year. Boys lead active lives to make them strong. They have to be strong, so that they can take care of girls. They can do things that you can't do."

"No, not a thing, mother," I protested, concretizing the law to my private experience; "I do all their banters, except once in a while Brad's. His legs are longer."

"What do you mean by do their banters?" There was uneasiness in my mother's tone.

"Why, I mean skate as far, and row as far, and swim as far, and jump as far, and skin the cat—"

"Oh!" cried my mother, "now I am scandalized. Don't you understand that you must not do those things? You *must* not." There it was again, the word I had defied whenever and wherever I could, in the best of all places for defying it—the fields and the woods and the hills and the prairies of the wide Western land. "Can't" I had learned long ago to bow to. "Mustn't," alas! still aroused something black and ugly within me. I stood up and threw back both my hands, in my father's way, squirming with some of his strength and impatience.

"Now, mother, if I can, why mustn't I?" It was the old cry of the radical. I suppose that even in high-piping treble it mounted with its old wayward menace. My mother put out one hand avertingly,



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"IT LOOKED LIKE YOU WUZZENT COMING"

as if she did not like the suggestion in the sight and the sound.

"I don't seem to get your point of view," she said presently, regaining her control. "You don't seem to feel as I felt when I was your age. I can remember that I had high spirits, too, when I was a girl—I have high spirits now, for the matter of that. But I can remember being glad finally that there were fences beyond which I was not to go. It gave me a feeling of being sheltered and taken care of. It was a good feeling to have. A girl's life must have fences. A girl must hold herself down. She must tame herself." My mother was growing sterner, facing sterner issues. "You might as well learn now as later the difference between what you can do and what you will be allowed to do. It isn't that you can't have pleasure," she went on, tentatively, in the face of my depression, "but you must get it in a feminine way. You must pay a little attention to the woman you have to grow into."

I put down my little ball of carpet-rags and went to the attic window. The Twin Oaks country lay gleaming in the sunlight. I could see far. On top of the haystack by the windbreak in the home pasture I made out a boy's figure. The boy seemed to have been watching the attic window. He immediately saw me and made beckoning signs to me. I looked back at my mother. Her eyes were down-bent. The serenity of her brow and the steadiness of her mouth were all the more evident because the natural gayety of her eyes was veiled. I looked back at the boy, with no notion of obeying his signs. While I looked he held up a fishing-line in one hand and a can of worms in the other. Then he waved both arms toward Henway Wood and danced up and down on the haystack like a dervish.

"Mother," I said, "Brad Eldridge is out yonder. He wants me to go fishing with him and Than. I reckon I'd better tell him I'm done with fishing."

My mother seemed pleased at that. Her smile—remembering it, I know that it had humor as well as approval in it—followed me to the attic door. Looking back at her from the door, my throat choked with the fervor of my love for

her. More than ever before in my life I meant to do and to be whatever she wanted me to do and to be.

When I got out-of-doors my heart leaped gayly. The ground was so bouncy that I could hardly keep my feet upon it.

"Come on! Come on! Come on!" shrieked the boy from the haystack. He slid to the ground and began to dig for worms. Another boy was coming across the field. He and I reached the haystack at the very same moment. He and I always reached places at the very same moment. The other always got there a little ahead of us. He was older and bigger. He turned a face as speckled as a turkey's egg up to us, laughing at us.

"It looked like you wuzzen't comin'. But I calculated you would." His brow was broad and high and his eyes were large and untroubled. He showed in feature and expression that he was a law unto himself. The younger boy beside him was shorter and slimmer. Determination, a white flame, burned in his eyes. His life was enfevered by his effort to keep up with his brother. His sharp face showed it.

"*I'm not going—I'm not going.*" That was what I kept telling myself for the sake of the woman that I had to grow into.

"Look at them apples," said the big boy. It was not that I cared for apples, but their fragrance, like passes from a fairy's brush, established for me the picture of Rillrall Creek—where we had eaten many such apples—the whisking perch, the rippling water, the flock of the shadows in the trees. The ground under my feet began to slip and slide toward Henway Wood.

"O God," I prayed within myself, "please You try to understand. My mother's not going to."

"You carry the can," said the big boy. It was half command, half plea—his way.

We started off through the meadow-grass to Henway Wood. Brad Eldridge, the big boy, whistled all the way. I whistled as loudly as he. Perhaps I expected him to comment upon my powers. Finally he did.

"Don't bust yourself for nothin'," he said. Than, the younger boy, skittered rocks at a chicken-hawk that swooped low over the meadow. One of my rocks



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

'DARE AND DOUBLE DARE!' I SHOUTED



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

AT THE DOOR I RUSHED INTO MY MOTHER'S ARMS

went farther than any of his. He turned pale and threw again, far past my mark. The exertion made him wheeze.

"You're a fool," said Brad. But there was a crude tenderness in the words. "Look; that's all the far I can throw." It was a lie, and we knew it. He laughed blithely at our accusations. It would have worried him had we believed him. I tried another rock myself.

"There's no sense in your trying to throw as far as Than and me," he warned me—for Than's sake, I think. "Your collar-bone's different."

"Is it? Looky-here!" My rock plumped into the fence between the wood and the pasture, just as Than's had done.

"Anyway, it's what they say," insisted Brad. It was plain that he was going to stand by the theory.

We reached the fence, rolled over it into Henway Wood, and sought the banks of the Rillrall. Time flies in a wood as you go deeper and deeper into its shadows. We got into a part of Henway that I didn't know. I liked to be frightened as much as the silence and strangeness frightened me. Sometimes we fished. Sometimes we fussed. It was always about our respective abilities.

"I can stump you here," Brad would cry, and execute a war-dance across a rotten, shaking log that spanned the Rillrall. Than and I would spar for first place in accepting the challenge.

"You daren't jump to this rock flat-footed," Than would screech. Of course we did, splashing the water knee-high in our vehemence. It was in this wise, with an ecstatic sense of guilt, that I frightened back the woman that I had to grow into.

Sometimes we were quieter, and our talk turned upon matters of the mind—ambitions, dreams, and hopes.

"Just two more months till September. Then Shiloh Academy!" Brad drew a deep breath. Only he and his father and mother knew how hard it had been to make it possible for him to say that. His freckled face looked older and bigger on the instant. His education was a tremendous affair with him.

"My father doesn't want me to go to Shiloh at all," I said, with fleeting sadness. I recalled the way things were wont to go between my father and me.

"He'll come around, though. Do you suppose we'll ever get grown?" Some days we seemed to have been waiting so long. I was thinking altogether of Shiloh.

Brad regarded me for a moment with his calm, deep-centred gaze. Then he laughed, half shyly, half aggressively. "You'll grow into a woman," he said.

Protestation seemed futile, but his words resolved me then and there to take it out on the woman. Pained and astonished, she soon gathered her draperies about her and fled away into the dimmest recesses of the future. Rid of her, I became intoxicated with a sense of freedom. The boys could hardly keep up with me, particularly as I began to feel antagonistic to them. I wanted to get the best of them, especially of Brad. With the keen scent of childhood he caught my animus presently. Then our minds sparred off and challenged each other. We tried each other in mental tournaments and physical bouts. I gave him "phthisis" to spell, and he gave back "asafetida." He asked me if a herring and a half cost a cent and a half, what would three herrings cost. I asked him what was the capital of the Argentine Republic.

Almost always he came out victor in the jumps and the races. Finally, however, I saw my opportunity and grasped it with both hands. It was the loose-hanging end of a wild grape-vine. "Dare and double dare!" I shouted. "Whoever 'll take a dare 'll steal black sheep." I hoped to land on the flat rock in the middle of the Rillrall. I started to pray that I would land there, but as I sailed into the air it came to me suddenly that it would not be fair for me to try to engage God on my side. For Brad would not ask help. He would do it by himself or not at all. I did land on the flat rock, but it was a foolhardy thing for me to have tried. It was more foolhardy for Brad to try it. He was a large-boned farmer-boy, spare but heavy. Unfortunately the antagonism between us had become so pronounced for the moment that it dominated reason and caution. There was a glint in his eyes as he caught the vine. It broke with him when he was in mid-air, and he fell into the Rillrall with a thump. He was

sore in mind and body when he got up. All the best suggestions of his face—independence, strength, fairness—were veiled.

"Your collar-bone's different," I said, judicially. How could I know what a terrible thing that failure was to him!

Suddenly he seized a rock from the bed of the creek and aimed it at me. I had never before seen a boy as angry as that. I had never before seen anybody as angry as that.

He did not throw the rock. Instead he let it fall nervelessly, and crossed over to the grassy bank and fell down and sobbed. Than went and knelt beside him, silent. I wanted to go and kneel beside him, too. But I didn't go. By and by, still without a word, he rose and, followed by Than, went crashing into the underbrush with rapid strides. I remained standing on the rock in the Rill-rall. Not for a good deal would I have let any one know the sensations within me. I crossed over to the bank slowly and sat down and despised myself. Then I despised Brad. Then I despised Than. At the first sharp crisis he had gone over to Brad. They had stood together as brothers against me, the girl. Through the trees my sharpened imagination now caught sight of the woman whom I had chased away. She seemed to be coming toward me with a disgusted look on her face. I got up and started homeward as fast as I could go. But she slipped by me, like a zephyr among the trees, and got around in front of me; and watching her ag-grieved back, I forgot to pay heed to my footsteps, and pretty soon I was lost.

Little by little the terror of the forest settled upon me. I tried to shake it off. Once it came to me that if I did not know myself for myself, if I could but be of the forest life as the fox-squirrel was, as the woodpecker was, I should not

be afraid. It grew cool in the forest and darker. The white-birch trunks looked like ghosts. The willows sighed mournfully. Once I raised my voice and shrieked. When at last I stumbled into a part of the wood that I knew, I was shivering from head to foot. I was still shivering when I reached the house. At the door I rushed into my mother's arms.

"And I was not even uneasy about you," she cried, with sweet compunction. "I supposed that you were with Brad, and that he would take care of you."

"Mother," I said, standing up straight to say it and holding back my nervous sobs, "it's not true what you thought about boys taking care of girls. He went off and left me. I had to find my own way out. And I've had enough of boys. I—"

"Now come in and get quiet," said my mother, and added softly, "Boys do very well in their way."

Next day, just the same, a boy on a haystack whistled in vain for me.

"One need not go to extremes," suggested my mother, noticing my languor and unhappiness; "I'd run out into the yard and play with him."

But I would not go, and for three days a great deal of keen, sweet melody whistled to waste.

"Did you know," asked my mother, as the whistling began on the fourth day, "that Brad Eldridge went back to Henway Wood that night and spent the whole night looking for you? They told him at the kitchen door that you hadn't come in when he came by to inquire."

I went over to the window. There was a boy's figure on the haystack by the windbreak in the home pasture. He made beckoning signs to me, and his whistling sounded as high and as true as a flute. I slipped out of the house and went over the grass to the tune of it.



The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

II

A GREAT volume might be written on the intelligence of plants, even as Romanes wrote one on animal intelligence. But this sketch has no pretension towards becoming a manual of that kind; and I wish merely to call attention to a few interesting little events that happen beside us in this world in which we a little too vaingloriously think ourselves privileged. These events are not selected, but taken, by way of instances, as the random result of observations and circumstances. I propose, however, in these short notes to concern myself above all with the flower, for it is in the flower that the greatest marvels shine forth. I set aside, for the moment, the carnivorous flowers, *Droseras*, *Nepenthes* and the rest, which approach the animal kingdom and would demand a special and expansive study, in order to devote myself only to the true flower, the flower properly so called, which is believed to be motionless, insentient, passive and inanimate.

To separate facts from theories, let us speak of the flower as though it had foreseen and conceived in the manner of men all that it has realized. We shall see later how much we must leave to it, how much take away from it. For the present, let it take the stage, alone, like a splendid princess endowed with reason and will. There is no denying that it appears provided with both; and to deprive it of either we must needs resort to very obscure hypotheses. It is there, then, motionless on its stalk, sheltering in a dazzling tabernacle the reproductive organs of the plant. Apparently it has but to allow the mysterious union of the stamens and the pistil to be accomplished in this tabernacle of love. And many flowers do so consent. But to many others there is propounded, big with awful threats, the normally insoluble

problem of cross-fertilization. As the result of what numberless and immemorial experiments did they observe that self-fertilization, that is, the fertilization of the stigma by the pollen falling from the anthers that surround it in the same corolla, rapidly induces the degeneration of the species? They have observed nothing, we are told, nor profited by any experience. The force of things quite simply and gradually eliminated the seeds and plants weakened by self-fertilization. Soon there survived only those with some anomaly, such as the exaggerated length of the pistil, rendering it inaccessible to the anthers, which were thus prevented from fertilizing themselves. These exceptions alone survived, through a thousand revolutions; heredity finally determined the work of chance; and the normal type disappeared.

We shall see presently what light these explanations throw. For the moment, let us go out into the garden or the field to study more closely two or three curious inventions of the genius of the flower. And already, without going far from the house, we have here, frequented by the bees, a sweet-scented cluster that is inhabited by a very skilful mechanic. There is no one, even among the least countrified, but knows the good Sage. It is an unpretending *Labiata* and bears a very modest flower which opens violently, like a hungry mouth, to snap the rays of the sun in passing. For that matter, it presents a large number of varieties, not all of which—this is a curious detail—have adopted or carried to the same pitch of perfection the system of fertilizing which we are about to examine. But I am here concerned only with the most common Sage, that which, at this moment, as though to celebrate spring's

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

passage, covers with violet draperies all the walls of my terraces of olive. I assure you that the great marble palaces that await the kings were never more luxuriously, more happily, more fragrantly adorned. One seems to catch the very perfumes of the light of the sun at its hottest, when noonday strikes. . . .

To come to details, the stigma, or female organ, of the flower is contained in the upper lip, which forms a sort of hood, in which are also the two stamens, or male organs. To prevent these from fertilizing the stigma which shares the same nuptial tent, this stigma is twice as long as they, so that they have no hope of reaching it. Moreover, in order to avoid any accident, the flower has made itself proterandrous, that is to say, the stamens ripen before the pistil, so that, when the female is fit to conceive, the males have already disappeared. It is necessary, therefore, that an external force should intervene to accomplish the union by carrying a foreign pollen to the abandoned stigma. A certain number of flowers, the anemophilous flowers, leave this care to the wind. But the Sage—and this is the more general case—is entomophilous, that is to say, it loves insects and relies upon their collaboration alone. For the rest, it is not unaware—for it knows many things—that it lives in a world where it is best to expect no sympathy, no charitable aid. It does not waste time, therefore, in making useless appeals to the courtesy of the bee. The bee, like all that struggles against death in this world of ours, exists only for herself and for her kind and is in no way concerned to render a service to the flowers that feed her. How shall she be obliged, in spite of herself, or at least unconsciously, to fulfil her matrimonial office? Observe the wonderful love-trap contrived by the Sage: at the bottom of its tent of purple silk it distils a few drops of nectar; this is the bait. But, barring the access to the sugary field, stand two parallel stalks, somewhat similar to the beams of a Dutch drawbridge. Right at the top of each stalk is a great sack, the anther, overflowing with pollen; at the bottom two smaller sacks serve as a counterpoise. When the bee enters the flower,

in order to reach the nectar, she has to push the small sacks with her head. The two stalks, which turn on an axis, at once topple over and the upper anthers descend and touch the sides of the insect, which they cover with fertilizing dust. No sooner has the bee departed than the springy pivots fly back and replace the mechanism in its first position; and all is ready to repeat the work at the next visit.

However, this is only the first half of the play: the sequel is enacted in another scene. In a neighboring flower, whose stamens have just withered, there enters upon the stage the pistil that awaits the pollen. It issues slowly from the hood, lengthens out, stoops, curves down, becomes forked so as, in its turn, to bar the entrance to the tent. On its way to the nectar, the head of the bee passes freely under the hanging fork, which, however, grazes her back and sides exactly at the spots touched by the stamens. The two-cleft stigma greedily absorbs the silvery dust and the impregnation is accomplished. For the rest, it is easy, by introducing a straw or the end of a match, to set the apparatus going and to take stock of the striking and marvellous combination and precision of all its movements.

The varieties of the Sage are very many, and I will spare you the enumeration of the majority of their scientific names, which are not always elegant: *Salvia Pratensis*, *Officinalis* (our Garden Sage), *Horminum*, *Horminoides*, *Glutinosa*, *Sclarea*, *Roemeri*, *Azurea*, *Pitcheri*, *Splendens* (the magnificent Sage of our baskets) and so on. There is not, perhaps, one but has modified some detail of the machinery which we have just examined. Some—and this, I think, is a doubtful improvement—have doubled and sometimes trebled the length of the pistil, so that it not only emerges from the hood, but makes a wide plume-like curve in front of the entrance to the flower. They thus avoid the just possible danger of the fertilization of the stigma by the anthers dwelling in the same hood; but, on the other hand, it may happen, if the proterandry be not strict, that the insect, on leaving the flower, deposits on the stigma the pollen of the very anthers with which the stig-

ma cohabits. Others, in the movement of the lever, make the anthers diverge farther apart so as to strike the sides of the animal with greater precision; others, lastly, have not succeeded in arranging and adjusting every part of the mechanism. I find, for instance, not far from my purple Sage, near the well, under a cluster of Oleanders, a family of white flowers tinted with pale lilac, which has no suggestion or trace of a lever. The stamens and the stigma are heaped up promiscuously in the middle of the corolla. All seems left to chance and disorganized. I have no doubt that it would be possible, for any one bringing together the different varieties of this *Labiata*, to reconstruct the whole history, to follow all the stages of the invention, from the primitive disorder of the white Sage under my eyes to the latest improvements of the *Salvia Pratensis*. What conclusion are we to draw? Is the system still in the experimental stage among the aromatic tribe? Has it not yet left the period of models and "trial trips," as in the case of the Archimedean screw in the Medick family? Has the excellence of the automatic lever not yet been unanimously admitted? Can it be, then, that everything is not unchangeable and preestablished; and are they still discussing and experimenting in this world which we believe to be fatally, organically regular?

Be this as it may, the flower of most varieties of the Sage presents an elegant solution of the great problem of cross-fertilization. But, even as, among men, a new invention is at once taken up, simplified, improved by a host of small indefatigable seekers, so, in the world of what we may call mechanical flowers, the patent of the Sage has been turned over and in many details strangely perfected. A pretty general *Scrophularinea*, the Common Lousewort (*Pedicularis Sylvatica*), or Red Rattle, which you must surely have noticed in the shady parts of small woods and heaths, has introduced some extremely ingenious modifications. The shape of the corolla is almost the same as of that of the Sage; the stigma and the two anthers are all three contained in the upper hood. Only the lit-

tle moist tip of the pistil protrudes from the hood, while the anthers remain strictly captive. In this silky tabernacle, therefore, the organs of the two sexes are very close together and even in immediate contact; nevertheless, thanks to an enactment quite different from that of the Sage, self-fertilization is absolutely impossible. The anthers, in fact, form two sacks full of powder; each of the sacks has only one opening and they are juxtaposed in such a way that the openings coincide and mutually close each other. They are forcibly kept inside the hood, on their curved, springy stalks, by a sort of teeth. The bee or humblebee that enters the flower to sip its nectar necessarily pushes these teeth aside; and the sacks are no sooner set free than they fly up, are flung outside and alight upon the back of the insect.

But the genius and foresight of the flower go farther than this. As Hermann Müller, who was the first to make a complete study of the wonderful mechanism of the Lousewort, observes (I am quoting from a summary):

"If the stamens struck the insect while preserving their relative positions, not a grain of pollen would leave them, because their orifices reciprocally close each other. But a contrivance which is as simple as it is ingenious overcomes the difficulty. The lower lip of the corolla, instead of being symmetrical and horizontal, is irregular and slanting, so that one side of it is higher by a few millimetres than the other. The humblebee resting upon it must herself necessarily stand in a sloping position. The result is that her head strikes first one and then the other of the projections of the corolla. Therefore the releasing of the stamens also takes place successively; and, one after the other, their orifices, now freed, strike the insect and sprinkle it with fertilizing dust.

"When the humblebee next passes to another flower, she inevitably fertilizes it, because—and I have purposely omitted this detail—what she meets first of all, when thrusting her head into the entrance to the corolla, is the stigma, which grazes her just at the spot where she is about, the moment after, to be struck by the stamens, the exact spot where she

has already been touched by the stamens of the flower which she has last left."

These instances might be multiplied indefinitely; every flower has its idea, its system, its acquired experience which it turns to advantage. When we examine closely their little inventions, their diverse methods, we are reminded of those enthralling exhibitions of machine-tools, of machines for making machinery, in which the mechanical genius of man reveals all its resources. But our mechanical genius dates from yesterday, whereas floral mechanism has been at work for thousands of years. When the flowers made their appearance upon our earth, there were no models around them which they could imitate; they had to derive everything from within themselves. At the period when we had not gone beyond the club, the bow and the flail; in the comparatively recent days when we conceived the spinning-wheel, the pulley, the tackle, the ram; at the time—it was last year, so to speak—when our masterpieces were the catapult, the clock and the weaving-loom, the Sage had contrived the beams and counterweights of its lever of precision, and the Lousewort its sacks closed up as though for a scientific experiment, the successive releasing of its springs and the combination of its inclined planes. Who, say a hundred years ago, dreamt of the properties of the screw which the Maple and the Lime-tree have been turning to account ever since the birth of the trees? When shall we succeed in building a parachute or a flying-machine as rigid, as light, as subtle and as safe as that of the Dandelion? When shall we discover the secret of cutting in so frail a fabric as the silk of the petals a spring as powerful as that which projects into space the golden pollen of the Spanish Broom? As for the Momordica or Squirting Cucumber, whose name I mentioned at the beginning of this little study, who shall tell us the mystery of its miraculous strength? Do you know the Momordica? It is a humble *Cucurbitacea*, fairly common along the Mediterranean coast. Its prickly fruit, which resembles a small cucumber, is endowed with inexplicable vitality and energy. You have but to touch it, at the moment

of its maturity, and it suddenly quits its peduncle by means of a convulsive contraction and shoots through the hole produced by the wrench, mingled with numerous seeds, a mucilaginous stream of such wonderful intensity that it carries the seed to four or five yards' distance from the natal plant. The action is as extraordinary, in proportion, as though we were to succeed in emptying ourselves with a single spasmodic movement and in precipitating all our organs, our viscera, and our blood to a distance of half a mile from our skin and skeleton.

For the rest, a large number of seeds have ballastic methods and employ sources of energy that are more or less unknown to us. Remember, for instance, the explosions of the Colza and the Heath. But one of the great masters of vegetable artillery is the Spurge. The Spurge is an *Euphorbiacea* of our climes, a tall and fairly ornamental "weed," which often exceeds the height of man. I have a branch of Spurge at this moment on my table, steeped in a glass of water. It has trifid, greenish berries, which contain the seeds. From time to time, one of these berries bursts noisily; and the seeds, gifted with a prodigious initial velocity, strike the furniture and the walls on every side. If one of them hits your face, you feel as though you had been stung by an insect, so extraordinary is the penetrating force of these tiny seeds, each no larger than a pin's head. Examine the berry, look for the springs that give it life: you shall not find the secret of this force, which is as invisible as that of our nerves.

The Spanish Broom (*Spartium Junceum*) has not only pods, but flowers fitted with springs. You may have remarked the wonderful plant. It is the proudest representative of this powerful family of the Brooms. Greedy of life, poor, sober, robust, refusing no soil, no trial, it forms along the paths and in the mountains of the South huge tufted balls, sometimes three yards high, which, between May and June, are covered with a magnificent bloom of pure gold, whose perfumes, mingled with those of its habitual neighbor, the Honeysuckle, spread under the fury of a fierce sun delights that are not to be described save by evok-

ing celestial dews, Elysian springs, cool streams and starry transparencies in the hollow of azure grottos. . . .

The flower of this Broom, like that of all the papilionaceous *Leguminosæ*, resembles the flowers of the Peas of our gardens; and its lower petals, shaped like the beak of a galley, contain hermetically the stamens and the pistil. So long as it is not ripe, the bee that explores it finds it impenetrable. But, as soon as the moment of maturity arrives for the captive bride and grooms, the beak bends under the weight of the insect that rests upon it, the golden chamber bursts, hurling with violence and afar, over the visitor, over the flowers around, a cloud of luminous powder, which a broad petal, shaped like a penthouse, casts down upon the stigma that is to be impregnated.

As I have said, one could prolong indefinitely the list of the ingenious inventions of the flowers. I refer those who might wish to study these problems thoroughly to the works of Christian Konrad Sprengel, who was the first, in 1793, in his curious book, *Das entdeckte Geheimniss der Natur im Bau und in der Befruchtung der Blumen*, to analyze the functions of the different organs in the Orchids; next, to the books of Charles Darwin, Dr. Hermann Müller of Lippstadt, Hildebrand, Delpino the Italian, Sir William Hooker, Robert Brown and many others.

We shall find the most perfect and the most harmonious manifestations of vegetable intelligence among the Orchids. In these writhing and eccentric flowers, the genius of the plant touches its extreme point and, with an unusual fire, pierces the wall that separates the two kingdoms. For the rest, this name of Orchid must not be allowed to mislead us or make us believe that we have to do here only with rare and precious flowers, with those hothouse queens which seem to demand the care of the goldsmith rather than the gardener. Our native wild flora, which comprises all our modest "weeds," numbers more than twenty-five species of Orchids, including just the most ingenious and complicated. It is these which Charles Darwin studied in his book, *On the various Contrivances*

by which Orchids are fertilized by Insects, which is the wonderful history of the most heroic efforts of the soul of the flower. It is out of the question that I should summarize here, in a few lines, that abundant and fairylike biography. Nevertheless, since we are on the subject of the intelligence of flowers, it is necessary that we should give some idea of the methods and the mental habits of that one which excels all the others in the art of compelling the bee or the butterfly to do exactly what it wishes, in the prescribed form and time.

It is not easy to explain without figures the extraordinarily complex mechanism of the Orchid. Nevertheless, I will try to give a sufficient idea of it with the aid of more or less approximate comparisons while avoiding as far as possible the use of technical terms such as *retinaculum*, *labellum*, *rostellum* and so forth, which evoke no precise image in the minds of persons unfamiliar with botany.

Let us take one of the most widely distributed Orchids in our regions, the *Orchis Maculata*, for instance, or rather, because it is a little larger and therefore more easily observed, the *Orchis Latifolia*, the Marsh Orchid, commonly known as the Meadow Rocket. It is a perennial plant, which attains a height of an inch or more. It is fairly common in the woods and the damp meadows and bears a thyrses of little pink flowers which blossom in May and June.

The typical flower of our Orchids represents pretty closely the fantastic and yawning mouth of a Chinese dragon. The lower lip, which is very long and which hangs in the form of a jagged or dentate apron, serves as a landing-place for the insect. The upper lip rounds into a sort of hood, which shelters the essential organs; while, at the back of the flower, beside the peduncle, there falls a kind of spur or long, pointed horn, which contains the nectar. In most flowers, the stigma, or female organ, is a more or less viscid little tuft which, at the end of a frail stalk, patiently awaits the coming of the pollen. In the Orchid, this traditional installation has become irre recognizable. At the back of the mouth, in the place occupied in the throat by the uvula, are two closely

welded stigmas, above which rises a third stigma modified into an extraordinary organ. At its top, it carries a sort of little pouch, or, more correctly, a sort of stoup, which is called the rostellum. This stoup is full of a viscid fluid in which soak two tiny balls, whence issue two short stalks laden at their upper extremity with a packet of grains of pollen carefully tied up.

Let us now see what happens when an insect enters the flower. She lands on the lower lip, outspread to receive her, and, attracted by the scent of the nectar, seeks to reach the horn that contains it, right at the back. But the passage is purposely very narrow; and the insect's head, as she advances, necessarily strikes the stoup. The latter, mindful of the least shock, is at once ruptured along a convenient line and lays bare the two little balls steeped in the viscid fluid. These, coming into immediate contact with the visitor's skull, fasten to it and become firmly stuck to it, so that, when the insect leaves the flower, she carries them away and, with them, the two stalks which rise from them and which end in the packets of tied-up pollen. We therefore have the insect capped with two straight, bottle-shaped horns. The unconscious artisan of a difficult work now visits a neighboring flower. If her horns remained stiff, they would simply strike with their pollen masses the other pollen masses soaking in the vigilant stoup and no event would spring from the pollen mingling with pollen. But here the genius, the experience and the foresight of the Orchid become apparent. The Orchid has minutely calculated the time needed for the insect to suck the nectar and repair to the next flower and has ascertained that this requires, on an average, thirty seconds. We have seen that the packets of pollen are carried on two short stalks inserted into the viscid balls. Now at the point of insertion there is, under either stalk, a small membranous disk, whose only function is, at the end of thirty seconds, to contract and throw forward the stalks, so that they bend and describe an arch of ninety degrees. This is the result of a new calculation, not of time on this occasion, but of space. The two horns of pollen that cap the nuptial messenger are now

horizontal and point in front of her head, so that, when she enters the next flower, they will just strike the two welded stigmas over which hangs the stoup.

This is not all and the genius of the Orchid has not yet exhausted all its foresight. The stigma which receives the blow of the packet is coated with a viscid substance. If this substance were as powerfully adhesive as that contained in the stoup, the pollen-masses, after their stalks were broken, would be caught in it and remain fixed to it whole; and their destiny would be ended. This must not be; it is important that the chances of the pollen should not be exhausted at a single venture, but rather that they should be multiplied to the greatest possible extent. The flower that counts the seconds and measures the lines is a chemist to boot and distills two sorts of gums: one extremely clinging and hardening as soon as it touches the air, to glue the pollen-horns to the insect's head; the other greatly lenified for the work of the stigma. This latter is just prehensile enough slightly to unfasten or loosen the tenuous and elastic threads with which the grains of pollen are tied up. Some of these grains stick to it, but the pollinic mass is not destroyed; and, when the insect visits other flowers, she continues her fertilizing labors almost indefinitely.

Have I expounded the whole miracle? No; I have still to call attention to many a neglected detail: among others, to the movement of the little stoup, which, after its membrane has been ruptured to unmask the viscid balls, immediately lifts up its lip in order to keep in good condition, in the sticky liquid, the packet of pollen which the insect may not have carried off. We must also note the very curiously combined divergence of the pollinic stalks on the head of the insect, as well as certain chemical precautions common to all plants; for the experiments made quite recently by M. Gaston Bonnier seem to prove that every flower, in order to preserve its species intact, secretes poisons that destroy or sterilize any foreign pollens. This is about all that we see; but here, as in all things, the real, the great miracle begins where our power of vision ends.

The Eleventh Hour

BY PERCEVAL GIBBON

"On no condition is extradition allowed in Callao."

THE red tiles of his villa gleamed through palms, and from his deep veranda, where there never failed a grateful shadow, he could see every ship that came up to the shallow anchorage. They were not many; the town of Inhambane has little to do with the world, and the coastwise mail-boat came but once a fortnight as a matter of formality. Its coming marked a festival for every one, from the swarthy intendente in his white linen and gold lace, to the Kafirs that lived under the bananas inshore. Down they would troop to the boats, and presently the decks under the long awnings would be thronged with them, and the shrill of their voices travelled over the blue stillness of the bay to where he would sit watching alone.

He was a tall man, in the early ripeness of life, loosely knit, and stooping in the shoulders. His head was bald and white; the vivacity of the face, the sharpness of the features, and something of slippery strength in the expression and glance were at variance with a kind of large clumsiness in his every attitude. He was elephantine and Puck-like at the same time. In Inhambane he was held in high respect, for he had more money than any of the Portuguese officers had dreamed of, and a waif word that had drifted in from the outside world as to how he got it impaired that respect not at all. There would be smiles, sometimes, as they passed his veranda on their way down to the mail-boat. He had seen such smiles, and the thumb jerked over shoulder that pointed him out, and he knew exactly what was being said.

"He could be arrested as soon as he set foot on her deck," one was explaining to another. "An English steamer is England, they hold. So he stays ashore."

He knew it as though he had heard the voice so carefully lowered, with the scru-

pulous courtesy of the evil-speaker; but he gave no outward sign of trouble. The shape of a smile, its empty body, with none of its purpose or effect, had permanent habitation on his lips, and this at times he would seem to retain and fix with just a tremor of effort. Beyond that he acknowledged no wounds. Passengers going from Durban to Beira or farther sometimes snatched an hour ashore in little, glowing Inhambane, and these had a way of walking past his house and looking at him furtively. He was the local object of interest; but he could bear even that. One might have thought him callous, indurated to his shame, as he sat there in the cool, his big head propped on one hand, smiling in effigy. The eyes, restless and alert, drove off the curious; they had the malice of hostile force. None knew of the effort with which he drove himself to this periodical abasement, as a salutary thing, as some expiation for the sin which had been too easy.

Thus he sat, one still, fiery afternoon, when the newly come mail-boat was framed in the radiant blue of the harbor, and the beach that girt it was like a golden wire. About the flanks of the steamer the boats and canoes hung like a litter of young at the teat, and he could see the traffic that flowed up and down the accommodation ladder. The voices of the folk that cluttered her decks were silvered as they reached him over the gleaming water. He marked it all with a passive interest that was not quite idle, for he noted each incident. He saw that some were coming ashore; they put off as soon as the anchor rattled down, and among them was a white parasol. A muscle in his cheek flickered as he looked up. There had not been a white woman in Inhambane for years, and he made as if to reach the field-glasses that were near. But he let them lie; without doubt they would soon be walking past

him, and the parasol would screen the glances of some miss who would talk about him afterwards. He could get a good look at her then.

The steamers waste as little time as may be at Inhambane; three hours suffice them, as a rule. This one managed it in even less. She crawled over the shallows to the anchorage at two in the afternoon, interrupting every siesta in the local government; and at a few minutes past four her anchor was up and she was steaming for the sea. She moved out from among the vociferous boats majestically; floated slowly past the dumb fort, found the unmarked channel, and woke to full speed as she pointed her nose east and hurried to be clear of the shoals that complicate the mouth of the harbor before darkness should wipe out the steering beacons. From his veranda he watched her to the palm-clad point, and then sat back wondering, for he had not seen the white parasol go aboard again. Usually the steamer's departure unlatched a kind of embarrassment that kept him to his house so long as she remained. He did not so much mind their staring at him there; he was entrenched, as it were, and fortified by possessions which they could easily envy. But he did not care to meet English folk on the streets; he feared that an instinct to cringe or run might get the better of him. His was no pedestal of shame to flaunt a daring hardihood upon. This time, however, he showed none of his wonted alacrity to quit his place on the veranda, beside the tall French windows of the great *salon* that was dimly to be seen within. The thought of the white parasol stayed him, and he lingered in the attitude of thought.

The cool of evening was giving place to the chill of night, and a wind rustled in the feathery palm-tops, when at last he heard approaching footsteps. The white parasol was nearing his door; with its bearer walked a tall man in white. There were lights in the *salon* by now; they shone out brightly, reflected from black parquet and smooth walls, and made a radiance in the gloom of the garden. Into this walked the newcomers, and their faces were illuminated by it, so that the man on the veranda could see them and scan them while he was himself no more than a pale silhouette.

The tall man stepped forward, lifting his hat, peering towards the figure that rose from the deep chair to meet him.

"Mr. Dunbar?" he said, tentatively.

"That is my name," answered the other. He was looking towards the girl where she stood prodding the earth with the point of her parasol, and noting that she did not stare at him.

"We are in a difficulty," said the tall man. His voice had the fluency of one accustomed to asking favors. "We are passengers from the mail-boat that came to-day, and, somehow, we have been left behind." He laughed gently and deprecatingly. "We can't speak Portuguese, and it seems that you are the only English-speaking person here."

Dunbar nodded. "That is so," he said. "You had better come inside."

He stood apart to let them pass, and the tall man turned to the girl. She hesitated; there was a palpable unwillingness in her; but after a moment or two she walked up the steps and entered. Dunbar gave her a chair, and she sat down frigidly, and so remained, her eyes on the floor. The *grandeurs* of the room, so strangely placed at the last vedette of civilization, won no glance from her. Dunbar looked at her for a moment, and the curve of his lips was deepened as he turned again to her companion.

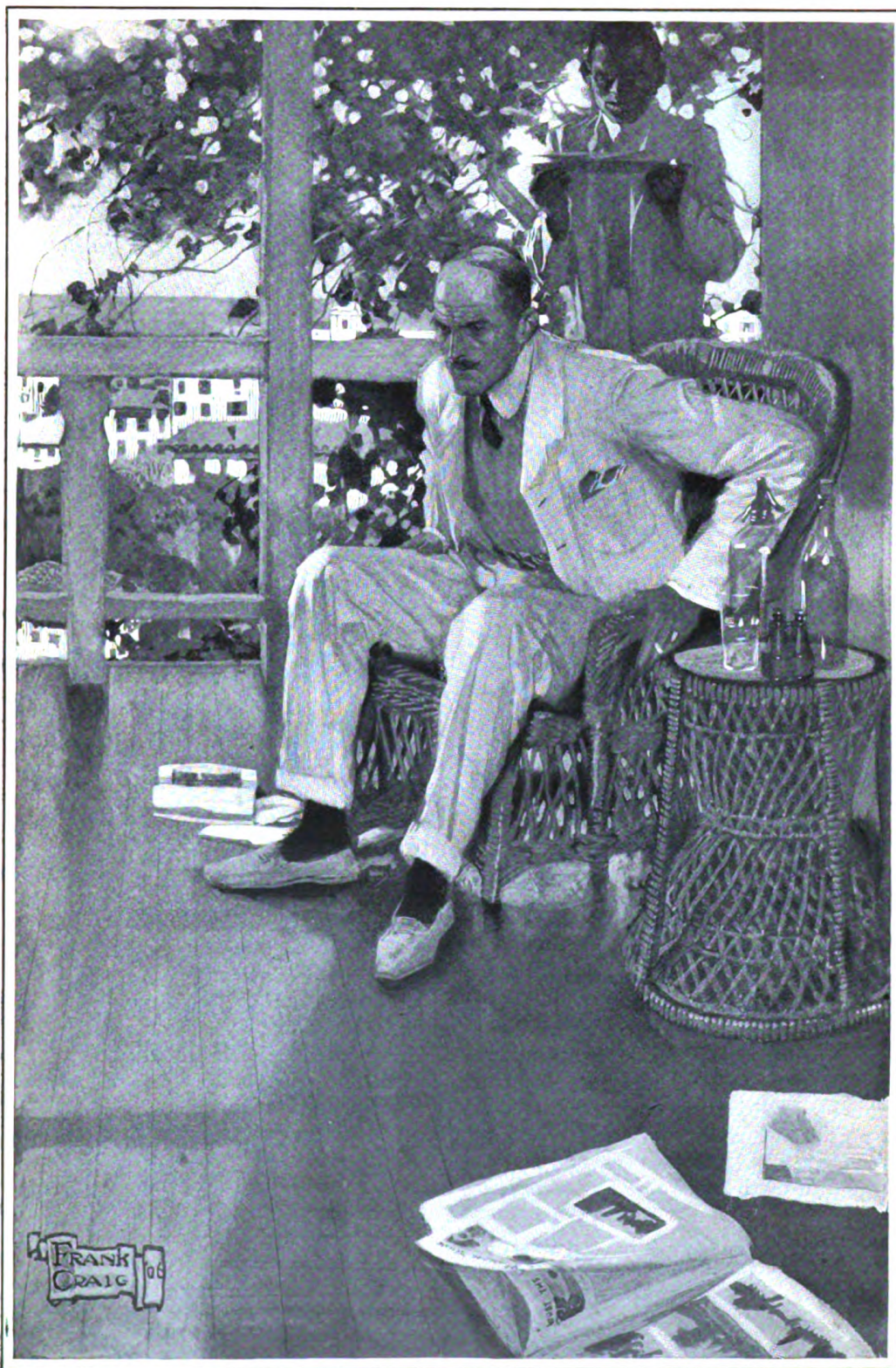
That gentleman drew up a chair for himself, and hitched it along till he faced his host at close quarters. He was pleasantly blond, with a neat mustache and a slightly indeterminate chin, and he had a confidential manner. His attitude, as he leaned forward, suggested a business interview, but his manner was otherwise spacious, even *grandiose*.

"My name," he said, "is Martyn. With a 'y,' you know. I haven't a card with me; didn't expect to pay calls, you know. I'm—er—in the army."

"What army?" asked Dunbar, gravely.

"Oh, I'm an Englishman, of course," replied the other, unmoved. "I mention the matter as a sort of reference. This lady is Miss Ryan. We came ashore together, and it's chiefly on her account that I have insisted—that is to say, that I've ventured to trouble you."

He paused, but the girl sat silent, her eyes fixed on the floor. She was not frowning; there was hostility, proudest



Drawn by Frank Craig

THERE HAD NOT BEEN A WHITE WOMAN IN INHAMBANE FOR YEARS

humiliation, grudging defeat, and bitter defiance expressed in every line of her figure, but her face spoke it only in a mute immobility, that woodenness and dollishness which denote the woman at bay. Dunbar looked long at her, and his was the habit of assessing accessories. He saw the pallor of the young face, the tight mouth, the set jaw, and with them he noted, with a leap of the pulses, the infantile curve of the neck and the soft wave of the hair where it swept back from the ears.

He turned to Martyn. "You have some suggestion to make?" he asked.

Martyn shrugged his shoulders, smiling.

"We are in a very awkward position," he said, easily. "These boats really serve next to no purpose at all. No whistle or anything to give warning that she means to cut and run. I fancy I shall make it hot for somebody as soon as I get within touch of the telegraph-wire again. You see," he went on, and this time he sank his voice and puckered his face to the authentic pitch of candor—"you see, it's distinctly unpleasant for Miss Ryan."

"H'm." Dunbar glanced at the girl in time to catch her little start. Martyn saw it too, and continued.

"Actually compromising," he said.

Dunbar rose to his feet and walked a few paces up and down the polished floor. Martyn sat back, bland and complacent, yet watching him warily. His eyes were bright with something like anticipation.

"You had better have some dinner now," said Dunbar at last. "We can talk then, since nothing can be done to-night. I suppose you know you're practically marooned till the next steamer comes? There's no telegraph here, and no railway. You know that?"

"Worse luck," assented Martyn, glancing at the girl to see that she had heard.

"Then if Miss Ryan will let me ring for one of the women she can go and prepare for dinner," said Dunbar. He addressed Martyn, not the girl.

"I don't want dinner." The girl spoke for the first time. She too addressed Martyn only.

Dunbar stood back, and saw perplexity and not a little irritation replace the suavity of Mr. Martyn.

"Really," said that gentleman, "I don't see why you should refuse. We must have something to eat, and since Mr. Dunbar is good enough to receive us—"

"Perhaps," said Dunbar, steadily, "Miss Ryan would like to dine alone. That can easily be arranged."

She raised her head at this, and gave him back look for look.

"I will change my mind," she said. "If you will send the maid to me—"

He hastened to ring. "I'm afraid there are only Kafir women," he said. "Inhambane boasts no others. But perhaps they will serve."

She gave him half a bow, and followed the stout negress who appeared at the door. His eyes went with her, and the swing of her skirt, as she turned aside again, made an immediate appeal to his memories and emotions.

As the door closed behind her, Martyn gave a deep sigh of relief and turned to Dunbar again.

"Queer creatures, women," he said, as he dropped to a seat. "I've had to do with a good many in my time. A chap does in the army, you know."

"Does he?" said Dunbar. "How do you know he does?"

Martyn laughed. He could laugh very readily. One less adroit than Dunbar in sounding expression for the thought beneath might have regarded his easy laughter as the index of a light heart and an unsuspicious mind. He kept his quick eye on the younger one till the laughter ceased.

"Oh, come now," said Martyn. "That's not fair. Wish I had a card with me. I know all this looks beastly funny. But about that girl. She's compromised, of course, and I dare say she's realized it, and that's what has put her temper out of joint. She—she actually has a notion that I lost the way and missed the steamer on purpose."

"So you were her guide, eh?" asked Dunbar. He was standing gauntly before the other, looking down at him, with hands clasped behind his back.

"That was the idea," Martyn admitted. He became even more confidential. "But I say, old chap, I hope you don't mind my depending on you to see us through? I can repair the matter of the



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"I WILL CHANGE MY MIND," SHE SAID

compromising, you know. I've already spoken to her about that. But we came ashore with just what we had in our pockets, and—"

Dunbar silenced him with a hand-wave. "Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, slowly, "that you've actually told her she was in danger of slander, and have offered to protect her by marriage?"

"On my honor, I have," affirmed Martyn. He had mistaken the purport of the question. "You can ask her, if you doubt me. It's the least I could do. One must run straight."

"Must one?" There was the chill of hammered metal in the tone. "Well, you'd like a wash before dinner, no doubt. Clean hands are a comfort, aren't they? Let me show you a room."

Dunbar's own preparations were quick, for he was back in the *salon* ten minutes afterwards. Here, standing at the window, he waited, looking out at the whispering darkness with a certain expectancy, till Miss Ryan entered. He turned and brought her a chair.

She did not sit down, but stood with her hand resting on its high back, as though to make it a rampart between them.

"Mr. Dunbar," she said, breathlessly.

"I am at your service," he answered.

Her stolid enmity had given place to trepidation. She eyed him nervously.

"I wanted to tell you," she said, speaking as though with difficulty, "that I know all about you. Everything—I know everything."

She broke off and waited for his riposte. He only bowed.

"My father," she went on, "was one of—one of your—"

He helped her out. "One of my victims?" he suggested, gently. The spasm of effort reinforced the habit of his composure. "I am sorry," he said.

"When the Emancipator broke," she went on, "and you ran away"—the steady gaze of his eyes wavered an instant, and she saw it—"yes, ran away with the money, my father was made peniless. I could never tell you with what an energy of loathing and contempt I think of you."

"There is no need," he answered. "I know already."

She shook her head impatiently. "You

can't know. But now that I have told you, as clearly as I can, you can decide whether you will help me or not. For I am in such need of help that I will accept it even of you. I daren't refuse it, and—and—you owe me something."

It was his turn to shake his head. "That must stand," he answered. "I will help you apart from that, or not at all. You are right when you say you need help."

She had some answer to make, but at that moment Martyn entered, spruce and pleasant, and they went to dinner.

Dunbar gave his arm to the girl, and she took it; both saw Martyn's eyebrows rise.

"Well, old chap," said Martyn, when they were seated in the punka-cooled dining-room, that was separated from the veranda only by screens of bamboo, "have you decided what you're going to do with us?"

"I have an idea," replied Dunbar, "that you won't require my hospitality, after all. It's just possible that the mail-boat did not get clear of the mouth before dark."

"What do you mean?" demanded Martyn. "She's eating up the miles between here and Beira by now."

Dunbar turned to the girl. "There are no buoys, you know, and no lights," he explained. "And if she didn't succeed in getting out before sundown she wouldn't take any risks. There are miles of sand-banks between here and the sea, and she'd simply anchor till daylight. So there's just a bare chance that she may be there now."

"Rot!" said Martyn. "It's a thousand to one against it. And, anyhow, it's twenty miles off. How the deuce are you going to get to her by sunrise, even if she is there? She left early, too, on purpose to get out. So there's nothing in that, anyhow."

Dunbar heard him out with a deadly patience. "Indeed!" he said, and turned again to the girl, who was waiting with both hands clutching the table.

"There is a launch," he said, "a steam-launch of sorts, the property of the Portugee who draws pay as harbor-master, or port-captain, or something. I can get that, but—well, it burns wood."

"What does that matter?" she asked.

"I've used her before," he explained. "She will carry fuel enough to take us down to the bar, but if your ship isn't there we shall have to sail back, and we sha'n't be here till to-morrow afternoon. She can squatter along fairly well under steam, but she sails like a raft."

"That settles it, then," said Martyn, sharply. "You can't drift about all night."

"When can we start?" asked the girl.

"As soon as we have eaten our dinner," answered Dunbar. "You must make as good a meal as you can, you know."

Martyn picked the serviette from his knees and flung it on the table. His face was flushed, and he spoke angrily.

"Now, look here," he said, "there's no use talking, because I won't have it. Miss Ryan is responsible to me, in a way. I've got to put her straight with the world, and so when I say that I won't allow her to go chasing that damned steamboat like this there's got to be an end of the matter. Dunbar, you've got to drop it."

The girl rose in her seat and looked at him with a white and angry face.

"I shall be ready when you are," she said to Dunbar, and walked forth.

Dunbar went on with his meal. Martyn glared at him, and curious creases came out on the fall of his chin, as though his mouth were made up to blubber.

"Have some more Burgundy," said the elder man at last. "You've made a mistake, Mr. Martyn. You'd better not talk about it any more."

"Look here," said Martyn. "Who are you to interfere like this? Which of us has got to marry that girl—you or I?"

"Neither of us," answered the other. "I'm married already, and you—" he barked a short laugh. "Where are you going to sleep to-night?" he demanded.

"What do you mean?"

Dunbar leaned back in his chair, and looked him up and down.

"You want it plainer than that, eh? Well, listen to this. I don't like you at all, and since you have insulted my guest, insulted your host, and finished your dinner, I mean to be rid of you. I suppose you have something nasty to say as a last word? Well, leave it unsaid. Leave it unsaid, my man, or I'll have you flogged. That's all. You can go now."

"I say," said Martyn, standing up; "I say. Don't take it like that, old man. If you're so set on this boating trip, I suppose we'll have to come, but—"

"You needn't come," replied Dunbar, rising. "You can't come, anyhow. Now, out with you."

A minute afterwards Martyn was gone.

There was a slender crescent of moon aloft when the launch was at last poled off the beach and steam turned on. Over her boiler the wood was stacked high, and aft the girl and Dunbar sat in the shadow of it. Two silent natives attended to the engine, and on the fagots forward sat the stout negress who was shipped as chaperon. Dunbar steered, and as the little scrap-heap of an engine broke into its measured thud and wheeze they shot out and headed down for the point. The launch had seen much better days since she was stolen from the booms of a man-of-war at Zanzibar, but she could still plug her nose along at a fair gait, and the fort, the loopholed church of Inhambane, and the tower of the lazaret-house slid past in good time. The native stoker and engineer squatted in the glow of the furnace door, cast into striking relief against it, like great toads, and overhead a wonder of white stars stood in a dome of velvet.

For half an hour there was no sound but that of the engine and the wash of water as it raced aft to the white ribbon of the wake, save when, at short intervals, the furnace door clanged open and a billet or two of wood crashed into the fire. At such times the glow would lighten to a hot glare, and in it the girl, sitting silent beside him, took occasion to glance at Dunbar. He was leaning back, his arm resting along the tiller, his big face upturned. It had an expression to make her wonder—something so still, so acquiescent of any fate, so peaceful, governed the keen strength of the features. When the furnace was opened again it was still there, and she felt a need of trivial speech to parry the sombre association of the vast night, the dark water, and this monstrous and wonderful man.

"So this is the only steam-vessel in Inhambane," she said, tentatively.

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "the only one now. I had a yacht here once, a beauty. She could have taken you round

to Beira and beaten the mail-boat by a day. But I had to get rid of her."

"Why?" she asked.

He turned to look at her. "She was a British ship," he said. "My captain conceived the idea of arresting me on board of her."

The silence fell again, till she broke it.

"I shouldn't like to think you were happy," she said, wistfully.

He smiled, but the smile was not of ridicule or amusement. It was not even bitter.

"No," he answered at last. "That would be too much. I have still my sense of shame."

They spoke no more then, till, when the hours had lengthened to four, the launch crawled over a shoal and rounded a spit.

"There's your mail-boat," he said, pointing.

A light was hanging over the water, a couple of miles away, and the lean moon just sufficed to make visible the bulk of the steamer. Dunbar thrust the tiller over, and they headed down to it.

The girl caught his arm. "Mr. Dunbar," she said, and almost choked on the words—"Mr. Dunbar, the mail-boat's a British ship, too."

"Well?" He was smiling again, and the smile was now no shell of laughter.

"Had you not better—" she began, but he stayed her.

"We shall be fellow passengers for a day or two," he said. "I'm going home. I've had enough of it. Do you remember I wouldn't let you claim an obligation? That was because I am going to face my obligations in the mass. I think I was meant for something better than a thief in hiding."

They clucked and wheezed down to the steamer, and their line was caught and made fast. A parley resulted in the lowering of the accommodation ladder, and Dunbar followed Miss Ryan to the deck.

The captain was there and he greeted the girl warmly.

"You're in luck, Miss Ryan," he was saying. "I'd have tried a rocket or two, if I'd had any, to let the town know we were still here. Lord sakes! who's this?"

"I'm Henry Dunbar, captain," was the answer. "Will you give me a free passage to British territory?"

The captain bit his cigar in two in sheer astonishment.

"You bet your last cent I will," he answered with emphasis. "I'd sail you to Newgate with pleasure."

Asleep

BY HILDEGARDE HAWTHORNE

I PASSED as one in dream along
 The lovely ways of Earth;
 I listened to the hermit's song,
 I saw frail April's birth;
 I watched the miracle of snow,
 And autumn's glory flame and fade,
 And rivers flow.
 I felt the great Sea's stir and call,
 The silence by the mountain made:—
 Heard, saw and felt it all!
 Yet what it meant I never knew
 Till I met you.

Song

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

DEEP within the wood a bird
Fluted softly—then was gone.
Oh, the haunting sounds I heard!
Winding of an elfin horn
Or a merry satyr piping eager welcome to the morn?

Surely there a dryad started,
Fair as may-buds dipped in dew!
Had we not unkindly parted
I had thought the vision *you*—
Tell me, sweet, if I be dreaming may not all my dream come true?



Editor's Easy Chair

IN Art as in Life, there are apparently no tangible beginnings. Endings, there may be, which you can put your finger on, and say, Here the man ceased to breathe; or, Here the thing was no longer done. But is death the close of life? Religion says it is not. Is the prevalence of bad taste the end of art? History would not seem to think so. In either life or art, except at the divine source of both, there is no creation; there is only recreation. Or, we may reverse the paradox and say there are no fathers, there are only forefathers. As for art alone there is no such thing as positive originality in it, there is only comparative originality. You can never say this or that manner, or method, or achievement, is quite original. You can only say it is rather original, or pretty original. It germinates simultaneously in many widely separated minds, it matures and decays in the same way over the same range. But when you fancy it has wholly disappeared it is really awaiting regeneration, renaissance, resurrection. The good

kinds in it can never perish; only the fashions, the affectations, the caprices are perishable; and even these have their palingenesis, and reappear age after age.

The patient reader of the Easy Chair will bear it witness that it does not often abound in sayings so Orphic as these, which have been suggested to it by a passage in the life of Tolstoy by Paul Birukoff. Nothing could well be flatter or tamer than that work; in the self-abnegation of the author it is of much the moral quality of the sheet on which the events of the kinematograph play; but it leaves you with the question whether that is not, after all, the very best ground on which the history and personality of a great man can be projected. For such a purpose you do not so much want a medium as a blank space, and this is what Tolstoy's authorized biographer supplies. He has had all the material which Tolstoy could give him, and he offers the texture of a perfectly subordinate mind, as the surface on which the materials may arrange themselves.

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But possibly this is the biographer's humble triumph, or his subtle triumph, and is the fashion he chooses of showing himself an artist. We will not be sure, and we will not go further in our inquiry, for this is not to be a review of the book, but only a means of asking the reader's interest in a single fact of far the most impressive literary career of our time, or, for the matter of that, any time. To our mind, Tolstoy is without a rival in the whole history of the art of fiction, or rather without an equal; rivals enough he certainly has, but they are defeated rivals. He dwarfs them to the dimensions of artifice which it takes when it is confronted with nature. He alone and for the first time since fable began to moralize the human story seems to have set frankly and directly about his work. As he has said, he made Truth his hero, and he has had no aim but to find out the truth, and let his reader see it as clearly as he did. Yet this unequalled artist, this wonderful creator, this unrivalled original, owns himself a follower of another master, especially in that power of realizing war to the most unwarlike reader, so that it seems as if no one had honestly written of battles before.

"As to Stendhal," Tolstoy says, "I will speak of him only as the author of the *Chartreuse de Parme* and *Rouge et Noir*. These are two great, inimitable works of art. I am, more than any one else, indebted for much to Stendhal. He taught me to understand war. Read once more—*Chartreuse de Parme*—his account of the battle of Waterloo. Who before him had described war—i. e., as it is in reality? Do you remember Fabricius crossing the battle-field, and 'understanding nothing,' and how the hussars threw him with ease over the back of his horse, his splendid general's horse? . . . Soon afterward in the Crimea I easily verified all this with my own eyes. I repeat, all I know about war I learned first of all from Stendhal."

If this magnificently generous tribute to an elder author shall do no more than send the reader of Tolstoy's page to Stendhal's, it will do enough, for it will renew for him the great joy which the later master gave him. The *Chartreuse de Parme* is of something like the noble physical proportions of *War and Peace*,

while it reveals something like the vast political and spiritual grasp of that matchless study of mankind, something like its astounding insight into the motives and the intentions of men. Of course it halts immeasurably behind it in the moral, or if the reader is not tired of that poor shabby, lying word, the unmoral treatment of persons and events. It cannot be said of the *Chartreuse de Parme*, as it can be said of *War and Peace*, that the most innocent mind can receive no stain from the knowledge of good and evil in which it abounds, and the difference is probably that quality of originality which Tolstoy adds to the lesson of his master.

But leaving this aside, is it to be supposed that Stendhal was the first to depict war truthfully? Tolstoy, who ought to know, seems to think that he was. But probably if literature could be thoroughly searched there would be found long and often before Stendhal, true pictures of war, if not in fiction, verse, or prose, then in memoirs, letters, local histories, such sources as fiction, often unknowingly, draws its inspirations, or gets its suggestions from. But even in fiction it is probable that there was some obscure author, long since read and forgotten, whom Stendhal consciously imitated as Tolstoy consciously imitated Stendhal. The arts borrow from one another, and it might have been from the study of some of those horrible old pictures of medieval warfare that Stendhal conceived the notion of painting war as it really was. Those who saw the awful canvases of Verestchagin, portraying in our time the cruel and hideous disaster of war, saw the transliteration of Tolstoy's battle-pieces, and had a proof of how the arts borrow from one another.

The subjective experience of the reader who takes up the master of a greater master is sometimes very curious, and in reading *Chartreuse de Parme* we were ourselves bewildered with the sense of knowing it already, which must have been a remote effect of earlier intimacy with *War and Peace*. It might be said that Tolstoy had not imitated Stendhal, but as a modern Italian dramatist has said of his study of Goldoni, he had learned from Stendhal how to imitate nature, imitate reality. The worst thing is, the

only bad thing is, when one author learns from another, how to imitate unnature, how to imitate unreality. But for good or for evil it is impossible that artists should not imitate one another, so long as one is born earlier and another later. As far as this goes, there is no such thing as originality in art. From Cimabue and Giotto we have Botticelli, from Minò da Fiesole we have Donatello, from Giovanni Bellini we have Titian, Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese, and so on, all measurably, none entirely, like his master. It is so in the literary arts, as, for instance, Dryden—Pope, Cowper—Wordsworth, Keats—Tennyson, Goldsmith—Irrving, George Eliot—Mrs. Humphry Ward, Zola—Mr. George Moore, Miss Edgeworth—Miss Austen, Sterne—Heine. There is occasionally an author so overwhelmingly himself, after a certain time of being some one else, that he cannot be imitated except for a very short time and in a very few things, and it would not be easy to couple with another name the name of Shakespeare, or Dickens, or Thackeray. But probably no authors have so widely affected or infected authorship as these.

It does not follow that the earlier author is greater than the later. In his battle-pieces Tolstoy is immeasurably greater than Stendhal. Once, in coming to a volume of Pushkin's short stories, we had a teasing sense of familiarity in them, a tormenting sense of been-there-before, such as one sometimes has when confronted with a new scene or action. Presently we were aware of Tourguénief, and we realized that Tourguénief had learned from Pushkin how to imitate nature; but he had carried the art so far beyond the art of his master that Pushkin seemed the disciple and Tourguénief the preceptor. The work appeared a weak reflex of a stronger work, but the reflex was from a light that had followed, not preceded. In eternity, Swedenborg teaches, there is no such thing as time and space, and in the immortality of art there would seem to be at least no such thing as time, neither first nor last except in excellence.

Of course what the later artist does is to add his temperament to the example of the earlier, and if he is the greater personality, to become the original when

he finds himself. There is in every considerable author the instinct, more or less latent, more or less patent, of what we must call originality till there is some other word which will better define our meaning. The very fact that each is drawn through this instinct to one master rather than another is proof of originality. The overpowering love of doing a thing is a sort of proof of the power to do it; not infallible proof, but proof such as shakes the presumption against it. With this love of doing a thing must come the love of doing it in a certain way—a way that has delighted the lover more than any other in the whole wide world of doing. It would be impossible for him even to try doing it in any other; he must liken himself in his endeavor to that master who did that thing in that way. This universe is a universe of similarities as well as differences:

Du gleichst dem Geist dem du begreifst.

You cannot help being like and wishing to be like the spirit which you so passionately, so perfectly divine. There seems an understanding between the two, and in the mystic eternity of art, where there is no time, the apprentice imagines that the master is as privy to the understanding as he. It is an emulation in which they strive together for the interpretation of the truth which has come to both. The first did not invent that truth, the last did not purloin it, did not even borrow it. They are contemporaries in its possession. This, at least, is what the last says to himself of the matter, but whether the first would say so, if *he* had his say, is not so clear. He might have his hesitations in owning their contemporaneity, just as sometimes the last has his hesitations in owning their similarity.

Not all disciples have had Tolstoy's noble bravery in proclaiming the name of their prophet. Perhaps Tolstoy himself would not have done it in the hour of his discipleship. When he had gone far beyond Stendhal it was easier to say that Stendhal had taught him how to be true about war than it would have been when he was studying the truth in him. Very likely it will always be so, and we cannot expect the poet who is getting together the materials of his laurel crown to acknowledge that he plucked the

leaves from this or that bush. The thing is not so simple; and yet, would not it be well for every author who has reasonable expectations of immortality to leave a sealed confession, to be read, say, with his will, when the people come back from his funeral, where it shall be owned before his family and friends, if not the world, that up to a certain moment he tried as hard as he could to write like this master or that; and that all along in his career he was in the habit of snatching a phrase here, a turn there, that seemed fortunate, and weaving it into the web of his work long after the material and texture had become effectively his own? It would be better for the peace of his soul if he could make this confession, and it would immeasurably help the contention that in art there is no such thing as originality to become the general recognition of the fact.

After all, what we want is not originality but excellence. To better your instruction is the highest achievement of which you are capable. It was long the superstition of us poor Americans that sometime we were to be called to the invention of new forms of art, if not of some art wholly unimagined before the discovery of our hemisphere. This was expected of us as well as expected by us, and we believed that we owed it to ourselves and the rest of the world to fulfil the supposed purposes of the deity with regard to us. But when we worked out of the ethics in which our intellects were swaddled into esthetic freedom, and began to walk on our own feet, it was by holding on to the knees and arms of the parent race. If we had any distinct wish in the matter, it was to better our English instruction, to refine upon it, to outdo the most delicate and exquisite effects of the ancestral art. All the ignorance of our vast, vacant world could not avail

to render us original, or even aboriginal. When Walt Whitman first cropped the prairie mind and offered mankind his *Leaves of Grass* in the long windrows into which the hay was tedded, it did seem to the inner and outer expectation that at last here was something doing. Here, apparently, was a poet who was bettering no man's instruction, who was richly beginning master, and not poorly beginning prentice, like the other hands in the shop. But if any worshipping critic had turned to his Bible half as often as the good Walt Whitman himself must have done, he would have found the Psalmist of the King James version writing a good deal like Walt Whitman at his best. Of course the subjects were different. The American poet celebrated Man and adored himself; the Hebrew poet celebrated God and deplored himself. But there are some passages in the Song of Solomon which recall passages in *Leaves of Grass*, and there are passages in the beautiful rhythms of the imaginative books of the Old Testament, that are apparently reminiscent of the writers' acquaintance with the Long Island Bard. Of course this is an illusion to which the dweller in the timeless regions of art is subject, and we have been careful to say apparently reminiscent. The prophets were really as anterior to the poet as Babylon on the Pharpar was anterior to Babylon on the Great South Bay. The effect is such as bewitches the reader with a sense of Tolstoy in Stendhal, of Tourguénief in Pushkin. But we do not say that you feel as if the Psalmist and the Proverbial Philosopher were imitating the Long Island Bard. That would be going too far. It would be going too far even to say that the Long Island Bard had bettered his instruction from them. What is certain is that he like every other master had his instruction.

Editor's Study

POPE'S succession to Dryden, who made such a point of "wit-writing," was lineal and natural. He was a boy of twelve when Dryden died, but before that, while studying with a priest in London, since his religious faith debarred him from the school privileges of Protestant youth, he had sometimes crept into Will's Coffee-House to get a glimpse of the older poet, who was also much the greater poet—especially in his later career, after he had turned from his French models to Shakespeare and to Nature for his inspiration. The pupil so far outdid the master in wit-writing as to leave behind and out of sight every natural emotion. The secret of his domination of the first half of the eighteenth century was his superficial didacticism, exquisitely adapted to a polished age, poignantly satirical, but as deftly disposed as the turns of a lady's fan or the steps of a minuet.

Johnson's didacticism, which gave him an equal dominion over the second half of the century, was of another sort—distinctly original as well as more serious and sincere. The ore of Shaftesbury's philosophy was necessary to Pope's shining coins of wisdom, but Johnson borrowed from nobody, at least from no contemporary, while others—even so eminent a man as Joshua Reynolds—were his confessed debtors. He made concessions to the age; courtliness was not difficult to him—he put on a scarlet coat when attending the performance of his tragedy; and pomp was only too easy. He was deeply religious, but no Pharisee, as is shown by his tolerance of mirth-making and by his friendships with Savage and Beauclerc. He had a large heart, as expansive as his vocabulary; large graciousness, if few graces; was a lover of ceremony, and doubtless never interrupted the "exercises of the fan." Still, we wonder how in the literary circles of the metropolis he secured and retained to the end of his life the un-

disputed position of dictator. Certainly very important concessions must have been made by the age to him; and quite as certainly these imply a considerable, if not radical, change in the mind, if not in the heart, of polite London.

The demand for didacticism is what mainly fixes our attention in this whole eighteenth-century comedy, in which contradictory elements are so strangely commingled. In the history of the preceding century our wonder has not ceased that the Commonwealth could have been established before we are equally surprised to see it so easily and utterly abolished. But that which made the Commonwealth possible—something which appears recurrently in the whole woof of English history, and which is deeper than Puritanism or Non-conformism—still remained the leaven of the public thought, working beneath every compromise framed for peaceful settlement. If we define this tenacious element in political terms, as most often its representatives were wont to define it, forthwith it is seen to be first of all religious. The ghosts of Knox and Cromwell and Bunyan and Milton would have risen out of the dust of any great conflict in the centuries after them, and to every generation after them came the "Serious Call," which had its first utterance ages ago in the voice of John the Baptist.

But in the eighteenth century there was no dust-raising conflict; one blast from any really prophetic trumpet would have crumbled the whole dainty and fantastic fabric. Deism was fashionable, and in such a society the conventional moralist was in demand; and in the middle of the century the town wanted a more positive didactician than Pope had been. This they got in Johnson—a violently weak preceptor. Literature at the same time gained in him a violently weak critic. He swept everything before him without smashing any precious

traditional furniture. He suited all classes. No Non-conformist could complain of a man who opened his most important undertakings with prayer, and who had no hesitation in branding the sceptical Bolingbroke as a "scoundrel"; and his persistent Toryism endeared him to courtiers and conservatives. In the assemblies of the "Blue-stockings" he reigned supreme.

Johnson's most characteristic essays were published in the *Rambler*, which he started in 1750 and concluded in 1752. It was published twice a week, and all but four or five of the numbers were written by Johnson. Samuel Richardson, the novelist, was one of the outside contributors; the others were women. The collection of these essays in six volumes passed through twelve editions in London alone, and was considered by the author's admirers superior to anything in periodical literature, the more judicious of them with evident reluctance excepting some numbers of the *Spectator*! Johnson himself, more generous as well as juster, said, "Whoever wishes to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison."

The industrious Doctor was at the same time engaged upon his English Dictionary, the exactions of which led to the abrupt termination of the *Rambler*, but he found time for occasional contributions in the same didactic vein in the *Adventurer*, established by his friend and imitator Dr. John Hawkesworth, assisted by Richard Bathurst, a physician, whom Johnson most dearly loved, and Dr. Joseph Warton. The essays in the *Rambler*, and the Dictionary, which was completed in 1755, fully established Johnson's reputation. As preceptor and critic he met the exacting but superficial and limited needs of his own time, though he met those of no later generation. He had no profound comprehension of life or of literature, but within his limitations his logical analysis was accurate and his apprehension quick and vivid. Without charm, sententious beyond any other writer, he had a grave felicity of expression. He and the versatile Garrick, the vagabond Goldsmith, and the polite Chesterfield were charac-

teristic types, any one of which would have made the fortunes of a novel. As depicted in Boswell's pages, they are more interesting than the persons in any society fiction of Fielding or Richardson. His levees in which, from two o'clock in the afternoon—in his later years his usual hour of rising—until four, he was in the habit of receiving his intimate acquaintances and such unknown scribblers as chose to call upon him, would have furnished Smollett with material, of another kind, but as interesting as that he obtained from association with his companions of the Fleet. But, while in many ways appealing to humorous sensibility, Johnson was not a successful humorist even in his more leisurely days when, in 1758, he started the *Idler*, having in view essays in a lighter vein. He was assisted in this undertaking by contributions from Sir Joshua Reynolds and Bennet Langton.

Johnson had thought of devoting his riper years to a periodical which should be called the *Bibliothèque*, and be mainly a review of contemporary Continental literature. The project was abandoned, but it is interesting as a reversion to the earliest type of the English literary periodical toward the end of the seventeenth century—literary in the bibliographical sense and intended only for the learned. About the middle of the eighteenth century this type had come to have a popular development. The *Museum* was a literary magazine as well as a review. The *Monthly Review*, started by Ralph Griffiths in 1749, was the first to assume the distinctly modern style of such publications, and endured for nearly a century. It represented Whiggism and Non-conformism. The Tory and Church interest established its rival, the *Critical Review*, which was edited by Smollett, the novelist, supported by Johnson, and by Robertson, the historian. Toward the end of the century these reviews increased in number, and, whatever partisan or religious interests they stood for, were always the dependencies of their publishers, tenders to their business. The first critical periodical of a high order, independent of the publisher, was the *Edinburgh Review*, established in 1802 by Sydney Smith, Jeffrey, Scott, and Brougham. Scott, seven

years later, persuaded John Murray to establish its rival Tory competitor, the *London Quarterly Review*.

Returning to the preceding half-century, we find Dr. Johnson as closely associated with the *Literary Magazine* during the two years before he started the *Idler* as he had been at the beginning of his career with the *Gentleman's Magazine*. His learned contributions to this new periodical, which had more affiliation with the review than with the popular monthly, were better suited to his attainments than would have been the work calculated to give distinction to his projected *Bibliothèque*. After his *Rasselas*, written in 1759, he did no important original work. His pension of three hundred pounds, granted the next year by the new King, George III., reduced him to his native indolence, and thereafter he was known mainly by his conversation, which was more brilliant than his writing and showed a better art.

During Johnson's life, which ended in 1784, there was no popular monthly periodical of the type established by Cave in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, excepting its successful imitator and rival, the *London Magazine*. Each of these was greatly improved by the eager competition between them. Cave was driven to the verge of illustrated journalism, resorting to the novel attraction of engravings. The *Scot's Magazine*, the first published in Scotland, is worthy of honorable mention—the length of its career, from 1739 to 1817—really to 1826 through its continuation as the *Edinburgh Magazine*—demonstrating its stable worth.

The essay periodical held its field through the entire century of which it was eminently characteristic. We have mentioned only a few periodicals of this class, but there were many others: the *Connoisseur*, to which the poet Cowper was a contributor; Fielding's *Champion* and *Covent Garden Journal*; the *World*—"written by gentlemen for gentlemen"—edited by Edward Moore, who had for his contributors such "gentlemen writers" as Chesterfield, Horace Walpole, and Soame Jenyns; the *Bee* and the *Citizen of the World*, by Oliver Goldsmith; the *Edinburgh Mirror* and its successor the *Lounger*, both of which were distinguished by the humorous contributions of

Henry Mackenzie—besides scores of less important publications.

As we have seen, periodicals of this class were usually started and owned by individuals. This had been the case since Defoe issued his *Review*. Often a newspaper would be temporarily set up, as Wilkes's *North Briton* was, to plead some special cause, serving the same purpose as the old pamphlet. The publishing enterprise, as distinct from the trade of bookselling, was yet in its infancy, and the joint interest of author and publisher, now so commonly availed of, had not reached such a footing as would lead to its just appreciation by either party. What seems equally strange to us is that these essay periodicals, made thus dependent upon individual authorship, should have sought so sedulously to conceal the names of their authors. But the anonymity seems to have helped rather than hindered their success with the public, as was the case later with the *Waverley Novels*. It is significant that thus early in the history of periodical literature the thing written rather than the name of the writer gave assurance of worth.

The fiction of the time was but the reflection and expansion of the moral essay. Richardson was as didactic as Johnson, and even longer-winded. His epistolary fiction showed a softer sentiment than was germane to the period, and which degenerated into the mock-sentiment of Sterne. It was in both something quite different from the natural feeling shown in Addison's and Steele's essays—something, too, which, as exhibited by Richardson, was exasperating to Fielding, who deliberately set himself to the truthful portrayal of human nature, but whose realism was shallowly pessimistic. At the end of the century, the Irish tales of Maria Edgeworth presented living men and women, and, but for her obviously didactic purpose, might be regarded as anticipations of Jane Austen's novels in the very next decade—the first examples in fiction of a crisp and wholly natural realism. Hannah More was more of a religious preceptor than a novelist—but there were two of her, one the young woman who moved as a delighted listener in the circle of Johnson and Garrick, and who

wrote plays; the other, the mature Hannah, who had come to believe that play-going itself was morally reprehensible, who wrote didactic poetry and tracts and stories that were sermons, and who, unlike Miss Edgeworth, believed in "conversion."

This persuasion of Hannah More's, that there is such a thing as a change of heart, and that it is something worthy of all effort to bring about in humankind, leads us back to what we were saying about that leaven which in every age is working in English thought and feeling. The world of fashion is naturally ritualistic, and the leaven we refer to had little chance of effectively working beneath the formalism of eighteenth-century society, but it was working in a little circle at Oxford, before the middle of the century, as it had been for a long time among the unpolite multitude, preparing the way for preachers like Whitefield and John Wesley, though the latter had a native dread of non-conformity. With this religious movement we have nothing to do here, save as it was a radical reaction against the formal ethics of the polite world which constituted the framework of its literature, its histories, and its philosophy. Our concern is with that form of the reactionary movement which affected literature.

Since Milton there had been no development of the highest order of imaginative prose or poetry. The tides of human feeling were regulated by common sense, which eschewed romance and mysticism. Even fiction did not venture to transcend the facts and circumstances of the actual contemporary life. Some critics, like the Warton brothers, Joseph and Thomas, protested against the generally conceded supremacy of Pope as a poet, showed leanings toward Spenser, and were inclined to the spirit of medievalism, as Horace Walpole was to its form. Thomson, Gray, Collins, Shenstone, Young, Beattie, and Goldsmith yielded to the charm of Nature. Burns, in his surprising lyrics, uttered a spontaneous and half-wild note of revolt against everything artificial and conventional. Then, through the elemental tempest of the French Revolution, we are launched into the nineteenth century—into the restless

currents of a new spirit of life and literature.

We have seen how directly associated with periodical literature all the most characteristic writers—even the novelists—were in the eighteenth century. It is significant, therefore, that fiction was so wholly excluded from serial publications. The essay periodical was, of course, too limited in its compass to make room for the successive instalments of a novel. The magazines and reviews, while they sought to furnish entertainment to their readers, seem to have regarded fiction as too frivolous to blend harmoniously with their graver contents. The novels, perhaps, were too prolix—if we may judge from the length of *Sir Charles Grandison*—even to serve as feuilletons for the newspapers. We know of but one instance of a novel of this period published originally in serial form—that of Smollett's *Sir Lancelot Greaves*, which appeared in the *British Magazine* in 1760. The novelists, in their attempt to make their stories as matter of fact as possible, seem to have been conciliating an obstinate moral antagonism to fiction.

Scarcely any of the important poems of the century appeared in periodicals, notwithstanding the prizes offered by Cave. Perhaps the inferior quality of the poems thus published served as a deterrent to the better class of writers, who preferred the dignity of book publication. Gray, who had worked several years upon his "Elegy," upon its completion (the knowledge of which was committed to Horace Walpole, who was too much of a gossip to keep the secret) was asked by an editor to contribute it to his magazine, but he refused, and hurried forward its publication in a sixpenny booklet, though afterwards he allowed it to appear in three separate magazines.

The new literature due to the revival of Romanticism belongs, in its full emergence, to the nineteenth century, but it was foreshadowed in much of the best poetry of the eighteenth. In prose—especially in fiction—the line between the two centuries is quite sharply defined. It is a long stride from Walpole to Scott, from Mrs. Radcliffe's *Mysteries of Udolpho* to the novels of Jane Austen.

Editor's Drawer

A Lohengrin of the Sage-brush

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

MISSOO'S matrimonial paper was the chief article of literary diet in the bunk-house of the '76 outfit, and supper wouldn't any more than be over before the boys would be thumbing the pages and figuring out the likeliest chances in this first aid to Cupid.

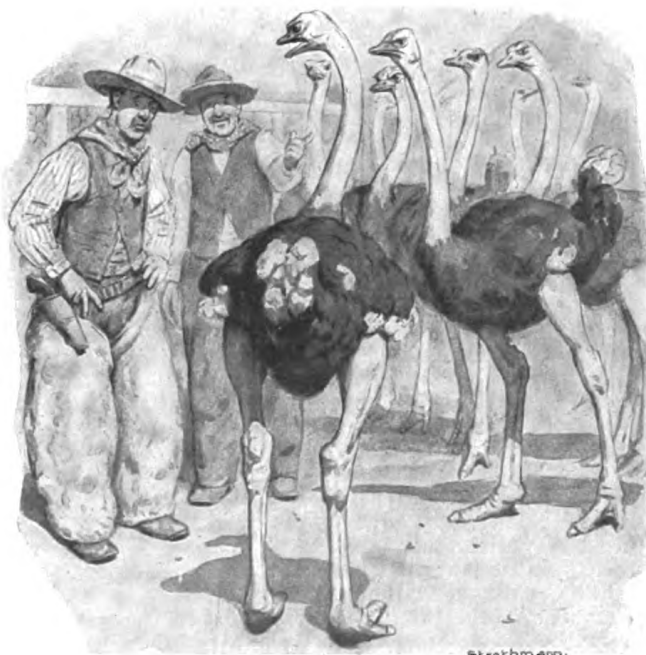
"There'd be a fine girl fer you," said Missoo to Billy Bowlegs, pointing to a stunning-looking woman under a big hat that carried more plumes than a new hearse. "She says only moneyed men need write, and you've got more maverick money in the bank at Cheyenne than you know what to do with. You and her 'd make a fine-lookin' couple—her in that hat, coverin' more ground 'n a tarpoleon, and you in your new yaller Angoria chaps."

"I'm afraid any woman who kin look a camery in the eye with such a un-afraid glare ain't fer me," said Billy Bowlegs, after a glance at the picture of the marriageable beauty. "Besides, I have made a solemn oath never to espouse any maiden or widder who has a hankerin' fer ostrich plumes. Me and ostrich plumes sure has a feud on. I have the same feelin' toward a ostrich plume as any self-respectin' bull 'd have fer a calf-wras'ler who worked round the brandin'-fire in a red undershirt. It was ostrich plumes that furrered this classic brow with ruts o' disappointment until it looks like the old Oregon trail."

"A girl started it, of course—an Arizony girl who had all the cow-punchers in the cactus belt competin' fer her hand. I was one of the candidates, and events proved I was the fooliest of the lot. I don't know but the girl might 'a' taken one of us, fer there was some as good-

lookin' boys as ever jingled spurs, but the death knell rung, as fur as we was concerned, when she went back East to take music lessons. She come back with new ideals and a new way of doin' her hair, did Allie—her name bein' Alice—and the change worried her paw and maw, them ownin' the big Neckyoke ranch. Her paw talked to me about it one day when we was fixin' the Neckyoke c'ral.

"Allie used to let her hair fly down her back real sensible," he says, "but now she rolls it up along her forehead till it looks like a row o' tumbleweeds along a line fence. And the noo music she's brung home is sure goin' to drive me to campin' in the chaparral. She used to sing 'Bury Me



"WE PICKED OUT THE BIGGEST AND RANGIEST OF THE LOT"

Not on the Lone Prairee," but now she sings a lot o' stuff f'm grand op'ry, and she gits huffy when I call it the kyotes' chorus. I don't sabe what's come over her."

"I hope Allie picks out a husband who has the right sort of musical taste, to say nothin' of c'rect ideas about hair-dressin'," said I, as a sort of feeler.

"So you're another fool cow-puncher as thinks he'd like to marry Allie, are you?" said the old man, givin' me a quick look. "I thought all the boys, f'm Cactus to Kyote, had proposed and took their medicine long ago. She's in the front room a-practicin' the pianner now, so lope right along and speak yer piece; but be keerful not to git your spurs tangled in them new curtain-hangin's she's brung back f'm Boston."

"Well, I lit out fer the house, feelin' about as easy in speerit as a Mexican sheep-herder goin' to buy supplies in a cowtown. But I needn't have felt so palpitatin', as Allie had no intention of roughenin' up my feelin's in the matter. She was practicin' with one hand, kinder strokin' the pianner keys up and down like they was the spinal column of a sick kitten, and she never let up when I was throwin' my loop. I don't remember what I said, ner does it matter a hull lot, though I kep' a-thinkin', while my voice was goin' on, that I oughter waited till I could have proposed on hoss-back. Somehow a man o' my build don't look very imposin' unless his knees are claspin' the ribs of a hoss."

"Why, Billy," says Allie, while her hand kep' a-gallop in up and down them keys till I thought I'd go plum cross-eyed lookin' at it, "I never thought you regarded me as anythin' but a sister."

"And now right here let me tell you boys in this bunk-house that there's nary frost that 'll nip the bud o' hope like that word sister. When I heard it I felt my heart drop into one boot, and I had to shift to the other foot to keep f'm crushin' the flutterin' thing. But I stood there like a tenderfoot in a stage hold-up, while she went through me like a road-agent and robbed me o' all my golden dreams."

"I like you, and I like all the rest o' the boys round here," she went on, sweepin' her hand f'm the squealiest note at one end of the pianner to the growliest one at the other end. "The trouble is there is no romance in your compositions. The man who wins me must come like another Lohengrin."

"Who is this Lohengrin—some Wild-West show bronco-buster?" I asked. "I'll agree to ride any hoss straight up that makes him pull leather."

"She didn't answer, but turned round and punched the pianner a few times with both hands, and then sang some song about 'Farewell, farewell, my tru-u-usty swa-a-an,' after which she told me how this here Lohengrin broke a swan to harness, and used to ride around behind it rescuin' fair maidens who was in distress."

"Well, I can't see that you are any maiden in distress," said I, "you a-ownin' a

good share of the Neckyoke in your own name. And there ain't any swans in Arizony; but if you have got to have somethin' of the sort, I'll see that you git some kind of a bird, if I have to tar and feather my old bronk."

"But Allie only laughed one o' them ripplin' laughs that I couldn't tell from a trill on the pianner, and I backed out and jumped on my hoss and rode away, leavin' the old man grinnin' at me through the c'ral bars like an ape."

"I hit the trail hard, because I was possessed by an idee that was simply spurrin' me crool. I rode clean to the Star Plume ranch, where they raised the fust herd of ostriches in Arizony. Jeb McCool, the foreman, had punched cows with me along the old Chisum trail, and I knowed he'd do all in his power to help me out."

"Jeb," I says, "I'm in love with Neckyoke Allie," which we used to call her to distinguish f'm another Alice on the Hash-knife ranch."

"So was I till yistiddy," says Jeb, "but love and me separated when we hit the ground together."

"That's 'cause you ain't any romance in your composition," says I, haughtylike. "If I'd had a pianner there I'd have run my hand up and down the keys as I said it. 'What you oughter done was not to ride a homely wire-scarred bronco up to the lady's door, but to heave in sight like another Lohengrin, behind a brace of swans. Now I want you to help me hitch up two ostriches so I kin drive 'em down to the Neckyoke. I'm goin' to go Lohengrin's swan game one better."

"Swans and ostriches must have some different dispositions," said Jeb, after I had explained all about Lohengrin and his drivin' outfit. "You couldn't stand up and sing farewell to an ostrich without bein' kicked somethin' shameful."

"I ain't a-goin' to sing; though, if I do say it myself, I have prevented many a stampede owin' to the exercise of my soothin' voice when night-herdin' in the beef bunch," I said. "I want to make a Lohengrin run to the Neckyoke ranch behind them birds, jest to show Miss Allie that she can't bluff Arizony with any cyards outen a grand-op'ry deck."

"Why, man, you couldn't look romantic in Caesar's chariot unless you had your legs put in a vise and your knees pressed a leetle closter together," said Jeb; but he led the way to the ostrich c'ral, and I knowed he'd see me through."

"Well, some of you fellers that think it's hard work wraslin' a two-year-old maverick, while the brandin' autographs are bein' put on his hide, oughter tackle the job o' harnessin' two full-grown ostriches. The Star Plume owner had thought of breakin' some of his birds to harness, and had bought one of these sulkies with wind-stuffed cushions, but at the last minute his heart had failed him, and he couldn't find any bronco-buster on the ranch who'd take a chance behind them thatched stilts."

"The boss 'll be plum tickled when he hears of this," says Jeb. "He's been at me to bust them ostriches, but I have passed. I kin ride bad hosses till the girls clip all the wool off'n my chaps fer souvenirs, but breakin' a bird that has a reach and a punch like that is not fer me."

"The birds we picked out was the biggest and rangiest of the lot in the wire corral. After we had 'em blindfolded they stood in harness all right, and we led 'em out to the road and pointed 'em down toward the Neckyoke ranch."

"Good-by Lohengrin!" yelled Jeb, as he stepped around in front of the ostriches and pulled off their blinders.

"Well, them birds hit a winnin' stride right at the start. Their legs worked together jest like I've seen two fiddlers bowin' exactly the same in the theatre orchestra, down at El Paso. The wind couldn't 'a' whistled in my ears any louder if I'd been fallin' outen a balloon, and the gravel come in my face by the handful every time one o' them long legs swung back. It was sure beautiful the way they kep' to the road, and I was thinkin' I'd be at the Neckyoke quicker 'n Lohengrin or any other bird-fancier could 'a' made it, when I seen a cloud o' dust ahead and realized I was facin' trouble."

"It was the Lazy Y round-up gang comin' up with a trail herd of about two hundred beef steers. Shorty Thompson was ridin' ahead, and the rest of the cowboys was scattered behind the herd, while Dutch Henry was half-asleep on the mess-wagon, and Packsaddle Wiley was lazin' along behind with the remuda. Well, when the lead steers seen my birds comin' down the highway, like two locoed bonnet displays f'm a millinery store, their horns and tails went up, and they turned and run bawlin' into the bunch. Shorty tried to stop 'em, but his bronk was worse scared 'n any of the steers, and bucked the foreman off at the side of the road. The hosses on the mess-wagon got wind o' somepin' bein' wrong, and they wheeled and lit out across the perairie, and I could hear Dutch Henry's langwidge risin' some superior to the rattlin' of the pots and kittles. The remuda turned and broke, with the hoss-wrangler in the middle of the bunch peltin' the wild-eyed bronks with his quirt and thereby makin' things worse."

"I thought it was goin' to be all day



"IT WAS BEAUTIFUL THE WAY THEY KEPT TO THE ROAD"

fer me when I found I couldn't turn the birds f'm those steers, but a path opened through the bunch as slick as grease, and we went through them clashin' horns without so much as scrapin' a plume off'n my steeds. I give one glance behind me when we'd shot through the bunch, and I'll never fergit the sight of runnin' steers and hosses and the concert made by the rattlin' of pans and the langwidge of the cowboys. But I didn't have a chanct for more'n one look, as my birds was lettin' out a few fresh links o' speed, the little excitement of our meetin' with the round-up outfit havin' warmed their blood some more. I begin to have serious thoughts about stoppin', fer the Neckyoke was beginnin' to loom up right ahead of me. They didn't pay no attention to my yanks on the combination of hackamore and Injun hitch that served as a bridle, and when I thought of shootin' one of 'em, I found my gun had been jolted outen my scabbard. So I jest held on as tight as I could, and tried to keep my view of the immejit future f'm gettin' pessimistic."

"The Neckyoke ranch couldn't 'a' been laid out more elaborate if it was the estate of a belted and busted earl. A big circle drive sweep' round the front, and right by the house there was two big stun lions. Allie's old man allus said when he made his pile he was goin' to have two stun lions in front of his place, to make



"I FETCHED UP WITH MY ARMS 'ROUND ONE OF THEM STUN LIONS"

up fer his disappointment in early youth, in not bein' permitted to go into the circus business.

"Well, them ostriches swung down that circle drive, me a-leanin' out over one wheel to keep f'm bein' capsized. As we swep' around in front of the ranch-house I seen Allie's old man and the hull fam'ly out in front on the steps, and I remember thinkin' that somp'n' looked onnatural with the old boy. But jest then I lost my balance, not havin' any buckin' straps to grab as in the saddle, and I took a plunge and then a long slide along in the dust and gravel. Lucky I had on my thickest wool chaps, or I'd been skinned up worse 'n that time that outlaw boss Dynamite throwed me

higher 'n dad ever hung bacon. As' it was, I fetched up with my arms 'round one of them stun lions, while the ostriches kep' on around the circle and out into the road, where they headed back for the Star Plume, their legs still workin' with monotonous regularity, and eatin' up the alkali road like a streak of white ribbon with sugar on it.

"I climbed up and set on the stun lion's back, and started to roll a cigarette, though I was fur f'm bein' onperturbed in mind or body. Lookin' up at the gang on the ranch-house steps, I seen what was wrong with the old man. He had on a white collar and a mail-order suit of clothes.

"Where's Allie?' I yells. 'Tell her I've come like another Lohengrin.'

"Git off'n my stun lions, you bow-legged id-jut!' sez the old man. 'Allie's been married these two hours to her music-teacher f'm Boston, and they are now travellin' back East on the over-land flyer.'

"Did he come behind a swan?' I sez, weaklike.

"Swan nothin'!' yells the old man. 'He come up f'm the station behind my buckskins. And what's more I'll hitch 'em up and run you over to the asylum if you don't pick the ostrich feathers off'n you and quit actin' so locoed. Git up and quit talkin' bird talk, and come in and have some weddin'-cake.'

"And it was right there, a-settin' on that stun lion, that I forswore wimmin and ostriches," said Billy, yawning and swinging into his bunk. "No lady who wears ostrich plumes or has the grand-op'ry habit has any charm fer yours truly, Billy Bowlegs!"

A Tribute

THE story is told of a bookkeeper in Little Rock, Arkansas, who was called upon to write a eulogy of his deceased employer.

After much reflection, the employee did so in a fashion that seemed to him to meet every requirement. His effort ended with this remarkable estimate:

"Mr. Blank's keen perception and indomitable will led him into the grocery and feed business, and subsequently induced him to embark in the coal business."

Not Her Fault

A SMALL girl came home from school one day very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems, after the others had been dismissed. "Mamma," she said, "I'll never, never speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live."

"Why, my dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the child, "because I copied all my zamples from hers, and every one of them was wrong."



PHOTOGRAPHER (to Xantippe). "Now look pleasant, please."

Tobogganing

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

OH, I love to go a-joggin'
Down the hill
On a long and swift toboggan
Thro' the chill
Of the winter nights so jolly,
Killing care and melancholy,
Making worry merest folly,
Troubles nil.

'Tis so pleasant to be jumpin'
To and fro,
With the thankymarms a-bumpin'
As you go.
O the shouting, and the screaming,
In the moonlight soft and beaming,
As you streak along the gleaming
Stretch of snow!

But it isn't just the ridin'
Like a hike,
Or the act of merely slidin'
Down the pike,
Nor the air so crisp and icy,
Nor the jogglin' so spicy,
Nor the climbin' versy-vicy
That I like.

But to whiz along the clearin'
Steep and clean,—
With the other chap a-steerin'
The machine—
And my Polly just behind me
With her arms to hold and bind me
With a grip that serves to blind me
To the scene!

Just to feel her breath a-breathin'
On my neck—
Oh, it sets my heart a-seethin'
Without check!
And I never think of trouble,
Or of landin' in the rubble,
Or the ditches, or the stubble,
In a wreck.

And I find myself a-wishin',
As we jog.
We could keep that same position
And tobog
Thro' eternity together,
Happy, good or bad the weather,
As two birdies of a feather
On a log!



BALLOONIST. "Boy, can you tell me the quickest way to get out of these woods?"

BOY. "Yes, sir; the same way you came in."

More Tempting

TEDDY'S father had brought home some rare old cheese, and after hearing his praise of its strong points, Teddy was manfully struggling to make way with a small piece of it.

Seeing the cheese still on his plate, and Teddy's nose perceptibly elevated, his father said, "What is the matter, Ted, don't you like that fine cheese?"

"Yes," answered Teddy, with the air of a connoisseur. "This cheese is very good, but I think I like just plain common mouse cheese better."

In Vain

A CONGRESSMAN from a Southwestern State tells of a meeting of Grand Army veterans in his State some years ago whereat they protested against certain proposed legislation by the State Assembly.

One of the speakers painted the situation in such black color that an earnest auditor, overwhelmed by the recital, jumped to his feet and excitedly exclaimed:

"Comrades, is it possible that we died in vain!"

Military Etiquette

THE commanding officer of a military station, desiring that the growing grass around the quarters be afforded every protection, gave strict orders to the sentries that only his cow should be allowed to go over it.

One day the general's wife, while calling upon a certain officer's wife, wished to make a short cut by walking over the grass from one path to another.

"No one to pass here, madam," said the sentry.

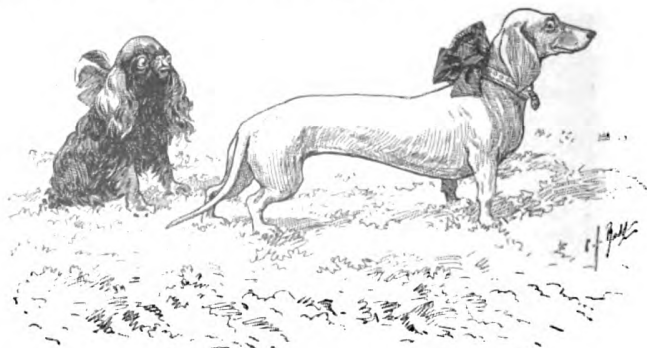
The lady drew herself up. "Do you know who I am?" she demanded.

"No, madam," replied the impassive sentry, "I do not know who you are, but I do know that you are not the general's cow, and no one but the cow is allowed to walk on this grass."

Her First Stationary Tub

AT the "Corners" Mrs. White built a new house which was equipped with the first bath-room in that section of the State, and

naturally it was the common subject of discussion, and many were the callers to inspect it. One old lady expressed a wish that some time she might take a bath in such a place, so Mrs. White indulgently offered her the privilege and left her to enjoy the novelty. Shortly, however, Mrs. White was summoned by screams of terror from the bath-room, and on running to the caller's assistance was met with the wail "I am dying, I am dying! I have soaked up all the water!" She had inadvertently pulled the drain-plug.



Too Much of a Start

DACHSHUND. "Come on. I'll race you twenty feet."

KING CHARLES. "Guess not. You're half-way there already."



AUTOMOBILIST. "My friend, can you show me the road to Speedville?"
 PEDESTRIAN. "Why, yes, sir; I'm goin' there myself; just follow me."

Losted

I FEEL so far from anywheres!
 Perhaps my family
 Has got so many other cares
 They've all forgotteed me.
 I s'pose I'll starve to skin an' bone
 If I stay losted here alone.

My little dog, he founded me,
 An' wagged his tail an' whined,
 But he can't lead me home, for he
 Is taught to walk behind.
 And so I'm crying yet, becuz
 I'm just as losted as I was.

BURGES JOHNSON.

The Wrong Bird

A PROFESSIONAL rat-catcher in a town of northern Pennsylvania being recently called to another place, intrusted a number of ferrets to the care of a neighbor.

Upon his return he found, to his disgust, that, owing to the carelessness of the neighbor, several ferrets had escaped from custody. The rat-catcher thereupon proceeded to bring a claim against the care-

taker. The magistrate, before whom the suit for damages was brought, dismissed the case.

"No doubt," said he to the care-taker, "you were wrong to leave the doors of the cages open; but, on the other hand," added he, turning to the rat-catcher, "you were wrong, too. Why didn't you clip the wings of the ferrets?"

Mathematical

THERE is a youngster in Washington, the son of a distinguished mathematician, who has frequently evinced a disposition to follow in the footsteps of his eminent parent.

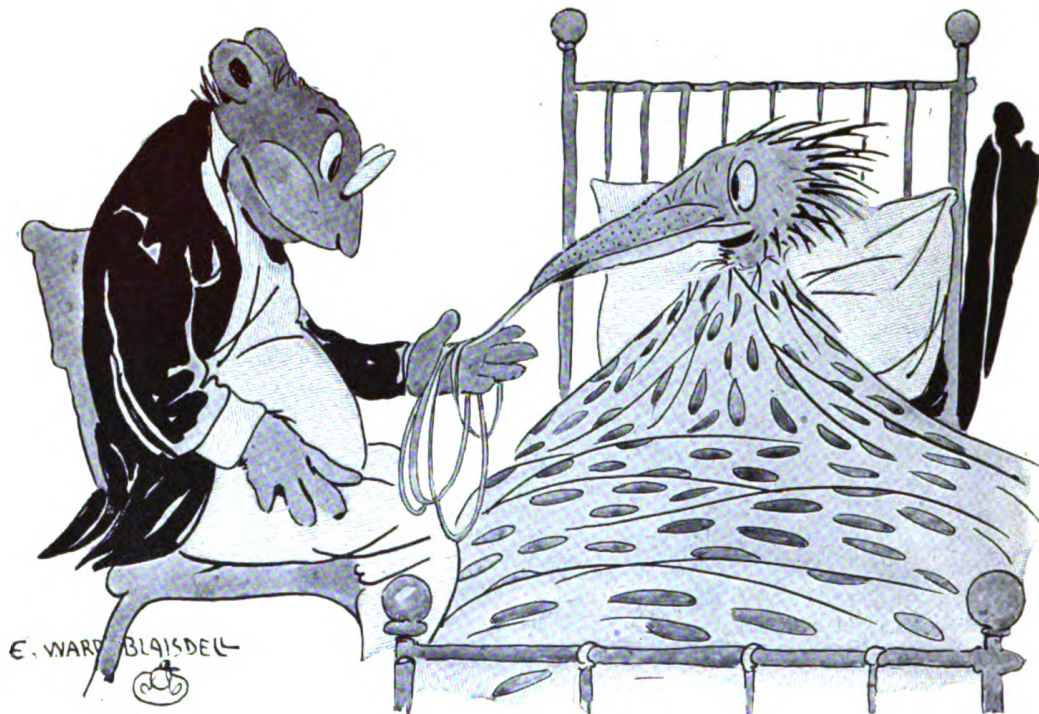
One day the lad was glancing over a volume of Tennyson's poems, when he came upon the line:

"Half a league, half a league, half a league onward."

"Dad," asked the boy, "did this man Tennyson ever have any schooling?"

"Why, of course, my son!" replied the father. "What are you thinking of?"

"I was thinking that he couldn't be much of a mathematician," rejoined the boy. "If he meant a league and a half, why didn't he say so?"



DOCTOR. "Yes, Mr. Ant Eater, your tongue is probably coated, but I haven't time to look at all of it to-day."

Ballads of a Beach-Comber

The King of Moo

BY ALFRED DAMON RUNYON

ME an' th' King o' th' Island o' Moo
 Settin' beneath a tree;
 Laughin' an' talkin' as folk 'll do—
 Talkin' an' takin' a drink or two;
 Spittin' out inter th' lagoon blue—
 This sez th' King ter me:
 "Goo!"
 That's all 'e sez ter me:
 "Goo!"

Oh, fer charmin' conversation just give me
 th' King o' Moo.
 Fer when th' King's a-talkin' there's no
 talkin' you kin do.
 'E ain't so strong on argyment; on words
 'e's mighty shy,
 But 'e never tells 'is 'ist'ry an' 'e never tells
 a lie.

'E never talks no politics; 'e 'asn't none ter
 talk;
 An' when it comes ter talkin' shop 'is
 tongue is apt ter balk.
 'E never tries no punnin' w'ich you cannot
 see th' point;
 An' 'e never tells no stories with th' morals
 outer joint.

'E never mentions parents, er 'is kiddies, er
 'is wife;
 'E never spoke onkindly o' 'is neighbors in
 'is life.
 'E couldn't talk religion, fer 'e don't know
 wot it means—
 'E never sprung an idea that wuz wuth a
 hill o' beans.

Oh, fer charmin' conversation just give me
 th' King o' Moo,
 Fer 'e confines 'is talkin' to th' simple word
 o' "Goo!"
 'E doesn't know my langwidge an' on 'is
 I'm sorter shy—
 An' so we gits along an' lets th' world go
 whizzin' by.

Me an' th' King o' th' Island o' Moo
 Speakin' opinions free;
 Never no argyin' 'twixt us two;
 Laughin' an' takin' a drink er two—
 Spittin' out inter th' lagoon blue—
 An' sez th' King ter me:
 "Goo!"
 That's all 'e sez ter me:
 "Goo!"



PICTURES FROM THACKERAY—PENDENNIS

"PEN" AND THE MAJOR IN ST. JAMES STREET

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

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HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

MARCH, 1907

No. DCLXXXII

Nearest the North Pole

FIRST COMPLETE REPORT OF THE PEARY ARCTIC CLUB'S LATEST EXPEDITION (CONCLUDED)

BY COMMANDER ROBERT E. PEARY, U.S.N.

FROM the time we left Storm Camp on the outward journey the wind had blown with greater or less force, but without cessation, from a little south of west. Now as we retraced our steps it blew in our faces, and was accompanied by a fine drift of snow, which cut like red-hot needles. When we stumbled into camp I was nearly blind with pain and completely done up with the continued exertion.

Of fourteen cracks and narrow leads (lanes of open water) crossed in this last forced march, all but three had changed in the hours elapsing between our outward and return march, and two or three of them had moved to such an extent that we had some difficulty in picking up our trail. At this camp we took a full sleep, the last for a number of days, and then hurried on at top speed.

Deep in my heart I still had a lingering hope that Marvin had crossed the big lead before the storm came, and that he might be able to find Storm Camp and make a cache of provisions in accordance with my instructions left there. I was very anxious, therefore, to keep my outward trail as far as Storm Camp. Some of my sledges had already been discarded owing to the reduced number of dogs, and with my two most efficient Eskimos I kept a few hundred yards in advance of the sledges, picking up the trail.

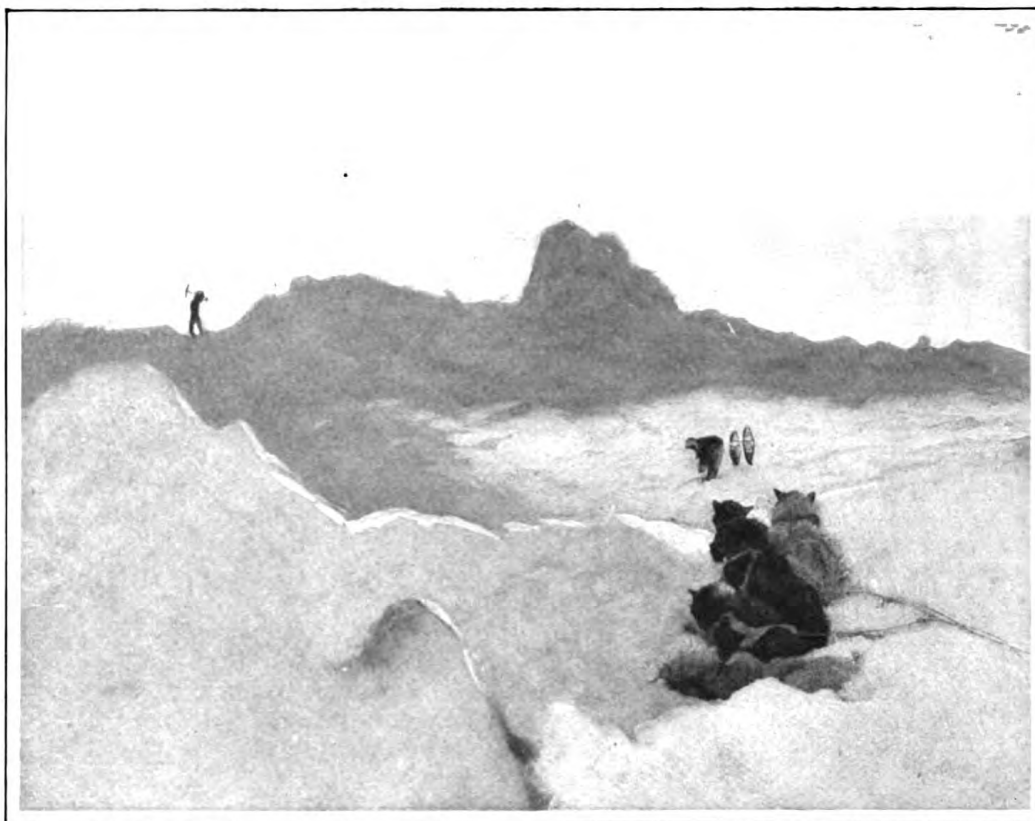
Whenever we lost the trail we opened out into skirmish-line and veered off to the southwest until we picked it up again. If an impracticable lead was encountered, one of the Eskimos went to the right on the run, the other to the left, in search of a practicable crossing, and whichever found it first signalled in the usual Eskimo way to the sledges, which headed at once for him. In this way the sledges lost no time and we were able to maintain a rapid pace, the three of us frequently running for considerable distances in order to keep a sufficient space between us and the sledges to enable us to reconnoitre the leads without loss of time. Every night we stumbled into camp completely exhausted, with eyes and faces aflame from the bitter wind and cutting snow.

As on the outward so on our return journey, never for an hour did the wind cease its incessant assault upon our faces.

The last march into Storm Camp, which we reached God only knows how, was in the teeth of a blinding blizzard which drove the snow in suffocating clouds, through which none but an Eskimo could have possibly kept the trail.

The igloos at Storm Camp were veritable ice-grottos lined with frost crystals and icicles and half filled with snow-drifts, but they were a haven of refuge compared with the howling elements outside. Here we were held twenty-four

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"ONE GRIM, EXHAUSTING MARCH, DURING WHICH PICKAXES WERE CONSTANTLY IN USE"

hours by the storm, the ice grinding and groaning in the well-known way; then we resumed our march, with the number of my dogs still further reduced.

When we reached the region where my two Eskimos had been stopped in their attempt to bring up the cache from the big lead, I was not surprised at the expressions of amazement and almost horror with which they had returned to me. Now there was no open water, but the chaos of broken ice was indescribable. Through this our progress was naturally slow; but one grim and exhausting march, during which the pickaxes were constantly in use, carried us through. As we approached the 84th parallel we came upon a region of huge pressure ridges close together and running in every direction. It was an ominous sign to me, and I was not surprised when a few hours later my Eskimo scout signalled from the summit of an upheaved pinnacle that there was open water ahead. When I climbed to his side, there was the big lead—a broad black band extending east and west

as far as the eye could reach. Turning eastward, I kept two Eskimos scouting close to the lead in search of a practicable crossing, while the party followed parallel some distance from the lead where the going was better. Once my scouts raised our hopes by signalling that we could cross. But when the sledges reached the place the shifting ice had rendered crossing impracticable.

The next day we continued eastward and found a frail bridge of half-congealed rubble-ice spanning the lead. The sledges were hurried on to this, and we were within a few yards of the firm ice on the south side when we were stopped by slush and found that the ice under our feet was going apart. It was an uncertain but finally successful scramble to get back to the northern side of the lead, where we camped on a piece of old floe, bounded on one side by the steadily widening lead, on the other three by huge pressure ridges of Alpine character. Here we remained five dismal days, drifting steadily eastward and watching the

lead slowly widen. The dogs dwindled away, and sledges were broken up and used for fire-wood to cook the dogs which we ate ourselves.

While waiting at the big lead on the outward journey in the brilliant bitter March days, when the unattainable ice-fields on the northern side seemed to my anxious eyes like the promised land, I had called the big lead "the Hudson." Now, as we waited beside its black depths, with the world and all that we held near and dear, perhaps even life itself, on the distant southern side, and the wide-stretching desolate ice with perhaps a lingering death on our side, there was but one name for it—"the Styx."

On the fifth day two Eskimos, forming my daily scouting party, whom I had sent to reconnoitre to the east, reported young ice a few miles distant extending clear across the lead, which might be firm enough to support us on our snow-shoes to the south side, now more than two miles distant. No time was lost in hurrying to the place, when it was evident that now was our chance or never. Each man tied on his snow-shoes with the utmost care, and then in widely extended skirmish-line and in absolute silence we began the crossing. Each of us was busy with his thoughts and intent upon his snow-shoes, which could not be lifted from the ice, and the slightest unsteadiness or stumble would have meant his finish. The thin film crusting the black water bent and yielded beneath us at every step, sending widening undulations from every man. I do not care for a similar experience. At last those interminable miles came

to an end, and as we stepped upon the firm ice on the southern side, the long breaths of relief from my nearest neighbors in the line were distinctly audible.

From the lead southward, farther than we could see from the summit of the highest pinnacle, stretched such a hell of shattered ice as I hope never to see again. It did not seem as if anything not possessing wings could cross it. I turned to my men to say a word or two of encouragement, but caught the tightening of their jaws and the flash in their eyes which I had seen at times before when we were in the midst of a roaring herd of walrus or facing a wounded polar bear, and knew that no words were necessary. As we turned our backs to the lead, a line of black water cut the frail bridge upon which we had crossed into two parts. The lead was widening again.

During the next three marches we stumbled and hewed our way through a frightful conglomeration of fragments of ice, in size from a paving-stone to the dome of the Capitol, all smooth and rounded by the terrific grinding they had received between the jaws of the big lead.

Then the going improved. Only a few narrow leads intersected our route, and these finally disappeared. No motion of the ice was perceptible, and it was evident that we were now under the shelter of Cape Morris Jesup, and no longer in danger of drifting around it into the east Greenland current.

While waiting at the lead some of my Eskimos thought they could see land. When we got through the shattered ice the white summits of the Greenland mountains were faintly discernible



CLARK, AFTER BEING RESCUED

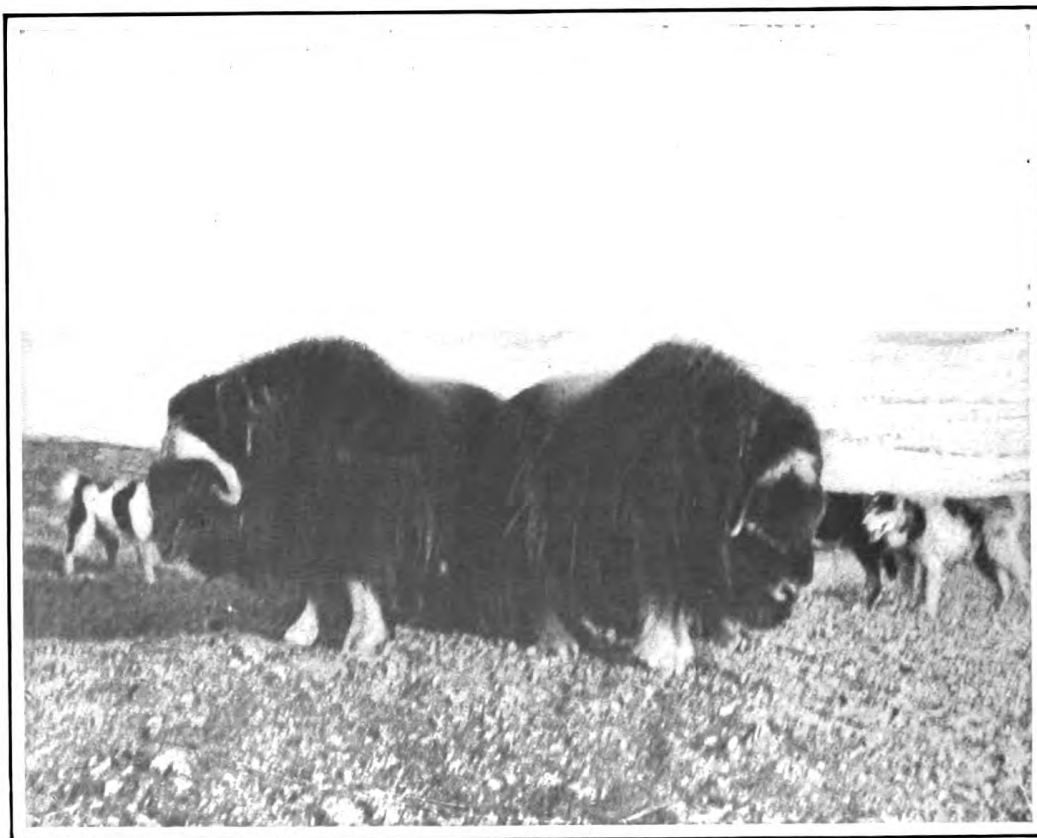
with the glass. Two marches later we came upon a large tree trunk embedded in the surface of an old floe, and on May 12 we dragged ourselves upon the ice-foot of the Greenland coast at Cape Neumeyer. As soon as we had made out the details of the coast distinctly, I had directed our course to this point, knowing from my journey along this shore in 1900 that we were likely to find game here. In an hour we had four hares. And how delicious they were!

Just before reaching land we crossed fresh sledge-tracks leading eastward, and for a moment I thought they might have been made by a party searching for us; but an inspection of the tracks indicated the passing of a light sledge drawn by three weak dogs, and accompanied by four exhausted men travelling slowly. I could not make it out clearly, farther than that it meant trouble, and as soon as we had slept a few hours I sent two Eskimos to follow the trail.

The next day they returned with Clark and his three Eskimos, skull-faced

and wavering in gait. My men had found them about ten miles east of us, in what shortly would have been their last camp. This addition of four starving men to my famished party did not lighten my responsibilities; but ten more hares were secured here, which improved matters, and we started for the *Roosevelt*.

I kept one Eskimo constantly scouting the shore abreast of our line of march looking for hare, but musk-oxen were to be our salvation, and so I took the passage inside of Britannia Island, and thence to Cape May and Cape Bryant. We had camped on the ice a little southwest of Britannia Island and had just killed a dog for food, when with a spy-glass a herd of musk-oxen was seen on the shore of Nares Land, some five or six miles distant. I went away at once on snow-shoes and secured the entire seven. Soon the tent was brought up, and we sat down beside the meat and ate and slept continuously for two days, then resumed our march. Before we reached Cape Bryant the meat was gone.



"THE MUSK-OXEN THAT SAVED US"



CROSSING ROBESON CHANNEL

My men had eaten incessantly, and I had not had the heart to restrain them.

At Cape Bryant sledge-tracks coming from the north showed that another supporting party, which I judged to be Marvin's, had been driven upon the Greenland coast. Traversing this section of the coast, I was greatly disappointed in not finding musk-oxen as I had done in 1900, but was agreeably surprised not to be delayed at the Black Horn cliffs by open water, as I had been in that year.

From the summits back of Repulse Harbor we could make out with the glass the *Roosevelt* lying at Cape Sheridan, and the sight put new life into my men, and particularly Clark's party. From here, with instruments and records upon our backs, we headed across Robeson Channel for a point a little north of Cape Union, the only direction in which the ice was practicable. One march and part of another landed us on the Grant Land ice-foot north of Cape Union. Here one of my Eskimos remarked,

"Tigerahshua keesha koyouni," which, freely translated, means, "Back again, thank God!"

One man dropped out in the march from Repulse Harbor, another remained at the camp on the ice, and a third dropped out between the camp and the ice-foot.

From Cape Union the hard level ice-foot presented good going to the *Roosevelt*, whose slender masts looked very beautiful in the midnight sunlight as we rounded Cape Rawson.

Arriving on board, I immediately sent two Eskimos and teams back with food and stimulants to bring in the three stragglers. I learned that Marvin, with Ryan the fireman, and some Eskimos, had started for the Greenland coast in search of Clark and his party, and that Captain Bartlett and Dr. Wolf were still pegging away out on the ice north of Hecla in an attempt to pick up my trail. I sent an Eskimo messenger at once to recall Marvin, and another to

Hecla with a letter to reach Captain Bartlett and Dr. Wolf the next time they returned for supplies. Forty-one dogs out of one hundred and twenty had survived the spring campaign.

On the seventh day after my return to the ship I started west with three Eskimos and Marvin, who, with the boatswain and two Eskimos, was to run a line of deep-sea soundings from Hecla as far north as possible. On the way to Hecla I met Captain Bartlett returning, rather worn, but still in good condition. In spite of the most persistent efforts he and the doctor had been unable, after the storm, to get farther north than a point probably somewhat beyond cache No. 2 and about ninety miles from the land. The April gale had so completely destroyed the trail and changed the face of the ice as to make the region unrecognizable. In one place a lead some five miles in width had formed. From Cape Hecla, Marvin and his party took the trail over the ice, and I followed the ice-foot westward for Cape Columbia *via* Point Moss.

The day was fine, the outline of Cape

Columbia rose clearly in the distance, and the level, straight-reaching surface of the great ice-foot was a very agreeable contrast to the ragged ice over which I had been travelling since the middle of February.

The snow, however, was a trifle soft, and I found that I had not yet quite recovered my strength, and that the miles seemed rather long. We made good progress, however, camped at Point Moss, and stowed my sledges from the cache there, then camped the next time a few miles east of Columbia.

Just back of Columbia, on the east side, I secured six musk-oxen; then in brilliantly clear weather climbed to the summit of the eastern one of the twin peaks of Columbia.

These two striking peaks, standing sentinel on the extreme northern point of the North-American land masses, are very regular conical points of rock fragments backed by the circling arms of the Liberty glacier sweeping down from the magnificent slopes of Mounts Lincoln and Roosevelt, which tower into the arctic air in the interior.

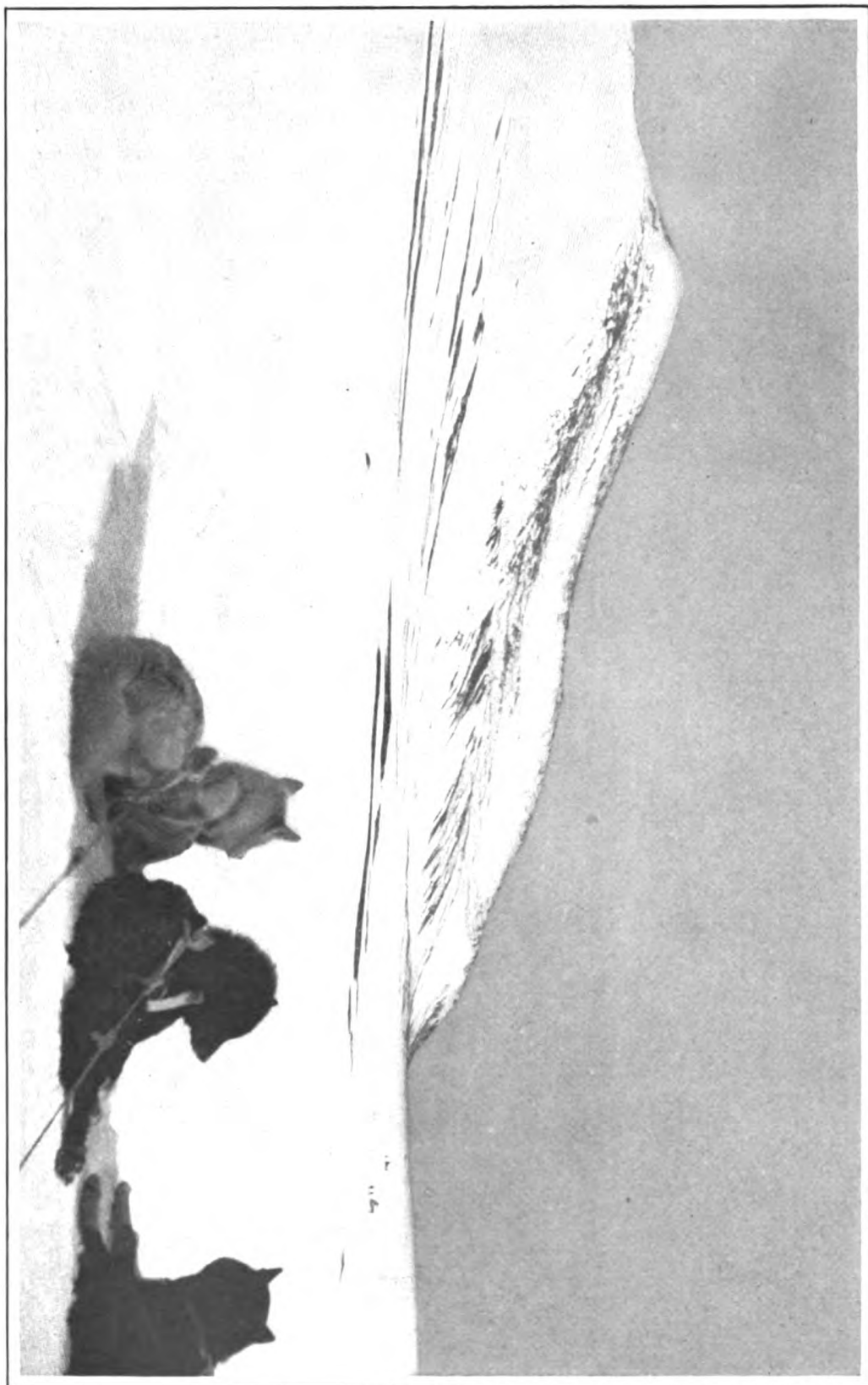
The view from this summit, where I built a cairn and placed my record, accompanied by a piece of my silk ensign, was savagely splendid. Right and left reached the wide-stretching coast of Grant Land, forming the shores of the central polar sea; northward the ragged pinnacles of the ice faded into infinite distance under the steel-white light of the midnight sun, while southward rose peak upon peak in marble whiteness and sharpness, broken here and there by the black blotch of some vertical cliff.

From Columbia west our marches were in almost continuous fog, travelling by compass along the outer edge of the ice-foot to Yelverton Bay, where from an elevated portion of the ice-foot we made out a snow-clad summit beyond Aldrich's "farthest," and headed directly for it.

From the low crest of the huge inert glacier at Aldrich's "farthest," which we thought to be a point of land, still another distant summit showed above the icy western horizon. Changing our course for this, we were later held up by a severe westerly storm, and as indications pointed to its continuing for two or three days, I left the bulk of my



CAPTAIN BARTLETT RETURNING FROM THE SPRING CAMPAIGN



CAPE COLUMBIA, THE EXTREME NORTHERN POINT OF NORTH AMERICA—83° 7' N. LAT.

loads on the ice-foot, and with the camp-gear and a few provisions struggled in to the shore, some five miles distant, with the intention of utilizing the delay in hunting. Numerous traces of deer and musk-oxen were found, but only some hare secured. From here we travelled on to the most distant summit, which proved to be almost the extreme northwestern angle of Grant Land.

At this peak we were favored with clear weather again, and I devoted a day to its ascent and the taking of a round of angles and photographs. From the summit, 2000 feet above the sea-level, and of a more truly Alpine character than any that I have seen in northern Greenland or Grant Land, the view was more than interesting. East lay the wide white zone of the ice-foot; west, the unbroken surface of Nansen's Strait, and beyond it the northern part of that western land which I saw from the heights of the Ellesmere Land ice-caps in July, 1898, and named Jesup Land, though

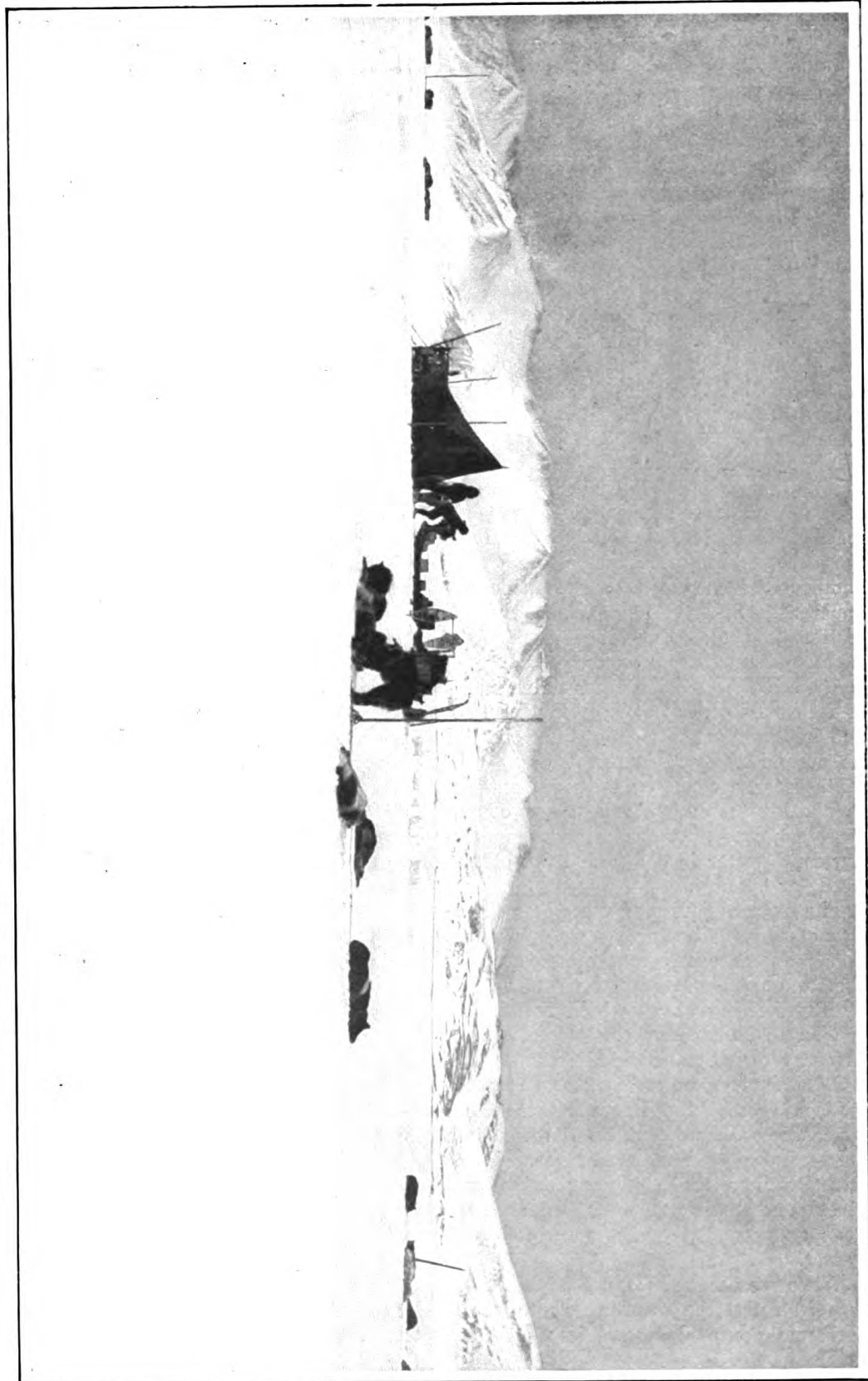
Sverdrup has later given it the name of Heiberger Land. To the south, over and beyond some intervening mountains and valleys, lay the southern reaches of Nansen's Strait. North was the well-known ragged surface of the polar peak, and northwest it was with a thrill that my glass revealed the faint white summits of a distant land, which my Eskimos claimed was there during our last march.

From this point I followed the western shore of Grant Land south until it began to trend eastward, hoping to find Sverdrup's cairn and record, but without success, though we all searched the shore carefully.

I then headed directly across the strait to the northern extremity of the western land, the ice in the strait being to all appearance a continuation of that forming the glacial fringe of the Grant Land coast. One thing may be accepted as certain—the ice in this strait breaks up only at intervals of two or three years, and not every summer.



CAIRN ON THE SUMMIT OF CAPE COLUMBIA, 1800 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL
A piece of the flag seen in the picture is buried in the cairn



TYPICAL CAMP ON THE "GLACIAL FRINGE" OF THE NORTH GRANT LAND, JUNE, 1906

The weather continued fine, and the northern point of Jesup (or Heiberger) Land seemed in the brilliant sunlight almost a summer land. Before we stepped upon the shore we saw several arctic hare, and in thirty-five minutes after landing we had secured six of these animals and two reindeer.

During a three days' stay here we obtained twelve of the reindeer, and built a cairn upon the summit of the cape 1600 feet above the sea-level, depositing as usual a record and piece of the silk flag.

A smaller cairn, with a piece of box embedded in the top, was also built not far from the ice-foot upon the low foreshore.

No previous cairn exists on or near this cape, nor does it appear from Sverdrup's narrative or his map that he reached this point. From the summit of the cape, where we were favored with another clear day, the glasses made out apparently a little more distinctly the distant snow-clad summits to the northwest above the ice horizon.

My heart leaped the intervening miles of ice as I looked longingly at this land and in fancy trod its shores and climbed its summits, even though I knew that that pleasure could be only for another in another season. The last day of our stay here was disagreeable, with a driving southwester loaded with rain, changing later to snow.

The return journey was a continuation of bad weather, fog, snow, and wind. Our marches were greatly hampered by the innumerable lakes and rivers formed by the melting snow, which intersected the broad surface of the glacial fringe in every direction, compelling us to follow its elevated ragged outer edge, where we could cross the larger rivers either by making détours out on the open sea ice or else over snow arches. What with wading the shallower lakes and rivers and occasional falls, we and our dogs and our equipment were constantly wet.

When we reached Cape Joseph Henry, late in July, the overland route across Feilden Peninsula was impracticable, and we were forced round the point of Cape Henry, where the savage ice-foot, with the cliffs on one side and open wa-

ter on the other, gave us the hardest two days of the entire journey. The ice in Black Cliffs Bay was so covered with water pools and intersected by leads that the march across it was almost continuous wading, sometimes nearly to our armpits, the dogs swimming, and the sledge being kept up by two sealskin floats lashed to it. From the east side of Black Cliffs Bay to Cape Sheridan we travelled overland, carrying packs upon our backs.

The results of this trip had been particularly gratifying to me in its closing of the gap in the coast-line between Aldrich's and Sverdrup's "farthest," which was the main object of the trip; in its determination of a new land to the northwest, and in its development of what I am satisfied, when the facts in regard to it are known, will form one of the most curious and interesting features of this region to the glacialist, namely, the broad glacial fringe of the Grant Land coast from Hecla westward.

The fact that the pleasure of the trip and of these results was at least for the time being considerably dampened by the extremely unpleasant features of the return journey is only the usual occurrence in all arctic work.

At Cape Sheridan I found Marvin and some Eskimos waiting for me, and learned that the *Roosevelt* was just below Cape Union, undergoing repairs. Marvin had been unable to get north from Hecla, owing to the breaking up of the ice, and working westward had carried a valuable line of soundings along the Grant Land coast as far west as Cape Fanshawe Martin. Captain Bartlett had made cross-sections of Robeson Channel in accordance with my instructions, and the *Roosevelt* had broken out from winter quarters at Cape Sheridan on the Fourth of July; had squeezed down along the shore past Cape Union, and had then been smashed against the ice-foot just south of the cape, tearing another blade from the propeller and breaking off her stern-post and rudder.

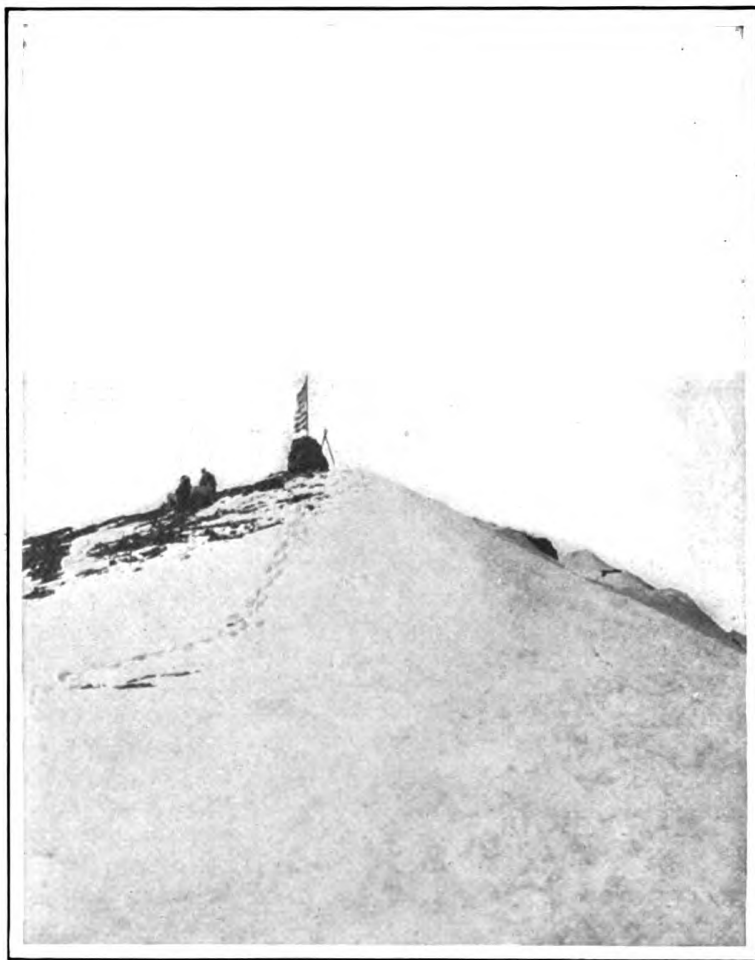
On a hill, more than four hundred feet high, back of Cape Sheridan, a cairn was built, surmounted by a timber cross, facing due north, with an "R" cut deeply in it. A brief record was deposited in this cairn, and the entire party

then went overland from Cape Sheridan to the *Roosevelt*, which I reached on July 30.

The ship had had a severe experience, and was still lying in an extremely exposed and dangerous position. Twice everything had been landed from her in the belief that she would never leave the place. Repairs had been effected as far as possible; Bartlett had built a new rudder, and the hanging of this was completed the day after my arrival. In the evening we squeezed along close to the ice-foot into Lincoln Bay, then full of broken old floes. After two unsuccessful attempts we crept around into Wrangel Bay, where the shifting ice pushed us ashore and held us during one tide. Two unsuccessful attempts were also made to round the dangerous point of Cape Beechy, the ice driving us back each time. Then the ice slacked a little out in the channel, and the ship was driven across for Thank God Harbor, where there appeared to be some open water. The passage was almost effected, when, with the turning of the tide, the ice nipped and held us.

We then drifted rapidly southward, and some very large floes jamming across the channel from Cape Lieber to Jo Island, we were shunted into Lady Franklin Bay. Here we remained motionless until August 25, and the prospects for our escape became so doubtful that I made plans for another year's en-

forced delay. My programme contemplated the scouting of the entire region from Cape Desfosse to Lincoln Bay, and west through the drainage basin of Lake Hazen, by several simultaneous hunting parties, and the establishment of winter



POINT FROM WHICH NEW ARCTIC LAND WAS FIRST SEEN
A piece of the flag is also buried in this cairn, which is on the northwestern summit of Grant Land

colonies at Fort Conger, Lake Hazen, and the head of Archer Fjord.

Finally we hammered our way out to Cape Baird, and on August 27, after a protracted struggle, worked across the channel to Jo Island. Then, running close along the Greenland shore, we reached, in thirty hours, a point some fifteen miles southeast of Hayes Point, where advance was no longer practicable in any direction.

The condition of the ice compelled me

to abandon all idea of picking up my depot on Bache Peninsula, and we slowly fought our way, foot by foot, across Kane Basin towards Cairn Point, on the Greenland shore. Early on the morning of September 16, after several hours'

Etah Fjord, and four days were spent in calking the stern, tightening the propeller blades, repairing the rudder, and taking on board the coal left here by the *Eric*. About half of my Eskimos were landed at Etah.

Whale and Wolstenholme sounds and their tributary bays were now covered with very heavy young ice. While landing some of my Eskimos in Robertson Bay the *Roosevelt* was forced ashore by the movement of a large field of this and held for one tide. This delay was utilized in still further calking the stern and retightening the propeller blades. The last of my Eskimos were put ashore in Parker Snow Bay, where the *Roosevelt* rode out a violent southeasterly gale. We then touched at Cape York, where the natives reported that the ice had only recently gone out, and that no ships had been able to reach the cape during the season—something which had not occurred before in years.

Leaving Cape York the afternoon of September 26, in a driving southeast snow-storm, we groped our way south through the numerous icebergs in almost complete darkness. Persistent southeasterly winds compelled a course down the centre of Baffin Bay, where, on the 1st of October, after rounding the northern end of the "Middle Pack," we carried away our foretopmast. Two days later we made the west coast at Cape Dier, and followed it nearly to Monumental Island (of Sir John Franklin), when a sea, striking under our starboard quarter, broke our rudder-stock square off at the bottom of the well, the entire blade drifting away in the darkness. During the following six days the *Roosevelt* was beaten back and forth off Resolution Island and the mouth of Hudson Strait by heavy weather, and during a portion of the time was hammered unmercifully by an old-fashioned northeaster. One jury-rudder was torn away almost as soon as rigged, and a second was built and hung with the greatest difficulty, the men being flung back and forth across the deck as they worked.

The Labrador coast was made in a bitter wind and driving snow, and during an entire day we threaded our way as much by the sense of sound as by sight through a labyrinth of reefs, with



MATT HENSON

This colored man was the only person, excepting the Eskimos, who was with Peary when he arrived at 87° 6', the nearest approach to the North Pole ever made by human beings, so far as history records

work with steam and sails, through very heavy young ice, some five inches in thickness, we drove out into a strip of open water just north of Littleton Island and made our way into Etah. The natives here reported an unusual summer, the ice holding on until very late.

The ship was beached at the head of

breakers on every side. Clearing these before dark, we then hauled off away from the coast, which we did not see distinctly until October 13 near Hebron.

We ran into Hebron in the hope of obtaining some coal, of which we had only a few tons left, and to get water, which we were entirely out of. Unable to obtain any coal at Hebron, we burned some of the interior beams of the ship, and taking the inside passage, reached Nain, the capital of the Labrador Moravian Missionary settlements. Here some wood and a little blubber and coal-dirt were obtained, with which, still following the inside route, we were able to reach Hopedale.

The ship was now so light, all her coal being burned and no ballast in her, that she would not mind her helm in a stiff breeze. This, and the lateness of the season, the continuous stormy weather which we were experiencing, and the character of the coast which we had yet to navigate, determined me to wait here for the arrival of the mail-steamer, from which I hoped to obtain coal, utilizing the delay to get ballast and strengthen the rudder and calk the stern again, the leaks in which had been reopened by our experience off Hudson Strait. On the arrival of the mail-steamer, I was greatly disappointed at obtaining only seven tons of coal, which, with two more tons obtained at Hawkes Harbor, barely brought us to Battle Harbor, through continuous head-winds and snow-storms.

At Battle Harbor I obtained plenty of coal, but while taking it on board a southeaster began and continued for eleven days, keeping us prisoners in the narrow harbor, known to all the Labrador fishermen as the worst on the coast, and requiring our utmost efforts to keep the ship from being driven on the rocks by the vicious undertow. The shank of our 2400-pound anchor and almost every hawser on board was broken during the eleven days, and it was only by incessant vigilance and hard work that the ship was kept afloat. From Battle Harbor the voyage was marked by almost continuous head winds and seas.

At early dawn of November 23 the *Roosevelt* steamed into Sydney Harbor and dropped anchor, over four months and a half from Cape Sheridan.

This homeward voyage was the most wearing and annoying part of the entire expedition, only compensated for by the return of every member of the expedition in as good or better physical condition than when we started, and the return of the ship with injuries of but a temporary nature.

The relations of the personnel of the party were particularly happy. Personally, I have never spent a year in the arctic regions so entirely free from the petty annoyances and friction which are usually a most disagreeable feature of an arctic expedition. Captain Bartlett proved himself invaluable, and was unsparing of himself in his efforts for the success of the expedition and the safety of the *Roosevelt*. Chief-Engineer Wardwell, from the time of the failure of our water-tube boilers, two days out from Sydney, had a particularly trying and difficult time, and found the fullest scope for all his ingenuity and resources. Dr. Wolf looked after the health of the expedition with unremitting care and skill, and there was no serious illness. The doctor also did his full share of the spring sledge-work. Mr. Marvin, while on board ship, and during the winter hunting in the interior and throughout the spring and summer sledging campaigns, assumed his full share of the work. Henson and Percy, my steward, tried in years of arctic experience, again proved their worth.

The officers and men were interested and willing. Mate Bartlett was in charge of the *Roosevelt* during the absence of Captain Bartlett and myself. Boatswain Murphy was of material assistance in the field. Two of the firemen, Clark of Massachusetts, and Ryan of Newfoundland, took an active part in the spring sledge-work.

The *Roosevelt* has been very effective even with her reduced power, forcing her way through the heaviest ice and apparently impassable places, and coming safely through experiences which I am satisfied no other ship afloat would have survived. Young ice, even of very considerable thickness, she trod under her with great facility, and under serious pressures she rose readily and easily. As a sea-boat she was equally satisfactory, lying to in the October North At-

lantic gale off Resolution Island under double-reefed foresail, with rudder gone, with all the ease and dryness of one of our best Bank fishing-schooners. For this the fullest credit is due her builder, Captain Charles B. Dix, who put his whole heart and years of experience into her construction.

The main results of the expedition may be summarized as follows:

First. The attainment of the "highest North," leaving a distance of but 174 nautical miles yet to be conquered this side of the pole, narrowing the unknown area between my highest and Cagni's to less than 374 nautical miles, and throwing the major remaining unknown arctic area into the region between the pole and Bering Strait.

Second. The determination of the existence of a distant new land northwest of the northwestern part of Grant Land, probably an island in the westerly extension of the North-American archipelago.

Third. The distinct widening of our horizon as regards ice and other conditions in the western half of the central polar sea.

Fourth. The traversing and delineation of the unknown gap in the coast-line between Aldrich's farthest west in 1876 and Sverdrup's farthest north in 1902.

Fifth. The determination of the unique glacial fringe and floeberg nursery of the Grant Land coast.

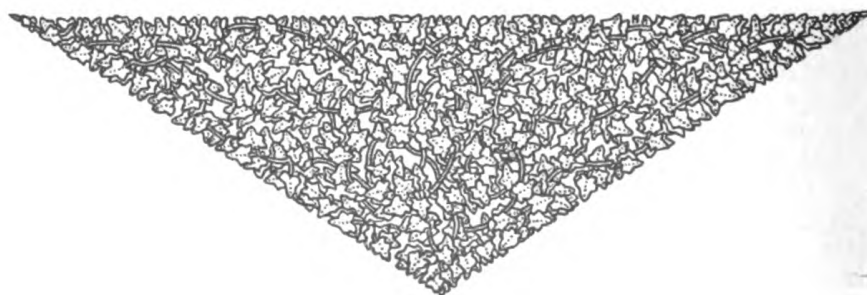
Tidal and meteorological observations have been made, soundings have been taken in the Smith Sound outlet of the polar sea, also along the north coast of Grant Land, and samples of the bottom secured; the existence of considerable numbers of the arctic reindeer in the

most northern lands has been determined; the range of the musk-ox widened and defined; a new comparative census of the Whale Sound Eskimos made, etc.

It seems proper also to note that the result of the last expedition of the Peary Arctic Club has been to simplify the attainment of the pole fifty per cent.; to accentuate the fact that man and the Eskimo dog are the only two mechanisms capable of meeting all the various contingencies of serious arctic work, and that the American route to the pole and the methods and equipment used remain the most practicable for attaining that object.

Had the winter of 1905-6 been a normal season in the arctic regions, and not, as it was, a particularly open one throughout the northern hemisphere, there is not a member of the expedition who doubts that we would have attained the pole. And had I known before leaving the land what actual conditions were to the northward, as I know now, I could have so modified my route and my disposition of sledges that we could have reached the pole even in spite of the open season.

Another expedition, following in my steps and profiting by my experience, not only can attain the pole, but can secure the other remaining principal desiderata in the central arctic sea, namely, a line of deep-sea soundings from the north shore of Grant Land to the pole, and the delineation of the unknown gap in the northeast coast-line of Greenland from Cape Morris Jesup southward to Cape Bismarck. This work can be accomplished by an expedition absent for the same length of time as the last one, and without a greater expenditure.



The Children of the Barren

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

ANNE moved about the house in a trance of despair. All the time that she was carrying Kenneth's caps and coats or Flora's small ruffled garments from their rooms to the front room where the trunks were she was telling herself that it was only what she had known must happen. The pain was so sharp it seemed dull.

Already there was in the house, usually so quiet, all the bustle of displaced life; yesterday John and Ellice had arrived, to-morrow Flora and Kenneth would be gone. Even now they were gone in a sense, clinging with childhood's passion for novelty to the newly returned parents, so long absent that it was as if they had fallen ready-made from the skies to the children. Flora would hardly let go her mother's hand, and Kenneth, the elder and the shyer, vibrated between her and his father with bashful tenderness.

Anne had been glad at last to make an excuse of the packing and slip away,—no, it was the mother, of course, who would pack, but it was Anne who superintended the removal of the little piles of garments, and it was Anne who knew exactly where everything was and the resources of their travelling wardrobes.

The ardent reunion was natural—as natural as the separation had been when her brother's business enterprises made Siam a necessity; as natural as that Anne should have then been the obvious refuge for the two elder children, who must be educated, and who had always spent their vacations with her. Nobody could foresee that the two years would prolong themselves to six. And now that the two younger children were growing to the educable age, it was equally natural that the parents, in their interests, should return,—equally inevitable that they should resume Kenneth and Flora. This was all quite as it should be, and Anne's first feeling had been of unadulterated gladness for her brother and his wife, even

while she smiled a trifle waveringly over John's assurance that "now she would be relieved of them." She had foreseen in their anticipatory excitement the children's passionate rush into parental arms, and her own wholesale desertion, with the excusing tenderness of a realizing imagination.

What she had never quite realized was something else—something which had been conveyed to her only that morning, when Ellice, calling Kenneth to her to retie his necktie, remarked, with a critical glance at Flora:

"How odd that child's hair does look! I must take her in at once and have it cut straight 'round; nobody is parting hair any more."

In the very commonplace of that maternal appropriation Anne suddenly saw great vistas end. She was made childless all in a moment by that simple remark; she was also made mortifyingly aware of deficiencies—the deficiencies of the woman excluded from common feminine knowledges. Ought she to have known, she wondered, that everybody was cutting hair straight around?—and probably she had been miss-tying poor Ken's neckties all these years. A fine smile crossed her lips at the thought, but there was no smile in her eyes. The fact that she had turned the children over to Ellice fitter, physically and mentally, seemed all at once to count for nothing. She had failed somewhere by the maternal standard. A mother would have known, by some mysterious sixth sense, about the hair, and would have owned a subtler instinct in the matter of neckties. She had been rather proud—ridiculously proud, she saw now, while she mechanically tested the buttons of Kenneth's shirts—of the results of her stewardship. Kenneth in particular—what a frail little chap he had come to her, even though he came straight out of the maternal hands,—with always a pain here or there to be rubbed away!



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

KENNETH WAS THE BOOKISH ONE

It was a long time now since there had been a pain to rub away; Anne smiled at the notion, till suddenly and sharply remembering that, whatever pains, there would be no more rubbing away for her.

This was poignantly in her eyes as she began to gather up the children's books, wherein their difference stood published. Flora's were tales of travel and adventure—the classics of bright but ordinary childhood; Kenneth's—Anne turned the volumes with a suffocated yet proud heart. His prose Homer, his books of heroes, his Plutarch, his Shakespeare, Scott, Mallory—the Nibelungen—all the poets—how the boy's kindling eyes burned from the pages to her!

"Are those Ken's?" asked John's voice, with interest, at her side.

He took up one volume after another.

"Bless me! what a collection for a thirteen-year-old!" He laughed a little. "Plutarch—Mallory—why, you used to read them to *me*, Anne, when we were youngsters,—we used to act the parts. You were Brutus, and I the lean and hungry Cassius;—you were Lancelot, and I Gawain; you were always the leader, the bookish one—" he laughed again. "Not much like Ken and Flora."

"No," said Anne; "Kenneth is the bookish one, though Flora is as fond of books as most children." She added, after a moment, "The head master thinks Ken has an unusual mind."

"Really, does he indeed?" replied her brother, complacently; then, at Anne's glance, laughed once more. "Oh, I dare say," he dissembled, transparently, "he's as bright as the average—his parents are. As for this"—he nodded with an amused tolerance at the bookshelves—"I suspect he'd never have found it out for himself; you've led him, just as you led me—and he'll shed it, as I did. We'll make a scientist of him all right." He turned a few more pages, with a musing eye. "Those were good old days," he said, with a sigh. "Well—it won't do Ken any harm."

Anne caught her breath quickly.

"No," she said, "I hope I haven't done him harm in—in any way." She nodded gayly as she said it, and went off rather quickly with the armful of books.

John Warner looked a trifle troubled as he sought out Ellice.

"Ellice," he said, "I'm afraid Anne is feeling giving up the children a good deal."

Ellice was busy counting out handkerchiefs. She looked up abstractedly.

"It's too bad," she answered, "but of course it can't be helped; they will write often, and run down for holidays, and she must run up. The idea of Ken still wearing shirts like that!" She broke off with a laugh. "Really, one can see that Anne was not cut out to be a mother;—and, after all," she added, catching at the idea, "it isn't as if she *were* their mother. I had to leave them—I know what *that* is; in a way it must be really a relief."

The idea at least was a relief to her husband; he embraced it with enthusiasm. Ellice must be right, of course; no doubt it was hard on poor old Anne, but it couldn't be the same thing. At most her sufferings could only be comparable to his own, and he had never dreamed for a moment of weighing those with Ellice's; he had always accepted it as final that however much he might miss the children, Ellice must miss them more. No, Anne was not their mother; he was grateful to Ellice for the reminder. Motherhood, maternity, was a divine mystery by virtue of which women became somehow set apart for higher sufferings and joys, and Anne had never passed through that baptism.

It was a fact of which Anne reminded herself many times that day—that she was not their mother. She was glad it was *only* that day, glad with a sword in her heart—when the last dinner was eaten, the last good-night said, the last possible everything accomplished, and when the darkness was there and the house still. She lay long awake, but she would not go to the children's rooms again to see if they were sleeping,—a singular pride forbade; that was Ellice's right now; the same instinct withheld which would have restrained her from taking anything else that was Ellice's.

In the days that followed, Anne was stricken with wonder at the emptiness and silence; it was as if a hand had been suddenly laid upon the very pulses of her life. And out of that stillness strange calls came—Kenneth's eyes, earnest boy's eyes, looking out of the dusk;

Kenneth's voice speaking suddenly out of the silence—"Anne, Anne"—in his old, familiar tone. "Anne" he had always called her; he would never be made to give her any elder title, and to Anne the name had been deliciously, exquisitely sweet. Or Flora's pink and white face with innocent eyes (Flora had irresistible lashes) gleamed upon her; her sweet irresponsible laughter came bubbling back upon Anne's ear. How was it possible that what had been all a life should cease so suddenly?

Inevitably she came to hang upon the mail. Ellice was very good about writing at first, and there were a business man's hurried cards from John, and brief scrawls from the children, full of the wonders of a new city, the babies, and a new home. But Ellice had that home and the babies to occupy her, John was typical man in the matter of correspondence, and Kenneth and Flora were in school making new friends, accumulating new interests. Ellice wrote many apologetic letters. Kenneth was passing into a higher grade and had a bicycle,—he had very little time,—Anne must excuse him; Flora was taking French lessons,—Anne must make allowances. They talked of her a great deal, but Anne could have no idea how hard it was to keep them up to letter-writing.

It *was* hard to keep them up to letter-writing, Anne knew. The exacted weekly letter to John and Ellice had been among the hardest portions of her duty, but that duty too obvious to be shirked. Anne was very reasonable—until the time Kenneth had typhoid.

They had a trained nurse, Ellice wrote hastily, and it was a mild case—nothing for Anne to worry about; Ellice would keep her posted as well as she could, but really she had hardly a moment, and no news would be good news. Of course, Ellice added in a shaky little postscript, if anything went wrong they would wire Anne, and the crisis might be looked for about such a date.

About such a date! Anne walked through that date with clenched hands; it was the last time she ever did so. Were they waiting for the crisis?—or, perhaps, saving her till the very last possible minute? Mild cases were frequently the most treacherous, and not even

Ellice—oh, *not Ellice by any means*—understood Kenneth as she did. As the day wore on, Anne's spirits rose in bitterness and revolt—also for the last time. Could not John—could not somebody send her a postal at least? Of what did they think she was made? When the children were both down with scarlet fever and then mumps, she had not treated Ellice thus; *she* had found time to send daily messages, and there had been no trained nurse, either—only Dr. Armstrong and herself to see it through. Ellice, no doubt, would have reminded her that she had no husband, no other children to think of.

Finally Anne telegraphed imperatively: *Should she come? Answer prepaid.*

It was John who wired the prompt negative: Kenneth all right. Letter to follow.

It was one of Ellice's most serene. Kenneth had been entirely out of danger for some days; he was sitting up a little longer daily, and would soon be able to drive out. There had been no complications of any kind, thanks, the doctor said, to his *excellent previous condition*—underscored with distinct maternal pride. Ellice was sorry Anne had worried; she had meant to write every day, but Anne could have no idea of the cares of a family at such a time, and Ellice had told her (reproachfully) that the type was mild and that they would telegraph if anything went wrong. As for her coming—the nurse occupied the only spare room. Ellice herself was up to her ears getting Flora ready for dancing-school. Anne might remember that though Flora was so well grown (as Ellice had been at her age) she was certainly *not* graceful; and in some subtle manner Anne understood that this latter was her fault—like the parted hair and wrongly tied neckties.

Anne laid down Ellice's letter with the very last smile in which pure humor contended with bitterness. She walked the house no more.

Instead she took to haunting the garden, never, mysteriously, quite so lonely as the house. It was there Dr. Armstrong found her next day; he had formed the habit of calling daily to inquire for Kenneth.

"Well"—he walked beside her—"so it's all right?"

"It's all right," Anne answered. "Look at my roses, doctor,"—she bent the spray towards him.

He looked keenly—not at the roses.

"Anne, you are looking wonderfully young—for your years."

The spray flew from Anne's hand.

"How did you remember?"

"How does one forget? I've watched you grow up—and there aren't so many calendar events in A—to distract the memory." He looked at her again and frowned suddenly. "Anne—do others forget? Have you heard from New York?"

Anne recaptured the spray; her cheek showed another pale rose against it.

"This illness of Ken's, you know—"

"I ought—by this time," said the doctor, dryly.

The rose flew from her hand once more.

"It doesn't matter." She drew herself up with a long, free breath, and looked at the doctor. "It might have—a week ago—even yesterday,—but it doesn't any more."

The doctor put out his hand and touched hers.

"I know," he said, with sudden sadness. "Anne, we are—the others—the outsiders."

"Yes," said Anne, "and they will remember us at Christmas *with* the others." She smiled.

The doctor's lips twisted finely.

"It's mighty easy to remember—at Christmas."

And at Christmas came the box—ample, generous, with carefully tied packages, from John, from Ellice, from Kenneth, from Flora, down to the youngest baby. There was a letter, too, from Ellice. The children had intended to write, but had been in such a rush—really Ellice could not see but that children nowadays had as much business, as many engagements, as their elders,—it was quite dreadful.

Anne smiled over the letter, as she smiled over the expensive book "for Aunt Anne, with Kenneth's love." It was very expensive, and the pictures—all about Japanese pottery—were quite beautiful; Anne decided to lend it at once to an invalid friend who liked pottery, but she laid it aside without any kind of emotion; for what emotion could any one possibly connect with it—who knew Ken?

The doctor, coming in as usual with his Christmas roses, looked at her quizzically.

"Did you have a Christmas box too, Anne?"

"Did you, doctor?"—but he felt her evade him in the very gayety of her tone.

He drew a magnificent cigar-case from his pocket.

"This from Jack—too busy to write, but he made it up with this. And Sid sent me a gorgeous pocket-case, and Nat a scarf-pin."

"They're not coming down?"

"No,—Sid and Nat can't spare the time, and Jack had accepted a chum's invitation. Anne"—his face darkened suddenly—"does Ellice ever mention him?"

"Sometimes—"

"I see," he broke in, abruptly. "Too fond of carrying Flora's skates and school-books, and all that. (Heavens!—he's only a boy. Can't the woman remember that—and he has no mother!)"

"Ellice has very strong ideas of maternal duty," said Anne. She looked at the doctor's troubled face. "Don't worry! He is only a boy,—and if he hasn't a mother, at least he has had more than a father."

"Ah, I'm afraid it isn't the same!" exclaimed the doctor. He leaned despondently on the mantel. "I've tried, but I'm afraid, Anne, we can't make good—we others."

Anne, looking vividly at the strong, sensitive face before her, had an instant vision of the father and mother for which it stood: the father—the doctor's own—marrying late in life for the second time a woman so incapably foolish that the best thing she had ever done for her boys was to die and leave them in their half-brother's hands. Was it possible there was anything, Anne asked herself, in that incapable parentage which could have supplied to Jack's undisciplined nature anything the doctor had failed—over and over—to make good? It was a riddle for Time.

And in the slow flight of that Time itself Anne and the doctor had somehow to live. The doctor had his practice. Anne—since there is no other condition under which normal womanhood abnormally gone astray *can* live—instinctively devised for herself new maternities. In

default of Ken and Flora, other children; in default of any children at all, their elders; failing even these, she passionately mothered Causes and Movements whose beneficent fruit Ken, Flora, the other and elder children, should gather one day.

But she did not forget Ken and Flora. She remembered their little anniversaries and birthdays, the days on which they had the habit of making small festival, private Thanksgivings of their own, a series which had sweetly grown up between them in the years. She remembered these quite simply; it was a part of breeding, like the common courtesy of answered letters. They had been special days and nothing could unspecialize them. Christmas belonged to all the world, these other days to Ken and Flora, so how forget them—unless one could forget Ken and Flora?

And that she was not forgotten on their part—were there not the Christmas boxes to prove? It had not been so easy to compass the holidays together; the young people had many invitations, a growing list of friends, and what Ellice called "opportunities," and Anne, punctiliously invited for the most part, rarely accepted the annual invitation to the city. Kenneth was away in college now; Flora was "coming out"—esoteric phrase,—and the doctor had long ceased to ask questions about Jack. Only year by year the hair on his temples had grown grayer and the fine lines about the eyes deepened.

It was Anne who, one Christmas, laid her hands in his without a word of greeting.

"Give me Jack's address. I am going up to-morrow,—I have taken rooms for the winter; it will be nearer—them all."

The doctor held her hands in his one long minute.

"God bless you, Anne!" he said, and went out and drove away.

Why had she waited so long? Anne asked herself afterwards.

"If you had only come before!" Jack exclaimed, miserably, the day he laid his still boyish, curly head down on her sofa arm and told her all;—but this was after weeks of patience, and he lifted up the boy's face—a man's.

"If you had only been here, Aunt Anne," moaned Flora, *her* head on

Anne's shoulder, "*you* could have made them see."

"I am so glad you have come, Anne," Kenneth, erect and confident, said. "*You* will help me; *you* understand."

For they had not succeeded in making a scientist of Kenneth, after all.

Funny was Ellice's mingled pride and dismay and John's open disgust and irritation.

"A nice outlook you are making for yourself for the next twenty years," he said to Kenneth. "And here I have kept a place warm for you which you have nothing to do but to step into—a place any other young fellow of your years would *jump* into. Science is a man's affair,—but your literary mediocrities fill me with disgust. I can't understand it in a son of mine;—you never got these notions from your mother or me."

"Anne understands," said Kenneth.

"Your aunt Anne," exclaimed John, irritably, "your aunt Anne—yes, I dare say you got those notions from your aunt Anne; and what does *she* know of business or life?"

Anne could only smile when he came complaining irritably to her, but she would not desert Kenneth.

In the end, of course, Kenneth had his way. His father pished and pshawed, but finally agreed to give him a couple of years—"To show what he could do," said Ken;—"To find his senses in," amended his father, but threw in an allowance.

It was another matter, however, when it came to Flora and Jack. It was another matter because Anne herself could only plead the argument of patience to the young people,—of time and proof to their elders. She could not quarrel with those who demanded hostages for a daughter's future, nor deny Jack's complicating follies. But neither could she—*would* she give up Jack, though Ellice, all her soft pliancy grown adamant, all her mild maternity frozen at its source (for Jack), reproached her bitterly.

"I cannot understand you, Anne. Your own niece!—and you *know* he has been wild. Yet you encouraged him!"

"Oh, I hope I do," breathed Anne.

"And *that* encourages Flora—" Ellice's color heightened.

"You can always keep her away," said Anne, a little coldly.

"Anne—you really prefer that good-for-nothing boy to your own flesh and blood!"

"She has a mother; he hasn't."

"Yes, Flora *has* a mother, thank Heaven," returned Ellice, severely, "and *she* knows her duty—if her aunt doesn't."

Anne's troubled lips curved into a sudden smile. Ellice's absolute lack of humor was a constant fuel to her own. She allowed for the deficiency in Ellice, exactly as she allowed for other deficiencies in Jack, and smiled again at the thought of how additionally indignant this would make Ellice if she knew.

It was in the sunny perspective of her own healthy sense, perhaps, that she could see the comedy in the tragedy of young lives about her.

"You make it all look so different—so possible," said Jack, gripping her hands just as the doctor had done (Anne was quick to see a hundred kindred traits), and in the unspoken gratitude of his eyes she read the same unuttered benediction.

"You are *such* a comfort, Aunt Anne," Flora said, lifting the long lashes from eyes in whose woman's yearning Anne found again the child lost so long ago.

It was not only Flora—nor Jack—nor Ken, nor even, as the years went on, the unfolding circle of young life about her; there were other adjustments, notably with John and Ellice, alternately seeking her to upbraid or, covertly, for sympathy, but seeking always. Her brother had fallen as naturally into the habit of dropping in upon her as when, a boy, he brought her all his problems to be solved.

Ken had had a few verses published,—pshaw!—newspaper fame!—Ken would soon find out how long he could live on *that* (but the paper was in John's pocket); Ken had been invited to write for a rather important periodical; John understood this was supposed to be an honor,—did *Anne* suppose there was anything *substantial* in it? Dr. Edwards, the head of the university—a name sacred in letters and not to be lightly pronounced by John himself—had seen some of Ken's poems, and was quoted as saying there was really something in them; what did *Anne* think there was in *that*? Of course if

Dr. Edwards had said it, John supposed—with a side glance at Anne—it could not be wholly ignored. Certainly he would rather Ken had chosen something else, but if the chap was bound to be a poet, it was a mercy he seemed likely to be a good one. After all, there was no denying the ink in the family blood, and, speaking scientifically, he supposed there were some bents it was useless to fight. *Ken was about to publish a book.*

Flora, too, who had thrown Ellice into despair, first by refusing to go to any parties, thereby depriving herself, according to Ellice, of her last chance of finding her senses and a more desirable lover, and then by going to *all* the parties and flirting furiously with every man, desirable and otherwise,—Flora had settled down and was seeming wonderfully bright these days. John fidgeted up and down the room.

"Ken writes that that young scapegrace" (it had used to be "young scoundrel") "is devoting himself astonishingly to his studies,—is sure to graduate brilliantly."

"I dare say," said Anne.

Her brother's eyes twinkled.

"Anne—confess she gets news of that young scamp here?"

"All I have," admitted Anne.

John smiled, then sighed.

"Well, we shall see. Ken writes of him in the highest terms. I've great confidence in Ken's judgment—he's a discerning chap—and devoted to his sister. Of course—if it proves to have been mere boyish folly—" He went away with that.

"Kenneth says that Jack Armstrong has taken the highest honors," reported Ellice later, with a sharp glance at Anne.

"Yes?" said Anne.

"Yes," said Ellice, with an emphasis which implied something perverse and doubting in Anne. "His whole college course has been irreproachable; they say he will get the appointment in the hospital. Ken and he are coming down together. Of course if it weren't for this, we shouldn't countenance Ken's bringing him to the house, but Kenneth"—Ellice spoke in her loftiest maternal manner—"has so much judgment in choosing his friends—we feel *perfect* confidence. And of course nobody could be more glad

than we—if only for the doctor's sake,—such an old friend—and family.”

She was so delicious in her maternal inconsequence that Anne stooped and kissed her. They were dear people—John and Ellice; it had taken her years to find out how dear.

She kissed Ellice again and even more warmly when she swept in, some months later, flushed and full of subdued importance. Anne laid quietly aside the two letters—in curiously like and unlike handwriting—she was reading, to give her full attention.

The boys were coming home together—they seemed inseparable, really quite like brothers. Ken's book was out; Jack, an “honor” man, was to have the position, and the doctor was coming to see him installed. Ellice was determined to make a festival of it worthy the occasion, and *would* Anne drop everything else and help her? She blushed brightly as she released herself from her sister-in-law's embrace.

Really she could not imagine what Anne meant,—why she made so much of it. What could possibly be more natural?—or consistent? *All* they had *ever* asked was that he should deserve—certain things, and if certain things *should* come about,—why,—at this point Ellice became delightfully vague and involved, and passed out in a mild maternal whirlwind, which revolved on itself, so to speak, on the very threshold, to inquire whether Anne had yet seen the reviews.

Whether Anne had seen the reviews! Was it not Anne's birthday, and did not the small, the invaluable, the wonderful little book lie on her table boldly inscribed in Ken's own hand—a very different affair from Japanese pottery? And did not every possible cutting and clipping lie beside it? Other things lay on Anne's table; everybody remembered her birthday now; at times she had the illusion of that forgotten and letterless period as all a dream. Flora never (here) lacked time to run in and talk over prospects; Jack was an ardent correspondent, writing *for*, as well as *to*, two, and Ken had spent upon her for months the entire released torrent of his typewritten Muse. No danger Anne would miss those reviews.

As little that she would miss the date,

so memorable in the annals of the family, which crowned the son's first success and tacitly sanctioned the happiness of the daughter. Meeting Ellice in the festally bright house, she patted her sister's hair affectionately.

“You look as lovely as Flora—and as young. Ken will be writing sonnets to your eyebrows next.”

“I hope he will *keep* to mine—for a little while,” answered Ellice, laughing, with a glance towards the group of young persons. “Anne— isn't she pretty tonight? And Jack is very distinguished, don't you think?—although of course he hasn't Ken's air.”

There was something touching in Ellice's happiness; so there was also in John's vain attempts to hide *his* pride; nothing in all his business successes had ever made him proud like Ken's triumph.

“It runs in the family,” Anne overheard him explaining complacently to Dr. Edwards. “I had quite a taste that way myself in boyhood, but circumstances chose for me. It all comes out in Ken.”

She found it a great deal better than consistent, this naïve, delicious pride of parenthood, whose magnanimity embraced even herself.

“Oh, yes,” Ellice, on her other hand, was saying, “Anne shares all our feeling; she has really been quite a second mother to them. In fact, one may say she has had all the poetry of motherhood—with none of the cares.”

The young people passed, moving in circles of rapture, Jack's head bent low, and Flora's long lashes lying upon her cheek. She lifted them to sweep Anne with a look of speechless bliss as she floated by, and Jack's brilliant smile included them both.

Anne heard a sigh beside her.

“Between us, Anne—we've saved those children,” said the doctor. His keen gaze softened upon the two, and he drew again that long breath. “He has given me more trouble than any of the three, but he's worth the other two put together—God bless him! I'd trust him anywhere—with anything; I'd give him my own daughter—if I had one. It was all you, Anne,—I could never have done it without you. You see, he had no mother—”

“He had one surely till past child-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

THERE WAS SOMETHING TOUCHING IN ELLICE'S HAPPINESS

hood," Anne spoke with sudden sharpness. "And don't they say, 'Give me a child's first five years'—or nine—or ten—'and any one may have him after'?"

The doctor's lip curled.

"I dare say they do,—or any other fool thing, if there is anything more foolish. It is you who have been his mother,—and Flora's and Ken's, for that matter; they are all your children."

"None of them is mine," said Anne.

She turned away with sudden weariness. How could she tell him—? What could any man—even the doctor—understand of the surge of forces, the sentient, warring motherhood within her?—or that if she had been more a mother than most, it was but the pale measure of the mother she might have been? The recurrent wave of loss and loneliness swept her again more fiercely. Through it she heard the doctor's voice remotely:

"'More are the children of the desolate than those of the married wife.' Another fool saying, Anne?"—and she felt him move away.

"The children of the desolate," but when the real tests came, in the last analysis, to whom would Kenneth and Flora turn?—to John and Ellice. And the tie between the doctor and his brothers could never be that between father and sons. What son denies or forgets his mother?—what daughter but in her own maternity turns instinctively to the mother that bore her? The bond of nature stood—would stand. The doctor and she had had but their transient moment of influence. It might seem enormous now, magnified in the first grateful flush and passion of the young folks' happiness, but later, when things went homely—well and sweet?—why, later it would be as before, in the days of forgotten birthdays, of letterless weeks, and blank anniversaries. Unless, thought Anne, the grandchildren should prove trouble-

some,—then doubtless the doctor and she would still have their uses.

"Aunt Anne,—Aunt Anne,—I am so happy!" Flora murmured in her ear, sweeping past once more in her lover's arms,—but Jack did not raise the eyes fastened upon Flora's face.

Anne's heart went out to them. After all, what did it matter? *They* had their dream. She was still watching them when Kenneth came up to her. Before the triumph of his young forehead everything else seemed to Anne to fade away. It was his great hour. He looked at her with a strange intensity of manhood, then suddenly put out his hand and touched hers quite boyishly.

"Anne—I have been looking for you everywhere. Anne"—his eyes looked into hers joyously—"you like it—you are pleased?"

She smiled back with her very heart.

"I do like it, Ken; I *am* pleased."

"I am so glad," he said, shyly yet boldly; "for, Anne, there's one thing I want to say. The *pater* and *mater*"—he motioned delicately—"I wouldn't have them know,—but, Anne, *you* know—we know—I might never have done any of it but for you." He beamed on her in his young generosity.

"It all comes back, you know," he went on, in the dear way so like Ken years ago, so unlike all the rest of the world ever since, "to those times—those years—the old days—the old talks and readings. It began then, and it has been with me ever since, and *but* for them—who knows if it ever would have begun at all?—if I should ever have done it?"

For a moment Anne was silent. Years before, a word of Ellice's had closed vistas to her; now at a word of Ellice's son new vistas opened, and those which opened were greater—were at least as great as those which had been closed.



Cruising on the Gulf Coast of Florida

BY A. W. DIMOCK

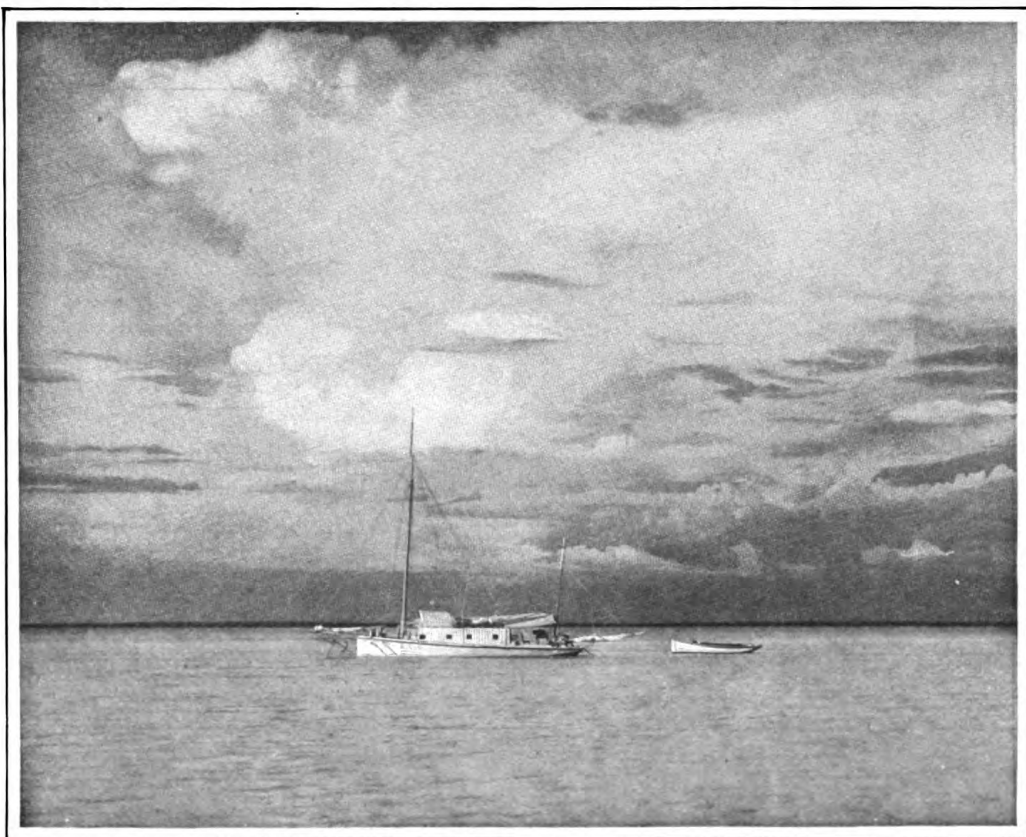
IT is now a score of years since the hospitable *Karena*, known to the natives as "The Ark," threaded most of the waterways and ran aground on all the bars of the west coast of Florida, from Cedar Keys to Key West. It was the prototype of the cruising house-boat of that coast of to-day, and, as its owner with prophetic instinct once remarked, lacked only a little steam-tender to run its errands. In place of the *Karena* we now see floating houses, with every attribute of a home, from a *chef* to a canary, from a library to a pet cat, with sixty-horse-power engines in the basement, in which the owner changes his residence while he sleeps, and only knows where he is living when his captain tells him. Glittering launches, polished dinghies, and a uniformed crew go with this outfit, which suggests yachting rather than the cruising I care for. Stately yachts at stated times rattle their anchor-chains just within Boca Grande, while near by their chartered craft lodge the guides who know the tricks of the tides and the tarpon and reduce the labor of the fisherman to a minimum. I have seen a well-known yachtsman quietly enjoy his magazine and cigar on the deck of his boat while his guide trolled for tarpon within a few hundred feet. When a tarpon was hooked, the sportsman laid aside his magazine and was rowed out to the skiff of his guide, from which he captured what was left of the fish. There are house-boats of simple construction which are moved about by tugs, and often anchored for the season in one place. They make inexpensive homes with attractive features, but they are not cruisers. Occasionally, a should-be cruiser becomes conventionalized, and goes back and forth from Fort Myers, to Punta Rasa, and Boca Grande, fishing in orthodox fashion on the predetermined dates.

The interest of a cruise is often in inverse ratio to its cost. Two young men, with some knowledge of sailing and a genuine love for the camp-fire, arrived on the west coast of Florida with two months in time and two hundred dollars to spend. They bought a sloop with a small skiff for one hundred dollars, enlarged and fitted up the cabin at a cost of seventy-five dollars, invested twenty-five dollars in supplies, and buried themselves among the Ten Thousand Islands. Two months later they emerged with clothing in tatters, faces and arms red as the Indians with whom they had consorted, bodies rugged, and stores of experience sufficient to illuminate their lives. They sold their outfit at cost, reducing their net expenses for two months to the twenty-five dollars paid for supplies, to which the wilderness had contributed, without cost, fish, game, and fruit.

My latest cruise began as a family affair, with the girl, the camera-man, and a captain. Another girl was needed, so we borrowed the tree-lady, who, having just evolved from her inner consciousness a tree-book, which was counted authoritative, was now anxious to see some real trees.

Our equipment was the result of compromises between the requirements of deep-water cruising and shallow-bay exploration, and between cabin capacity and seaworthiness. It consisted of a yawl-rigged, flat-bottomed boat 37×14, with a draught of three feet, a cabin 20×12×6 feet, two skiffs, and a small launch. Fittings and furnishings were severely practical, and included dark room, tools for all ordinary repair-work, and fishing, hunting, and photographic outfits.

Starting from Marco, we gave the tree-lady her choice between tarpon and crocodiles, and as she selected the former, sailed for Charlotte Harbor and the tarpon resorts of Captiva Pass and Boca



THE HOUSEBOAT AT ANCHOR

Grande, where the season was at its height. On the first day at Captiva Pass the tarpon scored. The tree-lady was in a skiff with the camera-man, making tarpon jump while he photographed them; the girl was on Captiva beach gathering shells, leaving me to fish by myself, which I did by placing my tarpon-rod on the seat beside me, with the bait trolling behind the skiff as I rowed in the swift current of the pass. There came a highly pitched buzz of the reel, a wild leap six feet in air of a frightened tarpon, and my rod flew over the stern of the skiff, leaving a straight wake to the Gulf. I fancy that the whole outfit—rod, massive reel, and six hundred feet of costly line—was an exhibit that night at some club of tarpon devoted to the baiting of fishermen. I should like to see the legend attached to it, to know the estimate of my weight, and to hear the account of the contest, that I might compare the stories told by fish with those told about them.

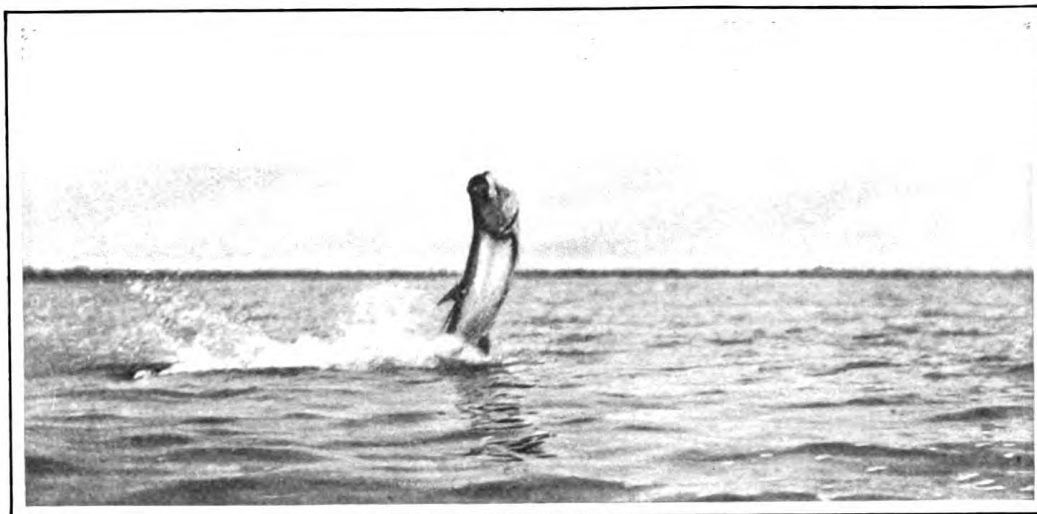
We were fishing for the camera, and when the hooked tarpon ceased to pose they were turned loose, with a single exception. The tree-lady wanted some tarpon scales big enough to weigh the fish-stories she was preparing for her family. At Boca Grande we anchored north of the pass, safe from everything but a gale from the northeast, which is what came to us with the going down of the sun. A strong tide held the boat in the trough of the sea, and a wicked roll caused havoc in the cabin, where a bottle of oil breaking on the floor made walking thereon distressing. As the tide rushed past, it created a wake of phosphorescent fire, and an occasional wave breaking over us bathed the boat in liquid moonshine, while filling the cockpit with water that had to be bailed out. We hoisted the jigger to hold the boat across the seas, and gave the hurricane-anchor a few more fathoms of chain. Our captain was on shore unable to join us. Four times he dragged his skiff through

the surf and tried to row to us, but four times he was capsized and swept back. As the night wore on, the launch filled and sank, and the remaining skiff was swamped, broke her painter, and was washed ashore. In the morning the captain succeeded in reaching us, although his skiff sank under him just as he caught the line we threw him. We made tackle fast to the launch, lifted it until it could be bailed out, and then hoisting a sail with many reefs, spent an exciting quarter of an hour in clawing away from the beckoning beach. Following the storm, the fishing at Boca Grande was marvellous. The mile-wide pass was filled with minnows by the thousand million, making dark patches upon the water, often many acres in extent. Among them porpoises rolled, thousands of tarpon leaped, the fins of hundreds of great sharks cut lanes through them, uncountable cavalli, Spanish mackerel, bluefish,

ladyfish, and other predatory small fry, devouring and being devoured, beat the water into surflike waves; while, moved by a single impulse, here, there, and everywhere, minnows by the yard or acre were leaping three feet in the air, filling it with rainbow-tinted masses of spray. Everywhere the water was covered with dying minnows and spangled throughout with their scales. As our skiff was rowed among them, tarpon leaped about it, drenching us with water and throwing hundreds of minnows and other little fish into the boat. A small fish, which had fallen aboard, was put upon a tarpon-hook, and as it dropped overboard was swallowed by a jack-fish, which in turn was seized by a tarpon. A great shark took up the trail of the tarpon, and a moment later had bitten him in two, at the same time striking the skiff so vicious a blow that I was glad to remember that, contrary to current superstition.



COCOA AND DATE PALMS NEAR SHELL MOUNDS
Relic of the Aborigines



SHARK PURSUING TARPON

A fraction of a second lost a record picture. The wake of the pursuing shark may be seen, but the camera was too late to catch the fish himself

the shark in this country never attacks a human being.

Tarpon-fishing with the camera is the apotheosis of sport. There is yet to be discovered anything more picturesque and thrilling than the leap of the near-by tarpon, filling the air with prismatic drops, and the gleaming silver of its gracefully contorted body brilliantly reflecting the rays of the sun.

Only less spectacular, because of its Lilliputian scale, is the leap of the ladyfish, which rises to a fly and gives an acrobatic performance that makes the best work of any known game-fish look very tame. Sea-trout, Spanish mackerel, channel-bass, and other game-fish kept the larder full and gave continuous sport at every pass in Charlotte Harbor and Pine Island Sound from Gasparilla to Punta Rasa. Half an hour with a landing-net on the shore would fill a bucket with crabs, while on any moonlight night from May to July great turtles could be found crawling on the beach, and turned over for stews and steaks, or followed to their crawls for the one hundred and thirty to one hundred and eighty eggs which would be there in the morning. We beach-combed for shells from Gasparilla to Big Marco Pass—all but the tree-lady, who explained that she was under contract to produce a standard work of reference

on conchology and must approach the subject with a mind that was blank. Later when she sailed for the north from Marco, we turned south for the crocodile country. From Coon Key to Sand-fly Pass our course lay outside the keys, and we ran before a gale under jib and jigger, landing disgracefully among the bushes when we tried to stem the tide that flowed from Chokloskee Bay. Here we found a party of Seminole Indians, paved the way for a visit to their camp, and obtained a full-grown wild-cat, or lynx. We made a cage for "Tom," who day by day grew more ferocious and had to be fed at the end of a stick. He nearly ate up his cage in his efforts to get free, but when his door was opened, hesitated long before he came out. He then walked slowly, growling at everybody, but so surprised by the indifference with which he was regarded that he soon began to make advances, and finally laid a tentative paw upon the hand of the captain as he stood at the wheel. Thereafter he became friendly, sometimes too friendly, occasionally playfully jumping upon any one who happened to be sleeping on deck, which, until we got used to it, was exciting.

From Pavilion Key south the coast is one vast bank of clams, perennially inviting the cruiser to go overboard and tread for them. One night when

anchored with light tackle a few miles below Pavilion, a gale from the southwest dragged the anchor, a big wave lifted us, and at the very top of a spring-tide dropped us on a high coral reef. The next morning we were many yards from water, with the chances that we were settled for a month; but happily a favoring wind that day raised the water enough to enable us to haul the boat back into her element. As our cruise led us through crooked channels in the shallow water of the Bay of Florida, we often ran aground, but by promptly going overboard could usually push off into deeper water. Once we had to dig the boat out, loosening the mud under it with a hoe and washing it away by a current from the propeller of the launch.

At Madeira Hammock we anchored for a crocodile-hunt, in the interest of the camera, and for ten days in skiffs explored creeks and bays in the pursuit. Once we turned aside to follow with a harpoon three big fins travelling tandem that belonged to a thirteen-foot saw-fish, whose thousand pounds propelled a broad four-foot saw, armed with fifty-two teeth, through schools of smaller fish. He belonged to the detested shark family, and we wasted no sympathy on him as he towed us at racing speed through a mile of creek and bayou. We caught a number of crocodiles, but their story belongs to the camera-man. We took with us for shipment to the Bronx Zoological Gardens, at Bronx Park in New York, one ten-foot specimen which we had captured in his cave, and sailed for Marco, where the camera-man left us for New York. On the way up the coast the cat and the crocodile quarrelled, and to save the eyes of the saurian we put him overboard one evening with a rope around his body. During the night he died—mysteriously. The lynx swam ashore in response to the crowing of a cock, and perished in a hen-roost, but not mysteriously. Both had been prematurely promised to the Zoo in New York, and I was mortified; so I visited a rookery, captured and shipped a dozen pelicans for the Zoo, and again sailed for the crocodile country. We started on Friday, wherefore the girl predicted disaster, and reminded us thereof on the following day when a heavy

rain-squall struck us, shut us up in semi-darkness and proceeded to box the compass with the boat. When the squall got through with us we were under bare poles, with the jib our only hoistable sail. Two days later at Madeira Hammock I stood again, harpoon-pole in hand, in the bow of the skiff, which my perspiring boatman patiently sculled among the keys, over the flats, and through the labyrinthic rivers that lie between the Bay of Florida and the saw-grass of the Everglades. The harpoon was simply a pointed bit of barbed steel, only capable of penetrating one inch beyond the barb, and intended merely to maintain communication with the quarry until it could be secured by other means.

One morning, just after we had started on our daily cruise, a series of swirls in the water near us, the language of which was then unfamiliar, seemed to tell of a frightened crocodile and that the hunt was on. We followed the zigzagging trail of muddy water as fast as we could scull and pole, getting occasional glimpses of a fleeing something, until the full view of it under the bow of the skiff gave me the chance I was seeking. As the harpoon struck a broad back, which was not that of a crocodile, the creature rose above the surface, and a big beaverlike tail deluged me with half a barrel of water as it struck and nearly swamped the skiff, and told me that I had at last found the manatee which I had vainly hunted during many years. For hours we chased the creature, keeping a light strain on the harpoon-line, frightening him as he came up to breathe, until, exhausted, he rose more and more frequently, and I made a score of unsuccessful casts of a lasso at this specimen of the wild cattle of the sea. Finally the manatee came to the surface to breathe so near the skiff that I put my left arm around his neck as far as it would go and tried to slip the noose over his head with my right. The sudden lifting of his head threw me upon his back, while a twist of his big tail sent me sprawling. We were swamped four times while working the manatee into shallow water, where we got overboard, fastened a line around him, and soon had him under control, although when the captain got astride of the creature he was promptly made to



LOOKING FOR SHELLS ALONG THE BEACH

turn a back somersault. Docile as our captive had become, he was yet eleven feet long, of massive proportions, and a weight which was difficult to handle. We tore the seats out of the skiff, sank it, and succeeded in getting the creature over it. Then, having bailed out the water, we were paddling the overladen craft out in the bay, when a cataclysm left us swimming side by side, while a submerged skiff was being towed Gulfward by a rejoicing manatee. We soon recaptured and persuaded him into shallow water, where I herded him while the captain went to the big boat for an anchor and cable, with which we made our captive fast, giving him two hundred feet of rope in an excellent seaweed pasture.

We were now candidates for a dungeon and liable to a big fine because of our unlawful detention of a highly protected mammal, so we sailed for Miami in pursuit of an *ex post facto* permit. The

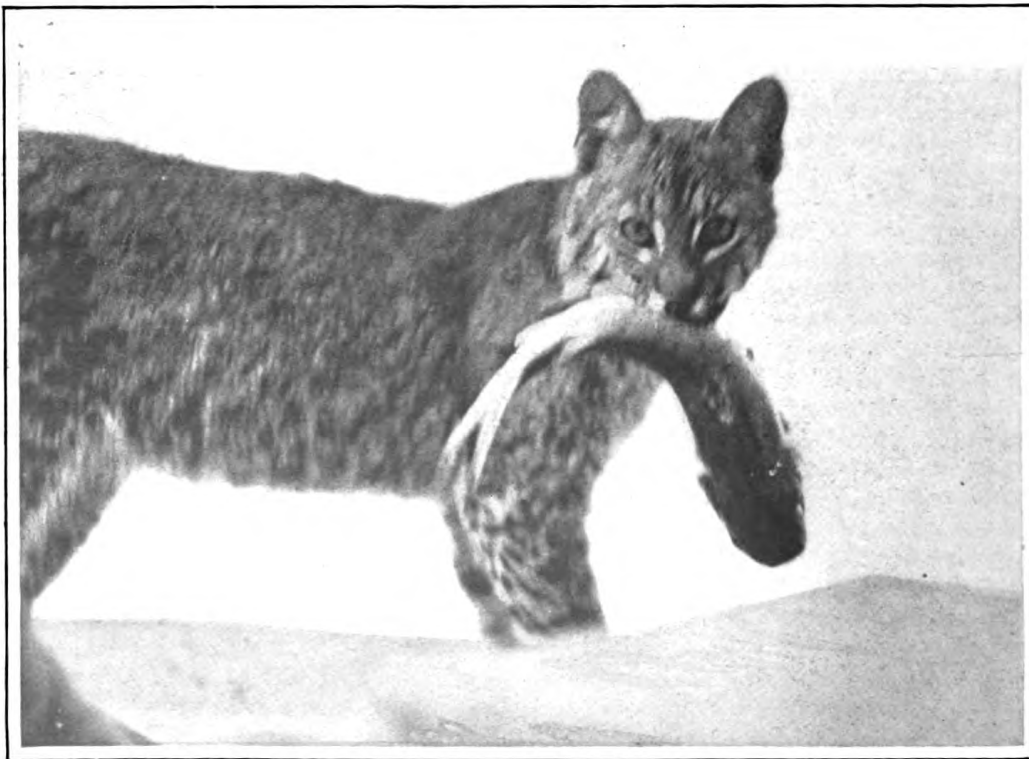
authorities were good to me when convinced of the educational destiny of the manatee, and in a week I returned with permits in my pocket, promises of free transportation by rail and steamer to the New York Aquarium, telegrams of congratulation from the Zoo people, and lumber for a tank for the manatee, only to find no trace of anchor, cable, or captive. Our boat had been struck by lightning in Miami, but the shock to our nerves, although serious, was light in comparison with this.

For a day we followed the zigzag trail of the anchor flukes, through a water glass over half a mile of the bottom of the bay, until we came upon the anchor, cable, and worn-through harness from which the manatee had escaped. I returned to Marco; here I left the girl, took aboard gasoline for a thousand miles' trip, four weeks' provisions for two, and sailed south with my boatman to capture a manatee. We explored the waterways between the

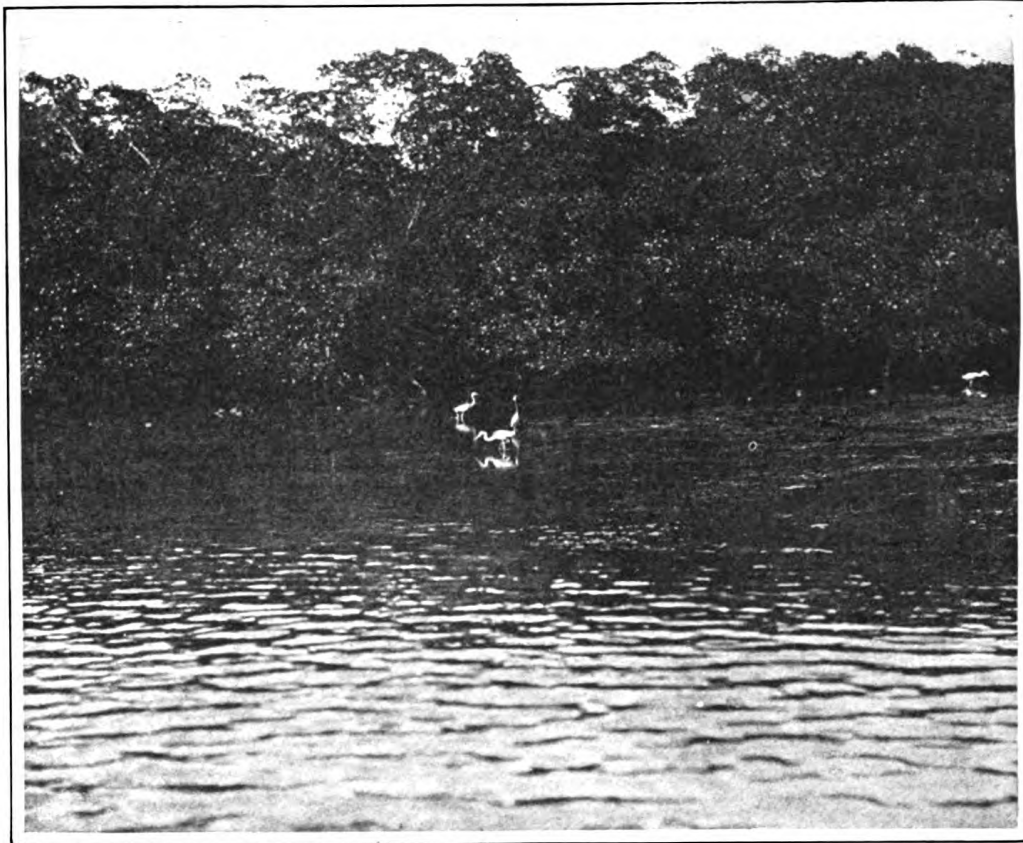
Everglades and the Gulf from Capes Romane to Sable. We sailed up broad rivers which narrowed until the bowsprit plunged into the bushes at every tack and the towed skiff gathered oysters from overhanging mangrove branches as it swung against the bank. We followed the contracting channels with the launch, until we were flying at full speed through crooked creeks, with bushes from the banks sweeping our craft on either side. When the branches closed over the stream, we dragged the skiff under them to the everglades or the end of the creek. We struck waterspout weather off Shark River, when conical clouds sent swirling tails dancing over the surface of the water, which they sometimes touched and drew upward in huge swaying columns. The next day our boat lay becalmed at the mouth of the Rogers River, which we explored in the launch.

As we started, graceful frigate-pelicans floated high above us with motionless wings, while on the water about us their awkward namesakes filled pouches with food for their families, and flew homeward with the curious intermittent

strokes peculiar to these birds. The round head and bright eyes of the grass-eating green turtle bubbled up for a moment above the water, in pleasing contrast with the grosser head of his logger-head cousin. Water-turkeys dropped heavily in the river as we passed, then quickly thrust snakelike heads above its surface to gaze at us. Herons, big and little, blue, white, and green, flapped lazily out of our way with discordant cries; brown curlews, roseate spoonbills, and white ibises sat undisturbed upon near-by trees; egrets and long whites forgot the bitter lessons that man's cupidity and woman's vanity had taught them, and even a monkey-faced owl, big and white, unknowing how rare a specimen he was, turned goggle-eyes upon the gun beside me. At the head of the river a tropical storm burst upon us, followed by a calm, and filled the western sky with massive clouds wonderfully colored, which were duplicated in the mirror of the water, until the illusion of a sky beneath us of infinite depth made me cling to the boat for dizziness. At the end of a long vista the middle ground of slim palmetto



THE PET WILDCAT



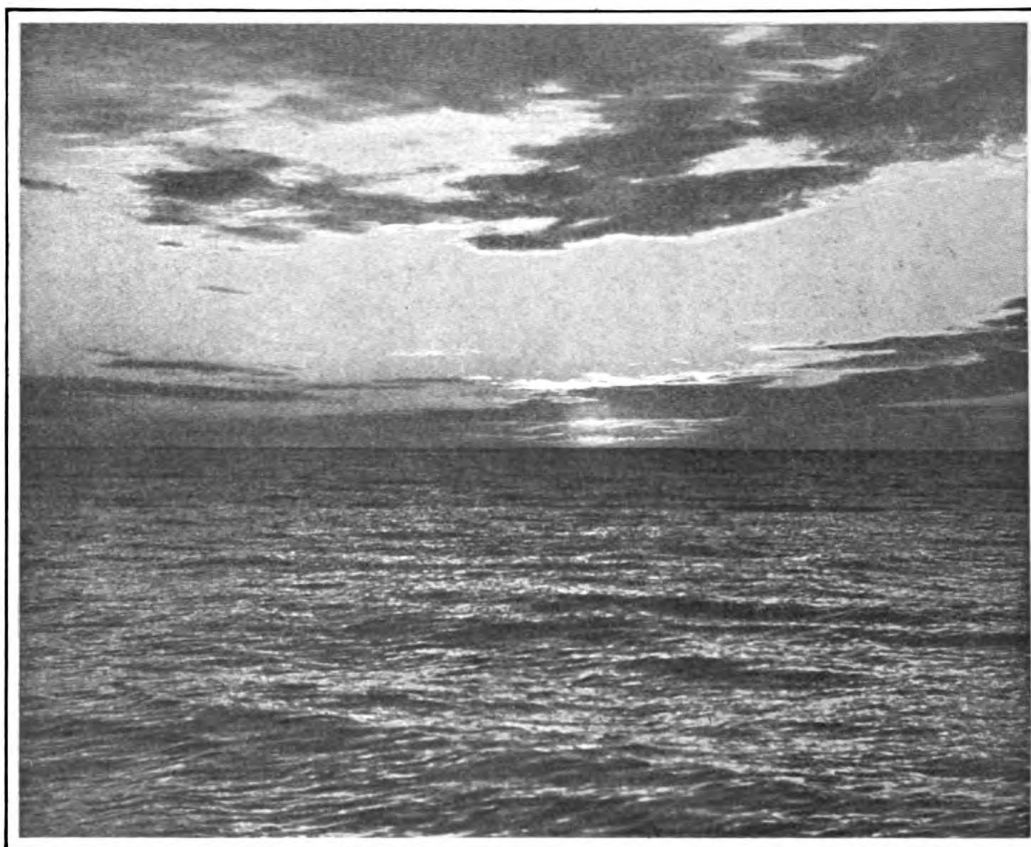
CRANES FEEDING ON MUD-FLATS

and towering royal palms completed an unforgettable picture.

We had explored Lossmans River to the Everglades, and were cruising the bays near its head, when, about dusk, we saw a big rattlesnake swimming towards a mangrove key. To cut him off compelled us to run the launch full speed into the key. The skiff in tow came surging up beside us, and the snake was between the two boats. We got the snake in the skiff, where the captain held him down with an oar until I had him safely by the neck. After extracting the fangs of the reptile, which was six and a half feet long and had ten rattles, I tied him in the boat to be skinned for mounting the next morning. Sometimes, as we cruised, the big eyes of a wondering deer gazed upon us from a bit of meadow; once I snapped the camera-shutter on a black face with white eyeballs, framed in an opening in the mangrove bushes, and on the same day in the depth of the wilderness we exchanged nods of half recog-

nition with an alligator-hunter upon whose head was a price.

The days left us were few. Sweet bay-leaves had supplanted coffee, palmetto-cabbage was our vegetable, cocoa-plums, custard-apples, wild limes and lemons our fruit, and hour by hour we measured the gasoline left in the tank. One morning, with scant two inches in the launch, I estimated that we could go through Shark to Harney River, up that to the Everglades, and return. Far up the river we went, among beautiful keys, between richly wooded banks, past Golgotha camps of alligator-hunters and trappers of otter; in channels choked with moss and grass, which had to be cleared from the propeller every few minutes; along shores covered with wading birds; over waters alive with alligators and thickly dotted with the heads of fresh-water terrapin, until the launch was stopped by a solid mass of lily-pads, covering the stream and held in place by stems eight feet long, through which startled alli-



SUNSET OVER THE GULF

gators made their way along the river-bed, setting the pads above to dancing mysteriously. Forcing our way in the skiff through half a mile of pads, we reached the Everglades, and following an Indian trail, pushed far out on its surface for a final interview with a region which, although desolate, was yet strangely fascinating. When but a mile of our return trip was left, a frightened manatee, just ahead of our launch, rolled his body half out of water, like a porpoise, and throwing his tail in the air, started down the river. This was our last chance, and we followed his every turn. When he headed up-stream to escape us, we were so near that again he leaped half out of water, and soon was so exhausted that he rose for breath every few seconds. My hopes, which had died, were resurrected, and already I was drawing up the skiff for the final act, when the engine stopped, with its last drop of gasoline, and the manatee-chase was ended.

As we silently poled the launch home-

ward, my mind ran over the results of the hunt. We had seen a dozen manatee and had a calling acquaintance with half that number. We were familiar with their slightest appearance above the water and with the signs they left beneath it. We had seen them as Romeos and Juliets, and often when within a few feet of one had only been thwarted by the darkness of the water which in the rainy season pours from the cypress and mangrove swamps. A tiller-rope broken during the excitement of a quick turn had saved one from probable capture, and as I remembered that an impulse of emotional insanity had held my hand when a mother manatee with an unweaned calf pressed close to her side rose beside me, I thought with bitterness of the poet who wrote, "The quality of mercy is not strained." But I knew where the creatures lived, and when we reached our boat, just as the stars came out, I had determined that in the hunt for a manatee it was only the first chapter that had closed.

The Return

BY MAY HARRIS

THE train had passed the last station before Thursby, and was rushing on with unnecessary speed, it seemed to the woman who watched the landscape fly past in the December twilight.

It was all so familiar to her, and yet in some way it looked strange. Landmarks, when one has outgrown or forgotten them, have a disturbed salience and seem to have shifted their former estate to an aloofness that must be reconquered. And Lillian Daveridge had no desire to make friends again with uninteresting commonplaces.

The long journey was nearly ended, but its length had not fatigued her. She had been drinking in with passionate assimilation all the features, great and small, of two days' travel; storing her mind with vivid panoramic details of people and places as one provisions for a siege.

It was difficult for her to remember that not quite a year ago, in going away, she had looked out at these same things with rebellion at the thought of leaving them, with a pitiful prayer in her heart that she should be permitted to return. It had been winter then, as now,—the last leaves clinging forlornly, the same chill gray folding sky and distance into inscrutable cold shadows.

She had gone away from Thursby as into an exile—uprooted from the old tendernesses that had supported, to which she had clung so utterly through habit. But once she had slipped from their environment, it seemed, she had found under the new conditions a new self; an eager, vivid self, athirst for life, and the freedom and joy of living that she had discovered life could mean. She had been transplanted and had taken root, and there could be no question, when one looked at her face, of the quality of the bloom that had resulted. She had gone away frail, sickly, a mere shadow of the pretty girl she had been, but she was coming back a beautiful woman. Her

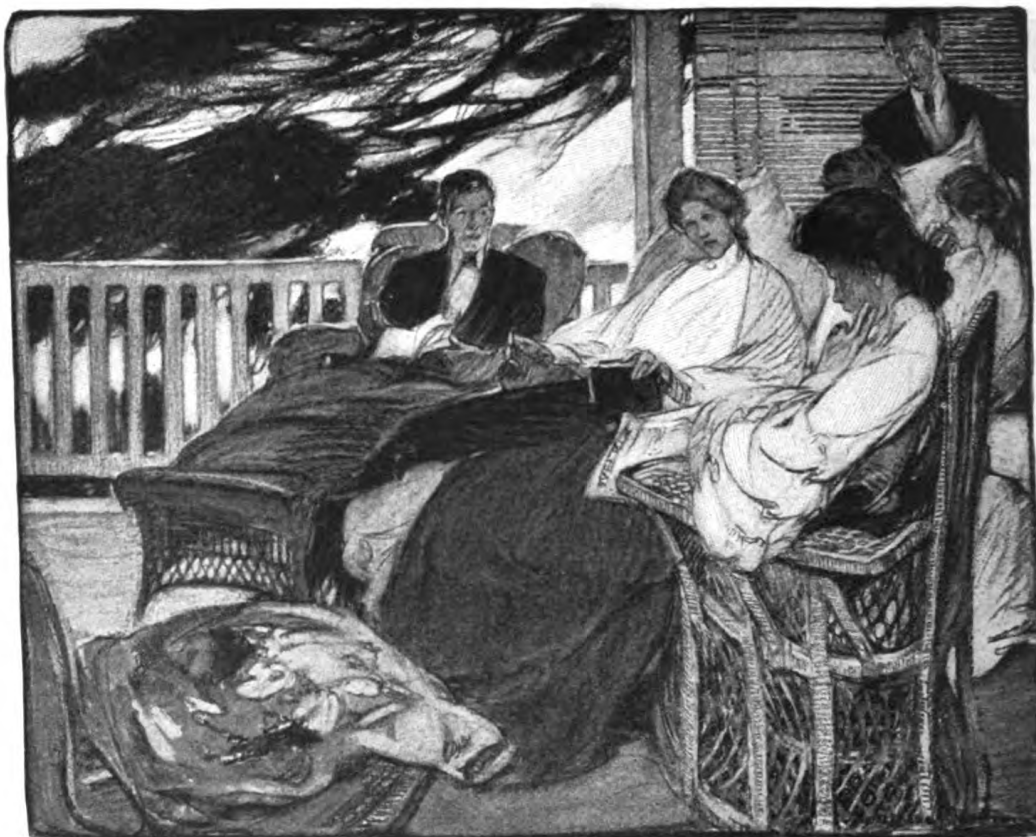
face still had a delicacy, but its contour was softly rounded and her color was exquisite. The refinement and effect of her beauty had the studious assistance of details that harmonized and gave the needed accent. The distinction of her dress and little travelling-hat, her well-fitting gloves and carefully arranged hair, a casual observer would have correlated with fastidious taste, wealth, and a satisfactory maid.

The train made a hollow rush over a bridge, and she had a glimpse of the creek. Just a little while and the last link of the new life she had "touched at and let go" would be cut away. She wanted it lengthened out—anything that would keep her from the disenchantment of the life she was going back to take up again. She recalled with piteous egotism the things they had said to her at the sanitarium when she left: "You've been the sunshine of the place." "How will we get along without you?" "What a pleasure it has been to know you!" And one of the doctors—a nervous, sad-faced man—told her, "You've been one of the most optimistic patients I ever saw, Mrs. Daveridge."

The flowers they had given her were all withered, but she had put some of them into her bag, fragrant reminders of the farewells those new friends had given as she went back to her old life.

The humdrum monotony of that old life—how could she stand it! Her husband's daily letters had woven a steady strip of tapestry—infininitely uninteresting—of home happenings and neighborhood news. Not that there had been any happenings, any news. One letter had been so much the prototype of the rest that frequently her bored and resentful glance had skipped the three pages with the most casual glimpses of what lay between "Dearest Lillian" and "Mother sends best love. Always yours, John."

John's letters had been hopelessly dull



THE MEMBERS OF HER LITTLE COLONY WERE BRIGHT AND CLEVER

to her. She had discovered the members of her little colony were bright and clever people for the most part, who had touched life at many points of interest and pleasure, and were hurrying to get well and go back to what she enviously imaged as varied and brilliant careers. Having no career herself, the sympathetic and perhaps wistful quality of her listening had been found out and made use of. She had been very popular. People gave her confidences, and she had been stimulated and excited by the vicarious interest they created. One girl had died out there—young, rich, pretty, and engaged to a young politician with the brightest of vistas before him. What a life, Lillian Daveridge reflected, that girl could have lived! “Roses, roses, all the way!”—and she was dead; shut out from the joy and fragrance of life, while she, Lillian, was alive and going back to a veritable prison of limitation, of misunderstanding. The years of girlhood, of wifehood,—twenty-seven in all,—

stretched behind her, forgotten, obliterated as if by some stroke of magic.

It seemed to her she had never really lived until this past year—the year that, when the first homesickness had worn away and she had begun to improve, had been packed so full of interests, of pleasant companionships, of ever-to-be-remembered kindnesses. Every one had contributed to her desire for gayety and brightness. Even the hard-faced, cold-mannered man who, it was whispered, could never get well, had lent her books—books that had made her shiver a little when she dipped into their consummate pessimism. “They’ll make you love life,” he had commented on her—as he considered—shallow shrinking, “just as they help me to leave it.”

She had been cheery and pleasant to him, and when he told her good-by he had surprised her by adding, “Your husband’s a lucky fellow.” She was remembering his words as the train drew in, and almost before it came to a stand-

still the "lucky fellow" was at her seat with eager arms and hungry eyes.

"Lillian! Lillian!" he said, in a choked voice. It seemed hard for him to say even that. Her own voice, clear and sweet, but a little precise, answered without discomposure.

"Yes, John. How—well you are looking! This is my bag. I'll take the umbrella. I've the checks in my purse." She felt the other passengers in the coach stared curiously as she got off. She could feel acutely the incongruity they must so instantly see between herself and this tall, shabby young man, whose hat was in need of brushing and whose tie left much to be desired.

On the platform the station-agent came up and shook hands. "Well, Mis' Daveridge, I'm plum glad to see you back! John has 'bout made himself sick missin' you! You look fine."

She tried to be responsive, but failed. She had forgotten old Janeway's very existence, and it seemed a reproach to her husband that such a man should call him "John"!

Daveridge had her trunks sorted out and put into a wagon, and then he came back to where she stood waiting with her air of helpless withdrawal from the agent's friendly welcome. She remembered their buggy with the roan ponies, and, as her husband came up, walked toward it.

"This way, dear," he said, hurriedly; and as she looked up in surprise at his embarrassed face, a stranger crossed the platform, jumped into the buggy, and drove off.

"Why—I!" she exclaimed.

"Here is our buggy," her husband said, in a low voice.

It was a very old buggy—even the late twilight gave the fact unsparing publicity; the wheels had a painfully unsteady look, and the horse was the sturdy flea-bitten gray they had kept for his mother to drive.

They drove off with a rattle that made heads turn in their direction. The station was in the outskirts of the little village, and they were soon on the country road.

"Why are you driving the pony?" she asked at last, and the words were like an accusation of intentional discourtesy.

Daveridge winced, but he tried to an-

swer playfully: "Because the pony's the only horse we've got, darling. The roans were eating their heads off, and Hudson offered a good price. You see, mother and I didn't use them much."

"And I suppose," she said, frostily, "you didn't think I'd ever come back!"

"Lillian!"

The pain in his voice roused her. In the torpor of her self-centred thoughts she had forgotten that resistance was hardly the proper rôle for a martyr. She would simply have to accept—it was inevitable—the crushing defeat to every sentiment this coming back to the old place would mean. She phrased it to herself with bitterness, and she fed her strong sense of rectitude with the restraint she exercised in beginning to speak of other things. Like a diver who has found great depths impracticable, she rose to the surface and talked to him much as she had to the people at the sanitarium. The little egoisms of her travelling experiences were touched on brightly, but with a casual lightness that made her seem almost a stranger to Daveridge. He had the feeling that she was overfatigued, that this forced brightness was really fever, and he hurried the pony, longing to get her home to rest; longing also to show her how thankful he was to have her back again strong and well, after the cruel months of separation and anxiety. He hoped then to find the old Lillian—clinging, gentle, affectionate; the Lillian who had cried as if her heart would break when she left him.

But he did not find her. The numb sense of loss that had begun to envelop him during the drive home the night she came grew stronger as the days passed. He had to fight against showing it. It had never been easy for him to express his feelings—to be demonstrative in his manner—and something had chilled his effort. The things he had meant to say when he lifted her down at their door remained unsaid. The home-coming he had looked forward to so eagerly seemed to have materialized into a sort of dream in which he was tongue-tied and hampered by inadequacies he had never been aware of before.

Everything had seemed to go wrong, and he had all a man's helplessness about

setting it right. To Lillian it seemed a dream, too—a dreadful somnambulism. The front steps—she had forgotten how steep they were, and she stumbled twice as she went up them with her mother-in-law's arm around her waist.

And then the hall—how narrow and dark it looked; and the dreadful crayon of John's father gloomed in recaptured ugliness in the band of light that escaped through the parlor door. The parlor! had she ever liked it? Could it be possible she had once thought it attractive, well furnished? The carpet—she and John had chosen it together, and the crudity of the colors she had then thought so bright and cheerful afflicted her almost as much as the square, marble-topped centre-table, with its ornate Bible and big lamp with a painted shade.

Her mother-in-law, cheerful, stout, and bustling, pushed the big mechanical rocker close to the fire.

"Sit right down and warm up," she said, affectionately, her words hurried with an excess of the spirit of welcome. "I know you're cold. Let me help you with your jacket. Why, Lily child, you've grown as plump as a partridge! And to think how thin and pale you were when you went off!"

She patted her on the shoulder, and Lillian saw a black streak of soot on her finger; also, she had a homespun apron over her black dress. The thought of the preparation for her coming these things stood for did not touch her; it seemed to her repulsion of feeling an uncaring exposure of the seamy side of life. A big shaggy dog with beautiful brown eyes rushed in and rubbed himself against her.

"What an ugly dog! Where did you get him?"

"Why, Lily! Have you forgotten the puppy? He has grown, though. We think he's the smartest thing! I don't know what I'd do without him."

"He looks very big," Lillian said, wearily. She rose and looked hesitatingly around. "Can I go to my room, mother? I feel tired."

"My darling child! I know you do! I just thought I'd wait until John came in from feeding the pony. I thought he'd want to show you—"

Lillian was not curious as to what he

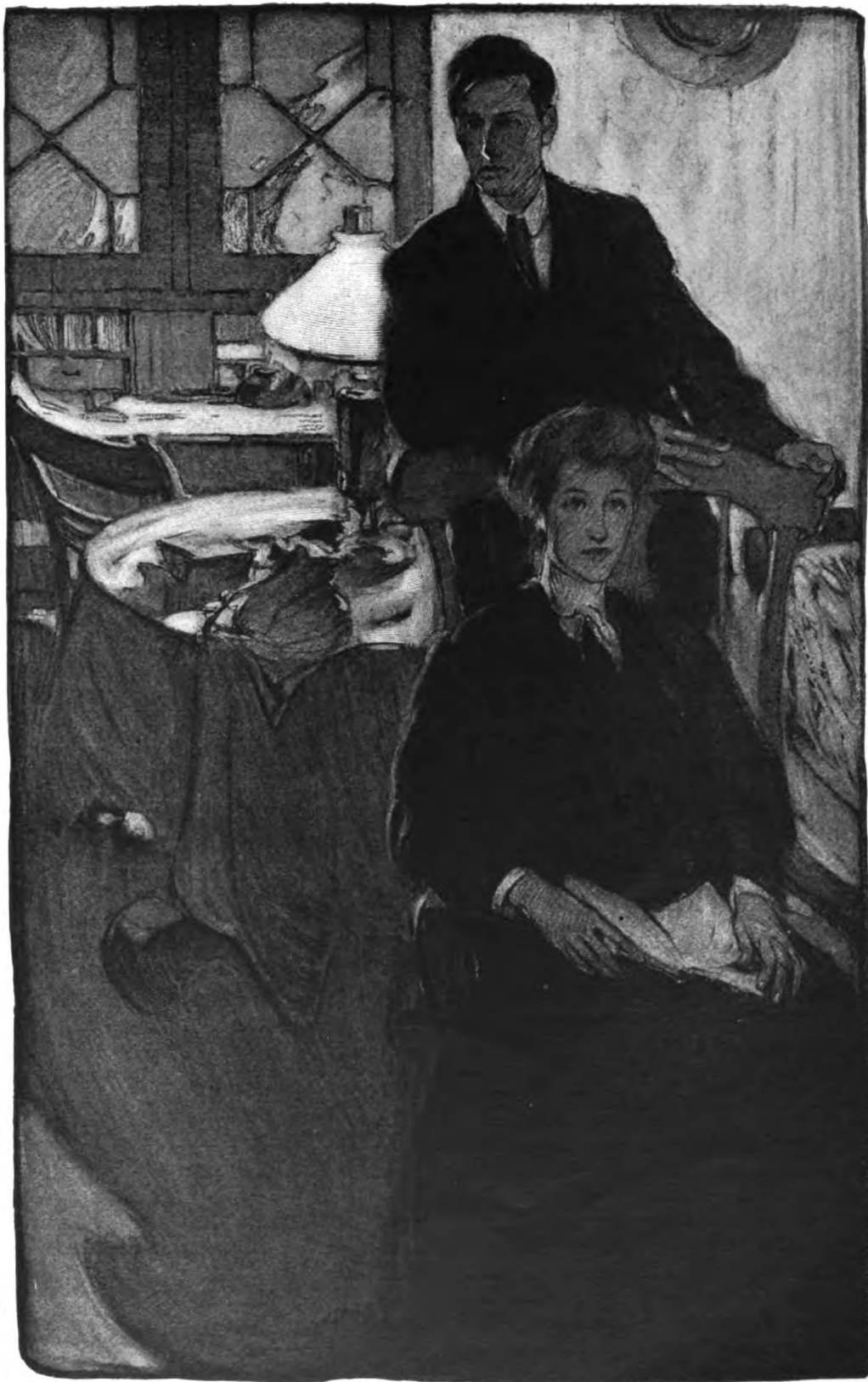
would show, but she wondered why John did Israel's work—Israel was the negro who had always looked after outdoor things. But her mother-in-law did not explain as they went up the narrow stairs. She panted a little with the pleasurable excitement that affects stout people as much as fatigue, and throwing open the door, stood back for Lillian's entrance.

The room had been refurnished; the old dark walnut bed and bureau replaced by light oak, a wicker chair, and fresh white curtains at the windows. On the table in a white china vase two or three small, pale roses gave the final touch of preparatory welcome. Old Mrs. Daveridge had protected these roses from their first budding, hoping they would linger in their blooming for her daughter-in-law's return. She paused by the little table, expectant of some word of pleasure or surprise from Lillian about the roses, but Lillian had not noticed them. Her swift, cursory glance had taken in the changes in her room without enthusiasm, and her voice, even to the older woman's uncritical ear, had a perfunctory sound.

"How nice! What a good mirror! It all looks—comfortable." She knew she ought to say "pretty," but the word would not come. The stiffness, the placed formality of the chairs, the horrid pink china vases on the mantelpiece; even the "Yard of Violets" she had once enjoyed so much had been pulled out of line and hung at an unedifying slant. Her room at the sanitarium had been so dainty—blue and white dimity, brass bed, pale-colored matting, and flowers—ah! the wealth of flowers, the perfume of the heliotrope, the heavy-headed roses. She came back to the disillusion of her present environment almost with a shudder. Her mother-in-law was bending wistfully over the vase of flowers.

"You haven't seen the roses, Lily," she said, hesitatingly. "I've been saving them up to surprise you. Just to think of roses in December!"

Lillian came up and looked at them. She felt dazed, utterly aloof, and each call made on her interest was in the nature of an unwelcome demand. Mrs. Daveridge was supplying the enthusiasm herself in the disappointed embarrass-



Drawing by Charlotte Harding

"I'VE BEEN UNLUCKY," HE SAID

ment of finding that Lillian did not appreciate the roses.

"This is the finest one," she said, fondly, caressing the largest of the open buds. They had been pulled with short stems, and were massed with rose-geranium leaves in a vase entirely too large, with the utter absence of arrangement Lillian would never have noticed a year ago.

"Poor little starved things!" she said. "They look like they'd never seen the sun."

She did not mean to be unkind and unappreciative—she was not even aware of selfishness. It seemed to her she was drinking a cup of misery so bitter, so much worse than she had expected, that the wonder was she did not altogether break down.

She continued to feel this way, even in the face of the changes that had come in her husband's affairs. When she left home he had been prosperous, and her return found things the reverse. Strangely enough, she did not connect this with her own expenditures; it was due, she considered, to bad management. If there had been expense more than he could meet, there had surely been her own money from her father's estate, which had been settled, after the usual term of waiting, while she was away. True she had drawn several hundreds for the pocket-money her needs had demanded in excess of what John had sent her. Her clothes had been pretty, but she had thought herself, in comparison with others, exceedingly economical.

It seemed to her when she began, after a week or two, to notice things particularly, that people were changed a good deal in their attitude to her, that they looked critical and all but unfriendly. At first she thought it was because of her husband's losses, and her hurt pride made a corresponding stiffness on her part, but she gradually discovered it was personally directed to herself.

She noticed it definitely the first Sunday she went to church. She had gone with the feeling of detachment very strong upon her—an alien presence, beautifully dressed, graceful, remote, and consciously poised to receive admiration. But the people she knew seemed reserved; used as she was to being made

much of, they had seemed pointedly neglectful, oddly polite. She had gone out passive, bored; she went back resentful, questioning. How shabby John had looked! She had told him sharply that he should get him a new suit, and he had merely laughed. Perhaps he did not care for appearances—though it was a new development on his part—but he should remember that other people did. It was hard to have to go out with a husband whose shabbiness in every detail made so great a contrast with her own perfection.

That afternoon John told her he had accepted a clerkship in a hardware-store in Thursby.

"It isn't much, you know, Lillian," he had explained, with the affectionately apologetic manner he had used since her return in telling her any of his troubles, "but I've been unlucky, and it will help things up a little; it's better than being idle during the winter."

"I don't understand," she said, with perplexed brows. "Everything seems to have gone wrong. But it does seem you could manage without this! To be a clerk in a hardware-store!"

His mother looked up from her knitting—she was always knitting socks for John.

John laughed again—not with mirth; his laughs had a forced note now that she would have found, had she noticed, very different from their old hearty ring.

"Well—it's just for a while."

She hesitated a moment. Something in her mother-in-law's expression forced the impulse to activity, and she made the offer she had several times considered, with the full sacrificial recognition of its value.

"I want you to refuse that clerkship, John," she said at last. "You should consider your position. I am going to give you my money—from father's estate. It will be enough to pay your debts, and you can go back to your old way of living—you always said you liked farming. I suppose the money will be enough? You didn't write me clearly about it."

"And you'd give it to me, Lillian?" His voice trembled a little, and he put his hand on hers.

Mrs. Daveridge dropped her knitting

and sat staring, her lips parted. She seemed struggling indignantly to speak.

"Mother!" John cried, quickly, and the sternness of his voice surprised his wife. He turned again to Lillian.

"It's like you, dear, to want me to take it," he said, in a low voice,—"like your old self. I do thank you and I sha'n't ever forget it."

Lillian was appreciatively conscious of her rôle of martyred abnegation, and it lent a new interest—really began to draw her out of apathy. If one is a heroine, one must be brave, and she began to go about the house and ponder changes in the arrangement of furniture and calculate what was absolutely necessary to be bought to make her environment what she wished.

These reviving interests brought more naturalness to her manner, even if it was accompanied by so many impatient complaints. She left the housekeeping in her mother-in-law's hands, with the excuse of a sort of postprandial invalidhood, and so was spared knowledge of the many stringent, sordid economies that had become necessary.

Lillian reasoned with perfect good faith that Mrs. Daveridge had always liked domestic details, and she left her to them undisturbed. Her presence in the house continued to be like that of some specially favored guest.

John took the clerkship, with no further reference to the offer she had made, and a curious resentment that finally chilled into suspicion came into her mind. She began to suspect that John had used the money about his business and lost it, never thinking it necessary to tell her. That accounted, she thought, for the change she gradually discovered in her husband and in her mother-in-law. That was the reason they gave her such careful consideration, why they seemed grave and almost sad in their affectionate interest for her comfort and pleasure. The idea took root, and she accepted the sense of wrong with a feeling of shallow justification for her own change.

John Daveridge bought a little trap for his wife with his first month's salary, combined with what he could get together in other ways, and she accepted it without expostulation. It seemed to

her injured point of view that it was merely an effort of restitution on his part for her money which he had used. Her regret for the roans he had sold was always strong when she drove the quiet pony to the trap; they would have suited it—and her—so much better.

Her two half-sisters wrote her occasionally, but she did not ask them—though she was tempted—about the settlement of their father's property. She would have called it pride that prevented this inquiry, but deep down it was something else—a sort of belated loyalty, if not affection—that kept her from outside question of her husband.

She drove the pony about, and was distantly polite to her old friends, and fascinatingly pleasant to a few new ones by way of contrast. Also, she fretted a little over the fact that the friends she had made at the sanitarium seemed to have forgotten her. Very few of them answered her letters, and those who did write were very casual. To her, her life with them had been a turning-point, a period of intense altitude; to them, merely a passing episode. And this knowledge as it came gradually was in the nature of things very bitter to Lillian Daveridge. The loss of the outside point of contact and sympathy threw her back on her own consciousness, and her self-pity became her most potent refuge.

Her stepmother's visit caused an awakening in which she stumbled blindly, cumbered with the shallow dreams she had created.

That her father's second marriage had been beneath him was a phrase convenient to her use, and Lillian had soothed many vexations with it before her marriage, but her stepmother's good nature had apparently been of too great a density to assume the idea. Her attitude was of a friendly kindness impossible to evade, its quiet bulk overweighing any frail barriers of reserve Lillian raised,—indeed, altogether ignoring them.

Her visit to Lillian was a short one, made as she went from one of her twin daughters—married and living in Florida—to the other, who lived in Tennessee.

Lillian's old instinctive antagonism revived at once; not merely the prejudice of step-relationship, but the distaste the



Drawing by Charlotte Harding

SHE CRIED AS SHE HAD NEVER CRIED BEFORE

woman who neither toils nor spins has for the stout, well-intentioned, energetic woman accustomed to a busy life.

Lillian as a girl had been careless, but Mrs. Spencer had passed over without the unwisdom of much comment the boarding-school young-ladyism that affected ignorance as one of the fine arts. Her present indolent apathy, however, struck a note sufficiently in excess to rouse Mrs. Spencer's combative instinct. When she went to Lillian's room to put on her bonnet she made her attack and captured an outpost.

"What's the matter with John?" she asked, abruptly. "He came down to the train to meet me—said he couldn't get off to come out home with me—and I never did see such a change in a man. He looks all to pieces! Looks like *he* ought to be sent off to that place where you stayed so long. He's had enough to turn his hair gray! He and his mother are about the best people I know."

Lillian passed by her stepmother's tribute; her opinion seemed worth very little. But she saw an opening in a roundabout way toward satisfying a curiosity of her own.

"John has had trouble with his affairs," she said, in a detached voice, "but I suppose it's because he doesn't understand business—"

"Well, I vow!" Mrs. Spencer turned from the mirror where she had been settling her bonnet-strings comfortably under her chin, her face a little mottled with anger, and with a touch of contempt in her voice. "I never heard your like, Lillian Daveridge! 'Trouble with his affairs'! 'Don't understand business'! Well, if it doesn't *astonish* me to hear you!"

"I don't know—what you mean," Lillian said, stiffly.

"Well, I'll just tell you what I mean, Lillian! I don't believe that blessed idiot or his mother has ever said a word! It passes me! When you went off, John was doing well, and I supposed he could stand the expense—they say he had to pay over a hundred a month all the time you were there; I suppose you know *that*—but he said he could manage.

"Well, of course, it never rains but it pours, and that lawsuit had to come

about some land John had bought. Abel Turner got it back because of some flaw in the deeds, and John lost all the money he had paid—Mrs. Daveridge told me that to-day; and right on top of that, when your pa's estate was ready to settle up, they found there wasn't anything to settle. There was a big mortgage on the plantation, and none of us knew of it—I thought it had been cleared, but it had just been running on. Talk about managing! Well, the administrator held the mortgage, and he didn't say a word—just bought it in when the mortgage fell due for a little bit under. And there we were—Melissa and Mary both engaged to be married, and not a cent coming to them—we'd thought there'd have been at least fifteen hundred apiece!" She paused to take breath.

"And what do you suppose John did? Right on top of his lawsuit, and the expense of your being away,—he sent me five hundred dollars so I could pay some little debts and give the girls a decent wedding. He said you'd want him to do it, and I mustn't thank him,—just to think it was from you; and if I needed a home when the girls were married, to come right here—I was welcome!"

Again Mrs. Spencer paused for breath.

"*That's* John Daveridge! and I'd be proud if my girls' husbands were half as good! They do pretty well, but—preserve us!—there's not many men like John Daveridge!"

Lillian's face was so white, so utterly aghast, that Mrs. Spencer softened a little.

"They ought to have told you," she said, as she told her good-by, patting the girl's shoulder with a remorseful touch of affection. "If you'd known, I always said you'd have come home! I didn't believe it was in you to keep him grinding and saving so you could stay out there when there wasn't a bit of use in it. I knew there was nothing wrong with your lungs. Fiddlesticks! Why, Melissa had a worse cough than you last spring when she had the grippe. No, they ought to have told you. There's plenty of selfishness in this world without trying to breed it up in people. You just try to make John a good wife—that's the first thing; and I'd help old

Mrs. Daveridge more if I were you. She's getting along, and she's always thought a lot of you."

After Mrs. Spencer, one might have thought, the deluge! But Lillian was quite beyond tears. It was a raw, damp afternoon, and her mother-in-law insisted that she would drive Mrs. Spencer to the train; it was another instance of the unselfish, guarding care that was lavished without stint.

After they drove away, the empty house seemed filled with accusing voices. She was looking at herself for the first time in her life from another person's point of view, and it overwhelmed. Selfishness! That was why people who used to like her had seemed cold and critical! What had they not thought of her beneath their surface politeness—those friends of John's, who when she was first married and came to live among them had given her so kindly a welcome!

And all the time John's silence—his utter forbearance! Why had he not told her? She raged against having been left in ignorance.

She walked up and down her room with crimson cheeks, angrily trying to sustain herself—to feel they had kept her out of a knowledge she should have had. To find she had no fighting-ground, that she was utterly in the wrong, was like a sullen wave rolling between her and any comprehension or adjustment.

As she fought against the feeling of misery—of being tragically alone, in a false position—a boy came with a note from her husband, asking her to send him some papers in his desk. After finding and sending them, she went back to the desk, attracted by a package of letters from the sanitarium. They were from the doctor in charge, and, after a slight hesitation, she opened one. It was dated the week before she left, and simply receipted the money Daveridge had sent, with a curt line:

"As I have written you before, you need fear no slightest harm from her return, to your wife. I wrote you at first there was nothing the matter with her lungs."

Lillian's face burned. She searched with shaking fingers for earlier letters and found them. The doctor's statement had been plain:

"Your wife has no sign of tuberculosis. She has evidently been advised to come out here on a misapprehension. Her cough is not in the least serious; her lungs perfectly healthy. If she wishes to stay for a month or two, it will benefit her, doubtless, as a change of air, but you may be assured there is no cause for uneasiness."

And after that letter she had stayed on nine—ten months! She recalled her letters to John, and searching in his desk, found them. They had been very carefully kept; in one a pressed flower she had sent him was still folded, and she read sentences here and there in the petulant, careless pages:

"I am not feeling at all well to-day. The nurse said I had a temperature. I didn't eat any dinner."

Again: "You ask if I am nearly well. I wish I was! Nobody understands how hard it is to be an invalid."—"Since I *have* to be sick, it's good to be here, where the doctors are so kind and sympathetic and the nurses take such an interest. I simply should have died if I had stayed at Thursby."—"Please send me two hundred dollars in your next letter. I will have to get some summer clothes. I am going to order some things from Mrs. Peyton's dressmaker in New York."

There were other requests for money, and the tone of the letters struck home to the woman who had written them, like the sting of a scorpion. All of it was so selfish—all for her own interests; none for him, except perfunctory, casual questions.

Suppose *she* had been the one to stay at home and he had written her those letters, would she ever have forgiven him? For the first time the shell of affectation, of falsity and selfishness, that had closed about Lillian broke away, and with her head bent on the unworthy letters she had written she cried as she had never cried before. They were bitter tears, but like rain on arid soil they refreshed and encouraged the good grain that, infinitely parched as it was, might still burst into growth.

She heard wheels, and rousing, went down and out-of-doors to meet her mother-in-law.

Old Mrs. Daveridge was unfastening the harness with her old but quite capa-

ble fingers, and she looked up in surprise as Lillian came out and began to help.

"Why, Lily, you'll catch cold! Nothing on your head! Don't stay out here—you don't know a thing about unharnessing!"

"Then it's time for me to learn, mother."

Something in her voice made Mrs. Daveridge turn and look at her. It was strangely sweet, and traces of tears showed on her face.

When the pony was in the stable and the two women turned to go into the house, Lillian went up to her mother-in-law and kissed her. She had meant to say so many things, but something seemed to choke her and she could only sob foolishly.

Mrs. Daveridge put her arm around her tenderly, but also fearfully. She could not understand; Lillian was never

demonstrative. Of late, since her return, she had been almost repellent; it was a new development. Whatever it was, however, she was sympathetic and affectionate, and her old face as she bent over the fair head pressed against her shoulder looked extraordinarily like her son's.

"There, there, Lily! Don't cry, dearie! Tell mother what's the matter."

"I've been all wrong and hateful," Lillian sobbed out, in a childish confession. "I've found out everything! John has been so good—and I know he'll never forgive me! He oughtn't to! But I love him—I *do* love him—better than anything in the world!"

She looked up at the older woman with streaming eyes.

"Tell him!" John's mother said, with a supreme and loving faith.

Defiance

BY FRANCIS RIVES LASSITER

ELUDE me not! It cannot be in vain
 I seek the last repose, familiar Death!
 Our old acquaintanceship engendereth
 Terms honorable, when the long campaign
 Has swept my last entrenchment, and the rain
 Of thine artillery encountereth
 No rival more substantial than the breath
 I fain would yield, and yielding draw in pain

Time was when, warden of another's keep,
 I dared thy pennons on the far frontier—
 Thy cold eye saw my crescent life was cheap
 In my regard, when loyalty was dear.
 Then, face to face, by some contagious cot,
 Thou dared not say to me—"Elude me not!"

The Intelligence of the Flowers*

BY MAURICE MAETERLINCK

III

TO proofs of intelligence in flowers, man's vanity opposes the traditional objection: yes, they create marvels, but those marvels remain eternally the same. Each species, each variety has its system and, from generation to generation, introduces no perceptible improvement. It is true that, since we have been observing them—that is to say, during the past fifty years—we have not seen the *Coryanthes Macrantha* or the *Catasetida* perfect their trap; that is all we can say; and it is really not enough. Have we as much as attempted the most elementary experiments; and do we know what the successive generations of our astonishing bathing Orchid would do at the end of a century, if placed in different surroundings, among insects to which it was not accustomed? For the rest, the names which we give to the orders, species and varieties end by deceiving ourselves; and we thus create imaginary types which we believe to be fixed, whereas they are probably only the representatives of one and the same flower, which continues to modify its organs slowly in accordance with slow circumstances.

The flowers came upon our earth before the insects; they had, therefore, when the latter appeared, to fit an entirely new machinery to the habits of these unexpected collaborators. This geologically incontestable fact alone, amid all that we do not know, is enough to establish evolution; and does not this somewhat vague word mean, after all, adaptation, modification, intelligent progress?

It would be easy, moreover, without appealing to this prehistoric event, to bring together a large number of facts that would show that the faculty of adaptation and intelligent progress is not reserved exclusively for the human race. Without returning to the detailed chap-

ters which I have devoted to this subject in *The Life of the Bee*, I will simply recall two or three topical details which are there mentioned. The bees, for instance, invented the hive. In the wild and primitive state and in their country of origin they work in the open air. It was the uncertainty, the inclemency of our northern seasons that gave them the idea of seeking a shelter in hollow trees or a hole in the rocks. This idea of genius restored to the work of looting and the care of the eggs the thousands of bees stationed around the combs to maintain the necessary heat. And it is not uncommon, especially in the South, during exceptionally mild summers, to find the bees reverting to the tropical manners of their ancestors.*

Another fact: transported to Australia or California, our black bee completely alters her habits. After one or two years, finding that summer is perpetual and flowers forever abundant, she will live from day to day, content to gather

*I had just written these lines, when M. E. L. Bouvier made a communication in the Academy of Science (Report of the 7th of May, 1906) on the subject of two open-air nidifications observed in Paris, one in a *Sophora Japonica*, the other in a chestnut-tree. The latter, which hung from a small branch furnished with two almost contiguous forks, was the more remarkable of the two, because of its evident and intelligent adaptation to particularly difficult circumstances.

"The bees," says M. de Parville, in his summary in the science column of the *Journal des Débats* of the 31st of May, 1906, "built consolidating pillars and resorted to really remarkable artifices of protection and ended by transforming the two forks of the chestnut-tree into a solid ceiling. An ingenious human being would certainly not have done so well. . . ."

"To protect themselves against the rain, they had installed fences, thickenings and blinds against the sun. One can receive no greater idea of the perfect industry of the bees than by observing the architecture of these two nidifications, now at the Museum."

* Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. Copyright, 1906, by Maurice Maeterlinck.

the honey and pollen indispensable for the day's consumption; and, her recent and thoughtful observation triumphing over hereditary experience, she will cease to make provision for her winter. Büchner mentions an analogous fact, which also proves the bees' adaptation to circumstances, not slow, secular, unconscious and fatal, but immediate and intelligent: in Barbados, the bees whose hives are in the midst of the refineries, where they find sugar in plenty during the whole year, will entirely abandon their visits to the flowers.

Let us lastly recall the amusing contradiction which the bees gave to two learned English entomologists, Kirby and Spence:

"Show us," said these, "a single case in which, under stress of circumstances, the bees have had the idea of substituting clay or mortar for wax and propolis and we will admit their reasoning faculties."

Hardly had they expressed this somewhat arbitrary wish, when another naturalist, Andrew Knight, having coated the bark of certain trees with a sort of cement made of wax and turpentine, observed that his bees entirely ceased to gather propolis and used only this new and unknown substance, which they found prepared for them in abundance in the neighborhood of their home. Moreover, in the practice of agriculture, when pollen is scarce, the bee-keeper has but to place at their disposal a few pinches of flour for them to understand at once that this can serve the same purpose and be turned to the same use as the dust of the anthers, although its taste, smell and color are absolutely different.

That which I have just recalled, in the matter of the bees, might, I think, *mutatis mutandis*, be confirmed in the kingdom of flowers. It would probably suffice if the wonderful evolutionary efforts of the numerous varieties of the Sage, for instance, were subjected to a few experiments and studied more methodically than a layman, such as myself, is capable of doing. Meanwhile, among many other indications which could be easily collected, a curious study by Babinet on the cereals tells us that certain plants, when transported far from their habitual climate, observe the

new circumstances and avail themselves of them, exactly as the bees do. Thus, in the hottest regions of Asia, Africa and America, where the winter does not annually kill it, our corn becomes again what it must have been at first, a perennial plant, like grass. It remains always green, multiplies by the root and no longer bears ears or grains. When, therefore, from its original and tropical country it came to be acclimatized in our icy regions, it had to upset its habits and to invent a new method of multiplication. As Babinet well says:

"The organism of the plant, thanks to an inconceivable miracle, seemed to have a presentiment of the necessity of passing through the grain state, so as not to perish completely during the severe season."

In any case, to destroy the objection which I mentioned above and which has compelled me to travel so far from my immediate subject, it would be enough to establish an act of intelligent progress, were it but for a single occasion, outside mankind. But, apart from the pleasure which one takes in refuting an over-vain and out-of-date argument, how little importance, when all is said, attaches to this question of the personal intelligence of the flowers, the insects, or the birds! Supposing that we say, speaking of the Orchid and the bee alike, that it is nature and not the plant or the insect that calculates, combines, adorns, invents and thinks: what interest can this distinction have for us? A much loftier question and one more worthy of our eager attention prevails over these details. It is a matter of grasping the character, the quality, the habits and perhaps the object of the general intelligence whence emanate all the intelligent acts that are accomplished upon this earth. It is from this point of view that the study of those creatures—the ants and the bees, among others—in which, outside the human form, the proceedings and the ideal of that genius are most clearly manifested becomes one of the most curious which it is possible to undertake. It is clear, when all is said, that we have ascertained that those tendencies, those intellectual methods are at least as complex, as advanced, as start-

ling in the Orchids as in the gregarious *Hymenoptera*. Let us add that a large number of the motives and a portion of the logic of these restless insects, so difficult of observation, still escape us, whereas we can grasp with ease all the silent motives, all the wise and stable arguments of the peaceful flower.

Now what do we observe when we perceive nature (or the general intelligence of the universal genius: the name matters but little) at work in the Orchid world? Many things; and, to mention it only in passing, for the subject would offer facilities for a long study, we begin by ascertaining that her idea of beauty, of gladness, her methods of attraction, her æsthetic tastes are very near akin to our own. But, no doubt, it would be more correct to state that ours are congenial with hers. It is, in fact, very uncertain whether we have ever invented a beauty peculiar to ourselves. All our architectural, all our musical motives, all our harmonies of color and light are borrowed directly from nature. Without evoking the sea, the mountains, the skies, the night, the twilight, so as not to wander too far from our subject, what might one not say, for instance, of the beauty of the trees? I speak not only of the tree considered in the forest, where it is one of the powers of the earth, perhaps the chief source of our instincts, of our sense of the universe, but of the tree in itself, the solitary tree, whose green old age is laden with a thousand seasons. Among those impressions which, without our knowing it, form the limpid hollow and perhaps the subsoil of happiness and calm of our whole existence, which of us does not preserve the recollection of a few beautiful trees? When a man has passed mid-life, when he has come to the end of the wondering period, when he has exhausted nigh all the sights that the art, the genius and the luxury of ages and men can offer, after experiencing and comparing many things, he returns to very simple memories. They raise upon the purified horizon two or three innocent, invariable and refreshing images, which he would wish to carry away with him in his last sleep, if it be true that an image can pass the threshold that sepa-

rates our two worlds. For myself, I can imagine no paradise nor after-life, however splendid it may be, in which a certain magnificent Oak would be out of place, or a certain Cypress, or a Parasol Pine of Florence or of a charming hermitage near my own house, any one of which will afford to the passer-by a model of all the great movements of necessary resistance, of peaceful courage, of soaring, of gravity, of silent victory and of perseverance.

But I am wandering too far afield: I intended only to remark, with reference to the flower, that nature, when she wishes to be beautiful, to please, to delight and to prove herself happy, does almost what we should do had we her treasures at our disposal. I know that, speaking thus, I am speaking a little like the bishop who was astonished that Providence always made the great streams flow close to the big cities; but it is difficult to look upon these things from any other than the human point of view. Let us, then, from this point of view, consider that we should know very few signs, very few expressions of happiness, if we did not know the flower. In order well to judge of its power of gladness and beauty, one must live in a part of the country where it reigns undivided, such as that corner of Provence, between the Siagne and the Loup, in which I am writing these lines. Here, truly, the flower is the sole sovereign of the hills and valleys. The peasants have lost the habit of cultivating corn, as though they had now only to provide for the needs of a subtler race of mankind that lived on sweet fragrance and ambrosia. The fields form one great bouquet, which is incessantly renewed, and the perfumes that succeed one another seem to dance their rounds all through the azure year. Anemones, Gilliflowers, Mimosas, Violets, Pinks, Narcissuses, Hyacinths, Jonquils, Mignonette, Jasmine, invade the days, the nights, the winter, summer, spring and autumn months. But the magnificent hour belongs to the Roses of May. Then, as far as the eye can see, from the slope of the hills to the hollow of the plains, between dikes of Vines and Olive-trees, they flow on every side like a stream of petals

whence emerge the houses and the trees, a stream of the color which we allot to youth, health and joy. The aroma, at once warm and fresh, but above all spacious, which opens up the sky, emanates, one would think, directly from the sources of beatitude. The roads, the paths, are carved in the pulp of the flower, in the very substance of Eden. For the first time in one's life, one seems to have a satisfactory vision of happiness.

Still speaking from our human point of view and persevering in the necessary illusion, let us add to our first remark one that is a little more extensive, a little less hazardous and perhaps big in consequences, namely, that the genius of the earth, which is probably that of the whole world, acts, in the vital struggle, exactly as a man would act. It employs the same methods, the same logic. It attains its aim by the same means that we would use: it gropes, it hesitates, it corrects itself time after time; it adds, it suppresses, it recognizes and repairs its errors, as we should do in its place. It makes great efforts, it invents with difficulty and little by little, in the manner of the workmen and engineers in our workshops. It struggles like ourselves against the heavy, huge and obscure mass of its being. It knows no more than ourselves where it is going; it seeks itself and finds itself gradually. It has an ideal which is often confused, but one in which, nevertheless, we distinguish a host of great lines that rise towards a more ardent, complex, nervous and spiritual form of existence. Materially, it disposes of infinite resources, it knows the secret of prodigious forces of which we know nothing; but, intellectually, it appears strictly to occupy our sphere: we cannot prove that, hitherto, it has exceeded its limits; and, if it does not endeavor to take anything beyond that sphere, does this not mean that there is nothing beyond it? Does it not mean that the methods of the human mind are the only possible ones, that man has made no mistake, that he is neither an exception nor a monster, but the being through whom pass, in whom are most intensely manifested the great volitions, the great desires of the universe?

This is an ascertainment that is one of the most reassuring that we could make. We have long taken a rather foolish pride in believing ourselves to be miraculous, unparalleled and marvelously incidental beings, probably fallen from another world, devoid of any certain ties with the rest of life and, in any case, endowed with an unusual, incomparable, monstrous faculty. It is greatly preferable to be less prodigious, for we have learnt that prodigies do not take long to disappear in the normal evolution of nature. It is much more consoling to observe that we follow the same road as the soul of this great world, that we have the same ideas, the same hopes, the same trials, and—were it not for our specific dream of justice and pity—the same feelings. It is much more tranquillizing to assure ourselves that, to better our lot, to utilize the forces, the occasions, the laws of matter, we employ methods exactly similar to those which it uses to conquer, enlighten and order its unsubjected, unconscious and unruly regions, that there are no other methods, that we are in the midst of truth, that we are in our right place and at home in this universe formed of unknown substances, whose thought, however, is not impenetrable and hostile, but analogous and apposite to our own.

If nature knew everything, if she were never mistaken, if everywhere, in all her undertakings, she showed herself at the first onset perfect, impeccable, infallible, if she revealed in all things an intelligence immeasurably superior to our own, then there would be cause to fear and to lose courage. We should feel ourselves the victims and the prey of an extraneous power, which we should have no hope of knowing or measuring. It is much better to be convinced that this power, at least from the intellectual point of view, is closely akin to our own. Our intelligence draws upon the same reserves as that of nature. We belong to the same world, we are almost equals. We are associating not with inaccessible gods, but with veiled, yet fraternal volitions, which it is our business to surprise and to direct.

It would not, I imagine, be very bold to maintain that there are not any more

or less intelligent beings, but a scattered, general intelligence, a sort of universal fluid that penetrates the organisms which it encounters diversely according as they are good or bad conductors of the understanding. Man would then represent, hitherto, upon this earth, the mode of life that offered the least resistance to this fluid, which the religions call divine. Our nerves would be the threads along which this more subtle electricity would spread. The circumvolutions of our brain would, in a manner, form the induction-coil in which the force of the current would be multiplied; but this current would not be of another nature, would not come from another source than that which passes through the stone, the star, the flower or the animal.

But these are mysteries which it were somewhat idle to question, seeing that we do not yet possess the organ that could gather their reply. Let us be satisfied with having observed certain manifestations of this intelligence outside ourselves. All that we observe within ourselves is rightly open to suspicion: we are at once judge and suitor and we are too greatly interested in peopling our world with magnificent illusions and hopes.

But let the slightest external indication be dear and precious to us. Those which the flowers have just offered us are probably quite infinitesimal compared with what the mountains, the seas and the stars would tell us, if we could surprise the secrets of their life. Nevertheless, they allow us to presume, with greater assurance, that the spirit that animates all things or emanates from them is of the same essence as that which animates our bodies. If this spirit resembles us, if we thus resemble it, if all that it contains is contained also within ourselves, if it employs our methods, if it has our habits, our preoccupations, our tendencies, our desires for better things, is it illogical for us to hope all that we do hope, instinctively, invincibly, since it is almost certain that it hopes the same? Is it probable, when we find scattered through life so great a sum total of intelligence, that this life should make no work of intelligence, that is to say, should not pursue an aim of happiness, of perfection, of victory over that which we call evil, death, darkness, annihilation, but which is probably only the shadow of its face or its own sleep?

Illusion

BY MARY PAGE BIRD

THE sunshine is so golden,
 So free from blight and chill,
 A happy bird in passing,
 Believes it's summer still.

The sky so deeply azure,
 The forest slopes so green,
 He, pausing in his flitting,
 Remembers April's sheen.

And so surcharged with gladness,
 He makes the rooftree ring;
 We dread the gray of Autumn,
 He only dreams of Spring.

The Valedictory

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

NOT at first did George and Margy Todd brag inordinately nor speak of college, although from the first they felt they had a gifted son. This restraint was remarkable; for, while on the farms of Turkey Ridge parents might preserve some decency in regard to a son who took naturally to farming, such decency was held to be impossible in respect to a son who took, as it were, by ear to books. In the days of a young family, were a father and mother questioned by a friend concerning their children, with perhaps, "How's Tom?" they replied, becomingly,

"Oh, Tom's well; he kin plough a real straight furrer a'ready."

"An' Jim?"

"Jim's all right," they answered with diffidence; "he's gittin' to be right smart with the cows."

"An' John?"

"John?" they said, with a brightening of the eye and straightening of the back. "Why, John's *fine*; he's takin' to learnin' awful easy! The teacher says he ain't scarcely seen his ekal. We air a-plannin' to send him to college."

The reason for this cherishing of scholarship, in a neighborhood which extended narrowly from Lemuel Potter's at the one end to Annie Glegg's at the other, and which in winter-times was so thick with storms one could not see beyond it, had never been fully explained. It was not because the men and women, who early in life had brought home their school satchels and had hung their completed educations up on nails, had any undue bashfulness about the knowledge they possessed, of a kind other than that to be gained from books. On the patches of homely land there was plenty of room for conceit. Few earthly performances can so raise a man in his own esteem as to come out on the right side of a horse trade, or to plant potatoes in the year in which potatoes command a price,

when a less astute creature would have wasted himself on beans. Little can so elevate a woman as to have more jars of fruit on her cellar shelves by the close of the canning season than any of the ladies of the place. Nevertheless, the minister and one Lemuel Potter, claiming learning, were picked personages, and all were uplifted by the inward conviction that they, too, could have been great scholars, had they but had the time. And seeing in one born of them signs of the gift of books, they rejoiced sincerely at this result of their distinguished efforts and planned at once for college. That as yet there had been no achievement of this ideal, since more rocks than collegiate careers were to be dug from the soil of the land, gave surely no scorn to the desire.

Quietly at week ends Margy Todd put away the slips of ruled paper which her son Sammie fetched her from the teacher. She did not lay them away in the shell box until she had shown them to George in the evening, after Sammie had gone to bed. He was a slow man, whose eyes crossed and looked off distantly beyond his ears; to get at his expression she had need to go behind him. He was by nature very reticent. Indeed, there was a rumor that Margy, driven desperate, had had to propose for him in his courting, to find out what he wanted before she wasted too much wood on a beau fire in her mother's parlor. Over Sammie's marks he came perilously near talking.

At term ends she waited by the gate, the baby in her skirts, while Sammie ran home to her up the lane, his sister Annie tagging at his heels. The sight of him puckered her forehead anxiously. Shading her blue eyes with her palm and despoiling the lump on his chest, her brow cleared. She reached eagerly for the book, hot from its hiding below his jacket, and read aloud, in the sunset, the inscription written on the fly-leaf in ele-

gant script: "To Samuel Dolliver Todd from his Teacher for excellent Scholarship." She exhibited the book to George at supper, shining like a pumpkin from his sanctification with yellow soap in the kitchen. The same remark served him for each prize-day. "I was awful smart in school myself," he said.

Until Sammie was nine they held themselves in. George's reserve checked Margy from planning or talking much before they were sure of him. An unusual perspicacity may have warned him of the wisdom of saving their breath with their neighbors beforehand. For, by a curious anomaly, although neighbors believed implicitly in their own scholars, they were frequently highly suspicious of anybody else's. A scholar, therefore, was accepted slowly. Until he were well proven, a learning child was a doubted offspring. Heads were shaken ominously on the mention of him. Ominousness, on many subjects, was a neighbor's part.

But when Sammie was nine they held themselves in no longer. Then he proved to them and to all others that he had the making of a scholar in him. Then he entered the annual spelling-match on the night of the last day of the summer term of school. Because hill tongues were stumbling and hill hands horned otherwise than by the pen was not a sign that no spelling was done. A not unworthy skill in it, as in "figgerin'," had been very generally preserved through life out of the old school satchels. Against the fly-specked walls of the schoolroom words were spelled so great that to write them down on paper would have been a well-nigh impossible undertaking, and to give their meaning, a martyrdom. An equal skill did not abide on all alike. The minister and Lemuel Potter were the foremost. Kerenhappuch Green and Timothy Bayne were next. Davie Bascom was the poorest. Still, Davie was nearly positive of one word, and that was "physic." Inasmuch as spelling was no light matter, the match was viewed seriously. In preparation for it thumbs were licked and the leaves of dog-eared spelling-books were turned by lamplight. George and Margy, joining with Sammie in the procession of umbrellas—spellers prancing underneath them—which bobbed down the road to the schoolhouse

in the rain of the night, lost their worry for their acquittal in the contest, worrying in regard to Sammie's. Margy thought that if he did not outspell Sallie Tipton, a child from the briers beyond the Ridge, whose marks were close to his, she would certainly die.

Neither of them had a premonition of what was actually to happen.

Sammie was late chosen from the children, having no reputation for learning. Their silence had hidden him beneath a bushel. Margy, looking backward from her place, saw him at the foot, among the lowliness of the lanterns brought inside to save them from the wet. He was smaller than the rest, and was standing lamely to conceal the fact that one leg of the trousers which she had cut for him was longer than the other. His hair was straggling damply on his forehead and his mouth was widened in embarrassment. His ears stuck out, large and unscholarly. His eyes were fixed shyly on a crack in the floor, while Sallie Tipton's were raised confidently, and she was giggling at the barrel-stove. Margy's heart sank for him, and George was plainly nervous.

Sammie did not, however, disappoint their hopes. Not lifting his gaze from the crack nor spelling loudly, he outspelled Sallie Tipton. She was the last of the children, save him, to melt from the lines. "Towel" was too much for her. It set her bawling into her handkerchief. The neighbors surveyed him suspiciously, correcting her, and Lemuel Potter, always cleaned up with difficulty for a match by his womenfolks, shook his head in doubt, towel being but a poor thing at best. George and Margy were very much relieved, and still they were contained. They settled to their own labors, the contest going to the elders.

But Sammie did not sit down upon the longer words, which had been the habit of children in his position. Across from him Davie Bascom, spelling all along unsurely, by chance received the word "physic." He pulled up his collar hilariously. His dim old face was pleased. "F-i-s-y-c!" he spelled, smartly. Sammie wiped his lips with his sleeve. The teacher motioned Davie to the benches. He went, astonished. "Well, now!" he exclaimed, dejectedly. "Well, *now!*"

Not even after that did Sammie go. He stayed on in the contest among his elders. A whisper of surprise started in the schoolroom, which deepened.

The shrinkage of the lines continued. Hitty Bayne missed "fugue," although she drew tightly the strings of her apron, which she wore so constantly at home that she dared not remove it when she went abroad, for fear of getting cold. "I don't b'lieve the *Lord* ever heerd o' any sech word," she sniffed. George himself followed her. He had spelled with such openness it appeared his custom of reserve was broken. But on the word "caitiff" he relapsed into it remarkably. He thrust his hands down into his pockets and said nothing further. Those near him prodded him in the ribs. The teacher cleared his throat distinctly. "How *do* you spell it, Mr. Todd?" he coaxed. Three minutes passed, then four, then five. He opened his mouth cautiously. "Blamed ef I know," he said. He heard Margy gasp and the whispering in the room grow louder as he sat down, leaving Sammie standing in the lines. He looked off behind his ears, himself amazed.

In a moment Margy was gasping on her own account. She failed on "measles," notwithstanding that she had nursed Sammie and Annie and the baby successfully through them. Her friend Panthea Potter hesitated at "asafetida." The teacher waved his hand encouragingly. "Just spell it *any way*," he said. He was a young man. She looked at him. "W-x-x-y-y-p!" she snapped, and found her seat sarcastically. She frowned at Sammie. "Ain't he," she inquired in an undertone of Margy, "a-gittin' cross-eyed somethin' like his pa?"

When the conflict narrowed to the famous spellers, the whispering dropped like a singing wind. Many neighbors were stretched to see if Sammie were not looking on a spelling-book, to be matched with the minister and Lemuel Potter and Kerenhappuch Green and Timothy Bayne. Kerenhappuch Green first broke the remnant of the ranks, glancing down at the buttons on his every-day coat. His long, gray jaw seemed deeply hurt. It was afterwards discovered that his daughter Ellen had sewed the top one on that day. It had always hitherto been off. He was

accustomed to remember that there were as many p's in "hippopotamus" as there were buttons on him. Next Timothy Bayne missed "aborigines." His boots squeaked crossly in retreat. "He pronounced it wrong," he complained, in the direction of the teacher. "Ef he'd jest hev said 'aborjines,' I'd hev spelt it in a minute." Lemuel Potter gave up stubbornly, the more because of Sammie. His boots scraped on the floor with doggedness. "E-p-e-z-o-o-t-y!" he bellowed, bravely, in the end. The teacher signaling his failure, he faced the roomful scornfully. "Well, ef 'tain't spelt that way, 't ought to be!" he cried.

Sammie moistened the circle of his wide, dry mouth. The stooping minister stroked his beard. The teacher put out column after column of words. He went past "lachrymose," "corymb," and "phthisic," at which variety of "physic" Davie Bascom seemed perturbed. Suddenly, before the breathless members of his flock the minister colored. "X-i-p—" he began. He clutched his beard more tightly. "X-i-p—" he said, a trifle touched. He could not finish. "X-i-p-h-o-p-h-y-l-l-o-u-s," Sammie said, resting his leg which was too long. He stood alone, the victor of the match, white as the wash on Margy's Monday line.

From that night George and Margy let themselves out. They began immediately. Still sitting in her seat, Margy informed everybody within listening distance that Sammie's marks were as wonderfully high in all other branches as in the field of spelling. George, letting go of himself after so long a reticence, nearly lost his balance altogether.

"An awful wet night, ain't it?" he bragged, frankly.

Splashing home with Sammie through the puddles, they voiced the sacred plan.

"I guess," Margy spoke, tracking the streak of the lantern through the rain, "we'll hev to send him to college, pa."

"Yep!" The lantern cut a swath in the darkness.

On their door-mat she spoke again: "An' I guess, pa, we'd better git up earlier to-morrow mornin'; they ain't no use in our sleepin' so dreadful late."

"Yep!"

With this utterance of the plan, there was upon them the burden of a mighty

endeavor. Others had borne it only to let it fall. It remained for them to carry it to the end. The school-teacher told them of a college. It lay east from his thumb while he sat talking of it in their sitting-room. He had gone there, being yet thin from the experience. Talking, he coughed. There, two honors were to be won after four years of work—the first called the Valedictory; the second, the Salutatory. He had won the second and had spoken, graduating, for eight minutes in notable Latin. At once they wanted for Sammie the highest. They did not consider it enough for him to be graduated simply. They aimed for the Valedictory.

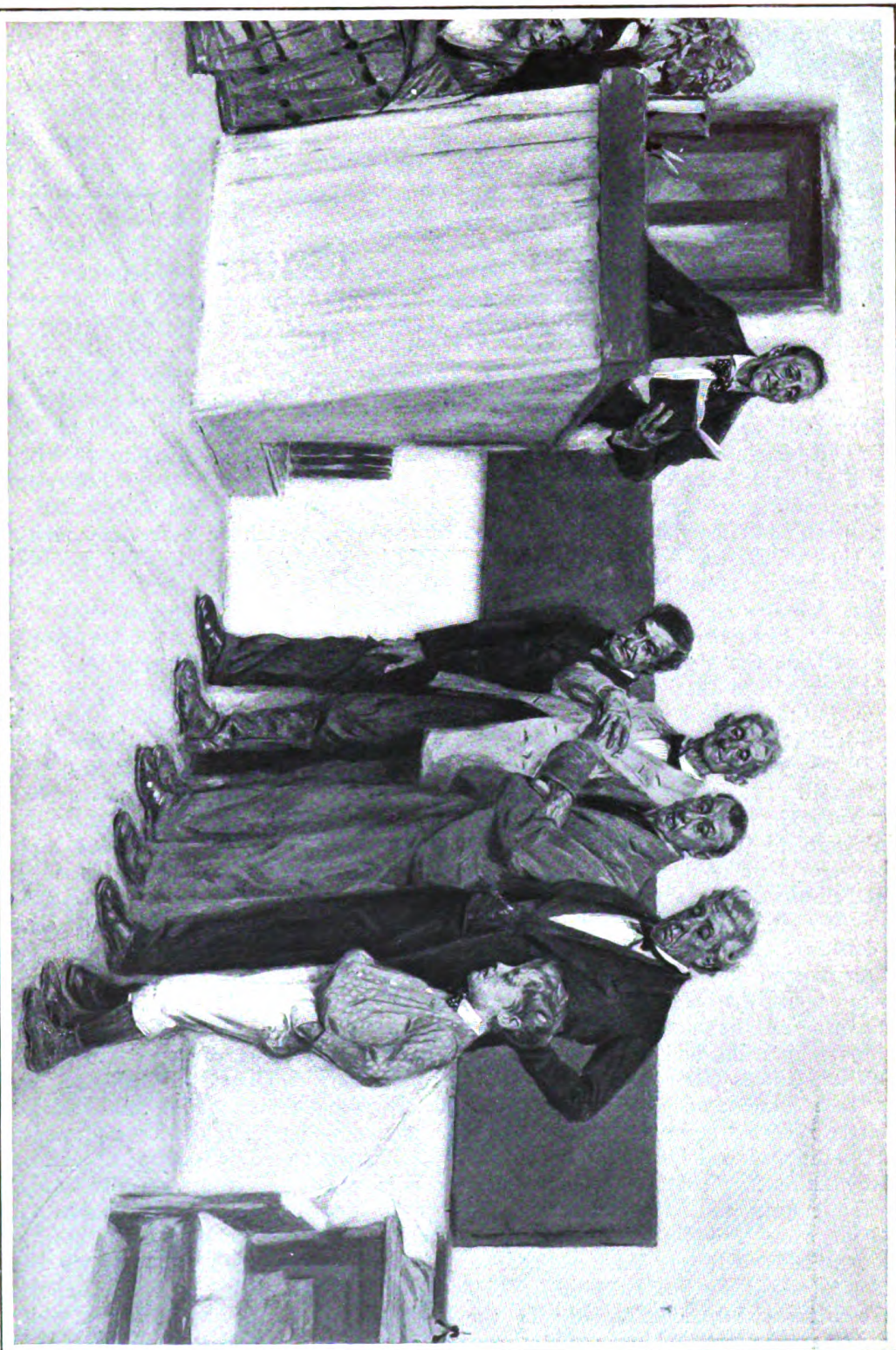
The youngest of the hill families, they had had but few worldly anxieties. The three children, coming, had filled Margy's arms with contentment. She had sung, plump and rosy, at her tasks. George had gone out to his work in the morning and had labored with an easy mind. Both had untried backs. Any planning for the future had been done in a pleasure of imagination which involved no harassment. The small farm supplied their needs and wants. The house was being furnished, little by little, with their surplus money. The table bore food in plenty in the stone-china dishes on the table. The up-stairs closet contained a comfortable array of clothes. Here hung Margy's best dress, renewed each year, and, changeless, a pair of small black trousers and a small black vest and coat. The latter undeniably blighted George's existence, for he was a big man—no man was ever fully at ease in his Sunday suit until he was laid out in it—but, nevertheless, they were a source of satisfaction to him, implying as they did his ability to afford their splendid misery.

They accepted the burden stoutly. Yawning from the spelling-match, they groped for their garments before the breaking of the dawn. Margy's were in excited rings on a chair by the bed. The lamp on the breakfast-table cast an ugly yellow glow on the cloth. Heretofore they had eaten by the red candles in the sky. Margy's fork went into her mouth mechanically. She was not relishing the ham and the potatoes. She was tasting the Valedictory. "We'll hev to begin savin' right off," she said. George nod-

ded. Rising from the table, in the doorway the dawn broke over them. The fields of the farms gleamed dimly. Dimly they saw the greatness of their struggle. Their faces were high and sober.

The household was adjusted to the cause. The earlier breakfast created an earlier dinner; the earlier dinner, an earlier supper. At night they retired earlier, that they might get up very early the next morning and have a long day to work in. George, working harder in the fields through the months of heat, clumped in more tiredly when he was finished. Margy did not stop to sing. She was too busy. Her brain toiled with her hands. She thought how they could save. She contrived a hole in the chimney where a brick turned. There she concealed the nest-egg of the college fund.

Their savings extended in a widening circle. The baby's clothes were made from Annie's old ones, and Annie's from Margy's skirts. Sammie's were evolved from George's handed-down apparel. These did not yield him an overcoat for winter. A comforter tied around his neck, he ran by the frozen bushes of the road in his jacket to keep warm. Margy tucked him into bed with a hot stone of atonement. With her candle smoking in her hand, her shoulders shaking under her little shawl, her breath forming a smudge on the cold air of the room, she yearned above him. George bought nothing for himself nor for the farm. Margy did not buy a new best dress. Already the sleeves of the plaid in the closet were unlike those of Panthea Potter. The money for an extra company chair was in her purse. She put it in the chimney hole. The food in the stone-china dishes was reduced severely to plainness. Sammie and Annie carried skimmed pails to school. A basketful in which the family had no pride was conveyed to the social. The county cattle-fair of the autumn was given up. The dust from the wheels of the other pilgrims to it rose up gayly in front of the house. Sammie, with a lack of scholarly fortitude, on the door-step dampened the green patches which Margy had economically sewed into his blue knees. Annie, beside him, buried her head in her arms, showing only two little pig-tails of grieved hair. George's scolding



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE SPELLING-MATCH

Half tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

was not heartfelt, nor was Margy's. They loved to go, crowded into the express with the children, to encounter the music and the shifting crowds and the cleaned cattle in the stalls. Christmas day, sausage meat was the feature of the dinner instead of the turkey, which was sold. The chimneypiece was straitened. Only the baby's stocking was richly bulged—and it had a pine-cone in the toe.

But the fact of a scholar in the house mitigated the privations, the first stings over. It was as the odor of incense in a simple sacristy.

"Plaids 'll do for me *now*. I'd hate to care as much 'bout clothes as some," Margy said, proudly, to Panthea Potter, who had run in on a friendly call to tell her that plaids were out of style. And, "No, thank you," she protested to visitors, having hurriedly borne a chair from the back of the house into the parlor on hearing polite steps on the front walk. "Jest keep your seat. I like hard cheers." She had seen mothers going without the stylish clothes and the parlor furniture that they had expected of God, and she had wondered how they had done it. Now she saw that the pain of it was cheerfully endured, like that of travail.

"No," George said, expansively. "I ain't goin' to git that top-buggy with red wheels, er that gold watch 'n' chain er that full-blooded Poland-China pig. You know we air a-plannin' to send Sammie to college!" Not being naturally a travelling person, he minded his initial suffering more than Margy. By way of compensation he deprived himself of things which he had never really expected to have. His early self-denial, in his rare bursts of confidence to his friends, reflected glory on him.

Sammie stiffened his upper lip, taunted by an enemy that he had not gone to the county fair. "Well, I'm goin' to college an' *you* ain't! You're jest a pudden-head; *you* can't learn *nothin'.*"

Annie tossed her braids at Sallie Tipton's little sister, meeting her in the Christmas snow in her scarlet hood. "No, I didn't git no doll," she said, "nor no neck beads, but Sammie's goin' to git the Valedict'ry!"

Seated in their pew in the meeting-

house on Sunday, they sat up straight in the dignity of sacrifice. The baby rested against Margy's plaid best dress. Sammie and Annie were on either side of George, who was holily cramped in his arms and vexed in his legs. The same code of fashion which decreed that George's Sunday clothes should be too small ordained that Sammie's should be too large. He wandered in them.

The college fund grew, little by little, in the hole in the chimney. They counted it like misers. To increase it George used every moment. The springs were not periods for the miracle of the resurrection on the Ridge, but seasons for him to work harder. Scarcely were the white grave-clothes lying in the corners of the fields when his plough cleaved the ground into raw furrows. Guiding the plough he had the appearance of hurrying to catch an object before him. His horses were no longer fat, but were thin like the school-teacher. He did not even rein them in on the road, driving back from market, for his chat in friendly silence with his neighbors. His back had worry in it. He was irritable concerning the weather. A black frost, falling out of due time, shook his faith. The minister could not help him. An almanac, having in it advertisements of magic liver pills and prophecies of better days, restored his soul. Margy added to the fund with the profits from her chicken-yard and her churn and her cheese-press, where she pressed little, round, pale cheeses with streaks of sage in them. Sometimes, running to the hens in the midst of her housework, she looked up at the blue sky and remembered how tired she was.

Sammie lengthened into a tall boy, with face serious from his studying much and playing little. Before the spelling-match he had shared the amusements of the hill boys—stealing off to the creek, which ran below with the sound of a sobbing voice, to spit thrice on the dough-balls used for bait, in accordance with an ancient charm; squatting on the grass over marbles; playing leap-frog across the graves in the yard that lay between the school-house and the meeting-house; and tagging in extreme joy all funeral processions, palpitating with hope based on

the tradition that once the hearse had tipped and the coffin had been spilled upon the ground. But after it he bent steadily over his books, his face dark and still like George's. His figure had the loneliness of a scholar's. He learned all that the school laws provided, his marks staying high. He and Sallie Tipton left the schoolroom forever, together. He declaimed a poem on the teacher's platform to celebrate the departure. His arms rose and fell stiffly at his sides. His voice was hoarse and eager. Almost he had the Valedictory.

He was sent to recite to the school-teacher in the evenings. His Latin Grammar was bought in the black frost. It glorified the house. George looked away from it with respect. Davie Bascom drove down the road expressly to peer at it, and Lemuel Potter pronounced words out of it. "Hic, Hœc, Hôc!" he said. "Ain't it qucer how Latin verbs sticks to some fellers?" The minister did not think it as worthy as the one he had studied in his day, but he admitted that it was very nicely bound. When it was not in demand Margy kept it on the parlor table, dusting it with something of the feeling with which she would have dusted a Roman emperor.

Sammie's progress in the Grammar and higher learning was not less than it had been in simpler studies. The day came that the teacher sat coughing in the sitting-room, saying that the next year he would be fit for college. The fund was counted. George set his teeth, Margy prayed. Nightly on her knees, grown thin, she sought to centre the attention of Heaven on their little farm. "O God," she prayed, "give us good crops this year, and don't let it rain till George gits his hay in, an' keep up the price o' them Early Whites."

Her prayers apparently availed. No especial divine malevolence occurred in the weather. The crops throve and the harvest wagon wailed with the weight of the harvest. The price of the Early Whites kept up. She made Sammie ready. The sum of money in the chimney hole appeared enough, with what they would send him each month in addition, to take him through college. The teacher praised it. To them it was a large sum; they had worked so hard

to get it, and their corn and wheat, their hay and potatoes, were to them so precious.

"Ef you air goin' to send your son to college 't all," George said, "you want to do it right."

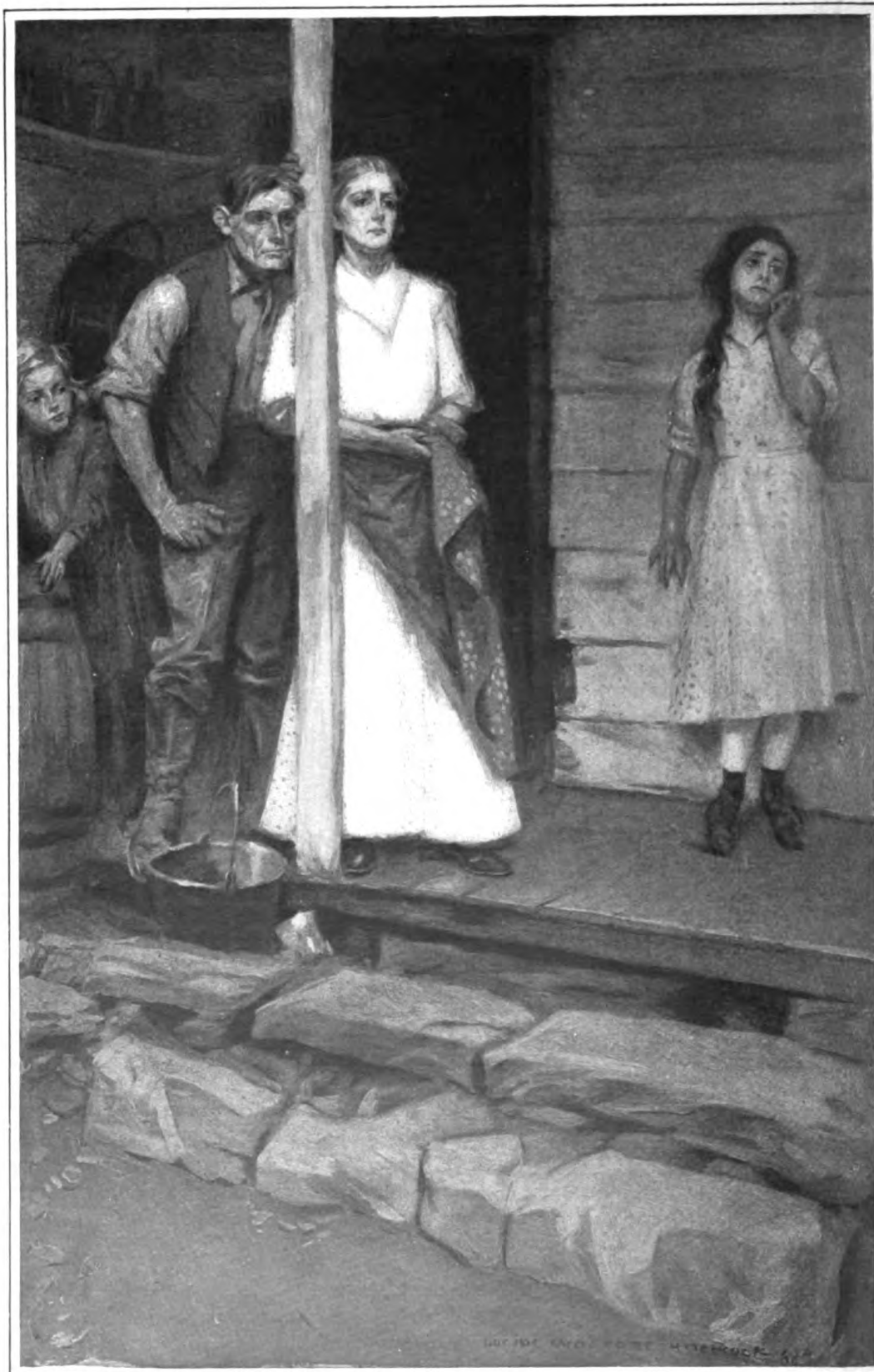
"So as he kin be as good as anybody's boy," Margy finished.

The household was more than ever busily astir when the scholar started on his journey. The faces around the table were saddened by the parting, despite its leading to the Valedictory. No child had ever gone from under the eaves. The baby, now grown a great girl, alone felt nothing. Roused before her proper hour, she fell heartlessly to sleep again in her chair, her curls nodding sideways to her shoulder. Margy hardly knew what she was about. She slopped the coffee on the table-cloth. George spooned all the gravy on Sammie's potatoes that they would soak up; then, since he was not able to think of anything else to do, he spooned more gravy on them. Annie handed her brother the bread a number of times. Choking, he did not refuse the slices. They lay in a border of love and woe about his plate. The talking was fitful. George offered one remark to the meal. He rattled his nicked cup in his saucer.

"I g-guess," he said, in tones of frightful cheer, "it's g-g-g-o-in' to b-be a real pleasant mornin'."

The clatter of blackbirds was over Sammie as he walked from the doorway and out along the road on foot. The sunrise lighted his face. A bundle was on his back, holding his books, a few shirts, and six pairs of striped yarn socks. Early though it was, neighbors were in their fields here and there. Lemuel Potter, crackling among his corn-shocks, waved his bandanna. The family on the step, chilled and sleepy in the dawn, watched Sammie in his poor clothes until he was out of sight, George and Margy as once two might have watched, departing, the shining figure of a Galahad.

Sammie's letter, travelling to the hill from the college town, was an event. Never was such a letter received in a house. The very envelope was extraordinary. The stamp had a grand aspect. George read out the writing. The read-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE FAMILY WATCHED HIM UNTIL HE WAS OUT OF SIGHT

ing of it was prolonged, for he would not let anybody help him decipher it, and occasionally it puzzled him. He held the letter in the way he had grasped Sammie, crying from a flannel bundle. He had been burying cabbage in the garden. His finger, tracing the words, smeared earth on the pages. By the time that he had finished they smelled of vegetables. Sammie wrote them much. There were four gray college buildings. He was entered in his classes and was well up in his studies. "I knowed he'd git the Valedict'ry!" George inserted. He had bought two new Latin books, and he had secured some outside work to do in his leisure hours when he wasn't studying. (From his mentioning it in connection with the Latin books, they instantly concluded it was a fine employment.) He was rooming and boarding in the Dormitory.

"What's that?" Margy interrupted. Her cheeks were flushed.

As the head of the house, George realized that he must explain matters. "I reckon," he said, profoundly, if slowly, "it's an awful nice place to stay in. One o' them high buildin's that you read 'bout that you can't see up to the top of 'thout breakin' your neck. I ricollect now that they call such a buildin' a Salutat'ry."

"A Dormitory, ain't it?" Margy suggested, doubtfully.

"And, oh, ma 'n' pa, if you could see the books and the teachers!" he read on, hastily, as the better part of valor.

Margy had one exception to the letter. She was somewhat downcast, consequently. Soon she revealed it.

"He didn't say nothin' 'bout his shirts 'n' socks doin' well."

"Pooh!" George said, "he's got somethin' better to talk 'bout now 'n them."

But Annie drew her hand from her musty young lap and laid it on Margy's knee. "Why, ma, he ain't got 'em on-packed yet!"

Margy rocked. "O' course not. I'm sech a dummy."

They were pleased to have so much to tell the neighbors. Rendered unable by the spelling-match to gainsay that Sammie was a bright boy on the Ridge, the neighbors were now becoming pleasantly suspicious of his maintaining this

brightness away from it. Lemuel Potter was aware of a boy every bit as smart as he, who, too, had gone brilliantly to college, but who had distinguished himself so poorly there that he had won no honor whatever, and had even lost what sense he had to start with, on his return not having enough gumption remaining in him to hoe a weed. Yet Lemuel Potter, with their other friends, was not averse to basking in the distinction which Sammie's being at college conferred upon the neighborhood. He leaned over the counter, trading his eggs to the store in town. He spoke so that any townsmen, standing by, would hear him. "Speakin' o' eggs," he shouted, "reminds me that the Todds hev got a son at college." The contents of the letter, radiating secretively, varied in their repetition. But eventually it was generally related that Sammie was writing Latin at his leisure, while he studied for the Dormitory in his room in the Valedictory.

The letters lessened the struggle through the winter. The family were not as pinched nor as tired, by reason of them. They read them until they were smoked as hams before the fire. The hole in the chimney, to be stored with monthly savings, was like a laughing mouth.

"If you could be in my room to-night," Sammie wrote, "and feel how warm it is!"

"My, if you could have tasted my dinner!" "If you could see what a fine bed I have!" "If you knew how easy it is to take the Valedictory!" "Don't send me too much money this month. Keep it and get things for yourselves, ma and pa, and for Annie and Maggie." George caring for the huddling cattle, Margy working with purple knuckles, and Annie carrying her skimmed pail dingily to school, contentedly imagined him sitting luxuriantly in his room, and now and then, bountifully fed and with plenty in his pockets, sallying forth to his classes, where he was easily the first. The prospect of having him home in the summer vacation also helped to shorten their stresses through the cold winds. He referred in every writing to seeing them.

During the spring house - cleaning Margy righted his tiny upper chamber.

She scrubbed the floor and washed the curtains, and placed matches by the candlestick and a piece of white soap in the soap-dish. Had she been expecting a prophet for the summer she would not have been more particular. She stopped frequently in her toiling. Through the open windows her eyes dwelt absently on the apple blossoms, blurred by the bodies of the bees. Already Sammie's feet were on the stair and he was hastening up to her, his college prizes rising in lumps on his chest, hidden under his coat.

In June he wrote that he would stay in the college town, busied with further work which he had found. Really, he said, he did not care very much for coming home. Annie read the letter in the kitchen. They read the letters now in turn. Margy was wiping dishes. A tea-cup cracked in the folds of her towel. Without speaking, she finished the dishes, putting the saucers by the glasses in the cupboard and the plates in the right-hand corner. Somehow she knew that she would not see Sammie until the four years were done. She followed George to the potato-patch in the hot sun, whither he had gone heavily, having heard the letter.

"Sammie wants to come home for his vacation awful bad an' he can't 'ford it," she read between the lines.

His bent back was his answer.

"An' mebbe," she continued, "he's been more skimped 'n he lets on an' things 're harder."

"With sech a lot o' money?" He dug sensitively.

Her powers of divination, stirred, would not rest. She framed her letters to Sammie on the loving principle that he was, in some respects, as dull as George and would not penetrate her questions. He did not. He replied to her, not knowing that he did so. In the middle of his second college year she had the truth. The expenses of the college had increased since the teacher's day there. To get through the four years with the money they had given him, and with that which they were sending in small sums, and with that which he earned himself, was a problem he met by studying without fire to save fuel, and by eating no more than was necessary, and by

himself cooking what he ate on the stove in the corner of his room. Under his unconscious revelations the gay Dormitory room dimmed and faded. It was bleak and dismal. In it the Valedictory was not sought with ease. Night after night he dropped to sleep over his books from weariness. Many bright boys were in his classes with whom he must compete. His leisure work in term-time had no immediate connection with the Latin books. Rather it had to do with the cleaning of town stables and with waiting on the tables in the college boarding-houses. His vacation work was no finer. His funds did not permit him to visit them; he had hoped to stretch them to it.

She could no more than bear it. George had to comfort her. In the bottom of his soul he almost wished she had not found out the truth. A moisture was in his eyes at the thought of the mean showing his crops made in the college world. For two days he did not think of words for her. But on the third, greasing his boots deeply with a pork rind, he displayed the fruits of his reflection.

"Thar's the Valedict'ry!" he reminded her.

"Yes, ef he gits it." She was tired.

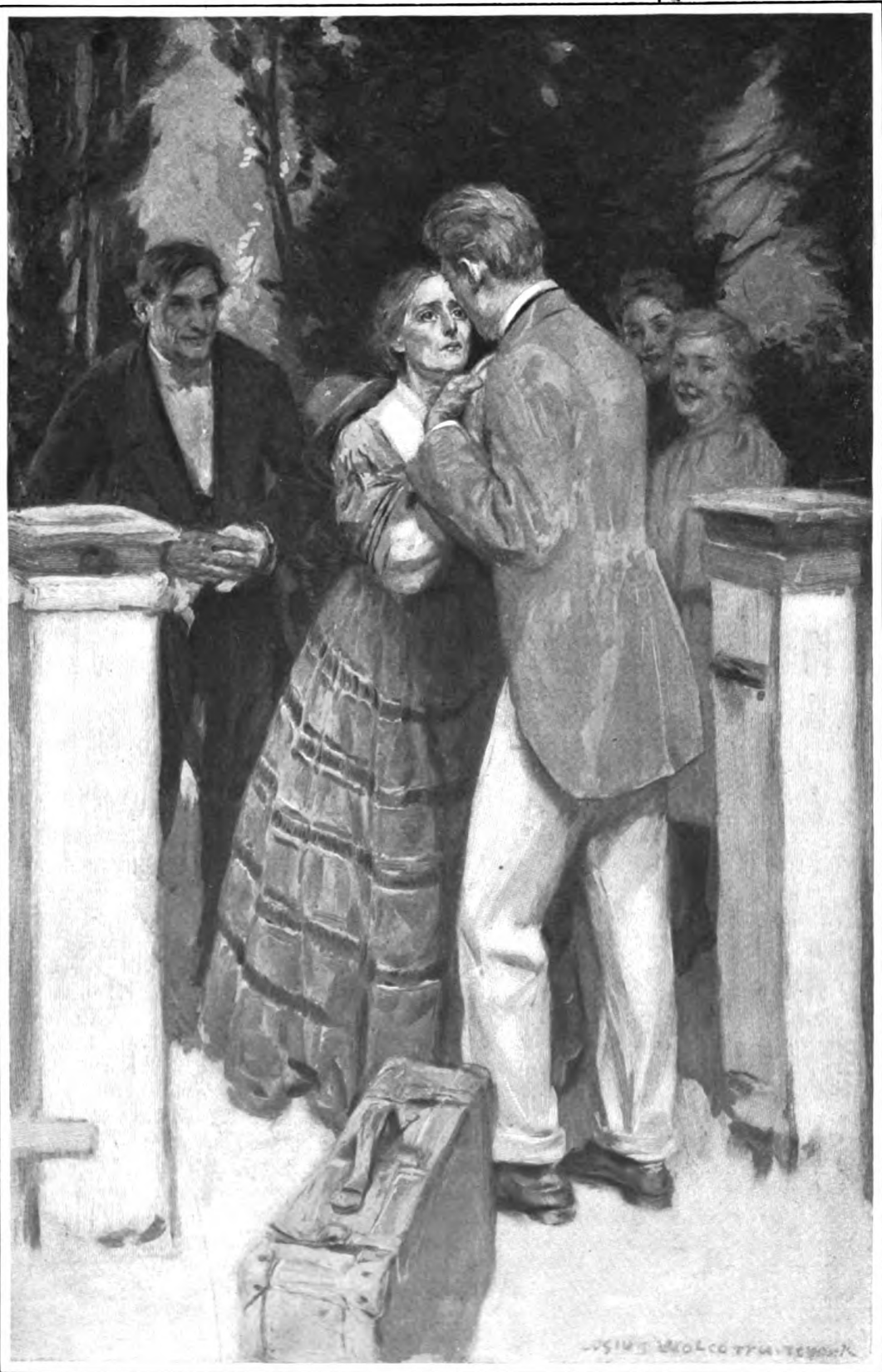
"He'll git it."

A week later he added to his effort, "It's more 'n *any* Dormit'ry."

She did not let Sammie know that his bravery was seen through. She wrote to him, sending what money they were able, that it was beautiful that he was so comfortable. If ever he did catch a cold from being overheated, her pen wept, lard and coal-oil and camphor, long rubbed in, would help him throw it off. Often she signed herself: "Your loving ma—drink boneset for a cough."

The burden of the endeavor was thereafter heavier. The scholar seemed far away; the Valedictory was not wholly certain. The hole in the chimney did not laugh. It gaped, like a young bird's mouth, never filled.

The years wrought changes in the family. Annie stopped school and stayed with Margy, elderly, maternal, and shy. Little Maggie occupied her desk at school, sobered by the atmosphere of a house whose clock ticked out college



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"COME RIGHT IN," SHE SAID, "AN' TAKE A CHEER AN' REST"

years. George and Margy dropped their look of youth. Their backs were bowed. Margy, streaks of white in her hair, was thin as a nursing mother. Sitting in the meeting-house Sundays in the dignity of the sacrifice, they were touched with its Gethsemane.

From the meeting-house Margy gained heart for the last of the struggle. George had the sun and air of his fields, and his almanac. In the beginning week-day religion and the hope of the Valedictory sufficed her. But at the last she was weary for travail and for visions. In this place had, before her, been the letting in of comfort into the lives of tired farmer women, waiting for their victories. Here Annie Glegg had learned to smile, having Benje; and Letty Doan, with her tremulous breast and plain face, stained by a birthmark of red, had found out how to miss so much of life and love life still. Here Hitty Bayne had been enabled to support Timothy's chronic indisposition of the stomach. God came not always consciously, but in the general conviviality of the hymns and the prayers. They did not always discern the angels of heaven passing and repassing below that plain roof, but they had a good time and they went home refreshed.

The closer the time for Sammie's graduation drew near, the deeper was the anxiety. He wrote that the honors would not be awarded until the final term. The Valedictory was between him and one other. To George and Margy he was again on the floor of the school-room, spelling, while they waited for what he was to do. The seasons of the last year were the pages of a dragging calendar. The snow succeeded slowly the snapping of the chestnuts to the ground, the long drip of the thawing rains came after the snow, the green leaves pushed stubbornly from the trees, then the shimmer of heat arose over the fields as over a watched kettle.

As in the crisis of the spelling-match, the neighbors waited with them. Lemuel Potter did not wait. In the four years he had climbed higher than the Ridge. Those left had not lost their manners. The stage, leaving Sammie's letters, was spied upon and the driver was questioned at the lanes. It was this attention to him

which had given Bill Higgins, a frayed and ugly man, the impression that he was a tall and handsome gentleman, wearing a diamond scarf-pin. He was proud of carrying college letters. His interest increased evenly with the neighbors. As well as the best of them he speculated whether Sammie would not fail of winning the highest honor.

George and Margy did not spread the news that the final word had come. The neighbors heard it from Bill Higgins. He did not gather what it was by suspending the envelope betwixt him and the sun. The envelope was a thick one. But George opened the letter in front of him and turned pale. Paleness, Bill knew, meant something.

Margy answered the neighborly knocking at the door. She walked across the sitting-room steadily. She wanted to show that the Todds were equal to greatness. She wanted to say, calmly: "Oh, how de do? Yes, we've heerd again from Sammie—an' he's got the Valedict'ry. Air ye all well at home?" But in the door she could only cry happily into her blighted hands.

The road which had taken Sammie from them returned him to them again. Dressed up, they were in welcome by the gate.

"Ma!" he cried, "and pa!"

They stood united in the honor of the highest—father, mother, and son. They were alike so thin and worn and changed. And they were alike so glad. Annie and Maggie pushed shyly forward to claim their portion of the honor. The group shifted on their feet in a fond awkwardness. Speech did not come. Then the inspiration of his life descended on George. Ahead of them all he solved the difficulty of what to say upon the Valedictory. His eyes looked off behind his tired ears. In his small, old, black suit, as stooped as ever a scholar, he was supreme.

"An awful hot day, ain't it?" he observed.

The coal passed to Margy's tongue. She smoothed the front of her plaid best dress joyfully.

"Come right in," she said, "an' take a cheer an' rest."

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE HAYES-TILDEN CONTEST—A POLITICAL ARBITRATION

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE old Senate-chamber in the national Capitol was the political battle-ground of the issues which presaged the civil war. Within its walls Webster and Hayne voiced the preliminary challenge and defiance of the coming conflict; to its audience Douglas first addressed his arguments for "popular sovereignty"; behind its doors the vote which repealed the Missouri Compromise was recorded; under its roof the Kansas conspiracy found shelter and encouragement; upon its floor Sumner fell under the murderous attack of Brooks; across its desks flew the goading insults of the free-State men and the furious threats of their opponents; directly beneath it, in the room now occupied as the law library, the Supreme Court announced its decision in the Dred Scott case, and shortly afterward the Senate surrendered possession of the chamber, permeated with the contagion of party strife, to that august tribunal. But though the conflict immediately shifted to the new legislative hall, where all the vicious savageries of the war were soon reflected in the virtuous excesses of Reconstruction, it was destined again to invade the scene of its origin. Within its walls the Electoral Commission assembled in February, 1877.

To those who recalled the partisan inheritance of the room, its selection as the meeting-place of jurists charged with the settlement of a vital political question was ominous of disaster, but in other respects no court ever convened under more favorable auspices than those which greeted the extraordinary bench to which the Hayes-Tilden controversy was finally submitted. Invoked as "a tribunal whose authority none could question and whose decision all would accept," it had come into being dowered with the confidence of the public and armed with a mandate

to save the people from themselves. Certainly it was high time that some one or something intervened to avert the unspeakable calamities which threatened the nation, for the Presidential election of the preceding fall had literally torn the country to pieces. Under the leadership of Tilden, the Democrats had prepared and prosecuted a terrific indictment against the corruption and misgovernment of the administration, and as a result they had secured an impressive popular majority for their candidate, and no less than 184 electoral votes, only one less than the number required for his choice. Hayes had concededly received 166 votes, and nineteen representing South Carolina, Florida, and Louisiana were in dispute. To the impartial observer it seemed impossible that those Democratic strongholds should not yield at least one vote for Tilden; but to the Republican politicians, whose henchmen controlled the canvassing boards, that result appeared not only possible, but probable, and the outcome of the local contests that ensued fully justified their confidence. The story of those contests was substantially the same in each State, and all were equally humiliating to civic pride. The Democratic majorities on the face of the returns were eliminated by the canvassing boards on charges of negro intimidation irregularly presented and insufficiently proved; protests were ignored and perjuries condoned. The policy of Reconstruction which had forced corrupt government and negro suffrage upon the South and driven it to physical outrage had now to be sustained by legal outrage, even more demoralizing than the terrorism it had evoked. Not one redeeming episode marked all this sorry business. To the tricks, perjuries, and gross partisanship of the Republicans, the

Democrats responded with counter-tricks, counter-perjuries, and bungling negotiations to bribe corrupt officials, and when each side had obtained certificates supporting the claims of its candidates and forwarded them to Washington, they presented only a shameful choice. With their control of the election machinery, the Republicans had an advantage, in that their certificates were issued by recognized officials, while the Democratic documents were less regular upon their face. Nevertheless, in the case of Florida the certificate of the Tilden electors had been passed upon and approved by the highest courts of that State, and the notorious fact that a Democratic majority of over 12,000 had been suppressed in Louisiana invited close scrutiny of the Republican credentials, and entitled the opposition to the benefit of every doubt.

Who was to decide between these conflicting returns? That question had been frequently raised, but the Constitution afforded no definite answer, and as no election had previously depended upon the vote of a State claimed by both parties, the issue had been avoided by temporary expedients. Now, however, it was sharply presented, and there was absolutely no precedent governing the situation. The Constitution merely provided that on a certain day the President of the Senate should open the returns in the presence of both Houses, and the vote should then be counted. But here was a case where there were returns to be rejected as well as counted. With whom lay the power to discriminate between them? The Republican Senators gravely answered that it was the duty of the President of their chamber, who was authorized not only to open and count the returns, but to pass upon their validity. In other words, they claimed that the Constitution intrusted this vitally important matter entirely to the discretion of one man, and that the assembled House and Senate were merely authorized to be present as spectators of his act. This, it was true, had never been done in the history of the republic, and the Democratic majority in the House angrily asserted that it never should be done. Moreover, they positively declared that no electoral vote whatsoever could or should be count-

ed without the concurrent action of both branches of Congress. If neither candidate received a majority of the votes, then it was contended that the whole matter was relegated to the House of Representatives, which was authorized to elect a President, and that body plainly intimated its entire readiness to assume the responsibility.

Unless these divergent claims could be reconciled the result was only too apparent—Tilden would be declared President by the Democratic House, and Hayes by the Republican Senate; each would set up his own government, and no one could predict what the outcome would be. Already throughout the country there were mutterings of the storm which threatened to rend the nation. Incited by the appeals of irresponsible demagogues, bands of minute-men were enrolled, sworn to seat the Democratic candidate peaceably if possible, but by force if necessary; offers of arms and men were made to the party leaders, taunts and defiances flew in every direction, and very little was wanting to precipitate a national disaster. In the face of this monstrous prospect capital took alarm, business languished, the government came to a practical standstill, and the enemies of the republic, who had confidently predicted the downfall of its institutions for more than a century, watched the menacing situation with grim satisfaction, laughing in their sleeves and knowingly wagging their heads.

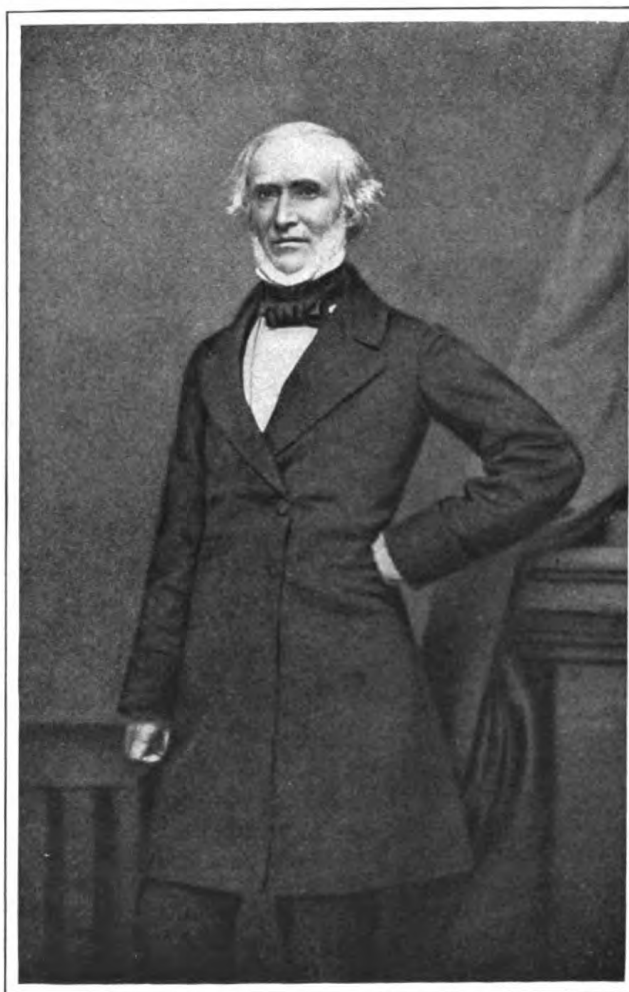
It was at this crisis that sane public opinion asserted itself and forced a peaceful solution of the issue. From all parts of the country and from organizations of every character petitions, resolutions, and memorials poured in upon the assembled legislators, urging and, in fact, demanding that they lay aside their differences and devise some means of settlement, and of this popular pressure came the bill creating the Electoral Commission. It was not without much misgiving and considerable opposition, however, that the bill became a law. Tilden opposed it in the face of his party's approval, and the Republicans fought it tooth and nail. Under the provisions of the act five of the proposed judges were to be selected from the House, which insured the appointment of five Democrats; five were

to be nominated by the Senate, which was certain to designate Republicans, and five were to be selected from the Supreme Court bench—two Republican appointees and two Democratic, these four to name the fifth. Firmly believing that this plan necessitated the selection of Judge David Davis, Lincoln's lifelong friend, who, although originally a Republican, had become an Independent with Democratic leanings, the Democrats almost unanimously supported the measure, and in the general rejoicing over its enactment the voices of Tilden's supporters were clearly dominant. Their joy, however, was short-lived; for the President had scarcely signed the bill when the independent Republicans and the Democrats in Illinois combined in electing Davis to the Senate, rendering him practically ineligible to the bench, and compelling the designation of a Republican to complete "the tribunal whose authority none was to question and whose decision all were to accept."

It was with no little relief that patriotic Americans watched the evolution of this extraordinary court from the chaos of evils which had disgraced the national institutions and threatened them with ruin. To their minds it indicated an awakened public conscience; it evidenced the triumph of patriotism over politics; it demonstrated the law-abiding instinct of a people fitted for self-government, and promised a redeeming climax to a series of national humiliations. Partisan passion and prejudice had held sway for the moment, but statesmanship and justice promised finally to prevail.

Early on the morning of February 2, 1877, the room which had once sheltered

the Senate was besieged by throngs of men and women noisily clamoring for admission; but the chamber was too small to accommodate more than the invited guests and privileged officials, and the gallery which had not been opened for years was reserved for reporters, editors, newspaper proprietors, and their families. The general public was therefore rigidly



CHARLES O'CONOR

excluded, and the audience which gathered under the vigilant eyes of the journalists was more notable, perhaps, than any which had previously awaited the opening of an American court.

Behind the rail sat the diplomatic representatives of almost every foreign country, all the members of the cabinet, the general of the army, the admiral of the

navy, officers of both branches of the service, Senators, Congressmen, judges, and distinguished citizens, and at the counsels' table as remarkable an assemblage of legal talent as ever appeared in any cause.

On the Democratic side sat Charles O'Connor, an advocate almost without a peer in his day. His day, however, was waning fast, and the pale, care-worn face revealed unmistakable traces of pain and illness, and suggested a doubt of his physical fitness for the great struggle which impended. Near this famous champion sat another veteran of the bar, whose massive wigged head, burly personality, and inseparable tobacco-box were familiar to all the courts, for Jeremiah S. Black was known throughout the

country for his professional skill. It was natural that these Democratic jurists should have appeared in Tilden's behalf; but associated with them was a man whose presence could not be accounted for by party affiliations, and to those who knew Lyman Trumbull's long friendship with Lincoln and his record as a Republican Senator, his appearance in support of the Democratic claims was startlingly significant. Not far distant from these distinguished counsel, and apart from his associates, the journalists in the gallery espied Roscoe Conkling sitting absorbed in thought, and instantly the exciting whisper spread that the great Republican champion of the electoral bill intended to cast aside his party allegiance and address the tribunal on behalf of Tilden—a rumor which had some foundation, but no confirmation. Montgomery Blair, Matt H. Carpenter, ex-Judge John A. Campbell of the Su-

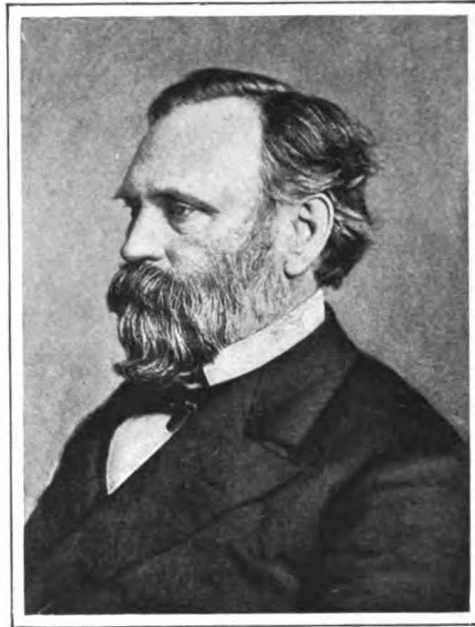
preme Court, Richard T. Merrick, George Hoadley, A. P. Morse, Ashbel Green, and William C. Whitney completed the list of Democratic advisers—all lawyers of marked ability, although Whitney's talents were not then generally recognized, and it was whispered that his re-

lationship to Commissioner Payne was responsible for his presence.

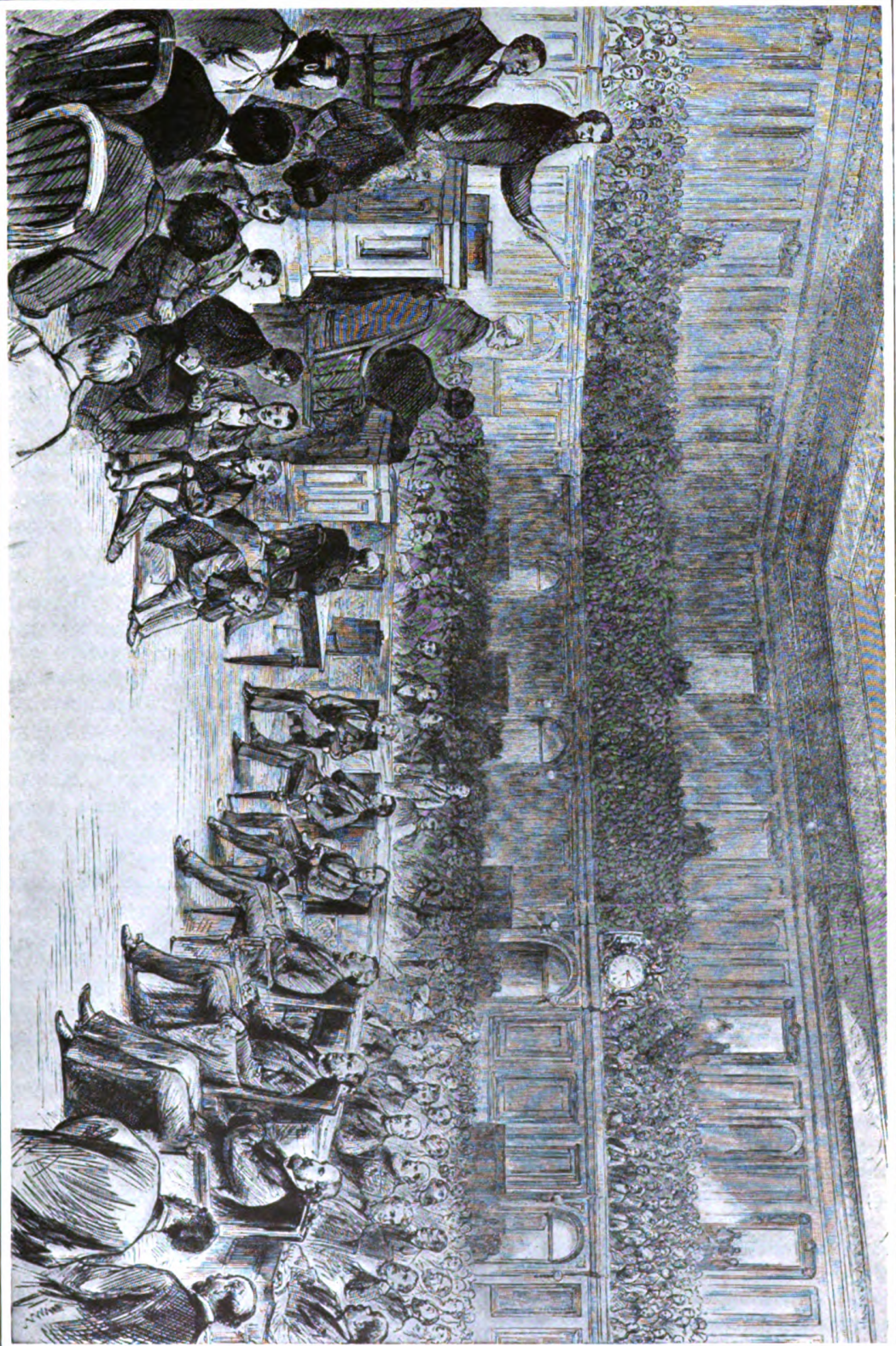
Formidable as was this gathering of legal experts, their opponents, grouped at the other end of the long table, were equally redoubtable. As leading counsel the Republicans had retained William M. Evarts, whose thin keen face had acquired a network of lines and wrinkles since the day he had defended Andrew Johnson, and whose fame in the *Alabama* case had been still further en-

hanced by his recent masterful achievements in the Beecher trial, and upon him was destined to fall the brunt of the Democratic attack. Near this experienced chieftain sat a heavily built, confident-looking man with a red face, sandy whiskers, and broad intellectual forehead, destined, after a fierce struggle, to win a seat on the Supreme Bench as a reward for his services not only in the case at bar, but in the preliminary contests, for Stanley Matthews had fought hard for Hayes in Louisiana, and his name was already familiar to the public. Beside Matthews sat Edward M. Stoughton, a shrewd and resourceful lawyer, and behind them appeared Samuel Shellabarger, Hayes's personal counsel, armed with intimate knowledge of every detail of the controversy, and ready for every legal emergency.

Eleven chairs had been crowded behind the judicial desk, and the bench extended



JUDGE STANLEY MATTHEWS

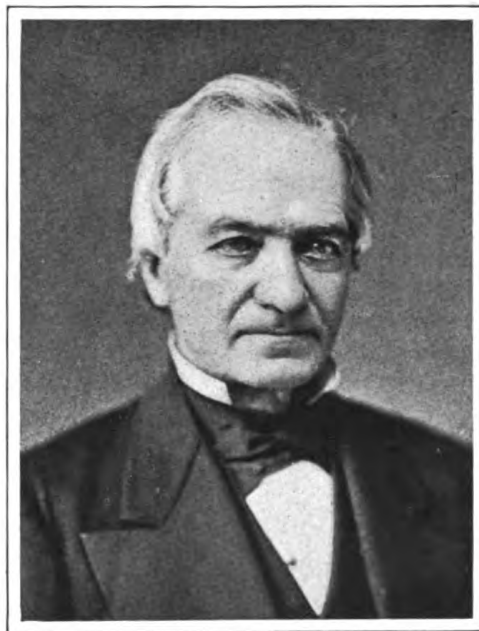


COUNTING THE VOTES. DAVID DUDLEY FIELD OBJECTS TO THE VOTE OF FLORIDA
From a sketch by Theo. R. Davis, published in *Harper's Weekly*, February 17, 1877

by placing a table at either end, each capable of accommodating two commissioners; but, except for this change and the personnel of the audience, the appearance of the room was the same as it usually presented on court days. With the advent of the commissioners, however, the bench assumed an unfamiliar aspect, for the judges had discarded their official robes in deference to their lay associates; and as the fifteen men took their places before the silent audience, it was noted that they divided upon party lines. Judge Clifford took the Chief Justice's place, with Justices Miller and Bradley on his left, and Field and Strong on his right. Then to the left ranged the Republicans, Edmunds, Morton, and Frelinghuysen; and at the right the Democrats, Abbott, Hunton, and Payne, while at one of the tables sat Garfield and Hoar, and at the other Thurman and Bayard—an ominously partisan arrangement extremely disquieting to those who believed that the Senators and Representatives could as easily lay aside their politics as the judges could their robes. Individually and collectively, however, the Commission was unquestionably a remarkable body of men. Seven of its fifteen members were, or had been, judges—all were jurists of recognized ability—one was destined to become President, another Secretary of State, another ambassador to England, and others to distinguish themselves in various ways, and their existing public records justified the belief that they would rise superior to all party claims and do impartial justice.

In the pause that followed the seating of the tribunal the attention of the spectators centred for a moment upon Justice Bradley, who had been selected to take

the place which the Democrats had designed for Judge Davis, but he was apparently wholly unconscious of the interest he evoked. His clean-shaven expressive face indicated strong character and great personal dignity, and his calmness suggested courage and inspired confidence.



JUSTICE JOSEPH BRADLEY

It was after twelve when the presiding justice opened the proceedings by recognizing David Dudley Field, brother of Justice Field, and one of the Representatives from New York, who, although he had voted for Hayes, had sought an election to Congress mainly for the purpose of espousing Tilden's cause, and who rose to present the formal objections of the Democrats to the Republican certificate from Florida. Similar objections were likewise offered by

Republican representatives to the Democratic certificate, and then the legal battle began.

Complicated as the various objections seemed to be, the Democratic point of attack was apparent and the issue comparatively simple. With great force and persuasive earnestness, O'Connor impeached the eligibility of one of the Republican electors, alleging that he was a Federal office-holder and therefore debarred by the Constitution from acting as an elector, and insisted that testimony be admitted in support of this charge. The strategy of this move was instantly comprehended, however, by the Republican counsel, who saw that it was the opening wedge to an examination of all the facts leading to the issuance of the certificate to the Republican electors, and they determined that no such precedent should be established. Evarts therefore promptly flung down the gauntlet by announcing

his contention that the court could consider no question but the regularity of the certificates, and had no power to go behind the returns, and his challenge was instantly accepted. Unless they were permitted to show what had happened before the Board of Canvassers, and in what manner their majorities had been eliminated, the Democrats realized that their cause was lost, and they immediately grappled with the foe. One after another, O'Connor, Black, and Merrick attacked the Republican position, Merrick drawing the enemy's fire in a sharp fusillade of questions from the Republican commissioners, indicating anything but a judicial spirit on their part.

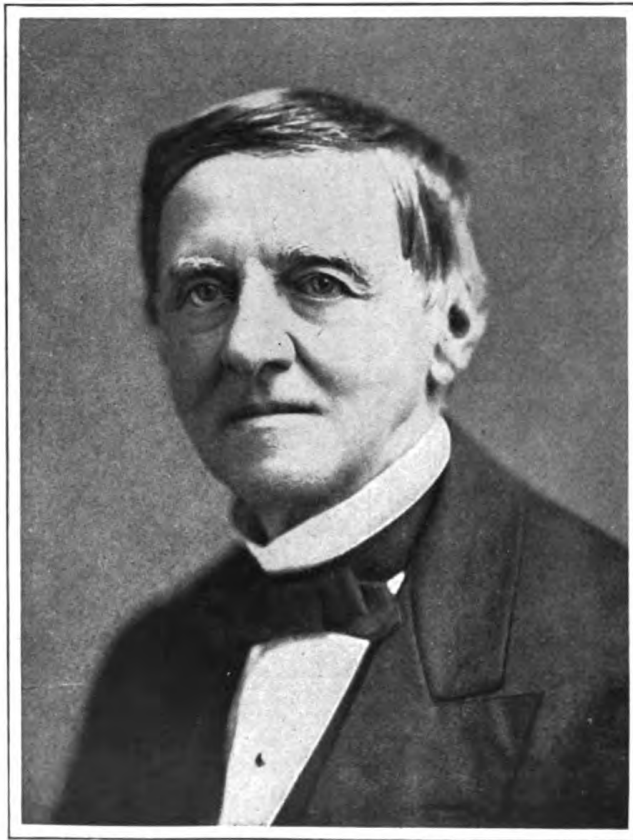
It was at this juncture that Stanley Matthews took a hand in the fray, and his opening words were singularly daring and prophetic. With a swift, almost imperceptible glance at Justice Bradley, he quoted from an essay on Papal Councils, wherein the author, in commenting upon the belief that they were enlightened by the presence of the Holy Ghost, irreverently remarked that they may have been, but he generally found *that the Spirit had resided in the odd man.*

The words were spoken in jest and were received with laughter, but the bad taste that inspired them was scarcely less offensive than their ominous cynicism to those who cherished the hope of an impartial decision.

Stoughton followed Matthews with a speech of considerable adroitness, and Evarts and O'Connor soon joined battle, employing the heavy artillery of argument behind ramparts of words, until their ammunition was fairly exhausted. Then Justice Field forced the Republican leader into the open, and it required not only courage, but downright audacity for Evarts to hold his own under the rapid

fire of questions which would have swept a man of less reputation off his feet.

"Suppose the canvassers had made a *mistake* in footing up the returns," suggested the judge, "and suppose that mis-



SAMUEL J. TILDEN

take changed the result of the election, and that they discovered it before the electoral vote was counted. Would there be no remedy?"

Evarts looked his questioner squarely in the eyes.

"No!" he answered, firmly.

"Then," commented the justice, "a mistake in arithmetic in the adding up of figures may elect a President of the United States and the Congress is powerless to prevent it!"

The audience awaited the lawyer's answer with strained attention, but no question had been asked him, and he offered no response. The silence was at last broken by Justice Field, who again advanced to the attack.

"Suppose the canvassers were *bribed*," he began, "or suppose they had entered into a conspiracy to commit a fraud, and in pursuance of that bribery or conspiracy altered the returns, declaring as elected persons not chosen by the voters, and had transmitted the vote to the President of the Senate, but before that vote had been counted the fraud was detected and exposed, would there then be no remedy?"

Again Evarts met the searching interrogation without flinching.

"No," he answered; "whatever fraud there is must be discovered and protested against before the Board of Canvassers makes its returns—"

"But suppose the members of the board were themselves the conspirators?"

"It makes no difference under the law."

"If this be sound doctrine," observed the judge, "it is the only instance in the world where fraud becomes enshrined and sanctified behind the certificate of its authors. It is elementary knowledge that fraud vitiates all proceedings, even the most solemn—that no form of words, no amount of ceremony, and no solemnity of procedure can shield it from exposure."

Again Evarts made no answer, but stood his ground defiantly, the audience watching him, spellbound and almost without breathing.

"Suppose the canvassers were coerced by *force*," continued the relentless questioner. "Suppose men put pistols at their heads and threatened to blow out their brains if they did not perjure themselves, would there be no remedy?"

Again No! and No! again. Neither mistake nor fraud nor force justified Congress in reversing the action of the

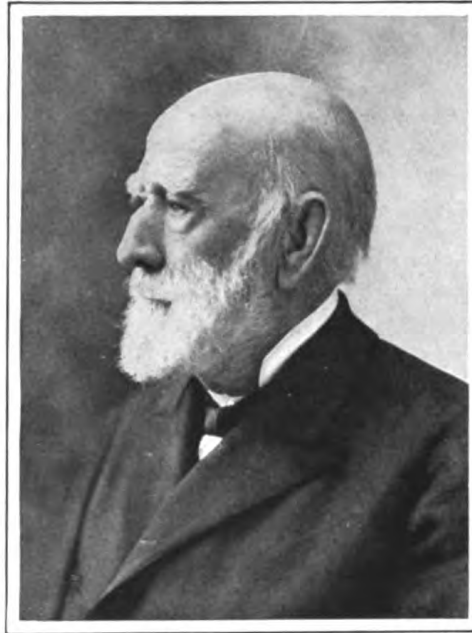
State canvassers, and the certificate issued on their return must stand. Neither the Constitution nor the laws authorized Congress to go behind the returns, and the court had no power except that which Congress possessed.

Had he faltered in his answer to those searching questions, had even the expression of a doubt crossed his face, it is not impossible that Evarts would have lost his cause. But to his professional mind the law was the law. It was not justice; it was not expediency; it was not necessarily logical or even defensible, but it was unalterable, and with unquivering eyelids he outfaced his questioner and carried the day.

On the 5th of February the commissioners retired to deliberate, and on the 8th they determined by a vote of eight to seven not to go behind the

returns, every Republican siding with the majority and every Democrat opposing—a strictly partisan vote. "I would rather lose by a unanimous decision than win on such a showing," was the comment of a disheartened Republican patriot, and his words voiced the thought of all who had looked to the court for an authoritative utterance free of political taint.

To the legal fraternity that preliminary decision was deeply significant, but patriotic optimists still clung to the belief that the court would yet assert its independence, and when testimony was admitted to establish the disqualification of the office-holding Republican elector, the spirits of the optimists rose accordingly. The evidence, however, demonstrated that the accused official had resigned the Federal position which was supposed to bar him from acting as an



GEORGE F. EDMUNDS

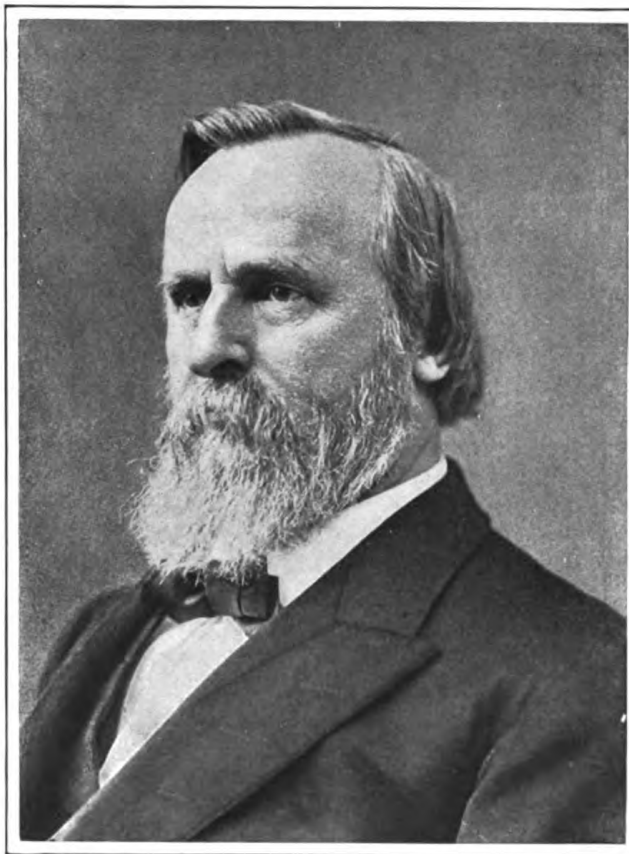
elector, and that technically he was within the law. On the 8th of February the commissioners again retired for deliberation, and when they returned on the 9th and awarded Florida to Hayes by the same partisan vote of eight Republicans against seven Democrats, the supporters of Tilden lost heart and sensitive Republicans hung their heads.

And yet, had they but known it, the Democrats still held a winning card, and those in the Republican secrets were yet to face the worst quarter-hour of their lives, for some of them had taken desperate chances in the interests of their party, and they faced the open doors of a prison when the opposing certificates from Louisiana reached Presiding-Justice Clifford.

It was on the morning of February 13 that this crisis was reached, and the court was again crowded to its utmost capacity. All the commissioners were present and all the counsel who had attended the previous sessions, except O'Connor, whose place was occupied by ex-Judge Campbell. There was, therefore, no lack of astute advisers for the Democracy. They were the flower of the bar—trained observers whose professional duties had taught them to scrutinize every detail in a case and take nothing for granted, while on the bench were seven Democratic jurists, equally well equipped and vigilant. With such an array of legal experts watching the interests of their clients it seemed impossible that deception should be successfully practised or fraud go undetected, and yet the impossible happened.

The proceedings opened as usual with the reception of the conflicting certificates from the Senate-chamber—five documents in all—and while these important papers were being perfunctorily examined and initialled by the presiding justice, the journalists in the gallery idly watched

the scene, the lawyers whispered together and prepared for the coming contests; the general public waited, bored and inattentive, and some of the Republican managers sat quaking with fear.



RUTHERFORD B. HAYES

Judge Clifford finally laid aside his pen, and it was ordered that the various exhibits which he had been marking be printed and copies furnished for the convenience of the counsel and commissioners. Had a single objection to this routine been interposed; had prudence, habit, or even curiosity impelled any of the Democratic counsel to scrutinize the original documents, or had enterprise prompted any journalist to examine and compare them, a sensational exposure would have been inevitable, for one of the Republican certificates was clumsily, even obviously, forged.*

* Under the Constitution three copies of the certificate of the Louisiana vote were

Had this been discovered, it is not improbable that one or more of the Republican commissioners, who were suspected of wavering in their party allegiance, would have voted for a thorough investigation, and an entirely different result might have been effected. Neither suspicion nor inspiration, however, put the Democratic champions on their guard, and the opportunity passed unheeded, never to return.

Wholly unconscious of this glaring defect in their enemies' armor, the Democratic counsel proceeded to give battle on substantially the same lines which had brought them to defeat in the Florida case. There was, however, some reason to hope that the court might yet reverse itself, for popular denunciation of the partisan vote had not been confined to the supporters of Tilden, and the effect of public opinion upon political judges could not be disregarded. Moreover, the Louisiana case was particularly strong

necessary, one of which had to be forwarded to the President of the Senate by mail, another delivered to him by hand, and the third deposited with the United States District Judge—all of which had to be accomplished within a certain number of days. When the Republican messenger—one T. C. Anderson—arrived in Washington and delivered the package containing one of those three certificates to Mr. Ferry, the President of the Senate, that gentleman called his attention to an irregularity in the form of the endorsement on the envelope and suggested that he consider its legal effect. Anderson therefore retained the package and secretly opened it to ascertain if the error had been repeated in the certificate itself. To his consternation he discovered far more vital defects in the document, and flying back to New Orleans, consulted with the party leaders, who agreed that the instrument must be redrawn, and the electors were hastily resummoned. Then, to the managers' horror, it was discovered that two of the necessary officials were absent and could not possibly be reached within the time limited by law for the delivery of the paper in Washington. "Heroic" measures were therefore deemed essential, and after all the available signatures had been obtained the others were forged and the doctored certificates, which, of course, were obviously different from the one previously forwarded by mail, were rushed back to Washington just in the nick of time. All these facts were subsequently unearthed, but those who actually committed the forgeries were never detected.—*H. R. R. No. 140, 45th Cong., 3d Session, pp. 50-63 and 89-91.*

upon the merits, for it was well known that the heavy Democratic majorities had forced the Board of Canvassers to reject votes—not sparingly, as had been sufficient in Florida, but by thousands upon thousands—and it was believed that some of the eight Republicans could yet be induced to vote for an examination into the facts.

With these incentives, therefore, Carpenter and Trumbull began the attack, and for half a day they battled manfully against the adverse precedent which had been established in the Florida case, demanding that the court overrule itself and cease to shield injustice under technicalities. Appealing as their arguments were, the answers of Stoughton and Shellabarger, the Republican counsel, were well calculated to hold the majority of the court together, for they showed that an examination into the facts would entail an almost interminable proceeding, precluding any possibility of a decision until long after Grant's term had expired. In the mean time there would be no President or Vice-President, and the result of such an unsettled condition of affairs upon the business of the country would be well-nigh disastrous. This prospect was sufficiently alarming to sustain the wavering majority, and after Evarts and Judge Campbell had fought each other for another day with legal citations, history, philosophy, and all the other weapons of debate, argument was again exhausted, and the court once more retired for deliberation. The fight, however, was immediately continued in the consulting-room. Motion after motion was made by the Democratic commissioners for a favorable decision on their contentions, but without avail. No matter in what form their propositions were submitted, the eight Republicans voted them down and the seven Democrats dissented. Finally it was proposed to reject all the returns and throw out the vote of Louisiana altogether—a proceeding fully justified by the situation, and for which there was precedent—but this was likewise defeated by the same vote of eight to seven. Then Commissioner Morton, who is supposed to have been warned that there was something wrong with the Republican certificate marked No. 3, moved that the votes reported in certificate No.

1—the document which Ferry had received by mail—be counted for Hayes, and his resolution was carried by the monotonous majority of one.

With this decision the case practically ended. On February 22 Hoadley and Merrick led a forlorn hope in an attack upon the returns from Oregon, but as the Republicans were strongly entrenched behind the precedents already established, and as they had concededly carried that State, Evarts and Matthews had no difficulty in repulsing the enemy, and after one day's fighting the dominant majority in the Commission decreed Oregon's three votes to Hayes against the futile protest of their seven associates.

Finally the case of South Carolina was called, but all public interest in the contest had now evaporated. With the audience-chamber practically deserted, and before a listless and inattentive bench, the Republican counsel waived their right to a hearing, and submitted their papers to the court without argument. Blair and Black, however, made a last stand for the Democrats, the latter attacking the partisan commissioners with scathing scorn and unbridled fury, his closing words referring to the rumor that a secret agreement had been effected with the incoming administration to end the policy of Reconstruction.

"They offer us everything now!" he

exclaimed, with bitterness. "They denounce negro supremacy and carpetbag thieves. Their pet policy for the South is to be abandoned. They offer us everything but one; but on that subject their lips are closely sealed. They refuse to say that they will not cheat us hereafter in the elections."

With the thunder of these denunciations reverberating in their ears the Republican eight awarded South Carolina to Hayes on February 27, and three days later the great Electoral Commission ingloriously dispersed.

It was not in vain, however, that the battle had been fought, for of the sectional contagion which contaminated the courtroom and affected the judges, the policy of Reconstruction died. As Black had prophesied, within two years the administration, recognizing that another such victory would destroy the party, abandoned the Republican State officials in South Carolina and Louisiana who had been declared elected by the same boards which, with less reason, had awarded the electoral votes to Hayes, carpetbag government became only an evil memory in the South, and ten years later an act was passed regulating the counting of disputed electoral votes which diminished if it did not eliminate one of the gravest constitutional evils imperilling the safety of the republic.

Creeds

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

THE sky said to the sea:
Behold from God I came,
And though my clouds change endlessly
Like Him am I the same.

The sea said to the sky:
Brother, 'tis so with me,
My waves and tides go ever by,
Yet day and night the same am I,
Like God, eternally.

Partners

BY ALICE BROWN

" I GUESS I shall fetch it," said Newell Bond. He was sitting on the door-step, in the summer dusk, with Dorcas Lee. She knew just how his gaunt, large-featured face looked, with its hawklike glance and the color, as he spoke, mounting to his forehead. There were two kinds of Bonds, the red and the black. The red Bonds had the name of carrying out their will in all undertakings, and Newell was one. Dorcas was on the step above him, her splendid shoulders disdaining the support of the casing, and her head, with its heavy braids, poised with an unconscious pride, no more spirited by daylight than here in the dark where no one saw. She answered in her full, rich voice:

"Of course you will, if you want to bad enough."

"If I want to?" repeated Newell. "Ain't I acted as if 'twas the one thing I did want?"

Over and over they had dwelt upon the great purpose of his life, sometimes to touch it here and there with delicate implication, and often to sit down, by an unspoken consent, for long, serious talks. To-night Newell spoke from a reminiscent mood. There were times when, in an ingenuous egoism, he had to take down the book of his romance and read a page. But only to Dorcas. She was his one confidant; she understood.

"I don't know's Alida's to blame," he meditated. "She's made that way."

Immediately Dorcas, in her sympathetic mind, was regarding a picture of Alida Roe as she saw her without illusion of passion or prejudice—a delicate, pale girl with a sweet complexion, and slender hands that were ever trembling upon fine work for her own adornment. She had known Alida at school and at home, in dull times and bright, and she had a vision, when her name was mentioned, of something as frail as cobwebs, with all their beauty. Whenever Newell Bond

had begun to sound the praises of his chosen maid, she had set her mind seriously to considering what he could see in Alida. But it was never of any use. Alida always remained to her impalpable and vain. Now she answered patiently, according to her wont:

"Of course she's made that way."

It was like a touch to keep the machinery going, and he responded:

"You see, I hadn't asked her to set the day. It was kind of understood between us. An' then Clayton Rand come along an' begun to shine up to her, spendin' money like water, an' her mother was bewitched by it. So she orders Alida to throw me over an' take up with t'other man. I don't know's Alida's to blame."

"Do you s'pose they're engaged?" asked Dorcas, for the hundredth time.

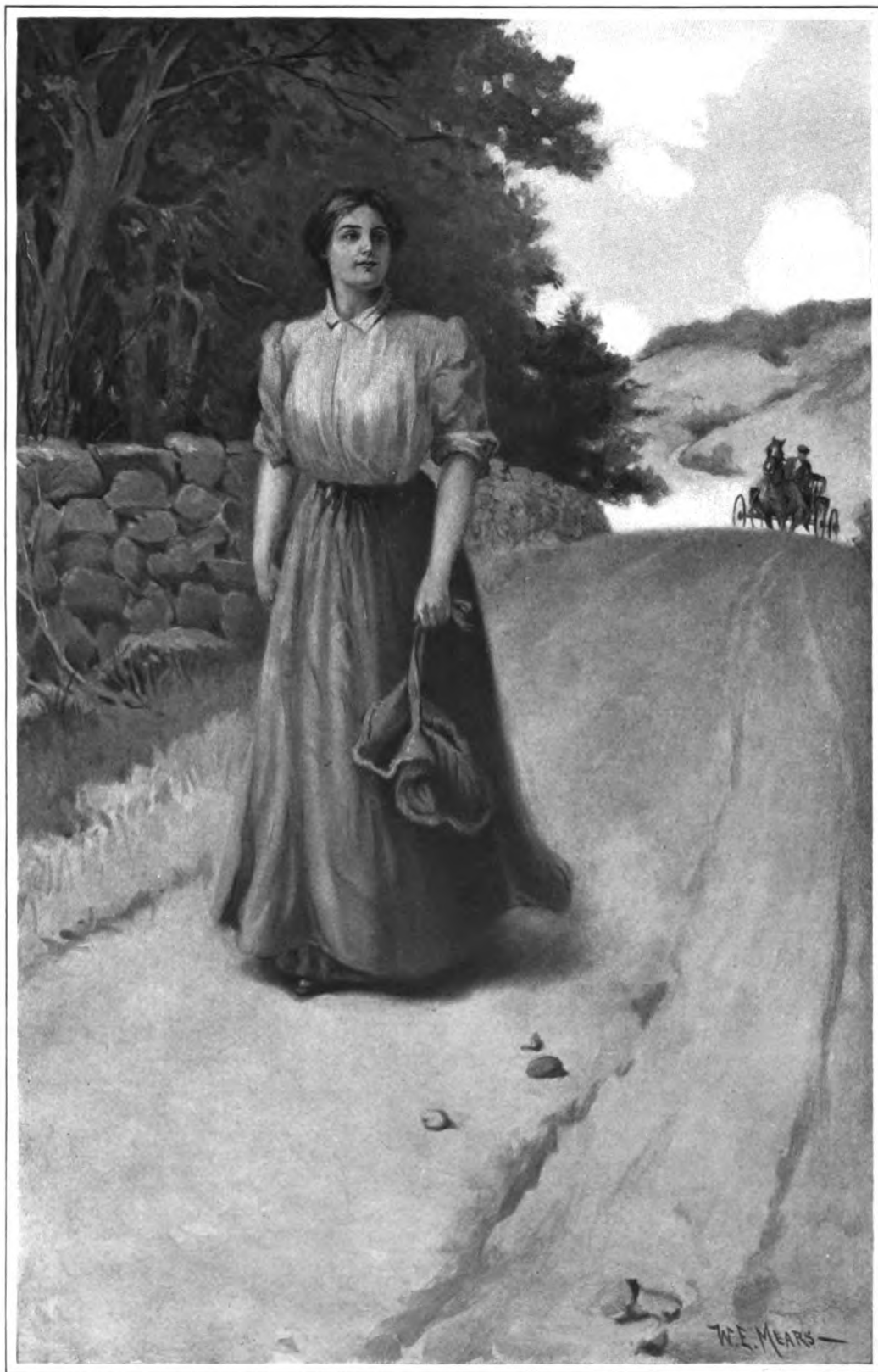
He was silent for a moment, brooding. Then he answered as he always did:

"That's more'n I can make out. But if they are, I'll break it. Give me time enough, an' I'll do it when they're walkin' into the meetin'-house, if I don't afore."

Dorcas felt old and tired. All her buoyant life seemed to settle to a level where she must foster the youth of others and starve her own.

"Well," she said, gently, "you've done pretty well this year, sellin' house lots an' all."

"I've done well this year an' I'm goin' to keep on," said Newell, in that dogged way he had. Often it heartened her, but never when it touched upon his weary pursuit. Then it seemed to her like some rushing force that should be used to turn a mill, wandering away into poor meadows, to be dried and lost. But he was ending as he always did: "Clayton Rand won't marry so long's his mother's alive, no matter how much money he's got. An' while Alida's waitin' for him, I'll lay up what I can, an' I bet you I get her yet."



Drawn by W. E. Mears

FOR A MOMENT SHE WAS SUPREMELY HAPPY

"You goin' to pick pease in the mornin'?" asked Dorcas. She had heard the clock striking, and it counselled her to remember how early their days began.

Newell came out of his dream. "Yes," he said, "that patch down the river road. I guess we can get off ten bushels or more by the afternoon train."

"All right," said Dorcas. "I'll be there."

"You mustn't walk down. I'm goin' t'other way myself, but I'll hitch up Jim, an' you can leave him in the old barn till you come home."

"No," said Dorcas, rising. "I'll walk. I'd rather by half than have the care of him. Maybe I'll catch a ride, too."

They said good night, and Newell was walking down the path where clove-pinks were at their sweetest, when he turned to speak again. Dorcas, forgetful of him, had stretched her arms upward in a yawn that seemed to envelop the whole of her. As she stood there in the moonlight, her tall figure loomed like that of a priestess offering worship. She might have been chanting an invocation to the night. The man, regarding her, was startled, he did not know why. In that instant she seemed to him something mysterious and grand, something belonging to the night itself, and he went away with his question unasked. Dorcas, her yawn finished, went in to think of him as she always did, in the few luxurious moments before she slept. But her nights were always dreamless. She had the laborer's tired muscles and acquiescent nerves.

It was two years now since she and Newell had become, in a sense, partners. An affliction had fallen upon each of them at about the same time, and, through what seemed chance, they had stretched out a hand each to steady the other, and gone on together. It was then that Dorcas's mother had had her first paralytic stroke, and Dorcas had given up the district school to be at home. But she was poor, and when it became apparent that her mother might live in helpless misery, it was also evident that Dorcas must have something to do. At that time Newell, under the first cloud of disappointed love, had launched into market-gardening, and he gave Dorcas little tasks, here and there, picking fruit and vegetables, even weeding and hoeing,

because that would leave her within call of home, where a little girl sat daily on guard. Newell lived alone, with old Kate to do his work, and soon it became an established custom for Dorcas to cook savory dishes for him, on the days when Kate's aching joints kept her smoking and grumbling by the fire. In a thousand ways she unconsciously slipped into his life, with his accounts, his house purchases, and the work of his fields; and the small sums he paid her kept bread in her mother's mouth. And now her mother had died, but Dorcas still kept on. She had no school yet, she told herself excusingly; but a self she would not hear knew how intently she was fighting Newell's own particular battle with him, how she watched here and there lest a penny be spilled and his road be made the longer to the goal he fixed. She was quite willing to consider breaking up Alida's intimacy with the other man, because, to her dispassionate mind, Alida was of no account in the world of feeling. She might have her mild preferences, but if Newell could give her muslin dresses and plated pins, he would suit her excellently. And Newell wanted her. As for Clayton Rand, he would be none the poorer, lacking her. She had thought it all out, and she was sure she knew.

The next morning, dressed in brown, the color of the earth she worked in, Dorcas stepped out into the dewy world and closed her door behind her. It was a long walk to the field. For some unguessed reason she had been heavy-hearted at rising; but now the pure look of the early day refreshed her and she went on cheerfully. Since her mother's death, life had seemed to her all a maze where she could find few certainties. She had no ties, no duties, save the general ones to neighborhood and church, and her loneliness now and then rose before her like something inexorable and vast, and would be looked at. Perhaps that was why she had thrown herself whole-souled into Newell's wilful quest, though at moments she longed to strangle it with passion fiercer than its own, and why she wondered just what she could do after the desire of his heart had flowered and Alida was his wife. As she walked along, she held her head very high, and carried her hat in her hands, leaving the sun to

strike upon her shining braids and light them to a gloss. For the moment she was unreasonably happy, forgetful of the past, and aware only of the sunlight on green fields. Then suddenly she found that a light wagon had drawn up and Clayton Rand was asking her to ride. She looked at him one quick instant before she answered. She had known him when they were both children and he came to spend the summer a mile away, and sometimes, for fun, went to the district school. Since then they had kept up a recognized acquaintance, but this was the first time in years that they had spoken together. He was a heavy-faced young man, with rough-looking clothes of a correct cut, and a suggested taste in horses and dogs.

"Ride?" he asked again, and Dorcas smiled at him out of many thoughts. She could not have whispered them to herself perhaps; but they all concerned Newell and his daily lack. Clayton saw the pretty lifting of her red lip above her small white teeth, and, being a young man ready to leap at desired conclusions, instantly thought of kissing.

"I can't be mistaken," he said, elaborately. "This is Miss Dorcas Lee."

Dorcas put her foot on the step and seated herself beside him. Then, surprised at his success, because she had looked to him like a proud person, though in a working-gown, he began a wandering apology for having failed to help her in. Meantime he touched up the beautiful sorrel, and when they began to fly along the road, and the sorrel's golden mane was tossing, Dorcas had a brief smiling concurrence with Alida. To speed like that was perhaps worth the company of Clayton Rand. He was talking to her, and she answered him demurely, with a dignity not reassuring from one of her large type and regal air. But presently he began, by some inner cleverness (for he had a way with him), to tell her stories about horses, and Dorcas listened, wide-eyed with pleasure. The way to the knoll was very short, and there she had to stop in the midst of a racing story that had the movement of the race itself, and bid him leave her. This time he remembered his manners, and leaped out to help her gallantly.

"Miss Dorcas," he called her back,

after her pretty thanks, "I suppose—I don't half dare to ask you—but you like horses. Just let me take you over to the Country Club to-morrow, and we can see the racing."

For the space of a second, Dorcas gazed at the toe of her patched working-boots. She was thinking, in a confused tangle, of Alida and Newell, and wondering if she had any clothes to wear. Then she lifted her head quickly with a resolution that looked like triumph.

"Thank you," she said, with a shyness very charming in one of her large type; "I should be happy to."

"Thank *you*," said Clayton, jumping into the wagon. "I'll be along about half past one."

All that day Dorcas bent over the peavines and listened to her thoughts. There were other pickers, but she had no words for them, even when they sat down together for their luncheon, nor for Newell himself, coming at night to take her home.

"You're real tired, I guess," he said, as he left her at the gate.

Dorcas flashed a sudden smile at him. It was all mirth and mischief.

"No," she said, soberly, "I don't believe I'm tired."

"I'm goin' to Fairfax to see about sellin' the colt to-morrow," said Newell, from the wagon.

Dorcas nodded.

"Maybe I'll take a day off myself," she said. "I'll be on hand next-day mornin', if you want anything picked. Good night."

That evening at ten Newell was driving home from the village, and he marked her light in the kitchen. He stopped, vaguely uneasy, and walked up the path to the side door, and as he came he saw the shades go down.

"Dorcas!" he called, at the door, "it's me, Newell." Then he heard her hurrying steps. But instead of opening the door to him she pushed the bolt softly, and he heard her voice in an inexplicable mixture of laughter and confusion.

"I'm real sorry, Newell, but I can't let you in. I'm awful sorry."

"All right," he said, bluffly, turning away, yet conscious of a tiny hurt of pained surprise. "Nothin' wrong, is there?"

"No," came the laughing voice again, "there's nothin' wrong."

"That's all I wanted to know," he explained, as he went down the path. "Seein' the light so late—"

And again the voice followed him.

"Yes, Newell, I'm all right."

Dorcas, an hour after, at her table ironing the dotted muslin she had washed and dried before the fire, laughed out again. She had a new sense of triumph, like a bloom upon the purpose of her life. At last she saw before her a path quite distinct from the dull duties of every day.

When Clayton Rand drove up with his pair of sleek horses and the shining rig that was admired by all the town, she went out and down the path very shyly, and with a blushing sedateness becoming to her. Clayton saw it, and his heart leaped with the vanity of knowing she was moved because of him. But the cause was otherwise. Dorcas knew her hair was beautiful, and that her skin, in spite of its tan, was sweetly pink; but she also knew that the fashion of her sleeves was two years old, and that no earthly power could bring the gloss of youth to her worn shoes again. So she blushed and shrank a little, like a bride, and Clayton, who saw only that her skirts fluttered airily and her hat was trimmed with something soft and white, straightway forgot all the girls he had ever seen, and wondered if his mother could fail to approve such worth as this. And then again he began to talk about horses, and Dorcas began, in her rapt way, to listen, and put in a sensible word here and there. Alida, she knew, had one idea of horses: that they were four-legged creatures likely to run away, or to bite your fingers if you gave them grass. It was easy to compete with her there, and also because she really did love animals and need not pretend. It was a beautiful day at the races. There were all sorts of magnificent turnouts, and ladies dressed in raiment such as Dorcas had never even imagined. She innocently fancied Clayton must know any number of them, and grew very humbly grateful to him for troubling himself about her. When she suggested that he must have many friends among them, he laughed with an amused candor, and told her they were gentry, a cut above. Yet Dorcas con-

tinued to believe he might have con-sorted with them, if he chose, and her manner to him had a softer friendliness because he was so kind. And when she could forget her old-fashioned gown, she was quite childishly content. At the gate that night he thanked her profusely for the pleasure of her company, and added, boldly:

"Won't you go to ride a little ways to-morrow night?"

A sudden shyness made her retreat a step, as if in definite withdrawal. It was like a flower's closing.

"Maybe not to-morrow," she hesitated. It seemed to her the events she had moved were rushing, of themselves, too fast.

"Next day, then," he called. "I'll be along about seven. Good night."

And Dorcas went in to think over her day and dream again, not so much of that as the desire she was fulfilling for another man.

At that time Newell was very busy over questions of real estate. He had bought, two years before, the whole slope of Sunset Hill, overlooking three townships and the sea, and now city residents had found out the spot and were trying to secure it. That prospect of immediate riches drew his mind away from his gardening. He forgot the patient things that were growing silently to earn him his desire, and only gave orders in the morning to his two men before he drove away to talk about land. Even Dorcas he forgot, save as a man remembers his accustomed staff leaning against the wall till he shall need it again. But he has no anxiety about it, for he knows it will be there. Dorcas hardly missed him, for she, too, had new ways to walk. Clayton Rand came often now. He seemed to be fascinated, perhaps by her beauty and the simplicity of her mien, and perhaps by the dignity of her undefended state. She never asked him into her house, though she would drive and walk with him. Her strength, that summer, seemed to her boundless. She could work all day and sit up half the night sewing old finery or washing and ironing it, and then she could sleep dreamlessly for two or three hours, and wake to work again and drive with Clayton Rand in the evening. It seemed to her at times as if that life would go on breathlessly forever, and then again she

knew it would not go on: for she had planned the end toward which it was tending, and the end was almost there. One afternoon, as she came home from her work flushed and covered with dust, yet looking like an earth queen in her triumphant health, she had to pass Alida's house, and Alida's mother was waiting for her by the gate. As Dorcas came on swiftly, she had a thought that Alida was not very wise, or she would keep her lovers away from Mrs. Roe. The mother and daughter were too much alike. The older woman was a terrible prophecy. The fairness of youth had faded in her into a soft ivory, her hair was a yellow wisp tightly coiled, and her mouth drooped in a meagre discontent. She regarded Dorcas frowningly from sharp eyes, and Dorcas stepped more proudly. She had fancied this onslaught might await her.

"Dorcas Lee!" called the woman, sharply. "Dorcas Lee!"

Then, as Dorcas stopped, in a calm inquiry, the woman went on rushingly, all the words she had not meant to say tumbling forth as she had thought them.

"Dorcas Lee, what are you carryin' on for the way you be with Clayton Rand? There ain't a decent girl in town would step in an' ketch anybody up like that. You'll get yourself talked about, if you ain't now. I was a friend to your mother an' I'm a friend to you, an' now I've gone out o' my way to give you warnin'."

Dorcas looked past her up the garden walk and at the porch where Alida sat rocking back and forth, her hands busy as ever with her delicate work.

"Alida!" she called, softly. "'Lida, you come here a minute. I want to speak to you."

Alida laid down her work with care and placed her thimble in her basket. Then she came down the garden path, swaying and floating as she always walked, her pretty head moving rhythmically.

"'Lida, you come a step or two with me," said Dorcas, gently, when the girl was at the gate. "I want to speak to you."

Alida opened the gate and, without a glance at her mother, stepped out upon the dusty path. People said Mrs. Roe talked so much that people had long ago done listening to her, and perhaps she had done expecting it.

"You'd ought to have suthin' over your head," she called to Alida. "You'll be's black as an Injun."

Dorcas took a long stride into the roadside tangle and broke off a branch of thick-leaved elder. She gave it to Alida, and the girl gravely shaded herself with it from the defacing sun. They walked along together in silence for a moment, and Dorcas frankly studied Alida's face. There was no sign of grief upon it, of loneliness, of discontent. The skin was like a rose, a fainter, pinker rose than Dorcas had ever seen. The soft lips kept their lovely curve.

"'Lida," she breathed, "what you goin' to do to-night?"

"I don't know," said Alida, in her even voice. "Sometimes I sew, when it ain't too hot. I'm makin' me a dotted muslin."

Dorcas found her own heart beating fast. The excitement of it all, of life itself, the bliss, the pain and loss, came keenly on her. She thought of the days that had gone to buying this thing of prettiness, the strained muscles, the racing blood and thrilling brain, the sweat and toil of it, and something choked her to think that now the pretty thing was almost won. Newell would have it, his heart's desire, and in thirty years perhaps it would look like Alida's mother with that shallow mouth. Yet her simple faithfulness was a part of her own blood, and she could not deny him what was his.

"Alida," she said, in an eloquent throb, "do you—do you like him?"

"Who?" asked Alida, calmly, turning clear eyes upon her.

Dorcas laughed shamefacedly.

"I don't know hardly what I'm talkin' about," she said. "I've worked pretty hard to-day. 'Lida, if there was anybody you liked, anybody you want to talk things over with—well"—she paused to laugh a little—"well, if I were you, I should just put on my blue dress, the one with the pink rosebuds, an' walk along this road down to the pine grove an' back again."

"The idea!" said Alida, from an unbroken calm. "I should think you were crazy."

Dorcas stopped in the road, decisively, as if the moment had come for them to part.

"That's what I should do, 'Lida," she

said, "to-night, every night along about eight, till it happens. An' I should wear my blue."

Alida turned away, as if she felt something unmaidenly in the suggestion and might well remove herself; yet Dorcas knew she would remember. They had separated, and when they were a dozen paces apart, Dorcas called again:

"Lida!"

Alida turned. Again Dorcas spoke shyly, from the weight of her great task.

"Lida, Newell Bond's sellin' off Sunset Hill. He's doin' well for himself."

"Is he?" returned Alida, primly. "I hadn't heard of it." Then she turned and, keeping her feet carefully from the dust, went on again.

It seemed to Dorcas that night as if she could not wait to finish the bowl of bread and milk that made her supper, and to put on her white muslin and seat herself by the window. She felt as if the world were rushing fast, the flowers in the garden hurrying to open, the sun to get into the sky and make it redder than ever it had been before, and all happy people to be happier. Something seemed sweeping after her, and she dared not turn and look it in the face. But her heart told her it was the moment that would come after her work had been accomplished and Newell had found Alida. As if she had known it would be so, she saw him coming down the road and called to him. He was walking very fast, his head up, and his hands, she presently saw, clenched as they swung.

"Newell!" she cried, "come in."

He strode up the path and she rose to meet him. She remembered now that she had many thing to tell him, and the knowledge of them choked her.

"Newell," she began, "you mustn't go—I don't know where you're goin'—but down that way, you mustn't go till eight o'clock. An' then I guess you'll see her. It 'll be better than the house, because her mother's there. Why," her voice faltered, and she ended breathlessly, "what makes you look so?"

He looked like wrath. It was upon his knotted brow, the iron lips, and in the blazing of his eyes.

"What's this I've been told?" he said, in a voice she had never heard from him, "about Clayton Rand?"

She laughed, relieved and pleased at her own cleverness.

"It's all right, Newell," she called, gleefully. "He hasn't been there for two weeks. He's comin' to-night to take me to ride, an' I'll make him go the turnpike road, an' she'll be down by Pine Hollow, an' you can snap her up under her mother's nose—an' she's got on her blue."

Newell put out his hands and grasped her wrists. He held them tight and looked at her. She gazed back in wonder. In all the months of his repining she had not seen him so, full of warm passion, of a steady purpose.

"Dorcas," he said, "I won't have it!"

She answered in pure wonder and with great simplicity:

"What, Newell? What won't you have?"

He spoke slowly, leaving intervals between the words.

"I won't have you ridin' with him, nor walkin' with him, nor with any man. If I'd known it, I'd put a stop to it before. Why, Dorcas, don't you know whose girl you are? You're mine."

Floods of color went over her face, and she looked down. Then, as he was silent, she had to speak.

"Newell," she said, "I only meant—I thought maybe I might help you—" There she had to look at him, and found his eyes upon her in a grave sweetness she could hardly understand. No such flower had bloomed for her in her whole life.

"Why, Dorcas," he said, "think how we've worked together! What do you s'pose we worked so for?"

Alida's name rose to her lips, but her tongue refused to speak. At that moment it seemed too slight a word to say.

"'Twas so we could find out where we stood," the grave voice went on. "That was it."

She felt breathless, as if they had together been pursuing some slight thing, a butterfly, a bubble, and now, when it was under their hands, they saw that the thing itself was not what mattered. It was the race. They had kept step, and still together now, they had run into a safe and happy place. There was the beat of hoofs upon the road.

"Stay here," she breathed. "I can't

go with him. I'll tell him so." She ran out and down the path, a swift Atalanta, her white skirts floating. Clayton Rand was at the gate. Even in the instant of his smiling at her she realized that the smile was that of one who is expectant of a pleasure, but only of the pleasure itself, he does not care with whom. Her eyes glowed upon him, her brown cheeks were red with dancing blood.

"I can't go," she said, in a full, ecstatic voice. "Thank you ever so much. I can't ever go again. See!" she pointed down the road. "Don't she look pretty in among the trees? That's 'Lida. She's

got on her blue." She turned and hastened up the path again. At the door she paused to look once again at the spot of blue through the vista of summer green. It was moving. It was mounting into Clayton Rand's wagon. Then Dorcas went in where Newell was waiting to kiss her.

"He's drove along," she said, from her trance of happiness. "'Lida's gone to ride with him."

Already the name meant no more to them than the bubble they had chased.

"Come, Dorcas, come," said her lover, in that new voice. "Come here to me."

Horses of the Wind

BY EDITH WYATT

DOWN the rainy roof-top, up the silver street,
Horses of the morning wind gallop far and fleet.
Over mist and tree-top, down the break of day,
Coursers of the cold-breathed wind swing me on your way.

Light you whinnied at the gabbling, and afar I'd dreamed your stabling—
Heard you stamping in your stabling on the heaven's crystal floor,
Dreamed your waiting in the airy days of ice-locked January,
Through clear nights in February, past the pole-star lantern's door.

Gallop past the hoary Hyads, and the snowy-clustered Pleiads,
Over common, over open, over mud-flung road and plain,
Cloud-winged horses with your streaming manes and dappled fetlocks gleaming
Beautiful beyond my dreaming, down your yearly course again.

Over highway, over byway, every way of yours is my way,
Fog-smoked roof, and dripping alley, and the trail the wild duck cries,
Ragged mist and splashing byway, plashing eaves, and flooded highway,
Broken shore and full-flushed valley, and the hundred-hurdled skies.

Gallop, gallop swifter to me, thrill the strength of daybreak through me,
Twelve great winds of open heaven, in your splendor fleet and free,
Winds above all pride and scorning, all self-shame and self-adorning
As the naked stars of morning singing through the bare-branched tree.

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XV

SOOLSBY'S HAND UPON THE CURTAIN

FAITH raised her eyes from the paper before her and poised her head meditatively.

"How long is it, friend, since—"

"Since *he* went to Egypt?"

"Nay, since thee—"

"Since I went to Mass?" he grumbled humorously.

She laughed whimsically. "Nay, then, since thee made the promise—"

"That I would drink no more till his return—ay, that was my bargain: till then and no longer! I am not to be held back then, unless I change my mind when I see him. Well, 'tis three years since—"

"Three years! Time hasn't flown. Is it not like an old memory, his living here in this house, Soolsby, and all that happened then?"

Soolsby looked at her over his glasses, resting his chin on the back of the chair he was caning, and his lips worked in and out with a suppressed smile.

"Time's got no more to do with you than I have with the Protestants—or rabbits!"

He chuckled to himself, for he poached when he pleased and with impunity, and, caught red-handed, his airs of innocence were artistic miracles.

"Time's got naught to do with you. 'Tis afraid of you," he continued. "He lets you be."

"Friend, thee knows I am almost an old woman now." She made marks abstractedly upon the corner of a piece of paper. "Unless my hair turns presently I must bleach it, for 'twill seem improper it should remain so brown."

She smoothed it back with her hand. Try as she would to keep it trim after the manner of her people, it still waved

loosely on her forehead and over her ears. And the gray bonnet that she wore only added piquancy to its luxuriant modesty, gave a sweet gravity to the demure beauty of the face it sheltered.

"You are no older in face to-day than was the Egyptian's mother when she left him here. It's wonder o' the world that your heart, which is eighteen, should keep your face at that."

"I am thirty now," she murmured, with a sigh, and went on writing.

The old man's fingers moved quickly among the strips of cane, and, after a silence, without raising his head, he said, "Thirty—it means naught."

"To those without understanding," she rejoined dryly.

"'Tis tough understanding why there's no wedding-ring on yonder finger. There's been many a man that's wanted it, that's true—the Squire's son from Bridgley, the lord of Axwood Manor, the long soldier from Shipley Wood, and doctors, and such folk aplenty. There's where understanding fails."

At his first words Faith's face flushed up, then it became very pale, and her eyes, suffused, dropped upon the paper before her. At first it seemed as though she must resent his boldness; but she had made a friend of him these years past, and she knew there was no rudeness in his words. In the past they had talked of things deeper and more intimate still. Yet there was that in his words which touched a sensitive corner of her nature.

"Why should I be marrying?" she asked presently. "There was my sister's son all those years—him I had to care for."

"Ay, older than him by a thimbleful!" he rejoined dryly.

"Nay, till he came to live in this hut alone, older by many a year. Since then he is older than me by fifty. I had no

thought of marriage before he went away. Squire's son, soldier, or pillman, what were they to me! He needed me. They came, did they? Well, and if they came?"

"And since the Egyptian went?"

A sort of sob came in her throat. "He does not need me now, but he may—he will one day; and then I shall be ready. But now—"

Old Soolsby's face turned away. His house overlooked every house in the valley beneath; he could see nearly every garden; he could even recognize many in the far streets. Besides, there hung along two nails on the wall a telescope, relic of days when he sailed the main. The grounds of the Cloistered House and the fruit-decked garden-wall of the Red Mansion were ever within his vision. Once, twice, thrice, he had seen what he had seen, and dark feelings, harsh emotions, had been roused in him.

"He will need us both—the Egyptian will need us both one day," he answered now; "you more than any, me because I can help him, too—ay, I can help him. But married or single you could help him; so why waste your days here?"

"Is it wasting my days to stay with my father? He is lonely—ay, terribly lonely since our Davy went away; and troubled, too, for the dangers of that life yonder. His voice used to shake when he prayed in those days when Davy was away in the desert, down at Darfur and elsewhere among the rebel tribes. He frightened me then, he was so stern and still. Ah, but that day when we knew he was safe, I was eighteen, and no more!" she added, smiling. "But think you I could marry while my life is so tied to him and our Egyptian? I must not attempt too much, for I have a small nature. It is better to love two well, and strive for them, and achieve a little, than to love three and accomplish naught. If I could serve all three well, I should look the thirty I am," she added, with modesty and unintended vanity combined.

No one looking at her limpid shining blue eyes but would have set her down for twenty-three or twenty-four, for no line showed on her smooth face; she was exquisite of limb and feature, and had the lissomeness of a girl of fifteen. There was in her eyes, however, an unquiet sadness; she had abstracted moments when her

mind seemed fixed on some vexing problem. Such a mood suddenly came upon her now. The pen lay by the paper untouched, her hands folded in her lap, and a long silence fell upon them, broken only by the twanging of the strips of cane in Soolsby's hands. At last, however, even this sound ceased; and the two scarce moved as the sun drew towards the middle afternoon. At last they were roused by the sound of a horn, and, looking down, they saw a four-in-hand drawing smartly down the road to the village over the gorse-spread common, till it stopped at the Cloistered House. As Faith looked, her face slightly flushed. She bent forward till she saw one figure get down and, waving a hand to the party on the coach as it moved on, disappear into the gateway of the Cloistered House.

"What is the office they have given him?" asked Soolsby, disapproval in his tone, his eyes fixed on the disappearing figure.

"They have made Lord Eglington Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs," she answered, quietly.

"And what means that to a common mind?"

"That what his government does in Egypt will mean good or bad to our Egyptian," she answered, meaningly.

"That he can do our man good or ill?" Soolsby asked, sharply—"that he, yonder, can do that?"

She inclined her head.

"When I see him doing ill—well, when I see him doing that"—he snatched up a piece of wood from the floor—"then I will break him so!"

He snapped the stick across his knee, and threw the pieces on the ground. He was excited. He got to his feet and walked up and down the little room, his lips shut tight, his round eyes flaring.

Faith watched him in astonishment. In the past she had seen his face cloud over, his eyes grow sulky, at the mention of Lord Eglington's name; she knew that Soolsby hated him; but his aversion now was more definite and violent than he had before shown, save on that night long ago when David went first to Egypt, and she had heard hard words between them in this same hut. She supposed it one of those antipathies which often grow in inverse ratio to the social position

of those concerned. She replied in a soothing voice:

"Then we shall hope that he will do our Davy only good."

"You would not wish to see me break his lordship? *You* would not wish it?" He came over to her, and looked sharply at her. "You would not wish it?" he repeated, meaningly.

She evaded his question. "Lord Eglington will be a great man one day perhaps," she answered. "He has made his way quickly. How high he has climbed in three years—how high!"

Soolsby's anger was not lessened. "Pooh! Pooh! He is an Earl. An Earl has all with him at the start—name, place, and all. But look at our Egyptian! Look at Egyptian David—what had he but his head and an honest mind? What is he? He is the great man of Egypt. Who helped Claridge Pasha? Tell me, who helped Egyptian David? That second-best lordship yonder, he crept about coaxing this one and wheedling that. I know him—I know him. He wheedles and wheedles. No matter whether 'tis a babe or an old woman, he'll talk, and talk and talk, till they believe in him, poor folks! No one's too small for his net. There's Martha Higham yonder. She's forty-five. If he sees her, as sure as eggs he'll make love to her, and fill her ears with words she'd never heard before, and 'd never hear at all if not from him. Ay, there's no man too sour and no woman too old that he'll not blandish if he gets the chance."

As he spoke Faith shut her eyes, and her fingers clasped tightly together—beautiful long tapering fingers, like those in Romney's pictures. When he stopped, her eyes opened slowly, and she gazed before her down towards that garden by the Red Mansion where her lifetime had been spent.

"Thee says hard words, Soolsby," she answered, gently. "But maybe thee is right." Then a flash of humor passed over her face. "Suppose we ask Martha Higham if the Earl has 'blandished' her. If the Earl has blandished Martha, he is the very captain of deceit. Why, he has himself but twenty-eight years. Will a man speak so to one older than himself save in mockery? So, if thee is right in this, then—then if he speak well to de-

ceive and to serve his turn, he will also speak ill; and he will do ill when it may serve his turn; and so he may do our Davy ill, as thee says, Soolsby."

She rose to her feet and made as if to go, but she kept her face from him. Presently, however, she turned and looked at him. "If he does ill to Davy—there will be those like thee, Soolsby, who will not spare him."

His fingers opened and shut maliciously, he nodded dour assent. After an instant, while he watched her, she added: "Thee has not heard my lord is to marry?"

"Marry—who is the blind lass?"

"Her name is Maryon, Miss Hylda Maryon: and she has a great fortune. But within a month it is to be. You remember the woman of the cross-roads—her that our Davy—"

"Her the Egyptian kissed, and put his watch in her belt—ay, Kate Heaven!"

"She is now maid to her Lord Eglington will wed. She is to spend to-night with us."

"Where is her lad that was, that the Egyptian rolled like dough in a trough?"

"Kimber? He is at Sheffield. He has been up and down, now sober for a year, now drunken for a month, now in now out of a place; until this past year. But for this whole year he has been sober, and he may keep his pledge. He is working in the trades-unions. Among his fellow workers he is called a politician—if loud speaking and boasting can make one. Yet if these doings give him stimulant instead of drink, who shall complain?"

Soolsby's head was down. He was looking out over the far hills, while the strips of cane were idle in his hands. "Ay, it is true—it is true," he nodded. "Give a man an idee which keeps him cogitating, makes him think he's greater than he is, and sets his pulses beating, why, that's the cure to drink. Drink is friendship and good company, and big thoughts while it lasts; and it's lonely without it, if you've been used to it. Ay, but Kimber's way is best. Get an idee in your noddle, to do a thing that's more to you than work or food or bed, and 'twill be more than drink, too."

He nodded to himself, then began weaving the strips of cane furiously. Presently he stopped again, and threw

his head back with a chuckle. "Now, wouldn't it be a joke, a reg'lar first-class joke, if Kimber and me both had the same idee; if we was both workin' for the same thing—an' didn't know it? I reckon it might be so."

"What end is thee working for, friend? If the papers speak true, Kimber is working to stand for Parliament against Lord Eglington."

Soolsby grunted and laughed in his throat. "Now, is that the game of Mister Kimber? Against my Lord Eglington! Hey, but that's a joke, my lord!"

"And what is thee working for, Soolsby?"

"What do I be working for? To get the Egyptian back to England—what else?"

"That is no joke."

"Ay, but 'tis a joke." The old man chuckled. "'Tis the best joke in the boilin'." He shook his head and moved his body backwards and forwards with glee. "Me and Kimber! Me and Kimber!" he roared, "and neither of us drunk for a year—not drunk for a whole year. Me and Kimber—and *him*!"

Faith put her hand on his shoulder. "Indeed, I see no joke, but only that which makes my heart thankful, Soolsby."

"Ay, you will be thankful—by and by," he said, still chuckling, and stood up respectfully to show her out.

CHAPTER XVI

THE DEBT AND THE ACCOUNTING

HIS forehead frowning, but his eyes full of friendliness, Soolsby watched Faith go down the hillside, and until she reached the main road. Here, instead of going to the Red Mansion, she hesitated a moment and then passed along a wooded path leading to the Meeting-house and the graveyard. It was a perfect day of early summer, the gorse was in full bloom, and the may and the hawthorn were alive with color. The path she had taken led through a narrow lane, overhung with blossoms and greenery. By bearing away to the left into another path and making a *détour*, she could reach the Meeting-house through a narrow lane

called Charity Street, leading past a now disused mill and a small, strong stream flowing from the hill above.

As she came down the hill, other eyes than Soolsby's watched her. From his laboratory—the laboratory in which his father had worked, in which he had lost his life—Eglington had seen the trim, graceful figure. He watched it till it moved into the wooded path. Then he left his garden, and, moving across a field, came into the path ahead of her. Walking swiftly, he reached the old mill, and waited.

She came slowly, now and again stooping to pick a flower and place it in her belt. Her bonnet was slung on her arm, her hair had broken a little loose and made a sort of hood round the face, so still, so composed, into which the light of steady, soft, apprehending eyes threw a gentle radiance. It was a face to steal into the memory; to haunt a man when the storm of life was round him, sweet with the sweetness of a primrose. It had, too, a courage which might easily become a delicate stubbornness, a sense of duty which might become sternness, if roused by a sense of wrong to herself or to others.

She reached the mill and stood and listened towards the stream and the waterfall, absorbed in reverie. She came here often. The scene quieted her in moods of restlessness which came from a feeling that her mission was interrupted, that half her life's work had been suddenly taken from her. When David went, her life had seemed to shrivel; for with him she had developed as he had developed; and when her busy care of him was withdrawn, she had felt a sort of paralysis which, in a sense, had never left her. Then suitors had come—the soldier from Shipley Wood, the lord of Axwood Manor and others, and in a way a new sense was born in her, though she was alive to the fact that the fifteen thousand pounds inherited from her uncle Benn had served to warm the air about her into a wider circle. Yet it was neither to soldier nor squire nor civil engineer nor surgeon that the new sense stirring in her was due. The spring was too far beneath to be found by them.

She stood listening to the water and



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

LORD EGLINGTON WAS IN THE PATH LOOKING AT HER

the birds a long time, and when, at last, she raised her head, Lord Eglington was in the path, looking at her with a half-smile. She did not start. She did not move, but her face turned white, and a mist came before her eyes. His appearance had been ghostlike—and she had just been thinking of him. The surprise, the excitement of a moment she had desired, drove the color from her cheeks. Quickly, however, as though angry with herself, and fearful lest he should think he could trouble her composure, she laid a hand upon herself. His eyes had a look at once pleased and eager, yet with the conscious vanity that he could bring this change upon her. She met them with steady decision and waiting scrutiny.

He came near to her and held out his hand. "It has been a long six months since we met here," he said.

She made no motion to take his hand. "I find days grow shorter as I grow older," she rejoined quietly, and smoothed her hair with her hand, making ready to put on her bonnet.

"Ah, do not put it on," he urged quickly, with a gesture. "It becomes you so—on your arm."

She had regained her self-possession. Pride, the best weapon of a woman, the best tonic, came to her resource. "Thee loves to please thee—at any cost," she replied. She fastened the gray strings beneath her chin.

"Would it be costly to keep the bonnet on your arm?"

"It is my pleasure to have it on my head, and my pleasure has some value to myself."

"A moment ago," he said, laughing, "it was your pleasure to have it on your arm."

"Are all to be monotonous except Lord Eglington? Is he to have the only patent of change?"

"Do I change?" He smiled at her with a sense of inquisition, with an air that seemed to say, "I have lifted the veil of this woman's heart; I am the master of the situation."

She did not answer to the obvious meaning of his words, but said:

"Thee has done little else but change, so far as eye can see. Thee and thy family were once of Quaker faith—thee is a

High-churchman now. Yet they said a year ago thee was a sceptic or an infidel."

"There is force in what you say," he rejoined. "I have an inquiring mind—I am ever open to reason. Confucius said, 'It is only the supremely wise or the deeply ignorant who never alter.'"

"Thee has changed politics. Thee made a sensation, but that was not enough. Thee that was a rebel became a deserter."

He laughed. "Ah, I was open to conviction. I took my life in my hands, defied consequences." He laughed again.

"It brought office?"

"I am Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs," he murmured, complacently.

"Change is a policy with thee, I think. It has paid thee well, so it would seem."

"Only a fair rate of interest for the capital invested and the risks I've taken," he answered, with an amused look.

"I do not think that interest will increase. Thee has climbed quickly, but quick climbing is not always safe climbing."

His mood changed. His voice quickened, his face lowered. "You think I will fail? You wish me to fail?"

"In so far as thee acts uprightly, I wish thee well. But if, out of office, thee disregards justice and conscience and the rights of others, can thee be just and faithful in office? Subtlety will not always avail. The strong man takes the straight course. Subtlety is not intellect."

He flushed now. She had gone to the weakest point in his defences. All along he had flattered himself that power of brain and will had given him his place, that sheer intellect had wrought for him. He did not recognize himself as a trickster; and yet, when she suggested it, the weapon went deep home. That she might be right was a humiliation. His vanity was being hurt. She had an advantage now.

"You are wrong," he protested. "You do not understand public life—here in a silly Quaker village."

"Does thee think that all that happens in 'public life' is of consequence? That is not sensible. Thee is in the midst of a thousand immaterial things, though they have importance for the mo-

ment. But the chief things that matter to all, does thee not know that a 'silly Quaker village' may realize them to the full—more fully because we see them apart from the thousand little things that do not matter? I remember a thing in political life that mattered. It was at Heddington after the massacre at Damascus. Does thee think that we did not know thee spoke without principle then, and only to draw notice?"

"You would make me into a demagogue," he said, irritably.

"Thee is a demagogue," she answered, candidly.

"Why did you never say all this to me long ago? Years have passed since then, and since then you and I have—have been friends. You have—"

He paused, for she made a protesting motion, and a fire sprang into her eyes. Her voice got colder.

"Thee made me believe—ah! how many times did we speak together? Six times it was, not more—thee made me believe that what I thought or said helped thee to see things better. Thee said I saw things truly like a child, with the wisdom of a woman—thee remembers that?"

"It was so," he put in hastily.

"Oh, not for a moment so, though I was blinded to think for an instant that it was. Thee subtly took the one way which could have made me listen to thee. Thee wanted help, thee said; and if a word of mine could help thee now and then, should I withhold it, so long as I thought thee honest?"

"Do you think I was not honest in wanting your friendship?"

"Nay, it was not friendship thee wanted, for friendship means a giving and a getting. Thee was bent on getting what was, indeed, of but little value save to the giver; but thee gave nothing—thee remembered nothing of what was given thee."

"It is not so, it is not so," he urged, eagerly, nervously. "I gave—and I still give."

"In those old days, I did not understand," she went on, "what it was thee wanted. I know now. It was not friendship. It was to know the heart and mind of a woman—of a woman older than thee! so that thee should have such sort

of experience, though I was a foolish choice for the experiment. They say thee has a gift for chemistry like thy father; but if thee experiments no more wisely in the laboratory than with me, thee will not reach distinction."

"Your father hated my father and did not believe in him, I know not why, and you are now hating and disbelieving in me."

"I do not know why my father held the late Earl in abhorrence; I know he has no faith in thee; and I did ill in listening to thee, in believing for one moment there was truth in thee. . . . But no, no, I think I never believed it. I think that even when thee said most, at heart I believed least."

"You doubt that—you doubt all I said to you?" he urged softly, coming close to her.

She drew aside slightly. She had steeled herself for this inevitable interview, and there was no weakening of her defences; but a great sadness came into her eyes, and spread over her face, and to this was added, after a moment, a pity which showed the distance she was from him, the safety in which she stood.

"I remember that the garden was beautiful, and that thee spoke as though thee was part of the garden. Thee remembers that at our meeting in the Cloistered House, when the woman was ill, I had no faith in thee; but thee spoke with grace, and turned common things round about so that they seemed different to the ear from any past hearing; and I listened; I did not know, and I do not know now, why it is my duty to shun any of your name, and above all yourself; but it has been so commanded by my father all my life; and though what he says may be in a little wrong, in much it must ever be right."

"And so, from prejudice, and from a hatred handed down, your mind has been tuned to shun me even when your heart was learning to give me a home—Faith?"

She straightened herself. "Friend, thee will do me the courtesy to forget to use my Christian name. I am not a child—indeed, I am well on in years"—he smiled—"and thee has no friendship or kinship for warrant. If my mind was

tuned to shun thee, I gave proof that it was willing to do thee justice, to take thee at thine own worth; I was ready, even against the will of my father, against the desire of David, who knew thee better than I—he gauged thee at first glance.”

“You have become a philosopher and a statesman,” he said, ironically. “Has your nephew, the new Joseph in Egypt, been giving you instructions in high politics? Has he been writing the Epistles of David to the Quakers?”

“Thee will leave his name apart,” she answered, with dignity. “I have studied neither high politics nor statesmanship, though in the days when thee did flatter me thee said I had a gift for such things. Thee did not speak the truth. And now I will say that I do not respect thee. No matter how high thee may climb, still I shall not respect thee; for thee will ever gain ends by flattery, by subtilty, and by using every man and every woman for selfish ends. Thee cannot be true—not even to that which by nature is greatest in thee.”

He withered under her words.

“And what is greatest in me?” he asked abruptly, his coolness and self-possession striving to hold their own.

“That which will ruin thee in the end.” Her eyes looked beyond his into the distance, rapt and shining; she seemed scarcely aware of his presence. “That which will bring thee down—thy hungry spirit of discovery. It will serve thee no better than it served the late Earl. But thee it will lead into paths ending in a gulf of darkness.”

“Deborah!” he answered, with a rasping laugh. “*Continuez!* Forewarned is forearmed.”

“Oh, do not think I shall be glad,” she answered, still like one in a dream. “I shall lament it as I lament—as I lament now. All else fades away into the end which I see for thee. Thee will live alone without a near and true friend, and thee will die alone never having had a true friend. Thee will never be a true friend, thee will never love truly man or woman, and thee will never find man or woman who will love thee truly, or will be with thee to aid thee in the dark and falling days.”

“Then,” he broke in, sharply, queru-

lously, “then, I will stand alone. I shall never come whining that I have been ill used, to fate or fortune, to men or to the Almighty.”

“That I believe. Pride will build up in thee a strength which will be like water in the end. Oh, my lord,” she added, with a sudden change in her voice and manner, “if thee could only be true—thee who never has been true to any one!”

“Why does a woman always judge a man after her own personal experience with him, or what she thinks is her own personal experience?”

A robin hopped upon the path before her. She watched it for a moment intently, then lifted her head as the sound of a bell came through the wood to her. She looked up at the sun, which was slanting towards evening. She seemed about to speak; then, with a second thought, moved on slowly past the mill and towards the Meeting-house. He stepped on beside her. She kept her eyes fixed in front of her, as though oblivious of his presence.

“You shall hear me speak. You shall listen to what I have to say, though it is for the last time,” he said, stubbornly. “You think ill of me. You have denied me qualities which belong to decent men. You say I cannot be true, and that therefore I will destroy the truth in others who would have been true to me. Are you sure you are absolutely honest—or are you not pharisaical?”

“I am honest enough to say that which hurts me in the saying. I do not forget that to believe thee what I think is to take all truth from what thee said to me last year, and again this spring when the tulips first came and there was good news from Egypt.”

“I said,” he rejoined, boldly, “that I was happier with you than with any one else alive. That was no falsehood, but the truth. I said that you were the best woman I had ever known; and that was not original of me, for I know none else who knows you but thinks the same. I said that what you thought of me meant more to me than what any one else in the world thought; and that I say now, and will always say.”

The old look of pity came into her face. “I am older than thee—by two

years," she answered, quaintly, "and I know more of real life, though I have lived always here. I have made the most of the little I have seen; thee has made little of the much that thee has seen. Thee does not know the truth concerning thee. Is it not in truth vanity which would have me believe in thee? If thee found such comfort in me—if thee was happier with me than with any one alive, why then did thee make choice of a wife even in the days thee was speaking to me as no man shall ever speak again? No words, no reasons can explain so base a fact. No, no, no, thee said to me what thee said to others, and will say again without shame. For me, I was old enough to have known that thee was bent upon opening a door which had never been opened to any save my father and to David, and that lured thee on. But—but see, I will forgive; yes, I will follow thee with good wishes, if thee will promise to help David, whom thee has ever disliked, as, in the place held by thee, thee can do now. Will thee do that for me? Will thee offer this one proof, in spite of all else that disproves, that thee spoke any words of truth to me in the Cloistered House, in the garden by my father's house, by yonder mill, and hard by the Meeting-house yonder—near to my sister's grave by the willow-tree? Will thee do that for me?"

He was about to reply, when there appeared in the path before them Luke Claridge. His back was upon them, but he heard their footsteps and turned round. As if turned to stone, he waited for them. As they approached, his lips, dry and pale, essayed to speak, but no sound came. A fire was in his eyes which boded no good. Amazement, horror, deadly anger, were all there; but, after a moment, the will behind the tumult commanded it, the wild light died away, and he stood calm and still awaiting them. Faith was as pale as when she had met Eglington. Now Luke Claridge's eyes were upon her, and, as she came close to him, he said, in a low voice:

"How do I find thee in this company, Faith?"

There was reproach unutterable in his voice, in his face. He seemed humiliated and shamed, though all the while a

violent spirit in him was struggling for the mastery.

"As I came this way to visit my sister's grave I met my lord by the mill. He spoke to me, and as I wished a favor of him, I walked with him thither—but a little way. I was going to visit my sister's grave."

"Thy sister's grave!" The fire flamed up again, but the masterful will chilled it down, and he answered, "What secret business can thee have with any of that name, which I have cast out of knowledge, or notice, or acquaintance?"

Ignorant as he was of the old man's cause for quarrel or dislike, Eglington felt himself aggrieved, and, therefore, with an advantage.

"You had differences with my father, sir," he said. "I do not know what they were, but they lasted his lifetime, and all my life you have treated me with aversion. I am not a pestilence. I have never wronged you. I have lived your peaceful neighbor under great provocation, for your treatment would have done me harm if my place were less secure. I think I have cause for complaint."

"I have never acted in haste concerning thee, or those who went before thee. What business had thee with him. Faith?" he asked again. His voice was dry and hard.

She looked at him sadly. Her impulse was to tell the truth, and so forever have her conscience clear, for there would never be any more need for secrecy. The wheel of understanding between Eglington and herself had come full circle, and there was an end. But to tell the truth would be to wound her father, to vex him against Eglington even as he had never yet been vexed. The truth, too, would put Eglington in a bad light, be new cause of aversion. Besides, it was hard, while Eglington was there, to tell what, after all, was the sole affair of her own life. She had done no wrong. If it was done by Lord Eglington, then it was for her and not another to decide what must be said or done to him. And whatever he was, whatever his conduct towards her, she must deal justly by him. In one literal sense, he was not guilty of deceit. Never in so many words had he said to her, "I love you," never had he made any prom-

ise to her or exacted one; he had done no more than lure her to feel one thing, and then to call it another thing, involving no obligation, save that of truth and right. Also there was no direct and vital injury, for she had never loved him; though how far she had travelled towards that land of light and trial she could never now declare, nor any human being know. These thoughts flashed through her mind as she stood looking at her father. Her tongue seemed imprisoned, yet her eyes conquered even the austerity in the old man's gaze, and his look grew softer as he saw the beautiful candor of her face.

With a quick impulse, with a sudden warmth born of admiration for her, Eglington spoke for her.

"Permit me to answer, neighbor," he said. "I wished to speak with your daughter, because I am to be married soon, and my wife will, at intervals, come here to live. I wished that she should not be shunned by you and yours as I have been. She would not understand, as I do not. Yours is a constant call to war, while all your religion is an appeal for peace. I wished to ask your daughter to influence you to make it possible for me and mine to live in friendship among you. My wife will have some claims upon you. Her mother was an American, of a Quaker family from Derbyshire. She has done nothing to merit your aversion."

Faith listened astonished and baffled. Nothing of this had he said to her. Had he meant to say it to her? Had it been in his mind? Or was it only a swift adaptation to circumstances, an adroit means of working upon the sympathies of her father, who, she could see, was in a quandary. Eglington had indeed touched the old man as he had not been touched in thirty years and more by one of his name. For a moment the insinuating quality of the appeal submerged the fixed idea in a mind to which the name of Eglington was anathema.

Eglington saw his advantage. He had felt his way carefully and pursued it quickly. "For the rest, your daughter asked what I was ready to offer—such help as I can give in my new official position to Claridge Pasha in Egypt. As a neighbor, as Minister in the government, I will do what I can to aid him. . . ."

Silent and embarrassed, the old man tried to find his way. Presently he said, tentatively, "David Claridge has a title to the esteem of all civilized people."

Eglington was quick with his reply. "If he succeeds, his *title* will undoubtedly become a concrete fact. There is no honor that the Crown would not confer for such remarkable service."

The other's face darkened. "I did not speak, I did not think of handles to his name. I find no good in them, but only means for deceiving and deluding the world. Such honors as might make him baronet, or earl, or duke, would add not a cubit to his stature. If he had such a thing by right"—his voice hardened, his eyes grew angry once again,—"I would wish it sunk into the sea."

"You are hard on us, sir, who did not give ourselves our titles, but took them with our birth as a matter of course. There was nothing inspiring in them. We became at once distinguished and respectable by patent."

He laughed good-humoredly. Then suddenly he changed, and his eyes took on a far-off look which Faith had seen so often in the eyes of David, but in David's more intense and meaning and so different. With what deftness and diplomacy had he worked upon her father! He had crossed a stream which seemed impassable by adroit, insincere diplomacy.

She saw that it was time to go, while yet Eglington's disparagement of rank and aristocracy was ringing in the old man's ears; though she knew there was nothing in Eglington's equipment he valued more than his title and the place it gave him. Grateful, however, for his successful intervention, Faith now held out her hand.

"I must take my father away, or it will be sunset before we reach the Meeting-house," she said. "Good-by—friend," she added, gently.

For an instant Luke Claridge stared at her, scarce comprehending that his movements were being directed by any one save himself. Truth was, Faith had come to her cross-roads in life. For the first time in her memory she had seen her father speak to an Eglington without harshness; and as he weakened for a moment, she moved to take command

of that weakness, though she meant it to seem like leading. While loving her and David profoundly her father had ever been quietly imperious. If she could but gain ascendancy even in a little, it might lead to a more open book of life for them both.

Eglinton held out his hand to the old man. "I have kept you too long, sir. Good-by—if you will."

The offered hand was not taken, but Faith slid hers into the old man's palm, and pressed it, and he said, quietly to Eglinton:

"Good evening, friend."

"And when I bring my wife, sir?" Eglinton added, with a smile.

"When thee brings the lady, there shall be occasion to consider—yes, there will be occasion then."

Eglinton raised his hat and turned back upon the path he and Faith had travelled.

The old man stood watching him until he was out of view. Then he seemed more himself. Still holding Faith's hand, he walked with her on the gorse-covered hill towards the graveyard.

"Was it his heart spoke or his tongue—is there any truth in him?" he said, at last.

Faith pressed his hand. "If he help Davy, father—"

"If he help Davy; ay, if he help Davy! . . . Nay, I cannot go to the graveyard, Faith. Take me home," he said, with emotion.

His hand remained in hers. She had conquered. She was set upon a new path of influence. Her hand was upon the door of his heart.

"Thee is good to me," he said, as they entered the door of the Red Mansion.

She glanced over towards the Cloistered House as she shut the door.

Smoke was coming from the little chimney of the laboratory.

CHAPTER XVII

THE WOMAN OF THE CROSS-ROADS

THE night came down slowly. There was no moon, the stars were few, but a mellow warmth was in the air. At the window of her little sitting-room upstairs Faith sat looking out into the stillness. Beneath, was the garden with

its profusion of flowers and fruit; away to the left was the common; and beyond—far beyond, was a glow in the sky, a suffused light, of a delicate orange, merging away into a gray-blueness, deepening into a darker blue; and then a purple depth, palpable and heavy with a comforting silence.

There was something alluring and suggestive in the soft, smothered radiance. It had all the glamour of some distant place of pleasure and quiet joy, of happiness, and ethereal being. It was, in fact, the far-off mirror of the flaming furnace of the great Heddington factories. The light of the sky above was a soft radiance, as of a happy Arcadian land; the fire of the toil beneath was the output of human striving, an intricate interweaving of vital forces which, like some titanic machine, wrought out in pain a vast destiny.

As Faith looked, she thought of the thousands beneath struggling and striving, none with all desires satisfied, some in an agony of want and penury, all striving for the elusive Enough; like Sisyphus ever rolling the rock of labor up a hill too steep for them.

Her mind flew to the man Kimber and his task of organizing labor for its own advance. What a life-work for a man! Here might David have spent his days, here among his own countrymen, instead of in that far-off land where all the forces of centuries were fighting against him. Here the forces would have been fighting for him—the trend was towards the elevation of the standards of living and the wider rights of labor, to the amelioration of hard conditions of life among the poor. David's mind with its equity, its balance, and its fire—what might it not have accomplished in shepherding such a cause, guiding its activity!

The gate of the garden clicked. Kate Heaver had arrived. Faith got to her feet and left the room.

A few minutes later the woman of the cross-roads was seated opposite Faith at the window. She had changed greatly since the day David had sent her on her way to London and into the unknown. Then there had been recklessness, something of coarseness in the fine face. Now it was strong and quiet, marked by pur-

pose and self-reliance. Ignorance had been her only peril in the past, as it had been the cause of her unhappy connection with Jasper Kimber. The atmosphere in which she was reared had been unmoral; it had not been consciously immoral. Her temper and her indignation against her man for drinking had been the means of driving them apart. He would have married her in those days, if she had given the word, for her will was stronger than his own; but she had broken from him in an agony of rage and regret and despised love.

She was now again as she had been in those first days before she went with Jasper Kimber; when she was the rose-red angel of the quarters; when children were lured by the touch of her large, shapely hands; when she had been counted a great nurse among her neighbors. The old simple untutored sympathy was in her face.

They sat for a long time in silence, and at length Faith said, "Thee is happy now with—with her who is to marry Lord Eglington?"

Kate nodded, smiling. "Who could help but be happy with her! Yet a temper, too—so quick, and then all over in a second. Ah, she is one that 'd break her heart if she was treated bad; but I'd be sorry for him that did it. For the like of her goes mad with hurting, and the mad cut with a big scythe when they go mowing."

"Has thee seen Lord Eglington?"

"Once before I left these parts and often in London." Her voice was constrained: she seemed not to wish to speak of him.

"Is it true that Jasper Kimber is to stand against him for Parliament?"

"I do not know. They say my lord has to do with foreign lands now. If he helps Mr. Claridge there, then it would be a foolish thing for Jasper to fight him; and so I've told him. You've got to stand by those that stand by you. Lord Eglington has his own way of doing things. There's not a servant in my lady's house that he hasn't made his friend. He's one that's bound to have his will. I heard my lady say he talks better than any one in England, and there's none she doesn't know—from duchesses down."

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"She is beautiful?" asked Faith, with hesitation.

"Taller than you, but not so beautiful."

Faith sighed, and was silent for a moment, then she laid a hand upon the other's shoulder. "Thee has never said what happened when thee first got to London. Does thee care to say?"

"It seems so long ago," was the reply. . . . "No need to tell of the journey to London. When I got there it frightened me at first. My head went round. But somehow it came to me what I should do. I asked my way to a hospital. I'd helped a many that was hurt at Heddington and thereabouts, and doctors said I was as good as them that was trained. I found a hospital at last, and asked for work, but they laughed at me—it was the porter at the door. I was not to be put down, and asked to see some one that had rights to say yes or no. So he opened the door and told me to go. I said he was no man to treat a woman so, and I would not go. Then a fine white-haired gentleman came forward. He had heard all we had said, standing in a little room at one side. He spoke a kind word or two, and asked me to go into the little room. Before I had time to think, he came to me with the matron, and left me with her. I told her the whole truth, and she looked at first as if she'd turn me out. But the end of it was I stayed there for the night, and in the morning the old gentleman came again, and with him his lady, as kind and sharp of tongue as himself, and as big as three. Some things she said made my tongue ache to speak back to her; but I choked it down. I went to her to be a sort of nurse and maid. She taught me how to do a hundred things, and by and by I couldn't be too thankful she had taken me in. I was with her till she died. Then, six months ago I went to Miss Maryon, who knew about me long before from her that died. With her I've been ever since—and so that's all!"

"Surely God has been kind to thee."

"I'd have gone down—down—down, if it hadn't been for Mr. Claridge at the cross-roads."

"Does thee think I shall like her that will live yonder?"—she nodded towards the Cloistered House.

"There's none but likes her. She will want a friend, I'm thinkin'. She'll be lonely by and by. Surely, she will be lonely."

Faith looked at her closely, and at last leaned over, and again laid a soft hand on her shoulder. "Thee thinks that—why?"

"He cares only what matters to himself. She will be naught to him but one that belongs. He'll never try to do her good—doing good to any but himself never comes to his mind."

"How does thee know him, to speak so surely?"

"When, at the first, he gave me a letter for her one day, and slipped a sovereign into my hand, and nodded, and smiled at me, I knew him right enough. He never could be true to aught."

"Did thee keep the sovereign?" Faith asked, anxiously.

"Ay, that I did. If he was for giving his money away, I'd take it fast enough. The gold gave father boots for a year. Why should I mind?"

Faith's face suffused. How low was Eglington's estimate of humanity! It would seem as though he believed all people could be purchased by money or by flattery, and upon this contemptuous basis he built up his scheme of life. Yet might not even such a man be transformed by a woman's influence? Might not she and Soolsby and Kate Heaven be mistaken? Might not Time open up his nature, and a new spirit be born in him, by the duty of thinking daily in terms of family and home? If he but kept his promise regarding David! She suddenly shrank back with a pang of humiliation, for had he not purchased her nominal friendliness by a promise to help David? Was it not the same in everything he did?

In the silence the door of her room opened, and her father entered. He held in one hand a paper, in the other a candle. His face was passive, but his eyes were burning.

"David—David is coming," he cried, in a voice that rang. "Does thee hear, Faith? Davy is coming home!"

A woman laughed exultantly. It was not Faith.

But still two years passed before David came.

CHAPTER XVIII

"TIME, THE IDOL-BREAKER"

LORD WINDLEHURST looked meditatively round the crowded and brilliant salon. His host, the Foreign Minister, had gathered in the vast golden chamber the most notable people of a most notable season, and in as critical a period of the world's politics as had been known for a quarter of a century. After a moment's survey, the ex-Prime-Minister turned to answer the frank and caustic words addressed to him by the Duchess of Snowdon concerning the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Presently he said:

"But there is method in his haste, dear lady. He is good at his dangerous game. He plays high, he plunges—but, somehow, he makes it do. I've been in Parliament a generation or so, and I've never known an amateur more daring and skilful. I should have given him office had I remained in power. Look at him, and tell me if he wouldn't have been worth the backing."

As Lord Windlehurst uttered the last word with an arid smile, he looked quizzically at the central figure of a group of people gayly talking.

The Duchess impatiently tapped her knee with a fan. "Be thankful you haven't got him on your conscience," she rejoined. "I call Eglington unscrupulous and unreliable. He has but one god—getting on. And he has got on, with a vengeance. Whenever I look at that dear thing he's married, I feel there's no trusting a Providence that seems to make the deserving a footstool for the undeserving. I've known Hylda Eglington since she was ten, and I've known him since the minute he came into the world, and I've got the measure of both. She is the finest essence the middle class can distill, and he, oh, he's paraffin—*vin ordinaire*, if you like it better—a selfish, calculating adventurer!"

Lord Windlehurst chuckled mordantly. "Adventurer! That's what they called me—with more reason. I spotted him as soon as he spoke in the House. There was devilry in him—and unscrupulousness, as you say; but, I confess, I thought it would give way to the more profitable habit of integrity, and

that some cause would seize him, make him sincere and mistaken, and give him a few falls. But in that he was more original than I thought. He is superior to convictions—you don't think he married yonder Queen of Hearts from conviction, do you?"

He nodded towards a corner where Hylda, under a great palm and backed by a bank of flowers, stood surrounded by a group of people palpably amused and interested; for she had a reputation for wit—a wit that never hurt, and irony that was only whimsical.

"Oh, there you are wrong," the Duchess answered. "He married from conviction, if ever a man did. Look at her beauty, look at her fortune, listen to her tongue! Don't you think conviction was easy?"

Lord Windlehurst looked at Hylda approvingly. "She has the real gift—little information, but much knowledge, the primary gift of public life. Information is full of traps; knowledge avoids them—it reads men; and politics is men—and foreign affairs perhaps! She is remarkable. I've made some hay in the political world—not so much as the babblers think, but I hadn't her ability at twenty-five."

"Why didn't she see through Eglington?"

"My dear Betty, he didn't give her time. He carried her off her feet. You know how he can talk!"

"That's the trouble. She was clever, and liked a clever man—and he!"

"Quite so. He'd disprove his own honest parentage, if it would help him on—as you say."

"I didn't say it—now don't repeat that as from me. I'm not clever enough to think of such things. But that Eglington lot—I knew his father and his grandfather—old Broadbrim they called him after he turned Quaker, and he didn't do that till he had had his fling, so my father used to say. And old Broadbrim's father was called I-want-to-know. He was always poking his nose into things, and playing at being a chemist—like this one and the one before. They all fly off. This one's father used to disappear for two or three years at a time. This one will fly off, too! You'll see!"

"He is too keen on Number One for that, I fancy. He calculates like a mathematician! As cool as a 'cracksman' of fame and fancy."

The Duchess dropped the fan in her lap. "My dear, I've said nothing as bad as that about him. And there he is at the Foreign Office!"

"Yet, what has he done, Betty, after all? He's never cheated at cards, or forged a cheque, or run away with his neighbor's wife."

"There's no credit in not doing what you don't want to do. There's no virtue in not falling, when you're not tempted. Neighbor's wife! He hasn't enough feeling to face it. Oh no, he'll not break the heart of his neighbor's wife—that's melodrama, and he's a cold-blooded artist. He will torture that sweet child over there until she poisons him—or runs away."

"Isn't he too clever for that—she has a million!"

"He'll not realize it till it's all over. He's too selfish to see—how I hate him!"

Lord Windlehurst smiled indulgently at her. "Ah, you never hated any one—not even the Duke."

"I will not have you take away my character. Of course I've hated, or I wouldn't be worth a button. I'm not the silly thing you've always thought me."

Lord Windlehurst's face became gentler. "I've always thought you one of the wisest women of this world—adventurous, but wise. If it weren't too late—if my day weren't over, I'd ask the one great favor, Betty, and—"

She tapped his arm sharply with her fan. "What a humbug you are—the Great Pretender! But tell me, am I not right about Eglington?"

Lord Windlehurst became grave. "Yes, you are right—but I admire him, too. He has no disinterested devotion for any person or any cause, but he is determined to make the most of himself, to use up every atom of his ability, to test himself to the full. His ambition is boundless and ruthless, but his mind has a scientific turn—the obligation of energy to apply itself, of intelligence to engage itself to the farthest limit. But service to humanity—"

"Service to humanity!" she sniffed.

"Of course he would think it 'flap-

doodle'—except in a speech; but I repeat, I admire him. Think of it all. He was a poor Irish peer—with no wide circle of acquaintance, come of a family none too popular. He strikes out a course for himself—a course which had its dangers, because it was original. He determines to become celebrated—by becoming notorious first. He uses his title as a weapon for advancement as though he were a butter-merchant. He plans carefully and adroitly. He writes a book of travel—it is impudent and traverses the observations of authorities, and the Royal Geographical Society is shaken to its centre with rage. That was what he wished. He writes a novel. It sets London laughing at me, his political chief. He knew me well enough to be sure I would not resent it—he would have lampooned his grandmother, if he was sure she would not, or could not, hurt him. Then he becomes more audacious. He publishes a monograph on the painters of Spain—artificial, confident, rhetorical, acute; as fascinating as a hide-and-seek drawing-room play—he is so cleverly escaping from his ignorance and indiscretions all the while. Connoisseurs laugh, students of art shriek a little, and Ruskin writes a scathing letter, which was what he had played for. He had got something for nothing cheaply. The few who knew and despised him did not matter, for they were able and learned and obscure, and, in the world where he moves, most people are superficial, mediocre, and 'tuppence-colored.' It was all very brilliant—he pursued his notoriety and got it."

"Industrious Eglington!"

"But, yes, he is industrious. It is all business. It was an enormous risk, rebelling against his party, and leaving me, and going over; but his temerity justified itself, and it didn't matter to him that people said he went over to get office as we were going out. He got the office—and people forget so soon! Then, what does he do—"

"He brings out another book, and marries a wife, and abuses his old friends—and you."

"Abuse? With his tongue in his cheek—hoping that I should reply. Dev'lishly ingenious! But on that book of Electricity and Disease he scored

heavily. In most other things he's a barber-shop philosopher, but in science he has got a flare—a real talent. So he moves modestly in this thing for which he had a fine natural gift, and more knowledge than ever before in any department whose boundaries his impertinent and ignorant mind had invaded. That book gave him a place. It wasn't full of new things, but it crystallized the discoveries, suggestions, and expectations of others; and meanwhile he had got a name at any cost. He is so various. Look at it dispassionately, and you will see much to admire in his skill. He plays to the public always. He pleases, he amuses, he startles, he baffles, he mystifies."

The Duchess made an impatient exclamation. "The silly newspapers call him 'a remarkable man, a personality.' Now believe me, Windlehurst, he will overreach himself one of these days, and he'll come down like a stick."

"There you are on solid ground. He thinks that Fate is with him, and that, in taking risks, he is infallible. But the best system has a bad day at Monte Carlo, and the best system breaks at political roulette sooner or later. You have got to work for something outside yourself, something that is bigger than the game, or the end is sickening."

"Eglington hasn't far to go, if *that's* the truth."

"Well, well, when it comes, we must help him—we must help him up again."

The Duchess nervously adjusted her wig, with ludicrously tiny fingers for one so ample, and said, petulantly: "You are incomprehensible. He has been a traitor to you and to your party, he has thrown mud at you, he has played with principles as my terrier plays with his rubber ball, and yet you'll run and pick him up when he falls, and—"

"'And kiss the spot to make it well,'"
he laughed softly, then added with a sigh: "Able men in public life are few; far too few, for half our tasks; we can spare not one. Besides, my dear Betty, there is his pretty lass o' London."

The Duchess was mollified at once. "I wish she had been my girl," she said, in a voice a little tremulous. "She never needed looking after. Look at the position she has made for herself. Her father

wouldn't go into society, her mother knew a mere handful of people, and—"

"She knew you, Betty."

"Well, suppose I did help her a little— I was only a kind of reference. She did the rest. She's set a half-dozen fashions herself—pure genius. She was born to lead. Her turnouts were always a little smarter, her horses travelled a little faster, than other people's. She took risks, too, but she didn't play a game; she only wanted to do things well. We all gasped when she brought Adelaide to recite from *Romeo and Juliet* at an evening party, but all London did the same the week after."

"She discovered, and the Duchess of Snowdon applied the science. Ah, Betty, don't think I don't agree. She has the gift. She has temperament—no woman should have temperament. She hasn't scope enough to wear it out in some passion for a cause. Men are saved in spite of themselves by the law of work. Forty comes to a man of temperament, and then a passion for a cause seizes him, and he is safe. A woman of temperament at forty is apt to cut across the bows of iron-clad convention and go down. She has temperament—has my lady yonder, and I don't like the look in her eyes sometimes. There's dark fire smouldering in them. She should have a cause—but a cause to a woman nowadays means 'too little of pleasure, too much of pain,' for others."

"What was your real cause, Windlehurst? You had one, I suppose, for you've never had a fall!"

"My cause? You ask that? Behold the barren fig-tree! A lifetime in my country's service, and you who have driven me home from the House in your own brougham, and told me that you understood—oh, Betty!"

She laughed. "You'll say something funny as you're dying, Windlehurst."

"Perhaps. But it will be funny to know that presently I'll have a secret that none of you know, who watch me 'launch my pinnacle into the dark.' But causes? There are hundreds, and all worth while. I've come here to-night for a cause—no, don't start, it's not you, Betty, though you are worth any sacrifice. I've come here to-night to see a modern Paladin, a real crusader.

'Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken.'

"Yes, that's poetry, and you know I love it—I've always kept yours. But who's the man—the planet?"

"Egyptian Claridge."

"Ah, he is in England?"

"He will be here to-night—you shall see him."

"Really! What is his origin?"

He told her briefly, adding: "I've watched the rise of Claridge Pasha. I've watched his cause grow, and now I shall see the man—ah, but here comes our lass o' London."

The eyes of both brightened, and a whimsical pleasure came to the mask-like face of Lord Windlehurst. There was an eager and delighted look in Hylda's face also, as she quickly came to them, her cavaliers following.

The five years that had passed since that tragic night in Cairo had been more than kind to her. She was lissome, radiant, and dignified, her face was alive with expression, and a delicate grace was in every movement. The dark lashes seemed to have grown longer, the brown hair fuller, the smile softer and more alluring.

"She is an invaluable asset to the government," Lord Windlehurst murmured as she came. "No wonder the party helped the marriage on. London conspired for it, her feet got tangled in the web—and he gave her no time to think. Thinking had saved her till he came."

By instinct Lord Windlehurst knew. During the first year after the catastrophe at Abdin Palace, Hylda could scarcely endure the advances made by her many admirers, the greatly eligible and the eager ineligible, all with as real an appreciation of her wealth as of her personal attributes. But she took her place in London life with more than the old will to make for herself, with the help of her aunt Conyngham, an individual position.

The second year after her visit to Egypt, she was less haunted by the dark episode of the Palace, memory tortured her less; she came to think of David and the part he had played with less agitation. At first the thought of him had

moved her alternately to sympathy and to revolt. His chivalry had filled her with an undying admiration, with a sense of confidence, of dependence, of touching and vital obligation; but there was, too, another overmastering feeling. He had seen her life naked, as it were, stripped of all independence, with the knowledge of a dangerous indiscretion which, to say the least, was a deformity; and she inwardly resented it, as one would resent the exposure of a long-hidden physical deformity even by the surgeon who saved one's life. It was not a very lofty attitude of mind, but it was human—and feminine.

These moods had been always dissipated, however, when she recalled—as she did so often—David as he stood before Nahoum Pasha, his soul fighting in him to make of his enemy—of the man whose brother he had killed—a fellow worker in the path of altruism he had mapped out for himself. His name had been continually mentioned in telegraphic reports and journalistic correspondence from Egypt; and from this source she had learned that Nahoum Pasha was again high in the service of Prince Kaïd. When the news of David's southern expedition to the revolting slave-dealing tribes began to appear, she was deeply roused. Her agitation was the more intense because she never permitted herself to talk of him to others, even when his name was discussed at dinner-tables, accompanied by strange legends of his origin and stranger romances regarding his call to power by Kaïd.

She surrounded him with romance; he seemed more a hero of history than of her own real and living world, a being apart, a modern Buddha. Even when there came rumblings of disaster, dark dangers to be conquered by the Quaker crusader, it all was still as of another life. True it was, that when his safe return to Cairo was announced she had cried with joy and relief; but there was nothing emotional or passionate in her feeling; it was the love of the lower for the higher—the hero-worship of an idealist.

And amid it all, her mind scarcely realized that they would surely meet again. At the end of the second year the thought had receded into an almost indefinite past. She was beginning to

feel that she had lived two lives, and that this life had no direct or vital bearing upon her previous existence, in which David had moved. Yet the perfume of the Egyptian garden through which she had fled to escape from tragedy, swept over her senses, clouded her eyes in the daytime, made them burn at night.

Her character had gained in strength with the travail of her mind and spirit. With deepened vision, she measured life each day more wisely. In Egypt there had been lighted a fire which slowly fused all the elements of her nature into a modulated character and force, and her impulses became regulated, her sense of proportion increased; the experience she had shared with David dwarfed to their due place the smaller things, eliminated the merely trivial from all her calculations.

At last she had come to meet and know Eglington. From the first moment they met he had directed his course towards marriage. He was the man of the moment. His ambition seemed but patriotism, his ardent and overwhelming courtship the impulse of a powerful nature. As Lord Windlehurst had said, he carried her off her feet, and, on a wave of passionate devotion and popular encouragement, he had swept her to the altar.

The Duchess held both her hands for a moment, admiring her, and, presently, with a playful remark upon her unselfishness, left her alone with Lord Windlehurst.

As they talked, his masklike face became lighted from the brilliant fire in the inquisitorial eyes, his lips played with topics of the moment in a mordant fashion, which drew from her flashing replies. Looking at her, he was conscious of the mingled qualities of three races in her, English, Welsh, and American-Dutch of the Knickerbocker strain; and he contrasted her keen perception and her exquisite sensitiveness, with the pure-bred Englishwomen round him, stately, kindly, handsome, and monotonously intelligent.

"Now I often wonder," he said, conscious of, but indifferent to, the knowledge that he and the brilliant person beside him were objects of general attention—"I often wonder, when I look



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

HE SAW THE DUMB AMAZEMENT IN LADY EGLINGTON'S FACE

at a gathering like this, how many undiscovered crimes there are playing about among us. They never do tell—or, shall I say, *we* never do tell?”

All day, she knew not why, Hylda had been nervous and excited. Without reason his words startled her. There flashed before her eyes a room in a palace at Cairo, and a man lying dead before her. The light slowly faded out of her eyes, leaving them almost lustreless, but her face was calm, and the smile on her lips stayed. She fanned herself slowly, and answered nonchalantly: “Crime is a word of many meanings. I read in the papers of political crimes—it is a common phrase; yet the criminals appear to go unpunished.”

“There you are wrong,” he answered, cynically. “The punishment is, that political virtue goes unrewarded, and in due course crime is the only refuge to most. Yet in politics the temptation to be virtuous is great.”

She laughed now with a sense of relief. The intellectual stimulant had brought back the light to her face. “How is it, then, with you—inveterate habit or the strain of the ages—? For they say you have not had your due reward!”

He smiled grimly. “Ah, no, with me virtue is the act of an inquiring mind—to discover where it will lead me. I began with political crime—I was understood! I practise political virtue: it embarrasses the world, it fogs them, it seems original—because so unnecessary. Mine is the scientific life. Experiment in old substance gives new—well, say, new precipitations. But you are scientific, too. You have a laboratory, and have much to do—with retorts.”

“No, you are thinking of my husband. The laboratory is his.”

“But the retorts are yours.”

“The precipitations are his!”

“Ah, well, at least you help him to fuse the constituents! . . . But, now, be quite confidential to an old man who has experimented too. Is your husband really an amateur scientist, or is he a scientific amateur? Is it a pose or a taste? I fiddled once—and wrote sonnets; one was a pose, the other a taste.”

It was mere persiflage, but it was a jest which made an unintended wound.

Hylda became conscious of a sudden sharp inquiry going on in her mind. There flashed into it the question, “Does his heart ever really throb for love of any object or any cause?” Even in moments of greatest intimacy, soon after marriage when he was most demonstrative towards her, he had seemed preoccupied, except when speaking about himself and what he meant to do. Then he made her heart throb in response to his confident, ardent words—concerning himself. But his own heart—did it throb? Or was it only his brain that throbbed?

Suddenly, with an exclamation, she involuntarily laid a hand upon his arm. She was looking down the room straight before her to a group of people towards which other groups were now converging, attracted by one who seemed to be a centre of interest.

Presently the eager onlookers drew aside, and Lord Windlehurst observed moving up the room a figure he had never seen before. The newcomer was dressed in a gray and blue official dress, unrelieved save by silver braid at the collar and at the wrists. There was no decoration, but on the head was a red fez, which gave prominence to the white, broad forehead, with the dark hair waving away behind the ears. Lord Windlehurst held his eye-glass to his eye in interested scrutiny.

“H’m,” he said, with lips pursed out, “a most notable figure. A most remarkable face! My dear, there’s a fortune in that face. It’s a national asset.”

He saw the flush, the dumb amazement, the poignant look in Lady Eglington’s face, and registered it in his mind. “Poor thing,” he said to himself, “I wonder what it is all about—I wonder. I thought she had no unregulated moments. She gave promise of better things!”

The Foreign Minister was bringing his guest towards them. The newcomer did not look at them till within a few steps of where they stood. Then his eyes met those of Lady Eglington. For an instant his steps were arrested. A swift light came into his face, softening its quiet austerity and strength.

It was David.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miss Etherington

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

MISS ETHERINGTON excused herself as she left Poste alone and went with Darran into the hall. But Poste had no excuse to his own conscience or sense of propriety as he deliberately left his chair, walked across the drawing-room, and stationed himself where he could see the two. That he was not actuated by idle curiosity was all the justification he considered necessary. He wished to judge exactly how much Darran cared for Miss Etherington. The former, self-contained and reticent as to his own affairs, had given him very little basis for surmise. He had said that he was engaged to be married, that Miss Etherington's home and family were in Kentucky, that she had only recently come back from a long stay in Europe, and had been in New York but a short time. He had added that of course he thought her charming.

Yet Poste from his position of vantage now assured himself that Darran thought her far more than charming. And being satisfied upon the point, he turned away.

He stood with his hands behind him, looking up at Miss Etherington's framed photograph which hung against the wall. It was very like her as he had known her six years ago. She had been a beautiful girl then. She was a more beautiful woman now. And was she, besides, a consummate actress—quite the most astonishing one he had ever encountered? Or did she really not remember him? It was because he wished to find out that he had stayed behind and let Darran go on his way alone.

The front door closed, and Miss Etherington returned to the room. It was evident that she actually did not remember him. There was no one here for her to act before; and she was not a woman who was facing the prospect of an unwelcome interview. Her thought was with the man who absorbed all her real

interest, though she was doing her utmost to be amiable to his friend.

For a few minutes the latter did not come to what it was his definitely taken intention to say. At least he would let her emerge from the influence of a memory which was still almost a presence. He would allow the time for her to relapse to the level of commonplace, to the indifference of mind superinduced by ordinary civilities. He talked to her of the years in Europe, of the places in which she had been—but he avoided the people she might have known. Then he arrived, without preparation, at what he had in reserve.

"Do you know," he said, "I think I am deserving of no little credit that I don't resent your obvious forgetfulness of the fact that I have met you before." The change on her face was more than that blankness which waits to have the requisite expression written upon it by further enlightenment. It was not imagination that he caught a shade, the most elusive shade, of anxiety before she could muster the query of a smile. "Six years ago"—he gave it untempered—"in your own home."

Her lips pressed together as she received the stab. He had a thrill of admiration for the way she took it.

"You have not told Mr. Darran." It was a statement, not a question. And its implication was what Poste had expected, feared—that she had never told Darran herself.

"No," he answered her. "I did not know until I saw you. I was not absolutely certain until my eyes fell upon the photograph up there," he nodded toward the wall behind her. "Naturally the name of Etherington conveyed nothing to me."

"Of course not," she admitted, lifelessly. She turned a little from him and sat looking down. Her hand was on the arm of her chair, and he saw that it was clenched. Beyond that she gave

no sign, save that she was very white. It was admirable, the way she took it. And he was sincerely sorry for her. He said to himself that she was worth marrying, whether or no. He would have been almost willing to do it himself—with his eyes open. And he was perfectly willing that Darran should do it, with his eyes open. But that was the thing.

Miss Etherington turned back to him. "I love Mr. Darran," she said. She had the gift of putting into the barest possible words what to an intelligent hearer must tell a great deal. And it was insidiously flattering.

"I am sure you do," Poste returned. "And Darran loves you. I wanted so much to inform myself accurately upon the score, that when you were out there alone with him I moved over by the door and watched you." She gave no expression of resentment. Was it that her trouble went too deep into fundamental emotions for her to quibble over superficialities of conduct—or that her perception of the significance of these was not fine? "Darran is not much given to talking, to displaying his sentiments," he added. "He told me very little about you, thinking, I suppose, that bringing me here to judge for myself would be more effective and convincing than any words."

She accepted the compliment without notice, condemning it thereby as being unfit and out of place; which Poste immediately appreciated that it was. But where had she acquired this nicety of discrimination? Six years ago there had been nothing in her conduct to allow of one's supposing it even latent. He felt his own cheapness rebuked. Yet again a doubt suggested itself. *Had* she ignored the compliment by her unresponsiveness, or simply taken it as usual and her due? He decided, however, to give her the benefit of his first interpretation.

"How did you come to do it?" he asked, returning to directness—"when you love Darran."

"But I did not love him at first. For a few days he was no more to me than any other man. There was no reason for my telling him at that time. Presently I began to like him very well—so well that I preferred not to say anything. I did not think of love upon my own

part, even then." Presumably she had considered the likelihood of it for Darran, but had been uninfluenced by the consideration. Poste's mind interpolated a somewhat cynical comment. "But I wanted his approval," she was keeping on. "And I realized he was fastidious. I knew he would disapprove. I had come to understand that it was all in very bad taste. Six years of another sort of life, in another sort of surroundings, have taught me many things." It was pride in humility. "After that I began to say to myself that if we should come to care for each other, it would be time enough to let him know then, because if he already loved me he would overlook it. Suddenly one day I found that he was everything in the world to me. I had not appreciated it until the moment. Perhaps you can understand that then it was harder to tell him than it would have been before."

"You might have foreseen that."

"Can any one foresee what the passion of one's life is going to be and mean and do? There *is* no foreseeing it, its power or its effects."

Poste bowed his head to an experience beyond his own—the experience without which all others were incoherent. "But have you not learned by it, at any rate? Have you not appreciated that it will grow harder to speak with every day?"

"Yes, I have appreciated it."

"Then—?"

"I don't know."

"Do you mean that you will marry him—let him marry you, in ignorance?"

"I don't know." The tone was that of a helplessness which has become indifferent.

"Is that love—Miss Etherington?"

"It is mine."

"It would not be friendship certainly."

Her apathy went on the instant. Fear came to her face, to her whole supple body.

"You don't mean—" she began, and paused to gather precision in her phrasing—"you don't mean that because you are his friend you will tell him yourself, that you think you ought to?"

"I think I ought to, unquestionably. Unless you do."

"But it is none of your affair."

"Oh! yes, it is," he contradicted. "If

it concerns Darran nearly, I consider that it concerns me also. That it is part of my understanding of friendship."

"But I am a woman, in your power. You cannot betray me."

This was more on the order of what he would have expected. He caught the false note she struck, and it had a ring of consonance with things from out the past. So that straightway his heart hardened.

"You did not put yourself in my power voluntarily, you know," he reminded. "And in any case—I should not consider that in the smallest degree a coercion. My notion of honor is not to stand by and see a friend wronged, merely because of a woman I hardly know, who had rather sacrifice him than herself."

Miss Etherington winced. "You are very unfeeling and unimaginative."

"No, I don't think I am. I believe I understand. And I certainly am sorry for you—as well as sincerely troubled myself. This is not the sort of thing a man enjoys coming into. But it is true that you are sacrificing Darran rather than yourself. If it would be terrible for you to tell him and confront the possibility of losing him—what do you think it would mean to him to find out the truth *after* he had married you?"

"But after we were married—he would be glad that it was too late."

Poste felt himself flush at the significance behind it. This was the manner of love she felt, and upon which she meant to have her hold. The woman of six years since was plain enough now. The stuff under the surface of recent training was spurious. But was it? He obliged himself to be more dispassionate. No doubt it was not the most refined gold of delicacy and sentiment. Yet what she betrayed was not to be thought of too disparagingly. The metal was a base one perhaps, but pure of its kind and with a value of its own. More; it was an inevitable, strength-giving alloy in any devotion. To be sure, it was to her own and Darran's lower, more ignoble motives that she meant to trust, if need should be; but she was not to be altogether condemned that she would fight with any power she could muster rather than let the man she loved go from her. No doubt she would have preferred to avoid

such methods, no doubt she would despise herself for them, would be miserable in the loss of Darran's reverence and respect. Yet in some way, in any way, she intended to keep him if she could. But was it for him to allow it? Quite possibly Darran would feel exactly as the woman foresaw. Her beauty was compelling. Darran was but a man, and very strongly in love.

"If you are willing to have him brought to that," he answered her, "I can't say that I am; not without giving him the chance to save himself from it. I should not like to see so fine a chap as Darran reconciled to loving a wife he did not respect."

Miss Etherington turned upon him. "You are a little absurd," she said, in a tone so well under control that the words had all their own weight, with no need for vociferation. "You are being self-righteous. What have I done that he could not respect me? I have been unfortunate, and I was possibly ill-advised."

It seemed to be the affair of the past, and, above all, the objectionable feature of its publicity, which concerned her; but hardly in the least her own position in the present and the future.

"Precisely that," agreed Poste, civilly. "And if you tell him so *now*, you will be nothing worse. My dear lady, can you not see how your best chance for *not* losing either him or his love is to tell him at once, to tell him yourself?"

She was silent, but her face said as plainly as if she had put it into words that she was afraid, that she lacked the moral courage for what he proposed. Catching the clue to the source of her actions, he tried the effect of pressing her with another fear.

"Have you never considered the chances you are taking, Miss Etherington? What has happened with me to-day is likely, has all along been likely, to happen at any moment. And some one else may prove less cautious and guarded than I have been. Or some one else may maliciously tell him, without giving you any opportunity to do it yourself. I need hardly point out that for you, for your own happiness, that would be the worst thing that could befall."

"Do you suppose I have not thought

of it?" she asked, a little contemptuous of his ability to infer mental processes. "Do you suppose that it has not kept me wretched, dreading every sight of him, every first word and look from him, every letter put into my hands, every day that brings him to me, and every night that takes him away?"

Her voice broke and nervous tears came into her eyes. For the first time he could see traces of the long-continued strain. It was as if he had looked through a transparency of the flesh and had beheld hollow, anxious, weary eyes, deep shadows of trouble, and the lovely mouth settle into hard, defiant lines. And after the one glimpse he could see it always as he talked with her, could not avoid it.

"Then, my dear Miss Etherington, why do you not have it over with? Tell Darran the whole truth now. He will understand how it was that you could not do it before. Believe me, he will only honor you, only care for you the more. You do him every injustice in thinking otherwise."

She sat looking at him unseeing, but plainly considering and weighing all the probabilities of what he urged. She had so much forgotten him that she made no attempt to hide her thoughts. And what he saw was the same fear which was always uppermost—a momentary resolve to do as he asked, after that vacillation and a stubborn decision to let matters drift and cling to the bad in dread of worse. Then there followed the quick light of some other intention, which he could not surmise. But with it she became aware of his observation, and her manner changed, growing yielding, almost humbly grateful. She smiled at him wistfully, and he felt no little of the charm which she must exercise upon a man whom she loved. There could be no danger to her happiness if she were to speak the truth to Darran now. Her power over him must be one hardly to be weakened. Perhaps, after all, it had been best for both of them that she had not enlightened him before. But if there were to be any possibility of its continuing well, she must not delay much longer.

And to this she presently agreed. Soon, at the first good opportunity that offered, she would tell Mr. Darran. It might not be for some days, of course;

she would need to choose her time, but she would tell him, before they should be married, even before their marriage should be so near as to bind him more irretrievably. It would be better. She had known all along that it would be better. But she had not had the courage. He could realize how it was? By the sweetness of her voice and the light of her eyes he could realize many things. Yet he wondered what manner of woman might be the mother who had failed to insist upon the point that he himself had just gained. Mrs. Etherington, he knew, was with her; but she must be a poor adviser. He was inclined to lay the mistakes both of the past and present to an ill-judging, perhaps unscrupulous parent. For the girl herself he felt deeply sorry.

"Then if I promise to tell him myself before we are married," she said, with a pathetic little downward curve of her mouth, "*you* will promise not to say anything."

"If you tell him before your marriage, I will promise not to say anything," he answered, with an instinctive caution almost in spite of himself. She caught the differentiation and she was visibly displeased, though she passed it over in silence once again.

"You can't think how hard it will be. I have had so much trouble." She asked for sympathy, and he gave it in good measure. Yet he assured her with conviction that there could be no chance of putting her happiness in jeopardy. Darran could but be more bound to her by the realization of her need for his strength and protection. He said to himself, as he went away from her, that strength and protection were what any man with the least sense of chivalry would be only too willing to put at her disposal—that his own momentary harsh judgments had been unjustifiable—or would have been so but for his recollection of the past with its unseemly disclosures and notoriety. And very possibly the mother had been responsible for that, had done the injudicious talking. The only real fault to be found with Miss Etherington was one which had its root in her love for Darran. And it was a fault which, in so lovely a woman, any man could be trusted to condone.

Yet if Poste himself went away with the satisfaction of a good purpose carried, Miss Etherington remained with none of that which comes of a settled and definite resolve. When she was alone again all the doubts and vacillation returned upon her, all the dread and fear. She had been coerced; she was driven, threatened, harried. What affair was it of his? He mistrusted her; he had practically said so. As she thought of it she felt herself less merely helpless and cornered. She grew more annoyed and angry, with an increasing spirit for making some effort to escape, or at least to gain time. And in any case, a promise extracted as this one had been was not binding. She was as much as ever at liberty to act as seemed best to herself. She was surely wretched and miserable enough already without having some one stand over her with threats that frightened and bewildered her still more. It was not true that she meant to save herself at any cost—but she must use her own discretion—and there might still be some chance which would come to her aid.

It played into her hands within the day. She recognized it instantly as Darran, coming to her in the evening, brought the information that Poste had been called unexpectedly from the city.

"He caught me by telephone at the club just as he was leaving."

Miss Etherington raised her brows with a show of surprise and interest, suitable, if not especially keen. "Is he to be away long?" she asked. The closest observer could never have guessed that the answer would be of importance to her.

"For as much as a fortnight, at any rate," she heard, "and possibly longer."

When Darran left her again it had been arranged between them that the marriage would take place at the end of a week. If it had occurred to him to analyze step by step what had been said, he might have found that Miss Etherington had given their talk the direction which had led him to hold that there was no good and sufficient reason for the delay to which they had been looking forward. But as his mind was absorbed by contentment with the issue and all that it promised, he had no thought of tracing to its inception a course of cir-

cumstances which had resulted so entirely to his satisfaction. In his own case, as he had pointed out, there was no one beyond himself to be considered, no family to be parleyed with, no friends with claims to be consulted.

For her—she was among strangers and, after her mother's consent, entirely at her own disposal. He had, to be sure, thought of asking Poste as best man. Over this he hesitated. But Miss Etherington had argued—if so unmoved, so almost languid, a presentation of facts could be called argument—that Mr. Poste's stay was indefinite, and that if a wedding were to be a quiet one, it might better, perhaps, be so altogether. The case was already too strong in Darran's inclinations to require further urging. Yet at the last Miss Etherington saw difficulties in the way, and displayed a becoming feminine reluctance upon the plea of many matters needing her attention. Darran, the more eager, overbore them convincingly.

But with the settlement and proper ordering of his own affairs, and the exigencies of Miss Etherington's concerns, the week proved a well-occupied one. And to Darran it seemed that Miss Etherington was going beyond her strength. She looked overtired, and there was a tension of excitement, a nervousness, which did not escape him. She laughed it away. To be sure, she was tired. Was she not making ready a trousseau on brief notice? As for excitement, would he have expected, would he have wished, her to be imperturbable?

Had he heard from Mr. Poste? she asked him once, casually. He had not heard directly, but he had seen one of the firm. Poste would be back a little sooner than had been thought at first. In time for their wedding? Darran saw that the hand which went up to fasten the fur at her neck was shaking.

"I don't know," he told her, "but certainly we will not wait for him. Another week of the shops and dressmakers, and you would be a wreck."

It was not until the morning of their wedding-day that she asked about Poste again.

"I telephoned last evening," he answered. "It is barely possible he will be here by noon to-day. If he does come,



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE PAPER CRACKED SHARPLY AS SHE JERKED THE LETTER FROM SIGHT

I believe I should like to press him into service. He is my oldest friend."

To his surprise, a little to his dissatisfaction, she demurred, remonstrating that if it had not been agreed that only her mother was to be with them, she would have telegraphed to one of her girlhood friends in the South, who would feel quite neglected enough as it was.

As Darran yielded, there came a ring at the door-bell which caused Miss Etherington to give a sharp start. He looked at her and shook his head in disapproval of dressmakers and their visible effects. She laughed fretfully.

"My nerves *are* on edge," she confessed. "I have hardly slept for nights. And it was only the postman's ring, after all." The mistake was evident to her as she made it, so that she looked at Darran apprehensively; but he had missed any possible significance.

"If it had been any one else's—?" he suggested, carelessly, turning to take the letters which the maid was bringing in. As he held them out to Miss Etherington, his eye fell upon the topmost one. The address was in care of Miss Etherington's bank, but it had been run through and changed. "Who is Mrs. John Dalmeny?" he asked, reading.

"I don't know," she answered, but it was so inaudible that he failed to catch it.

"What?" he said, with his eyes on her face. It seemed to him that she was looking actually pinched.

"I don't know. It is some mistake." She spoke intelligibly this time, and as she laid the letters aside she fell to talking quickly. He was still noticing the change which the past week had made; her very manner had altered from the placidity and poise which he had always found so admirable. And she was colorless. It would be well for her to rest from now until the time when she and her mother were to meet him at the rectory. He might better leave her. And as he bethought himself that it would be for the last time before she should be his wife, an onrush of feeling made him draw her to him and hold her very close.

Yet the finality to farewells proved itself to have the uncertainty inherent even in plans which seem beyond all likeli-

hood of change; and remembering something which he had wished to say to Mrs. Etherington, he turned back from the corner of the square, going up the steps again. The door was open, as the maid was taking some belated package from the errand-boy of a milliner's establishment, and he went in undelayed. When he entered the drawing-room, Miss Etherington was still there. She was reading a letter, so absorbed in it that she did not hear him. But as she became aware that he was near her she looked around.

The paper cracked sharply as she jerked the letter from sight against her skirt.

"Secrets?" said Darran, raising his brows, not altogether pleased.

She smiled falteringly. "Yes—secrets; dressmaker's bills of proportions so dreadful that I am afraid to have you see them, lest you should realize what you are undertaking and be cautious before too late."

Darran, his momentary annoyance disarmed, smiled reassurance.

"But what has brought you again?" she questioned, hastily. "Have you news of Mr. Poste?"

He gave his message for her mother. "It will do as well for you to deliver it," he averred. Glancing down upon the table beside which he had moved while he spoke, he saw, lying close to his hand, the misdirected letter. With the lover's desire to be of service, were it only in the most trivial matter, he took it up. "I will send this back for you," he said. It felt thin between his fingers, and he turned it over inquiringly. The envelope had been opened at the back and was empty. Inquiry was deeper in his eyes as they moved to Miss Etherington's. "I thought you did not know Mrs. Dalmeny?" It was a question, seeking information, but with no purpose yet of accusing. She had no answer. "Who is Mrs. John Dalmeny, Theresa?" She was crushing the sheet of paper in her hand and he caught sight of the name again. "Is it you?" he asked, quietly.

Miss Etherington's lips opened. "It was," he saw them form.

He stood looking down at her, hardly conscious that she was there before him; his vision as uncertain as if the blow had been a physical one.

"And when I left you, not ten minutes

ago, you thought—we both thought—that it was to be the last time we should see each other before our marriage.”

She made no reply.

He drew up a chair and sat leaning forward, his arms folded upon the table. He was not looking at her now, but straight before him, at intangible things—which yet, he knew well, were more real, more enduring, than anything here about him; representing all that was permanent in humanity, separating, estranging, keeping asunder, though hands might touch or duty bind.

From near in sound, from infinitely far in spirit, there came to him Miss Etherington's explanations; halting at first as she tried to begin to the best advantage, growing more earnest, more intense, as she sought to rouse him to some sign, sought to find herself every justification. He heard—and shrank inwardly with heart-sick distaste. She was giving the account of her marriage, of the divorce which had rendered back her freedom and the name of her girlhood. She dwelt upon details she might better have avoided. She had been unfortunate, wretched—every one had taken her part, every one had realized what John Dalmeny was. They had all said that she had but one course. She had been forced into it. And afterwards she could not have kept even the name to remind her of the past. “This letter was from some one who did not know, who never seemed to have heard. But there was nothing for me to blame myself for, Archbold,” she urged. “You may go to any one, ask any one.” She caught an open gesture of repugnance, and changed instantly. “Or you may believe me,” she added. “I might as well have told you at first. But you can see how I must always have hesitated to speak of it. And then when you became so much to me—it was so soon, dear—I kept putting it off from day to day, and just because I *had* put it off, every day made it harder. I was so afraid of losing you. I dreaded your disapproval.”

“My disapproval?” he asked. “Did you think me so narrow that I should have wished you to continue on in a life of unhappiness?”

He had not looked at her as he spoke, but now there was some quality in her

pause which made him turn and study her face.

“It was not that,” the words came with faltering, “only—only I had learned to realize that the means we took, my mother and I, were—not the wisest. It was—too much talked about, that was all. The papers gave so many details, and my picture— Can't you understand?”

Darran understood. He could appreciate possibilities from which his eyes had been holden before. He knew now that it was her measure—that she could perceive his fastidiousness, but was insensible to profounder moral scruples.

“I wanted to wait until you cared for me enough to overlook mistakes of the past; to take me for what I had become, what I was, to you.” It was Darran who failed in response now. “You can do that, dear; can you not? It is surely no more than you can forgive?”

He shook his head. “It does not seem to me a question of forgiveness,” he answered, dully. She watched him in miserable perplexity. He was looking away from her again, his arms still folded on the table. And he did not move. “Poste was in your home about six years ago,” he said, directly. “Does he know this?”

“Yes,” she told him.

“And you had already met him when I brought him here?”

It struck her even through senses which were concentrated upon her own pain that it was not his friend whom he suspected of duplicity at that meeting. And yet the duplicity had been Poste's. But she had no spirit to resent it. Where he seemed to feel that she had deserved so much censure, it would perhaps be wiser to let pass this little which was unmerited.

“I had forgotten. But he remembered. That was why he stayed after you had gone away.”

“And he urged you to tell me?”

“Yes,” she repeated.

“And you promised that you would—or Poste would undoubtedly have come to me himself.”

She had still to keep down resentment of this trust which excluded her. She said nothing whatever, and he took her silence as assent.

“That is why we were to have been married before Poste returned.”

She caught the tense and its signif-



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

SHE DROPPED ON HER KNEES BESIDE HIM

icance, and on the moment she was beside him, possessing herself of one of his hands and drawing it to her face.

"Don't be so cruel, Archbold. I have been unhappy enough. I have had my punishment, if that is what you wish. Even these last few weeks have been such an ordeal because I feared every instant of the day and night. You thought I was tired and overwrought. I may well have been. Every hour was anxiety. You cannot think what I have really suffered. Dear—I have done wrong, but it was because I cared for you so much. Surely you will not be hard with me."

He looked up at her. As she was now, with her beauty almost lost in the intensity of feeling, with all that was on the surface, all that was trivial, all that was not genuine swept away by emotion, she appealed more than ever before to the best in him, to the most enduring qualities of his affection, of his whole character.

"Do you think I am hard to you?" he asked, in a voice of dreary disheartenment. "Do you realize so little? Must I tell you that it is to myself I am hard when I do not take you in my arms and tell you we must try to let it be forgotten?"

For the first time there was borne in upon her the distance which lay between them. And with the blind impulse to reach across it by a physical nearness she dropped on her knees beside him, holding his hand closer, pressing it to her lips. He knew that she was instinctively making the same appeal to him which she had always made—the only one she was capable of making, save where grief had lifted her for an instant to a height beyond her nature. The sense of her dignity in sorrow, of her potentialities for sincerity, went from him.

"Then if you love me," she was pleading, "it *can* be forgotten."

He shook his head measuredly.

"But it can, if you are only a little generous. Surely you will not refuse to be generous. And in time you will find that you do not think of me the way you do now—as you have some reason to, I know." She had back the full consciousness of what she said and did, and there was a purposeful sweetness in her eyes.

He felt himself almost shudder at it,

even while it drew him irresistibly. "It would not be what I might think of you," he said, slowly,—“not even what you might think of yourself, that would estrange us always more and more. It is what you would think of me.”

He had not hoped to be understood, yet he turned away helplessly from the non-comprehension of her gaze, which was nothing more than pathetic, soft, beseeching. Her head sank against his shoulder and she was crying. He held her close while she sobbed reproaches, of herself, of him. She had done wrong, she knew that she had; but he, too, was wrong to be so pitiless, so hard and unforgiving.

He made no attempt to answer, to defend himself or her. She raised to him eyes that were hot and stained with tears, searching for some sign of change, of relenting. And finding none, she lifted herself from her knees, going back to her own chair and dropping into it as if her strength for more effort were at an end. She sat looking before her, sadly, yet not without that consciousness of her beauty which, save for the one short interval of an overmastering and real despair, was ever present. It was not a pleasure to her now, a satisfaction, the beauty; but it was a power which she understood and of which she meant to make every use.

"If it had been *you*," she said, "I could never have been so relentless. Yet there must have been much in your life which you have never told me." The inward repugnance toward her whole attitude came upon him again; but because of it he let her evident supposition go uncorrected. "I should forgive *you*," she went on, clearly in the belief that she had made a point. "I should not have been unkind to *you*. I should not hold myself aloof and judge *you* without any consideration of circumstances, without making any allowances. If you had suffered as I have—in my marriage and in these last weeks—I should have been sorry for you. I should not have let a past of unhappiness and trouble and of mistakes come to part us irrevocably."

She might almost have believed that he was not listening, that he did not hear—or heed. He had put his arms upon the table again, his hands shut hard together,

his whole seeming that of a concentrated thought which for the time being had eliminated every feeling, every sentiment into which reason and clear judgment did not enter. His mind was going over, incident by incident, detail by detail, all that had occurred. He obliged himself to take as nearly as possible an exact estimate of what had been, of what was, of his own nature and hers, of their influence upon each other, their true relation to each other. He tried to divest himself of the insidious bias of passion, of anger, at the treachery, at the falsehoods which had been told him—and the more which had been implied. He sought to make the blame as light as possible, and to place as much as might be with events and conditions, with the influences under which she must have lived, with the mother who could have permitted, perhaps have advised, her course. He forced himself to the point where he could look on both his love and her deception impersonally. Yet there remained the facts which did not alter, the residue of character after the incidents in which it had embodied itself were resolved to their inception. And it was not that she had lied to him, betrayed him, deceived him—it was that she was capable of doing so. That was inherent, independent of circumstances—though these might have developed it. It colored her whole attitude toward life, so that now he could see its stain through everything.

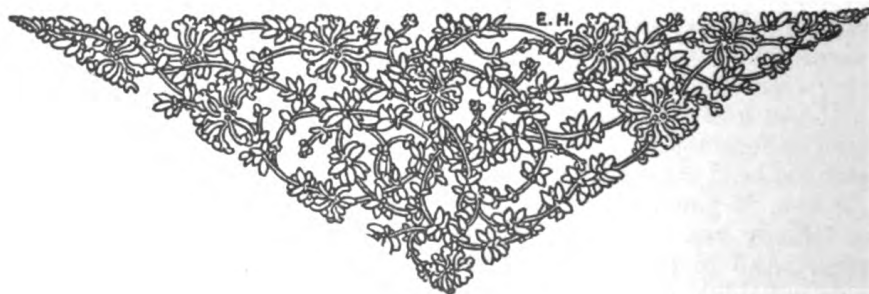
And if he were to do what she asked, what she called forgiving her; if he were

to follow her desire and his own; if he were to go through with the marriage whose appointed hour was coming so near—was it supposable that they could be happy in the end, that they could eventually grow together? There would be always the vast distance between them which no ceremony, no seeming, no habit could make less; that waste of space which stretches between unlike souls, and across which not even the light of understanding, the sound of meanings can reach—which makes the doubts, the fears, the distrusts of those who have the perceptions to feel it, and who project into it all the imaginings of their uneasy minds.

Her voice had been silent for some moments, but her last words of reproach were still in his ears, as if they had just been spoken. "I should not have let a past of unhappiness and trouble and of mistakes come to part us irrevocably."

He drew slowly away from the table, and standing, went near to her, holding out his hands. She might have taken it for a gesture of yielding, of full pardon, but for a prescience of the inevitable as it showed itself to her through his eyes. She had a dull aching sense that he was bidding her a resolute farewell, from which there could be no appeal. And there was little need of his words.

"For your own sake, dear," he was saying, gently, "and for my own, I can only hope you may some day come to realize that it is not the past, but the vision of the future which cannot but keep us parted through all time."



Exercise and its Dangers

BY WOODS HUTCHINSON, M.D.

MUSCULAR movement is almost synonymous with life. The essence of life is movement. Paralyze our muscles and we are dead. More than that, paralyze our voluntary muscles only and we might as well be, for we can neither move, speak, nor think. Thought is a function of muscle. It could neither originate nor continue without words, and words are made by muscle. *Homo alalus* is separated from *homo sapiens* solely by a little special manual training. For the real origin of speech is not sound, but gesture. And it was the changing of the paw into a hand capable of wielding a club that made oratory possible.

There is, then, little danger of any physiologist underrating exercise. He knows too well that it has not only built the body, including the brain, in the past, but is its chief supporter in the present. Muscle makes up nearly half (forty-three per cent.) of our bulk, almost three times as much as any other tissue or system. Its importance is in proportion to its bulk. The brain is simply a telephone exchange to carry out the business of muscle. The bulk of our food is consumed in the muscle-cells, and two-thirds of our vital heat is produced by them. The only way to nourish the brain is through the muscles. Destroy a group of them and the area of the brain cortex, which attends to its business, wastes and atrophies at once.

It is therefore not on account of any lack of respect for the importance of muscle or any tendency to classify it as a relatively low-grade tissue as compared with brain that I wish to say a few words in regard to the dangers from its over-use. On the contrary, it is its high rank in the organism that makes its abuse so dangerous; and there is an even more vital reason for a note of warning. This is that muscular tissue is the only tissue in the body which is under the direct

control of our will, as is implied in its name—"voluntary" muscle. You may order your stomach to serve a certain quality and flavor of gastric juice, or your liver to secrete a certain color of bile, and keep on ordering, with about as much result as whistling down the wind. You have absolutely no control over your heart-beat. You cannot stop breathing beyond the point of a very moderate degree of suffocation. You cannot even stop your brain from thinking; all you can do is change the subject—sometimes. But you can order practically any voluntary muscle in your body to contract, and it springs to your service at once, and will keep on obeying you until it fails from sheer exhaustion. It is on this account that the muscular system is so peculiarly defenceless and liable to abuse—because it is under the will, or reason, instead of instinct. A man cannot add a cubit, or even an inch, to his height by taking thought, but he can increase the girth of his biceps or the expansion of his chest, the lifting-power of his gastrocnemius, or even the bulk of that hybrid between voluntary and involuntary muscle, the heart, from twenty to fifty per cent. Muscle is the one tissue through which a man can directly modify and change his body. Naturally, therefore, in all our unscientific methods of bodily culture, and they are innumerable, increasing the vigor and size of the muscles is made the chief end and criterion of progress. While this increase may be attended by general bodily improvement in seventy per cent. of all cases, in the other thirty per cent. the real vigor and resisting power of the body may have been moving in the opposite direction, and this is where physiology must lift its note of warning.

Probably the greatest danger of exercise for most of my readers lies in the direction of their not getting enough of it. But this is by no means true of the

community as a whole. Two-thirds of the total community get a great deal too much muscular exercise and suffer for it. Honest toil is not the unmitigated blessing that we once supposed it to be. The Scriptural view of "By the sweat of thy brow," as a curse, has some truth in it. The very voluntariness of muscular effort has permitted its abuse. There is a certain and fairly definite limit to the amount of food which even the wealthiest individual can consume. We are utterly unable to force more air into our system than the tissues demand and can utilize. But the work that we can impose on the muscles has absolutely no limit except that of utter exhaustion. There is, of course, an instinct called fatigue, which tells us when we have labored enough, but our whole training from the cradle up has been to make us not only disregard this indication, but esteem its ignoring a virtue. The man who stops work just because he is tired is generally deemed a lazy, shiftless good-for-nothing; the man who stops eating because he feels satisfied is a rational, praiseworthy being.

As a result, muscular effort has been pushed to extremes, both in amateur athletics and in daily toil. Though highly beneficial and absolutely essential to life and happiness in considerable amounts, it has been made physically injurious and mentally degrading. Trades-unions were overwhelmingly right when they demanded as the first prerequisite for the mental, moral, or physical improvement of the laboring-man a shortening of the hours of toil. Nothing more degrading or benumbing to all that is best in human nature has ever been devised than the grinding, treadmill routine of muscular labor which was exacted of the laboring world fifty years ago, and is yet exacted to-day in regions where laborers are unable to protect themselves. Particularly is this true in the rural districts. My attention was first called to this some twenty years ago, on beginning the practice of medicine in a well-to-do country district. I was simply astonished at the number of intelligent and independent farmers, owning their own land but driven by the lash of the mortgage, who were little better than physical wrecks at the age of

forty-five. I had known, of course, as a mere matter of text-book knowledge, that the average longevity of farm laborers was low, and that of farmers little better, both lower than that of business and professional men; but this was an unexpectedly vivid illustration. From that time I have watched carefully the limits of physical vigor in farmers, ranchers, lumbermen, miners, section-hands, and others engaged in prolonged and excessive muscular exertion, and have been surprised to find how rarely individuals over forty years of age are still able to do a full day's work. Between forty-five and fifty our farmer is pretty certain to be a broken man, though still retaining good color, good appetite, and fairly vigorous appearance. I have also compared notes with my brother practitioners, and find them almost invariably agreed that there are as many broken-down nervous systems, dilated hearts, fibrotic kidneys, and the supposed results of our high-tension civilization generally, to be found in quiet rural districts as in the city. The death-rate in the country is now only a fraction of a per cent. lower than that in our greatest cities, slums and all. Farmers' wives show the highest percentage of insanity of any class in the United States, chiefly from overwork, overworry, and lack of proper amusements and recreation.

Any one who has lived on a farm does not need to be told the reason, for he knows of the strain under which the American farmer lives during the five months of spring and summer. His work-day is from four or five in the morning until eight or nine at night, including chores—fifteen to seventeen hours of the hardest kind of physical labor, and every minute of it at high tension, especially during harvest. Then comes a period of relaxation in the fall, the one time in the year when he has just enough muscular exercise to keep him in health. Later, the winter season, approaching stagnation, in which he takes on flesh, gets "loggy," and then a furious debauch of hard labor through the spring and summer again. No wonder that by forty-five he has had a sunstroke and "can't stand the heat," or has "a weak back," or his "heart gives out," or a chill "makes him rheumatic"; and when you add to this

furious muscular strain the fact that the farmer sees his income put in peril every season, and his very home every bad year, so that each unfavorable change in the weather sets his nerves on edge, it can be readily imagined that the real "quiet, peaceful country life" is something sadly different from the ideal.

The same conditions prevail among the working classes in our great cities, except where the eight-hour law has been put in force. It has long been known that the laboring classes have a low average longevity and a high disease and death rate, and they are subject to an enormous number of diseases from which, according to popular impression, their "active, natural life" ought to have protected them. The percentage of cases of Bright's disease, of heart-disease, of nervous breakdown, of insanity, is higher among them than in any of the so-called leisure classes. Nor can alcohol longer be made the universal scapegoat. Overwork is a far more potent factor in their production than drunkenness.

The injurious effect of city life consists not merely in overcrowding or the increased development of infectious diseases, but especially in the outrageous and abominable overworking of the laboring classes. Overwork and underfeeding have been recognized for half a century as the chief causes of the large death-rate of the laboring classes as compared with the well-to-do. Even with all the improvements that have been effected in the condition of the laboring classes, the last United States census (1900) still shows the highest death-rate among them of any "earning" class—20.2 per thousand. Farmers came next with 17.6, as compared with mercantile and trading classes at 12.1 per thousand, and clerical and official at 13.5. Thus laborers have a death-rate sixty-six per cent. higher than that of business men, and farmers forty-five per cent. higher. Overwork and overcrowding are alike responsible for the frightful tribute paid by these same classes to the Great White Plague. The improvement that occurs in most of our hospitals in patients of the laboring classes, who are not suffering from some injury or acute disease, simply from being put at rest in a well-ventilated room and given a moderate amount of

nourishing food, is really astonishing. It is an open secret that in most of the chronic diseases brought to our hospitals in the large cities it makes little or no difference what medicine is given during the first week or ten days; the patients will improve on any medicine or on none at all.

Of course a proper amount of work is not only necessary to existence, but highly beneficial both physically, mentally, and morally, yet this should never exceed certain well-defined limits. The communal conscience has now agreed to the eight-hour day, and I venture to prophesy that within twenty years' time it will be reduced to six, and that this will be found to be the limit of bodily labor consistent both with health and profit.

It might simply be mentioned in passing that it has been abundantly proven that this change is not merely healthful for the worker, but profitable for the employer. Not only is more work done in the month, but a far better quality. There are less waste, less sickness, less drinking, fewer absences from work. The United States, which pays the highest wages and has the shortest average hours, has the lowest labor cost per article produced of any country in the world. At the other end of the scale, Italy, with the longest day and the lowest wages, has the highest per cent. of labor cost.

I merely wish to raise a note of warning against the impression which seems to prevail in sociologic circles that work at reasonable wages is the complete solution of the labor problem, and that there is little danger of any one getting too much of it, unless he be actually diseased, or defective. From the voluntary nature of his toil the civilized laboring man works harder and longer than any known beast of burden or any serf can be made to do. An intelligent conservation of his energies will abundantly repay both the laborer and employer.

It has been long known to sanitarians that the highest average longevity is not among farmers, but among professional and business men. The finest physical specimens of humanity that are to be found in America are not among farmers or day-laborers of any description, but among the children or grandchildren of these classes, who have been brought up

in smaller towns or in the suburbs of larger cities. While it is true that the strain and pressure and crowding of city life have been an injurious factor in our racial development, this is only, so to speak, at the lower end of the scale, among the slum and day-laboring classes. The classes of higher intelligence and reasonably comfortable circumstances, including skilled artisans, municipal business employees, and those engaged in "personal services," have been improved instead of injured by it. This can be seen at a glance when the records of our champion athletic performances are examined. The majority of our football and baseball teams and two-thirds of the winners in athletic contests will be found to come from this relatively small class of comfortably situated city and town dwellers. The well-marked tendency in recent years for city people to make their homes in the country, rendered possible by electric cars, automobiles, and other forms of rapid transit, is both a sign of increasing hygienic intelligence and an admirable factor in the betterment of the racial health. The country is the best place for children, but the finest adult development, physical as well as intellectual, will be secured in the city.

In fact, we have been, both popularly and professionally, under the same delusion with regard to the contrast between country and city dwellers as to that between the savage and civilized man. The general impression is that the savage is a perfect animal, almost free from diseases, and living to a great age. As a matter of fact, civilized man is a far superior animal to any known tribe of savages; he lives longer, is healthier and happier. He has, it is true, more diseases, but he resists them infinitely better. The reason in both cases is not far to seek. The savage is so desperately afraid of night-prowlers and night-demons that he makes his hut about as near like a prison or an iron safe as he can. Civilized man sleeps in comfortable, well-ventilated bedrooms. The savage never knows what his supply of food is going to be. It is always either a feast or a famine with him—more commonly the latter. The exercise of the savage consists in violent and furious bouts of either fighting, or escaping from or

chasing his prey or his enemy, followed by long periods of idleness and torpor. His water-supply is often bad. He is unable to protect himself from the weather. He has infinitely less control over his environment than has civilized man.

The same comparison may be made step by step between the farmer and the average city dweller. Farmers' bedrooms are usually built chiefly for warmth and are close and stuffy. As some one has said, "The air in the country is always good, for the farmers keep all the bad air shut up in their bedrooms." Their food too often consists of that which they cannot sell. It takes them all winter to recover from the work-debauch of each summer. The city man, with his well-ventilated house, good supply of water, good drainage, regular hours, moderate muscular exercise and good food-supply, is under more favorable conditions physically. And his lessened amount of enforced exercise is not the least beneficial of his changes. Those city dwellers who work hardest and longest with their muscles have invariably the highest death-rate.

To sum up very briefly, about one-half of the enforced muscular exercise imposed upon civilized man is beneficial; the other half is either neutral or injurious.

Now as to the voluntary muscular exercise which is indulged in under the name of physical culture, athletics, or some similar title. The chief dangers in this are a lack of proper appreciation of what tissues should be developed by exercise, and failure to recognize the great fact that the value of exercise depends not so much upon its quantity as upon its quality. The general impression of the majority of athletic trainers, physical culturists, "strong men," and of most gymnasium teachers (until within the past ten years), is that the chief thing is to develop huge and misshapen masses of muscle. The ideal man in their scheme is he who can stand in front of a camera and contort the muscles of his back until they writhe out like a basket of snakes, or can split his coat-sleeve by contracting the overgrown biceps, or lift six hundred pounds clear of the floor. Such an individual may have a vigorous constitution, but he is as abnormal and as unsymmetricaly developed as the string-muscled, flat-

chested bookkeeper, and may be a much poorer life risk. As a matter of fact, that type of human ox, the "strong man," is not only not a better animal than the average man, but a poorer. The fact of his being able to get such a muscular development is proof of abnormality. Now that athletic records have been carefully investigated by the medical profession, we find that the champion athlete is extremely short-lived and highly subject to disease not only of the heart, but also of the lungs. If he marries, he has few children, and they are seldom above the average physically. In fact, he compares with the average man about as a Clydesdale draught-horse compares with a Morgan or an English thoroughbred.

Nor is this state of affairs confined to the professional athlete. Every physician who has practised in or near a university town can point to a dozen athletic young men who have been seriously injured by muscular exercise. Particularly is this true of overtraining and hypertrophic disease of the heart muscle. A recent study of the boys "in training" at a Western academy, by the school physician, showed that over sixty per cent. had cardiac murmurs.

Prolonged and fatiguing exercises, taken not for any enjoyment in them, but as a matter of conscience, "to build muscle," are distinctly dangerous. In fact, the medical profession is coming generally to regard college and high-school athletics, as now practised, as a menace to the health of the community. This was not true in earlier days, when college men took their sport like gentlemen, and the later life-records made by the Oxford and Cambridge 'varsity crews are still quoted by health journals. Nowadays, however, the results are widely different; and sufficient data have accumulated in proof thereof. Take, for instance, the data collected by Dr. Robert Coughlin* upon the causes of the deaths among athletes for the year 1905. First, of all of the 128 athletes who died during the year, 78 died from injuries received, and only 50 from disease—a huge inherent mortality to begin with. But the nature of the diseases which caused the fifty natural deaths is even

* *The Medical Record* (New York), June 2, 1906.

more significant; for, contrary to popular impression, the death-rate from infectious diseases among these picked specimens, these prides of their clubs and colleges, was nearly double that of the other adult males of the community. For comparison Dr. Coughlin selected the deaths that year among the policy-holders in one of our large insurance companies, who were all adult males of about the same social condition as the athletes. The contrast is so striking that I shall put the figures in parallel columns.

DEATHS IN 1905 DUE TO INFECTIOUS DISEASES

	Policy-holders	Athletes
Pneumonia	10.4	14
Tuberculosis	13	14
Typhoid fever.....	6	8
Cerebro-spinal meningitis...	0	18
	<hr/> 29.4	<hr/> 54

In non-infectious diseases likely to be due to strain the contrast is even more striking, especially when we recall the probable higher average age of the policy-holders, in connection with the fact that these diseases are far more frequent in later life.

DEATHS IN 1905 DUE TO NON-INFECTIOUS DISEASES

	Policy-holders	Athletes
Heart-diseases	6	16
Kidney "	6	10

In short, athletes are, according to these figures, two and one-half times as liable to cardiac diseases, sixty per cent. more liable to diseases of the kidney, and twenty-five per cent. more liable to die of the three main infectious diseases of adult life—pneumonia, consumption, and typhoid—than the average of their fellows. Instead of increasing their power of resistance to disease, their boasted training has apparently reduced it.

It may be justly objected that this conclusion does not necessarily follow, because this list includes a considerable percentage of professional athletes, who are often of low physical type, and bad life-risks to begin with. But a list of certain champion college athletes for fifty years, 761 in number, prepared in defence of athletics, shows that tuberculosis was the highest cause of death, with pneumonia second. While only seven per cent. of the deaths among the policy-holders were

from accidents and injuries, sixty-one per cent. of the athletes died from these causes—an enormous preponderance, even after allowing liberally for the greater probability of public report of deaths due to accidental causes over those due to natural causes. Furthermore, Dr. Coughlin finds, what my own investigations had also led me to believe, that “the average age at death of athletes is far below that of the average person in the ordinary walks of life.” The actual average age at death of this series was only 26.2 years, as against an average of 57.2 years in all persons dying after fifteen years of age, according to the last United States census. These figures will be supported by the experience of a majority of intelligent college physicians. I might, perhaps, be permitted to say, to forestall any criticisms based upon a supposed “book-knowledge” only of these matters, that for two years during my medical-student days I was one of the executive committee of the University Athletic Association and a member of the football team; for three years medical director of a gymnasium, and for eighteen years connected with the faculties of colleges and universities in the Middle West, the East, in England, and on the Pacific coast, with students under my professional care almost constantly.

In my judgment, the champion athlete, so far from being an ideal type, a standard to aim at, is rather a necessary evil, apparently inseparable from the competitive system of athletics now in vogue. This is not to condemn athletics by any means; only their abuse. The whole trouble lies in false ideals and ignorance of the real aim of bodily training. The real tissues to be developed in athletic training are not the muscles, but the heart and the nervous system. This is clearly recognized and eagerly urged by intelligent, scientific gymnasium trainers, like Sargent of Harvard, Seaver of Yale, and Gulick of New York; but their leaven has reached but little of the mass of undergraduates and members of athletic clubs as yet.

The heaviest strain of exercise is thrown not on the muscles, but on the heart and blood-vessels. This has always been recognized by the profession and admitted by the more intelligent trainers.

In an athlete under training, the heart is markedly increased not merely in vigor, but even in size—hypertrophied, as we call it. A certain amount of this hypertrophy is healthful and normal; a deer, for instance, has more than twice as large a heart in proportion to its body weight as a cow, and a race-horse nearly twenty-five per cent. larger than a dray-horse, proportionally. But we are finding out, first, that this hypertrophy may be easily driven beyond normal limits, and that the large heart of the athlete often contains inflammatory exudate—is swollen from congestion, to put it roughly. Second, that this large heart, whether normal or diseased, after the contest is over and training is relaxed, begins to shrink again. This shrinking is brought about by a fatty degeneration and absorption of both the inflammatory exudate and the surplus muscle-fibres, and if it goes a step too far, may become one of our most insidious and dangerous cardiac diseases—fatty degeneration of the heart. Whatever the mechanism of its production, all authorities are agreed that heart-disease is peculiarly common among athletes, soldiers, lumber-jacks, miners, and men whose occupations involve severe muscular effort. The entire system of blood-vessels shares in this liability, and arteriosclerosis is unusually prevalent among these classes. Let the heart, then, be carefully watched in training, and at the least permanent quickening of the pulse, the slightest cardiac nervousness, the first appreciable outward swing of the apex beat, showing hypertrophy, let the amount of exercise be cut down.

The next organ to be trained is the stomach. Naturally the more work our body-engine does, the more fuel must be shovelled under its boilers. Many athletes in training “go stale,” lose their appetite, begin to sleep badly, get cross, nervous, hysterical. These again are danger-signals, and call for cutting down the exercise ration. You can’t get ten horse-power work out of a five horse-power furnace and boiler. A man’s capacity for development is limited by his stomach.

Last but not least, training should be aimed at the nervous system. It is astonishing how long we have ignored this, when, as a matter of fact, fully one-

third if not one-half even of pure athletic training is training of the nervous system. The mere increase in strength of a particular muscle is the smallest part. It is the rapid, accurate, purposeful combination of a dozen muscles with the eye, the ear, the sense of touch and resistance, that forms two-thirds of training. And this is done solely through the nervous system.

The man who trains his muscles, trains and builds his brain. Indeed, this is the only physical method of brain-building that we know of. Of course he can't build up what isn't there, and all we can do is to develop to the highest possibilities such potentialities of cerebral power as we were born with. Even the champion athlete has probably a better brain for his training than he would have had without it. Most of us, however, have sufficient possibilities to profitably occupy all our preadult life in developing them.

This brings us to the final consideration, that it is quality of muscular effort that counts rather than quantity. So long as muscular effort is strengthening the heart and developing the nervous system and increasing the appetite, it is doing good; beyond this it is physiologically valueless, often harmful, however great economic or sporting value it may have.

It is not difficult to determine where the dividing line falls. In fact, we have an instinct for the purpose. So long as exercise gives us pleasure, exhilaration, it is doing us good. When we cease to enjoy it, it is either neutral or harmful physically. The athlete will, and the day-laborer must, persist far beyond this line—and die early in consequence. A reasonable amount of non-enjoyable exercise is, of course, perfectly consistent with health, but of no advantage to it.

All men in vigorous health enjoy exercise in some form; and most laborers, within certain limits, enjoy their work, taking a pleasure and a pride in it. Whether it be the exhilaration of the

four-mile-an-hour swing, up hill and down dale; the dash and smash of the tennis-court; the clatter and whistle of the broadswords; the swing and bite of the axe; the swish of the scythe, the crunch of the spade under the foot, the heave and swing of the pitchfork—there is a positive pleasure in vigorous exertion. In fact, in the last analysis, pleasure consists in responding to stimuli, doing things, easily, with a sense of reserve force, of power to spare. In other words, physically profitable exercise must partake of the nature of play. Nature nowhere shows a subtler wisdom than in the play instinct. The baby, like the fabled bear-cub, is born a shapeless lump mentally and played into shape.

There is no conflict whatever between bodily training and mental. They are part of one single scheme of development. Keep children growing physically, and answer their questions, and their minds will take care of themselves. The chief duty of the school-room is to keep out of the way of Nature's University, the open air.

In fine, development to be healthful must be symmetrical. You cannot profitably develop the body apart from the mind, or the mind apart from the body, or either apart from "the sense in us for conduct, the sense in us for beauty." The training which will develop the most vigorous, the most highly resisting physique, will also develop the clearest mind and the most beautiful body. Yes, and the highest sense of courtesy and chivalry. Bring to mind the Greeks and the Knights of the Round Table.

One of the chief requisites for the ideal athlete is to be a gentleman. By training like a gentleman, and treating his opponent as a gentleman, the athlete will avoid all the physical dangers and reap all the possible benefits of athletics. Practised properly, athletics is one of the finest schools of courage, of clean living, of high courtesy and chivalry; of clear thinking, of beauty and symmetry of both mind and body.

Girl and Peonies, by I. R. Wiles

THE modern ideal of pictorial expression demands that the painter give equal importance to beauty of form, of light, of color, that relationships be balanced, that methods be facile, and that the eye be trained to a nicety of vision; furthermore, that all this be supplemented by instinctive inspiration and profound knowledge of life. While it is a thing of subtleties and artifices, modern art, at the same time, is a thing of solidity and enduring value. It opposes traditional routine, and seeks inspiration in the realities of contemporary life, presenting the varied aspects of our actual environment. The older art appealed to the eye, the newer appeals to the intellect, and often, in its audacious manifestations, to the nerves. While the modern artist must be analytical, on the contrary he need not be cold or emotionless. His acute observation of elusive light should be backed by a profound love of color, and his knowing brush-work fortified by educated taste and by individuality of style. Thus each exponent becomes different from his fellows, a phenomenon apart, an individual of original personality to be studied and enjoyed *per se*.

Mr. Wiles is a child of his age, with predilections for portraits of women, the niceties of the feminine toilet, with cushions, flowers, and costume. He translates the grace and charm of woman, and catches the delicate feminism of the boudoir. He shows us no complex psychology, he suggests no neuroticism, but in place he gives us brilliant harmonies of color bound together by insensible modulations, in which lights and shadows mingle and melt together. The present work shows his leaning toward decorative design, but it also shows his grace, his taste, his supple vision, as well as his joy in art and in life; and joy, be it remembered, inspires fewer great things than passion or sorrow.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"GIRL AND PEONIES," BY IRVING R. WILES

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Vol. CXIV.—No 682.—77



An Indian Ring

By Justus Miles Forman

ALL this trouble arose through Mr. Livingstone's affection—an affection verging upon the idolatrous—for a certain fat, close-jointed bamboo walking-stick of Bond Street origin. He held it as the apple of his eye. Consequently, when, one day, he entered his chambers and found Jimmy Rogers and Marcus Aurelius making merry with the holy object—striving, indeed, each to wrest it from the other's grasp—he made no attempt at all to control an already restive temper. Marcus Aurelius, inhumanly maltreated with the very object of his pleasantry, retired under a divan, emitting yelps of astonishment and dismay.

"And as for me," said Jimmy Rogers, indignantly, "I won't be called any such names just because you happen to be in a vile temper. Being engaged to people always affects you like this. You're unfit to speak to— And all about a silly fat stick! I wish we'd broken it or burned it up." He went away swearing that he would be revenged, and Livingstone saw no more of him for nearly a week, when the two met at the Aberthenays' country place, where they were to spend Christmas.

Livingstone arrived at the Aberthenays' so late in the afternoon of the 23d that there was no one about to welcome him, but the man who unpacked his things said Mr. Rogers had left word that he was to stop in at Mr. Rogers's room when he had finished dressing.

He found that young gentleman regarding with great pride a dozen white lawn cravats which had small figures worked upon them in thread.

"Why not a larger bow of soft white drooping silk?" suggested Mr. Livingstone. "Many Frenchmen affect them. There is a something of—of—chic about them, a something of careless grace."

Jimmy Rogers hurled the spotted lawn cravats into a waste-basket and selected a plain one.

"You ought to be a man milliner," he said, unpleasantly. "You're wasting your great talent. Have you beaten that poor dog to death yet?"

"I have not," said Mr. Livingstone. "The officer of the S. P. C. A. whom you so kindly sent round the other day asked me not to. Who's in the party?"

"About a dozen," said Jimmy Rogers. "The usual mixture. Elizabeth—Miss Verney's not here!" he said, in the tone of one making an accusation.

"No—no!" said Mr. Livingstone, avoiding the other's eye. "No, she's with those new Texan people near here, the people who bought Teddy Thorpe's place. Laurens, I believe, the name is. I'm told they're very nice,

simple bodies, but—er—climbing a bit, climbing. They've a lot of money."

But Jimmy Rogers would not be diverted.

"Now what I want to know," said he, wagging a stern hair-brush,—“what I want to know is, what are you doing here if she's there? I don't make it out.”

"You see," said Livingstone, "we've had—Elizabeth and I have had—a bit of a—well, a bit of a row. It doesn't matter what it was about. I expect I'm something of a rotter, you know, as a *fiancé*. What you laughing about? I expect I leave a great deal to be desired. Of course the thing's all my fault. Elizabeth said so. I can't see it myself, but she said so, and of course she must know. She was rather—er—angry, you know. Of course we'll patch it up somehow, but meanwhile I don't know just where I stand. She wouldn't even let me give her the Christmas present I had for her. I found a particularly jolly ring—an Indian affair, with a dark ruby and some snakes and a pair of pink

pearls. Sounds barbaric, but it's not too barbaric. They'd had two of them, but they'd sold one to some old chap from the South, so there won't be another in New York. Well, she said I needn't bother to send her any Christmas gift, for she'd send it back—she was angry, you know. So then I got a bit stuffy and said I'd put that ring in her hands myself if I died for it. And she gave a little nasty laugh, and I came away. Hang it! a chap won't stand everything! I'd been trying to live up to ideals too long." He scowled at the cigarette between his fingers and flicked it impatiently. "It was a silly boast," he said, "but I'd—I'd jolly well like to be even with her for the rowing she gave me."

Jimmy Rogers sat down on the edge of his bed with a hair-brush in either hand. It was evident from his face that he was thinking hard, and if Mr. Livingstone had not been too much absorbed in his own troubles to be observant, it might also have been evident to him that that particular gleam in Jimmy Rogers's eye



HE HELD IT AS THE APPLE OF HIS EYE

boded him no good. It might have occurred to him to go back over that matter of the bamboo stick.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Rogers, slowly, "is, you say, with those new Texan people, the Laurenses?"

"Yes," said Livingstone,—“yes.”

"That's not more than half a mile from here, across country," pursued Jimmy Rogers. "By the way, the Laurenses have a pretty girl—the youngest one. You ought to see her ride! Now, wait a bit! They'll have their Christmas affair, whatever it may be, on Christmas eve, as we shall here, because there's a big dance at the Country Club on the evening of Christmas day. If you're to give Elizabeth that Indian ring, it must be then—on Christmas eve. Now, how would this scheme do?" He spoke rapidly for some five minutes to the attentive Mr. Livingstone, who began, presently, to laugh. "That 'd pay her out!" concluded Jimmy Rogers, nodding, and sat back with an air of deprecatory pride.

"Yes," said Mr. Livingstone, "that 'd pay her out. I'll do it, by Jove! I'll do it to-morrow evening. Oh, I'll give her her Indian ring, right enough!"

On the next evening, immediately after dinner, he stood in his room anxiously regarding himself in a pier-glass, while Jimmy Rogers, *en connaisseur*, gave the final artistic touches, and Aberthenay père, who was of an apoplectic disposition, rolled upon the bed in paroxysms of laughter.

Mr. Livingstone wore an ancient and threadbare frock coat very much too large for him. The collar was turned up, and he had thoughtfully rubbed dust and tooth-powder on it here and there to give it an air of still further abandon. He carried a tourist's soft hat, once of gray felt, and this he had wet and wrinkled and soiled till it looked a brother to the flapping coat. About his neck he had twisted a bit of blue and white checked gingham, filched, like the other properties, from the Aberthenay attic. His hair was rumpled, his chin, thanks to Jimmy Rogers's really clever work with burnt cork, apparently unshaven, and he had practised a facial expression of starved hopelessness and forlorn appeal, until he was well-nigh perfect.

"Will I do?" he demanded, turning about before the mirror.

"You will!" said Jimmy Rogers, with a sigh of satisfaction. "I'm proud of you. Get along now! You mustn't be too late for the party. Got the ring?"

"Got it safe!" said Mr. Livingstone. "I'm off. See you in an hour or two, if one of the Laurenses' grooms doesn't shoot me for trespassing or turn loose a dog after me."

He went down a back stair and slipped out of a side door into the drive which circled the house. It had been snowing fitfully through the day, with a view evidently to a picture-card Christmas on the morrow, but the snow had turned to a fine cold rain, which beat cheerlessly against Mr. Livingstone's face as he stepped out into it, and trickled down the back of his neck under the gingham muffler.

"This is a fine night for a moonlight stroll!" said Mr. Livingstone, staring out through the wet gloom to where the lights of the Laurens house gleamed yellow on a far hill. His undertaking seemed to him all at once very silly and childish and very unlikely of success; but there was good sporting blood in him which not even a cold rain could dash, and he drew the gingham muffler closer about his neck and set out doggedly across the snow, cursing but determined.

He reached the Laurens grounds without accident, and made a wide circle to the farther side of the house, as he had been instructed, keeping under cover of the trees and shrubs. He noted that there were no lights in the stable—apparently the stablemen were all in the house—and that there were no dogs about. He skirted the farther side of the house and halted under a wide veranda near the front. Long French windows opened upon this veranda, and they were free of shutters or drop-curtains, so that Mr. Livingstone, crouching in the wet snow, could see everything in the room with ease.

"Now, then!" he said,—“here's for it, and may Heaven help the brave!” He vaulted the rail of the veranda and, stepping quickly across to one of the long windows, rapped on the glass with his fingers. A very pretty young girl

who happened at that moment to be passing the window stopped and turned her head. Mr. Livingstone rapped again, and the girl came to the window and looked out at him, shading her eyes from the bright lights. After a moment she turned back across the room and spoke to the elderly gentleman at the tree, who called to another young man, and all three came to the window.

The old gentleman threw one panel of it open outward and leaned forward, peering into the gloom.

"Who is there?" he demanded. "What do you want?"

"I'm—sorry," said Mr. Livingstone, moving into the light of the window. "I didn't go to interrupt your—party. I tried the stables, but there wasn't nobody there." He made a little weary gesture with one hand and leaned against the window-frame. "I—didn't feel like I could go much farther," he said. "I haven't had nothing to eat for two or—for a long time—asking the lady's pardon." He ducked his head with a sort of shamefaced apology, as if he regretted having to drag such unpleasant things before such people, but the young girl laid a hand on her father's arm with a little cry of pity.

"He's hungry!" she said, and Mr. Livingstone had the grace to blush at the genuine pain in her voice. "He's actually hungry, while we're—we're having fun! Bring him in, father!"

"You just come right in, young man!" said the old

gentleman, heartily. "By George! I don't calculate to let anybody go away from my door hungry, not on Christmas eve or any other eve. You just come right in!" The young people in the room had all at once ceased their laughing and chattering, and had pressed forward uncertainly with curious inquiring faces. Laurens père turned to them. "This young man," said he, maintaining his hospitable grasp upon Mr. Livingstone's arm, "is cold and tired and hungry on a night when everybody ought to be having a good time. He's not a thief nor a tramp. I know that by his face. He is an honest young man who is having hard luck. I want you all to treat him like one of us. Tommy, will you bring a glass of whiskey? Our friend here is



"WILL I DO?" HE DEMANDED



"HE'S NOT A THIEF. I KNOW THAT BY HIS FACE"

cold. After he's well warmed up and comfortable he must eat something."

The people scattered again about the room as if politely pretending that nothing out of the ordinary had happened, and Laurens *père* turned once more to his new guest.

"You said," he began, "that you couldn't go on much farther. May I ask where you were bound on such a night?"

"I was going to Mr. Laurens's place, sir," said young Livingstone. "He has

some very fine horses—hunters. I've—I've been with horses all my life, sir. I know something about them, and I thought—I hoped Mr. Laurens might find a place for me in his stables. They said as he was a very kind gentleman."

Laurens *père* laughed gleefully and rubbed his hands together.

"This was a lucky fluke, then, my good friend," said he, "your coming in here. I'm the Mr. Laurens you want."

"You, sir!" cried Mr. Livingstone, starting dramatically.

"Yes," chuckled the old gentleman, "I'm the man. So you know something about hunters, eh? Good, good! We must talk about that later on. Ah, Tommy, the whiskey?"

The younger man gave Mr. Livingstone a glass and poured into it from the decanter which he had brought.

Two or three of the young women came forward and spoke to their host.

"Shall we have Uncle Billy Hemenway play Santa Claus in your place?" they asked.

"No, no!" said Laurens père. "I'll go on with it in just a minute. I'll leave our friend here in your care."

Mr. Livingstone gave a little wriggle of satisfaction as he saw the situation falling into his hands and felt himself complete master of it. One of the young women before him was Elizabeth Verney. He moved a bit aside from his position behind his host, and turned his face, with the light full across it, toward his *fiancée*. The tiny thrill of excitement which an actor feels when he has made a good point and has seen it instantaneously reach its mark tingled in him as he saw the girl's face go perfectly white and her eyes darken and blaze. Then, very suddenly, she turned and walked away toward the groups of people beyond.

Mr. Livingstone turned to Laurens père.

"If I could just sit down here, sir?" he said,—“here by the window. I'm—I'm not fit to go among all these ladies and gentlemen.”

"As you like, my friend!" said Laurens père. "As you like. I must go and finish giving out the presents from the Christmas tree yonder—there shall be something for you, never fear!—then we shall see to getting you a good meal."

The two young women who had been standing by moved away with an obvious relief, and Livingstone sat down beside the window to keep an eye on Miss Elizabeth Verney and to watch for the opportunity to make good his boast to her. Once, as he sat watching, he caught the youngest Laurens girl staring at him with what seemed a half-puzzled, half-amused expression, and looking from him to Miss Verney, but

he was too keenly watching the situation to think much of that.

"And lastly," said Laurens père, breaking in upon his meditations,—“lastly we have this pair of fur gloves which I wish to present to our latest guest—the gentleman who has come to us this evening, and whom I hope to know much better before another Christmas comes around.”

Mr. Livingstone rose from his chair beside the window and moved across the room toward where his host stood on a little raised dais by the Christmas tree, holding out the fur gloves. He took the gloves and fumbled them awkwardly between his hands, glancing in a shame-faced, embarrassed manner at the circle of smiling people about him. He noted swiftly that, through no design of her own, Miss Elizabeth Verney stood nearest him.

"I'm sure I'm—a great deal obliged," he said, stammering. "Very much obliged. They—they seem to be particular beautiful gloves." He looked up, smiling anxiously toward the benignant Laurens. "I never did like to have presents give me," he said, "unless I could give something back." He pulled a small box from a pocket of the flapping old frock coat and began to unwrap it, dropping the fur gloves upon the floor as he did so.

"I—don't know just who to—give it to," he said, hesitatingly. "It isn't much, of course."

"Oh, to one of the ladies, by all means!" said Laurens père, waving a gallant arm.

"Yes," said Mr. Livingstone,—“yes, I—thought you'd say that,” and for just an instant his lips quivered.

He dropped the little cardboard box and the paper wrapping upon the floor, and advanced sheepishly toward Miss Elizabeth Verney. His heart leaped with evil joy as he heard her gasp and knew that at last she understood his plot to its very bottom. He met her eyes, and they were the angriest eyes he remembered ever to have seen.

"Will *you*—take it?" he asked, gently holding out the Indian ring in such a manner that the girl could not see what it was. "Of course it ain't much," he deprecated.

Miss Verney produced a stiff and unwilling hand, but her eyes never left those of Mr. Livingstone, and there was murder in them.

There was a little chorus of surprised admiring cries from the women who stood near Miss Verney when they saw the ring which lay on her outstretched hand, and at the same moment Mr. Livingstone heard from behind him a sudden exclamation of amazement. He turned, to meet the eyes of his host staring very hard at him and to see that gentleman going through a curious sequence of actions. He stopped and felt hurriedly in all his pockets, gave a swift glance at the few parcels which remained suspended from the branches of the Christmas tree, snatched up from the floor the little cardboard box which Mr. Livingstone had dropped, and at last laid an insistent hand upon Mr. Livingstone's shoulder.

"Young man!" he said, sternly, "where did you get that ring? Tell me at once!"

"Where did I— Why, what difference does that make?" cried the startled Mr. Livingstone. "What do you care where I got it? It was mine."

"That Indian ring," said Laurens père, slowly, "is mine. I had meant to give it to my wife for Christmas. I bought it a fortnight ago."

"Why, nonsense!" said Mr. Livingstone, sharply, forgetting his rôle for the moment. "Nonsense! I bought it myself." Then, at the scornful, astonished laughs which met him, he looked down, realizing how absurd the statement must sound. "I mean," he stammered—"I mean that the man who gave it to me bought it. Why, hang it—" He drew back with a growl of disgust at the absurd predicament he had let himself into.

Laurens père had moved forward to where Miss Verney stood, motionless, holding the ring outstretched, and the others also had crowded closer in an excited, exclaiming circle, so that it was as if Livingstone had been for the moment forgotten. But the youngest Laurens girl stepped quickly to his side and touched his arm.

"Now!" she whispered in his ear. "Run for it, now! I've unfastened the

window-catch. I'll get in their way when they follow you. Oh, run for it!"

Mr. Livingstone shook his head doggedly, and just then the girl's father turned once more upon him.

"You must have stolen that ring from my pocket!" said he, sternly, "while I was listening to your tales over by the window yonder. Well, have you nothing to say for yourself? Are you quite dumb?"

Mr. Livingstone stared at him blankly, but the youngest Laurens girl pushed forward.

"Why did he give it back," she demanded, "if he had stolen it? Why did he give it to Miss Verney? Why didn't he take it away if he meant to steal it? Steal it? It's absurd!" She turned toward the tongue-tied Mr. Livingstone with wide, excited eyes. "Maybe he did it just for a—a lark," she suggested.

"Nonsense!" broke out Laurens père. "That does not alter the case at all. I took him in here, welcomed him, offered him food and shelter, and he has, by way of return, robbed me. That is sufficiently plain."

Mr. Livingstone gave a sort of inarticulate growl of rage and bewilderment and utter exasperation. This absurd thing had fallen upon him so swiftly! He had never given the possibility of such a turn a moment's thought. It seemed to him that his brain had suddenly gone into a state of coma, leaving him without a coherent thought. He took a step forward toward Miss Elizabeth Verney, laughing and staring both together.

"Why, tell them that I'm—I'm no thief!" he said. "Tell them that I didn't steal the silly ring. They actually think— Oh, this has gone far enough!"

Laurens père moved up to Mr. Livingstone's side and again laid a hand upon the younger man's arm. He faced Miss Verney with a puzzled frown.

"This—person," he said, "seems to be—to be trying to claim that you can explain this theft, that you know more about the affair than the rest of us. I reckon he is just trying to work on your sympathy."

Miss Verney glanced quickly about her, with a little instinctive shiver of

distaste, at the circle of staring faces, for she was not at all the sort of young woman to extract any humor from the situation. Then she looked back at the man who had forced the situation upon her. Her eyes blazed with anger and resentment.

"I should fancy that you are right, Mr. Laurens," she said, coldly. "It seems to be an appeal to my sympathy. A very useless appeal. I know nothing about the ring."

"Tommy," said Laurens *père*, "will you telephone, or have Peters telephone, for a constable?"

"Wait, wait!" cried Mr. Livingstone, swiftly. "Wait a moment!" and he pressed forward another step, staring into Miss Verney's face. His own face had gone suddenly white, and there was no more laughter. He frowned anxiously at the girl as he spoke. "Do you—mean that?" he demanded. "Are you going to let these people have me—arrested? Are you actually going to do that?" Miss Verney turned impatiently away.

"Have I not been sufficiently insulted and humiliated already?" said she. "I have nothing more to say."

"A-ah!" said Mr. Livingstone, drawing a long breath. "That is all," he said to Laurens *père*. "You may telephone now for your constable. I should suggest that meanwhile you lock me up somewhere. I—I dislike interrupting your Christmas celebration. It will be some time before the constable can reach here." He spoke very quietly, with no trace of feeling, and one or two of the men who stood nearest looked at him with curious, inquiring eyes.

"We might lock him up in my room," said the young man whom Laurens *père* had called Tommy. "Come along, governor! No, we sha'n't need any of you others. Go on with the fun! We shall be down presently."

He led the way out of the room, Livingstone following quietly, and Laurens *père* guarding the rear. Mr. Livingstone looked sternly ahead of him and saw nothing, but the youngest Laurens girl noticed that, as the three men disappeared, Miss Elizabeth Verney made a quick movement as if she would, at the last moment, stop them, then drew back as if she thought better of it. And

the girl noticed also that Miss Verney's face was troubled and, seemingly, a bit anxious.

Mr. Livingstone, in his prison cell above, heard the key turned on the outside of the door, and dropped into a chair with a little tired sigh. He was not thinking of the constable who was on his way to arrest him for theft, nor of the laborious explanations he would have to make to put things straight, nor yet of the evil glee of Jimmy Rogers which he knew awaited him. He was thinking of Miss Elizabeth Verney and of how she had denied all knowledge of him rather than submit to a joke.

"I wonder," he said, as his mind returned to his present troubles,—“I wonder if they've thought to guard that window.” He stepped quickly over to it and threw up the lower sash, leaning out into the dark. A man in cap and gaiters looked up from the snow beneath and produced something which flashed in the light from the lower part of the house.

"Now then!" he said, promptly. "None o' that, you know. Get back inside that window!" Mr. Livingstone drew back into the room with a growl of disgust. Then he straightened himself and listened. The key was turning slowly in the outside of the door. The door opened and a woman's figure appeared, looking in.

"Ah!" said Mr. Livingstone, under his breath. "Tardy attempt to make it up. Well, it's no good!"

But as the woman closed the door after her and came quickly across the room to where he stood, he saw that it was not his late *fiancée*, but the pretty Laurens girl. The room was but dimly lighted, and the girl came close to him, staring into his face with eager, excited eyes.

"I must not stay more than a moment," she said. "They'll miss me down there. For Heaven's sake, what is it all about? Elizabeth Verney is in it, I know that much, but what is it all about? Of course you're no thief! You didn't steal that ring. And equally of course you're no hungry tramp either. Won't you explain? I'm going to help you to get away."

"How do you know I'm not a tramp?" demanded Mr. Livingstone, hurt in his histrionic pride.



Drawn by W. D. Stevens

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"YOUNG MAN, WHERE DID YOU GET THAT RING?"



MR. LIVINGSTONE SCOWLED AT HER WITH A RESENTFUL GLOOM

The girl made an impatient gesture. "Oh, bother!" she said. "You're wasting time. Any one with half an eye could see that you're no tramp. Your hands give you away, for one thing, and, although you've tousled your hair, it's carefully cut and trimmed; and that coat isn't really ragged, it's made to look so; and—and a thousand other things. Would you mind telling me who you are?"

"My name's Livingstone," said he, sulkily,— "Gerald Livingstone."

The girl smothered a burst of laughter with her two hands over her mouth, while Mr. Livingstone scowled at her with a resentful gloom.

"And is this," she demanded, "another one of your and Mr. Jimmy Rogers's practical jokes?"

"It is," said Livingstone; "and I don't mind admitting to you that it is a melancholy failure. I begin to suspect that Jimmy Rogers meant it to be so. I begin to suspect that I have been the goat from the very beginning. The next time I feel called upon to play a joke on anybody," he said, with some bitterness, "it will not be on a woman. They don't play back."

"On a woman?" inquired the girl. "I don't under— Oh! You were playing some joke on Elizabeth Verney! I think I see. You're—engaged to her, aren't

you?—Yes, but—but I don't quite—" She stared up at him with serious, widening eyes. "She is engaged to you," said the girl, slowly,—"*engaged* to you, and yet, just because you try to play a little harmless joke on her, she allows us to think you a—*thief*, to have you arrested for stealing! She won't stop us and explain."

"Oh, well," he deprecated, "it—you see, I put her in a very unpleasant position. She hates practical jokes. She was—angry, you know."

"I can't see that that alters it," said the girl, gravely. "You were in her hands, and she— Ah, it's unbelievable!"

"And then, besides," argued Mr. Livingstone, "we aren't engaged, you know, now. She—she broke it off just the other day. I—didn't know she meant it seriously." The girl looked up with a little quick cry.

"Not engaged?" she said, half whispering. "You're really not engaged?"

"Well," said Mr. Livingstone, "did we look like engaged people this evening? No, I'm afraid it's all off." He did not seem at all cast down or saddened at the thought.

"You must—go," said the girl, still watching his face. "I will take you through to the other side of the house, where there is no one on guard. You must go." But she made no move to start. "How about that ring?" she asked, after a moment. "Did you really take it from father's pocket?"

"Eh?" said Livingstone. "The ring? Oh, there were two rings. Your father will find his somewhere about, I fancy; I bought mine in New York. They told me they had sold another like it. By the way—" He halted for an instant with an uncomfortable frown.

"What?" said the girl.

"Why—your father!" said he. "Your people. They'll be furious, won't they? Since the thing has turned out in this absurdly serious fashion I'm in the position of—of having downright insulted you all."

"You needn't worry," said the girl, laughing again. "They'll forgive you—gladly. You're—Gerald Livingstone. Everybody knows about you. You could have burned the house down if you liked. They'd still forgive you. And besides,

they need never know that it was you. You'll escape. They won't see you again. No one knows who you are but Eliz—Miss Verney and myself. She naturally will never tell, and I—"

"And you?" said Mr. Livingstone, bending his head to see her eyes.

"Why, I won't tell, either," said she. "So there you are. You win, after all, and it's a bigger thing than you'd hoped for. You will be able to make Mr. Jimmy Rogers hysterical with jealousy over it all."

"So I will, by Jove!" cried Mr. Livingstone, excitedly. "So I will! And," said he, "it's all *you*. I owe it all to you. What did you do it for?"

"Oh, I don't know," said the girl. "Just a fancy, I expect. Come, we must go!"

She led him out into the upper hall, leaving the door of the room ajar and the key on the floor as if it had been pushed out of the lock by some instrument from inside the room. And she took him to the other side of the house and down a narrow stair to an entry which he fancied must be near the back of the building.

"Here's the door," she said, looking up into his face. "You must go quickly before any one happens near." But she held the knob of the door and made no move to open it.

"By Jove!" said Mr. Livingstone, bending over her,—"*by Jove!* you're a—you're a—brick, you know! You—I've never known anything like you!"

"Nonsense!" said the youngest Miss Laurens, under her breath, but she did not open the door.

"Look here!" said Livingstone, after a moment. "I'm coming over to-morrow to make my peace with your people, to apologize and all that. Think they'll see me through?"

"Oh yes," said she. "We're—a bit new, you know, and you are Gerald Livingstone. Besides," she went on, "I don't see that it was so dreadful. It wasn't you made it unpleasant. But I don't see why— There's no need of your coming. You win as it stands now. You've no need to make peace with father."

"I want to come again," said Mr. Livingstone. "I want to come very often. By Jove! you—you *are* a brick, you know!" He put out his hand to hers,

which held the door-knob, and, imprisoning it, opened the door.

"I am glad you—think that," said the Laurens girl. "I'd rather you thought I was a—brick than—anything else I know of. Oh, you must go, before any one sees you!"

Mr. Livingstone, standing on the doorstep, raised the two hands of the Laurens girl to his lips, and the Laurens girl said in a gasping whisper: "Oh no, no, no!" But she didn't pull her hands away.

"I'm going," said Livingstone, "but I shall see you again to-morrow—"

A church-bell, very far away across the fields, began, just then, to ring.

"—No," said Mr. Livingstone, "*to-day*. That's midnight. And, why, it's Christmas, Christmas!"

He kissed the Laurens girl's hands again.

"You're a—you're a—*dear!*" said Mr. Livingstone as if he meant it. "Merry Christmas—*dear!*"

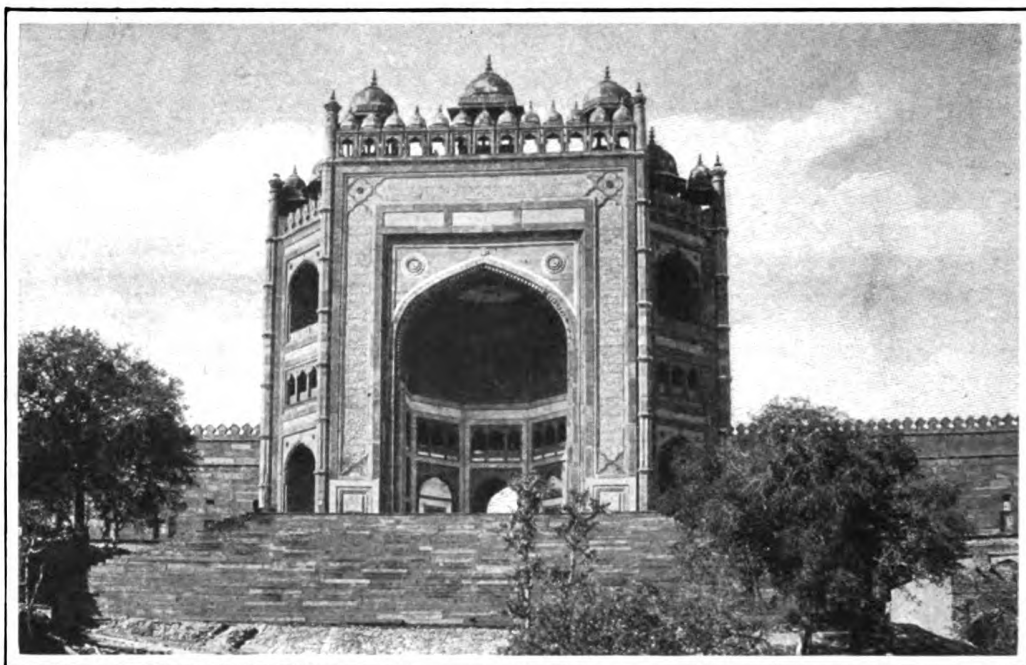
La Folie

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

HALF fun and half sorrow
Is La Folie,
There is no to-morrow
With La Folie;
And 'tis laugh while you may,
And weep when you must,
For we've only to-day,
And to-morrow we're dust—
Says La Folie.

Half good and half evil
Is La Folie,
Beware of the devil
In La Folie;
'Tis be good when you must,
And laugh all you can,
And put not your trust
In your enemy man—
Says La Folie.

Half tears and half laughter
Is La Folie,
O what comes after
For La Folie?
And 'tis give your heart,
Like a woman true,
And watch him break it
In half for you—
Says La Folie.



MAIN ENTRANCE TO FATEHPUR SIKRI

A Forgotten Capital of the Orient

BY CHARLES EDWARD RUSSELL

TWENTY-TWO miles by pony-tonga are nothing if by good hap you travel over one of the highways of Julal-ud-din Muhammed, "King of Kings and Shadow of God," because among the matters well understood of that sagacious monarch was the rare science of good roads. He did this for his own comfort, this hard, smooth, heavily shaded bit from Agra leading southwestward, for the fates decreed, rather strangely, that he should fare often that way, and he was one that, for all his gigantic and tireless exertions in the field, yet had mind at times upon his ease. It was he, Akbar the Great, to use the easy diminutive of his full hexametric name, who planted these trees across the baking level floor of India, and thereby cheered the heart of many a traveller who now goes up to the great sandstone ridge of Fatehpur Sikri and the bones of that good saint Sheikh Selim Chisti.

But while for the mere mortifying of

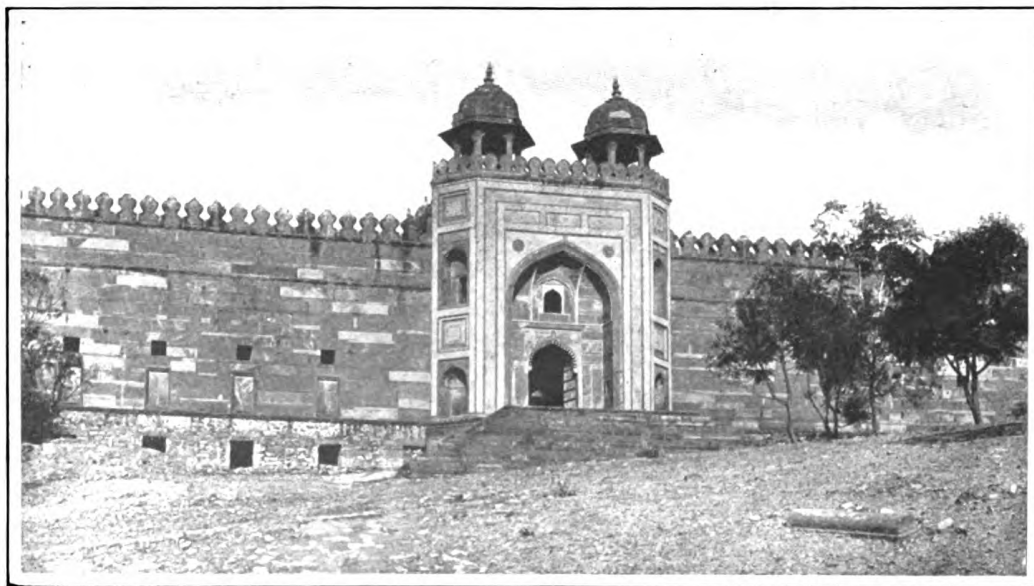
the flesh this be not a pilgrimage much to be commended, in all other respects it does well enough. You start from Agra in the morning, the tonga rolls like a billiard-ball, and, for India, with incredible swiftness; and in the shade of Akbar's trees, in the freshened morning air and the sweet coolness, you can forget your bad breakfast and even conveniently overlook the bony ryot and his mud hut, and oblivious to your surroundings, bowl on at peace—if only the driver lose not his way in the city or one of the tonga's two wheels come not off.

Two hours and a little more will do it, bringing you, with but one change of ponies, plump upon the huge and splendid gate of Akbar's old capital—the gate that once looked down upon the most gorgeous pageantry in the world. Up this road in the old days the lines of swaying elephants came, literally loaded with king's ransoms, and Akbar returned incalculably rich from his marvellous campaigning.

At this gate he was welcomed by his loyal subjects, and in that gallery overhead sat the musicians to play for his triumph. On this red sandstone three hundred years have left few marks. The gate is as it was in the days of the greatest of the Great Mughals; the magnificent wall of Fatehpur Sikri, seven miles long, stretches away to right and left; and through the arch you can see something of the splendid palaces and handsome courts that made this, in its time, the most beautiful of cities.

Formerly, on this sandstone ridge, you were lodged in the Record House of the lost Indian Empire, and slept, if at all, surrounded by the visible signs of Akbar's greatness. Then your cook made tea (very badly, no doubt) in the imperial hall, and your smoke helped to blacken the stone ceiling that was so justly framed and excellently wrought. But in these latter days the government has tardily built on the summit of the ridge a dak bungalow; and now, if you have brought bedding and mosquito-netting and ice and cooling drinks and other things here, you may simulate, though not too easily, the comforts of home. For so many as four days you may sit and, eating toast and buffalo butter, look through the low doorway upon the sizzling plains and the red walls visibly radiating heat and plague yourself with the baffling mystery of Fatehpur Sikri.

So far as you can go at all in these studies, the way is clear and inviting. As soon as the noonday heat is a little mollified you go forth to wander admiringly through the empty and silent streets of the city. From the great gate Akbar led the Via Sacra of his Rome past his mint on the right and his treasury on the left to his great Hall of Public Audience, the largest building of its kind in India—an imposing quadrangle 366 feet long and 181 feet wide. About three sides of this court are handsome single-storied cloisters, open towards the interior; and on the fourth is the audience-chamber proper, walled at the rear, open towards the court. In the centre is the raised and canopied platform where every day the Emperor sat to hear causes and to administer justice; for he alone was judge and jury. In adjoining spaces sat nobles, courtiers, and councillors after their order, and from these the Emperor was separated by screens of perforated stone—that marvellous work that puzzles and charms every Indian traveller. You know what it is, and how with a wire drawn back and forth the Indian patience has cut through sheets of stone the airy traceries of the most intricate designs, until the whole looks like petrified lace. But here, for almost the only instance in India, the cutting is done through red sandstone, and every observer stands amazed at the

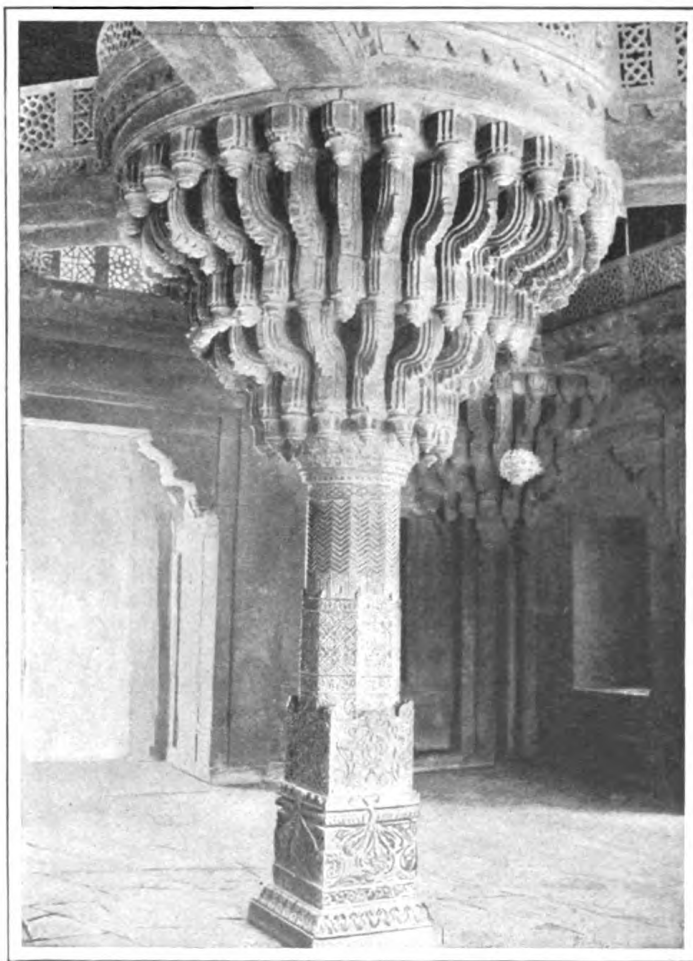


WALL OF FATEHPUR SIKRI

infinite variety of the complex geometrical patterns. Behind the Emperor's throne more screens partition a place for the ladies of the court, who were thus privileged to see unseen the administration of justice and the brilliant and many-colored spectacle of the courtyard. Splendid beyond anything then known among men all visitors declared the pageant, for the space before the throne was filled with gorgeous soldiery, long lines of the Emperor's guards were ranged past the cloisters, the robes, insignia, and hangings were incomparably rich and costly, and the wealthiest kingdom of the world strove here to make lavish display of its resources. All the theatre of this bewildering show is still here; only the actors and the stage-settings have vanished. Dais, colonnades, cloisters, court—all remain untouched of time; even as

you stand where Akbar sat you mark plainly down there to the left the great stone staple to which was tethered the elephant executioner, and you recall how many a wretch condemned by the Emperor-judge has been dragged thither shrieking, and by the great beast trampled to death in the faces of the gay assembly. Yet was Akbar, on just grounds, accounted most merciful of all Indian monarchs; he seems never to have slain wantonly nor from revenge, and his magnanimity shames the sorry record of Elizabeth or of any other of his European contemporaries. When one that from his hand had received every benefit revolted and led troops against him, the Emperor swiftly suppressed the rebellion, and capturing the traitor, disdained to take the least vengeance, but supplied his fallen enemy with means and sent him on a pilgrimage to Mecca.

But that strange wild boyhood of Akbar's, so full of incredible romance and vicissitude, when for years he was a wanderer and ate the salt and bitter bread of exile, doubtless taught him a wisdom he could in no wise have gathered from prosperity. For the story of his amazing successes, and how, still a boy, he reconquered his stolen kingdom, there is, of course, no parallel in history; but even stranger than his military genius, fit almost to be ranked with Cæsar's or Napoleon's, was his liberality as a ruler. His family was of the extreme faith of Mohammed; he was the eighth in line of descent from the fierce Tamerlane; but early in his reign he startled India by proclaiming the absolute freedom of religious faith and abolishing all religious persecution. In England the days of Queen Mary were still a poignant reminiscence; the Smithfield fires smoked in



PILLAR IN DIWAN-I-KHAS ON WHICH AKBAR ERECTED HIS THRONE
It stands in the centre of the building Above are visible the balconies
in which sat the four Counsellors of State



THE PANCH MAHAL
Place of recreation for the ladies of the court

men's nostrils; Elizabeth persecuted the Puritans; the Puritans persecuted the Quakers. Upon France had lately fallen the hideous blight of the massacre of St. Bartholomew; in Spain the Inquisition labored assiduously; elsewhere intolerance ruled undisputed. In the blackness of those times, Akbar seems to have shone with rare and grateful radiance.

To the Hall of Public Audience the common people came with their grievances, and for them, of a morning, the Emperor settled out of hand the disputed ownership of leases and adjudged the incorrigible debtor. This done, he was wont to retire to his Diwan-i-Khas, the Hall of Private Audience, or of Council. The palaces of all Eastern potentates contained these—the Diwan-i-Am for the trial of public causes and the relief of the common orders; the Diwan-i-Khas for matters of state and the receiving of ambassadors and powerful nobles. Akbar's Diwan-i-Khas was planned, as everything else in his monumental city, to be of its own kind and single. The small red sandstone building, some distance back of the Public Audience Hall, is handsomely carved within and without, and still shows in its centre the strong and elab-

orately ornamented pillar, perhaps ten feet high, whereon the Emperor placed his throne. From this seat he built slender stone walks, supported by carved brackets, and leading to the four corners of the chamber. In each corner sat one of the ministers of state, who, thus accessible for communication, were at the same time out of the centre of the stage, dearly beloved of the strenuous. Moreover, the arrangement had another advantage, of great practical value in a country where assassination was truly a fine art; for the Emperor's seat was reached by one flight of exceedingly steep and easily guarded stairs built into the wall, and once upon his pedestal he was out of the reach of any murderous suppliant below.

He had some taste for amusements, for all the grim nature of his daily labors; and outside the Diwan-i-Khas, on a raised platform connecting it with the other palace buildings, I found the huge parchesi-board he constructed of red and white stones, each three feet square, and in the centre an elevated seat whence he was wont to direct the movements of the game, in which all the pieces were impersonated by slave-girls of the court.

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Tradition, which has dealt as ill with him as with anybody else, has assigned to his merry moods also the planning of the next building in the palace group, which, in size and outward design not unlike the Diwan-i-Khas, he is declared to have set apart for the playing of hide-and-seek with the court ladies.

But at this, a guide-book intimation, the learned Ahmud Riis, who went with me through Fatehpur Sikri, and to whom all these things are as the lore of childhood, shook his head—not too vigorously, for it was towards the end of the Month of Fasting, and he, a true Mohammedan, had no strength to waste in useless gesticulations, but strongly enough to signify utter dissent.

"It is nonsense!" he said; "quite nonsense!" He has been in England, and managed to pick up and distort some English tricks of speech. "Should he, the greatest and wisest of monarchs, build a palace for a play-room? Look—I show you." He took me to a window-seat and pointed to a hole in it and then to places that looked like the remains of closets. "This was for jewels," he said, "and this for the court insignia. Hide-and-seek! they would make a joke of him, and he was serious-minded—always; a grave, kind man. Look at his picture; you shall see."

With his other cares, the Emperor seems to have had thought for the comfort of the ladies of his household; they must have fared rather well. The loftiest, the most commodious, and the most imposing of the palace buildings he designed for their sole delectation. Five stories constitute this Panch Mahal, each smaller than that below it, so that the top is a kind of cupola, and the whole suggests a Burmese monastery—an effect rather rare in Indian architecture. One of the stories of the Panch Mahal is supported by half a hundred columns, of which no two are carved in the same pattern. Yet the good taste of all—how faultless!

But in these days European visitors to Fatehpur Sikri usually scant all other wonders of the palace until they shall have seen the "house of Miriam," the so-called Christian wife of Akbar. Of this myth the origin is probably less mysterious than its extraordinary vitality, for it seems, in truth, immortal. My

Mohammedan friend sniffed scornfully at it, and said:

"You can make them believe anything about Akbar except that he had not a Christian wife. They come here and tell the guides about it. 'Four wives Akbar had,' they say, 'one Mohammedan, one Hindu, one Turkish, and one Christian—this Miriam. And here is where she lived.' You wait—I show you. It is nonsense, quite nonsense; but all the world seems to believe it, like truth."

Accepted tradition long ago declared "Miriam" to have been a Portuguese, sometime compromising with the impossible theory that she might have been a Portuguese half-caste of Goa, but usually averring pure European blood and always Christian faith. That the house declared to have been hers has among its mural paintings (an unusual form of decoration) the undeniable figure of a descending angel, easily believed to represent the Annunciation, is looked upon as conclusive evidence; and very likely even so filmy as this was the sole basis of the story. Mohammedans, to be sure, have no angels, and are strictly forbidden to picture or carve the image of any living thing, and Akbar was Mohammedan; yet the angel on Miriam's wall is as plain as may be. But the rest of the story is airy nothing. Miriam, so called, was really Mariam uz Zarnani, and she was not a Portuguese nor other Christian, but a native and princess of Jaipur in Rajputana. She was a Hindu, which was probably a sufficient eccentricity for any Mohammedan monarch. Mariam's house was gilded, lavishly painted, and surrounded with a garden. "Bir Bal's palace," another perfect specimen of Hindu architecture, presenting the square pillars, elaborately carved, the flat arches, and the profusion of images common in Hindu buildings, was erected for a wealthy native noble who was one of Akbar's friends and courtiers, and was killed in the imperial service. The Emperor's catholicity as to religion as well as friendship is shown again in this building, for here, as in Mariam's house, he retained all the emblems of the hated Hindu faith—the elephant, the monkey, the grotesque figures of Shiva, Brahma, and Kali. Another monarch reared as a Mohammedan would as lief have spoken ill

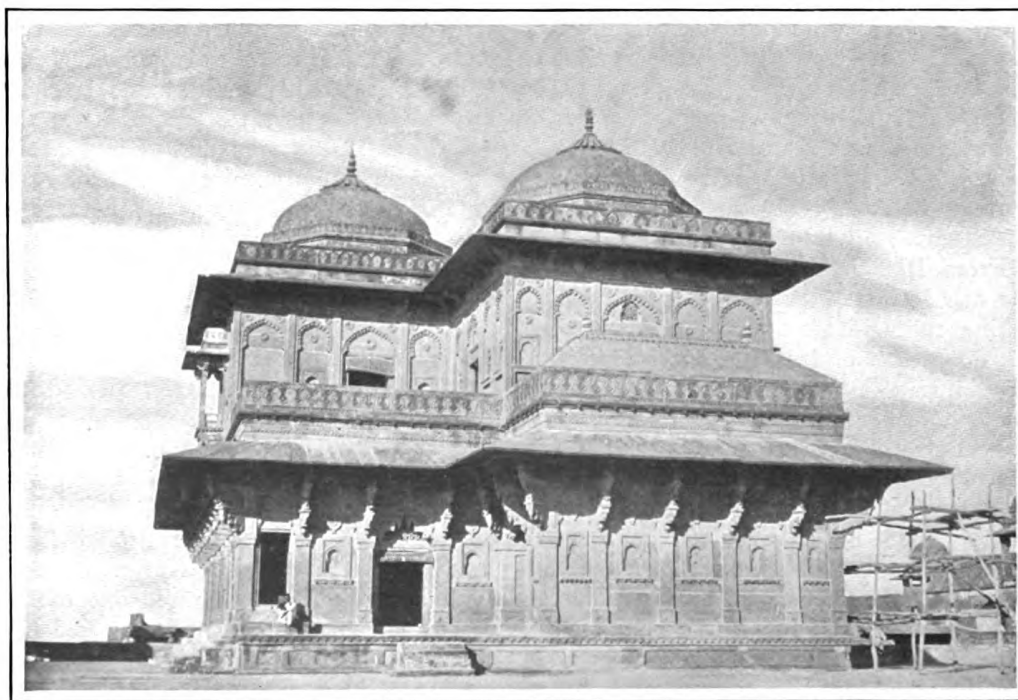
of the Prophet. For this Hindu wife he maintained, moreover, a priest of her own faith, who became one of Akbar's most intimate friends, and lodged in the imperial sleeping-apartments, no less!

Sultana Rakiyab, cousin and chief wife, lived in another house, now called the Palace of Jodh Bai, and one of the largest and most elaborate of the group, 232 feet long and almost as wide. The spacious reception-rooms, the infinite adornment of the Sultana's own chamber, the lavish outlay apparent everywhere, indicate that this building had the imperial architect's especial care. The Sultana's apartment has a fireplace—an addition, considering the climate, of exceedingly doubtful advantage. If the Sultana was of jealous disposition, she may have made more use of another feature of her dwelling, for at the rear a small room with stone-screen windows overhung Mariam's garden and commanded Mariam's residence.

For the Turkish queen, Akbar provided a house much smaller than Rakiyab's, but more lavishly decorated. Inside and out it is covered with carvings so intricate and beautiful as obviously to represent

the labor of years. Its one chamber is adorned with panels that seem unsurpassable for beauty, the sandstone showing reliefs as bold and fine as the Brienzy carvers make of wood. Even so early as this Akbar must have led all his court far from orthodoxy, for again on these panels are recurrent images of animal life, birds and beasts appearing as often as flowers. Yet the Turkish queen was certainly of strict Mohammedan training. Dear is the innovation now to eyes wearied by miles of the rigid rule as exhibited in mosques and tombs! Some odd but unmistakable resemblance to Chinese work in these carvings and even in the building's total design gave birth to a story that it was constructed by Chinese workmen. More likely, said Ahmud Riis, the Emperor, who seemed to know something of all architecture, chose a Chinese model to be used by his own skilled artificers. Sandstone would not seem the most promising material for these minute stems and filaments; but, except where mutilated by a fanatic, here it has wonderfully endured.

Compared with these marvels the Emperor's own dwelling, or Kwabgah, down



BIR BAL'S PALACE

Bir Bal was one of Akbar's favorite courtiers and lost his life in the Emperor's service

at the end of the irregular quadrangle of palaces and offices, looks commonplace—a two-storied structure, neither large nor sumptuous. You can climb to his bedroom, but you will not be much impressed by what is visible there. About the frieze are still to be seen remains of the paintings in which he took delight, and before one of them Ahmud Riis stopped, tapped his black cap, and declaimed with the satisfaction of one that has proved his point. The picture showed an angel, now much mutilated but once not ill done, and by the same hand, I should think, as the Annunciation on Mariam's house.

"What you say, eh?" said Ahmud. "If the angel proves Mariam a Christian, this proves Akbar a Christian also. Not? Well, I told you, it is quite nonsense."

Time and the fanatic have dealt so hardly with the other paintings that now no one can say what they showed beyond certain birds and flowers. Down-stairs, to the east, is the Emperor's dining-room, which is no great matter (since he ate but once in every twenty-four hours), and to the west is the apartment of the Hindu priest. He had a taste for poetry as well as for painting and architecture, this Emperor; you can still discern on his walls remains of quotations from the Persian poets, said to be judiciously selected. The covered ways that once connected the Emperor's house with the other palace buildings have been in recent years mostly demolished; I cannot guess why.

From Bir Bal's palace we went down the other side of the ridge to the plain, taking note of a powerful fortress that Akbar began, and at the special request of his friend, the good saint, left unfinished. Why the saint interfered nobody knows; perhaps he was a man of peace. Once at the bottom of the ridge, we came upon a strange round tower, seventy feet high, and thickly studded with elephant tusks done in stone. What it was meant for is one of the problems of Fatehpur Sikri, but in our day, at least, it serves to illustrate pleasantly the fact that in India you can make your own answer to every question. The accepted version of the tower's use is that safely ensconced upon its top Akbar was wont

to do his hunting, the game (mostly antelope) being driven by beaters past the intrepid huntsman. Either the story corrupted the tower's name, or a corrupted name originated the story. To visitors the place is called Hiran Minar (Deer Tower), but a mention thereof merely aroused the scorn of the learned Riis. The real name, he said, is Harem Minar, but that does not explain its existence. From its adornment of elephants' tusks arose a supposition that Akbar buried beneath it the body of his favorite elephant; which may be easily true. But he did not shoot antelope nor other game from its roof for the reason that in his day an artificial lake, now dry, rolled to the tower's foot.

Near by is a large octagonal well, from which an ingenious arrangement of Persian wheels lifted the water-supply to the place through which it was conducted by pipes.

The road from the well and the Karawan Sarai Akbar defended by a great elephant gate, since much marred by the fanatics; and following this road back to the ridge, we came upon the great mosque which is the centre of the city's interest and mystery. It is very large and very stately, it has an enormous court and sweetly proportioned domes, its architecture most interestingly combines certain Hindu types with purest Mohammedan forms; but the one feature that overtowers all others and would arouse amazement and admiration in any age or any place is the great High Gate, or Gate of Victory, certainly one of the most impressive portals of the world and one of the notable works of man's hands, deserving to be classed with the Taj Mahal and the Parthenon. The top of the arch is 130 feet high; the utmost summit is 160 feet; the spread of the entrance is 60 feet. The red sandstone columns seem unequalled for massive beauty even by the pillars of Milan or of Cologne. The ornamentation includes inscriptions from the Koran done in Arabic, and among them is one of this rather startling import:

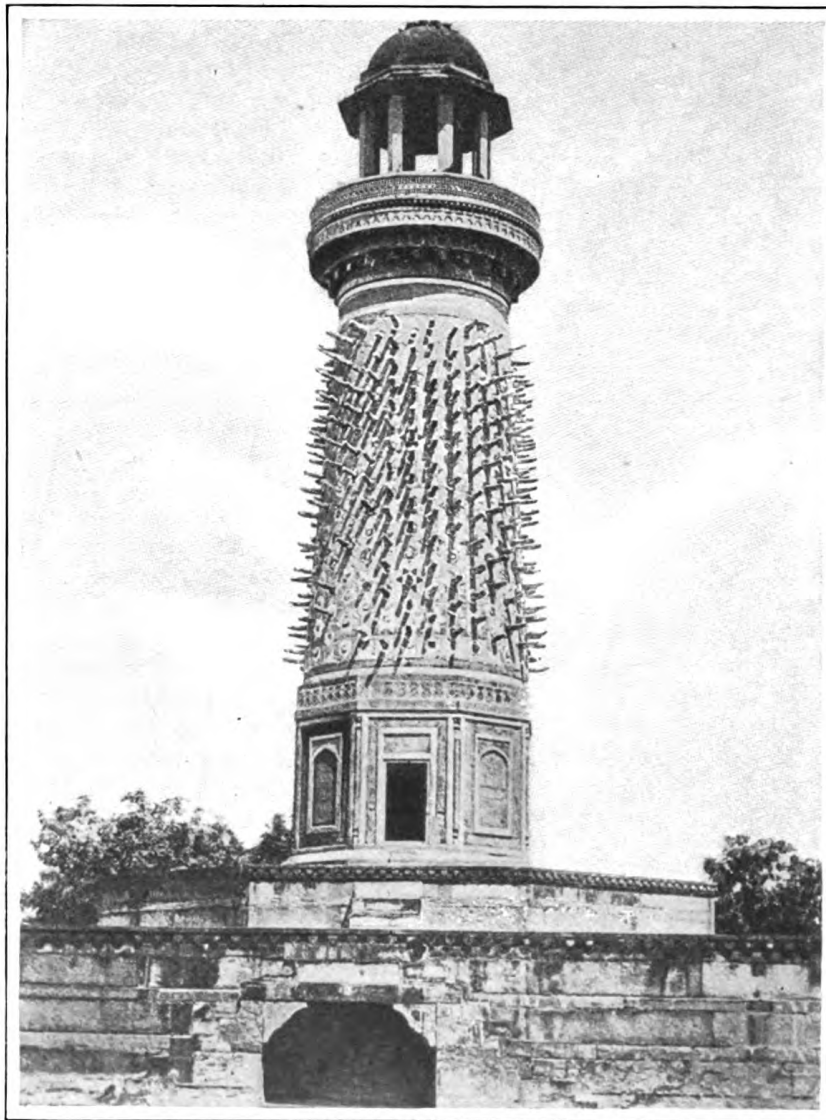
"Jesus, on whom be peace, said: The world is a bridge. Pass over it, but build no house upon it. The world endures but an hour. Spend it in devotion."

From the human and romantic point

of view, the interest of this spot centres in the graceful white marble tomb that stands at one side of the court of the mosque, for here is buried Sheikh Selim, saint of Fatehpur Sikri, and hardly a king in India or elsewhere has a burial-place so noble. The walls are all of that same screen-work cut in marble, each screen presenting a different design; the roof and cornice are exquisitely turned, and, within, the cenotaph, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, seems fit for a deity. And here we come with one leap upon the whole strange story of Fatehpur Sikri and

its fate, which turned in a way never to be revealed upon the man whose bones are hearsed in this magnificence. It was for him alone that this sandstone ridge became the capital of the vast Indian Empire, the centre of the golden East, the dazzling show-place of the most splendid of monarchs, and it may have been for him again that the city fell, though of that you shall be the judge.

With all his liberality in religion this excellent Emperor was exceedingly pious (in his way), and one of his most fervent inclinings was towards Mohammedan saints. To one that dwelt at Ajmir he made so many pilgrimages, mostly on



HAREM MINAR

The purpose of the tower is unknown. The projections are elephants' tusks

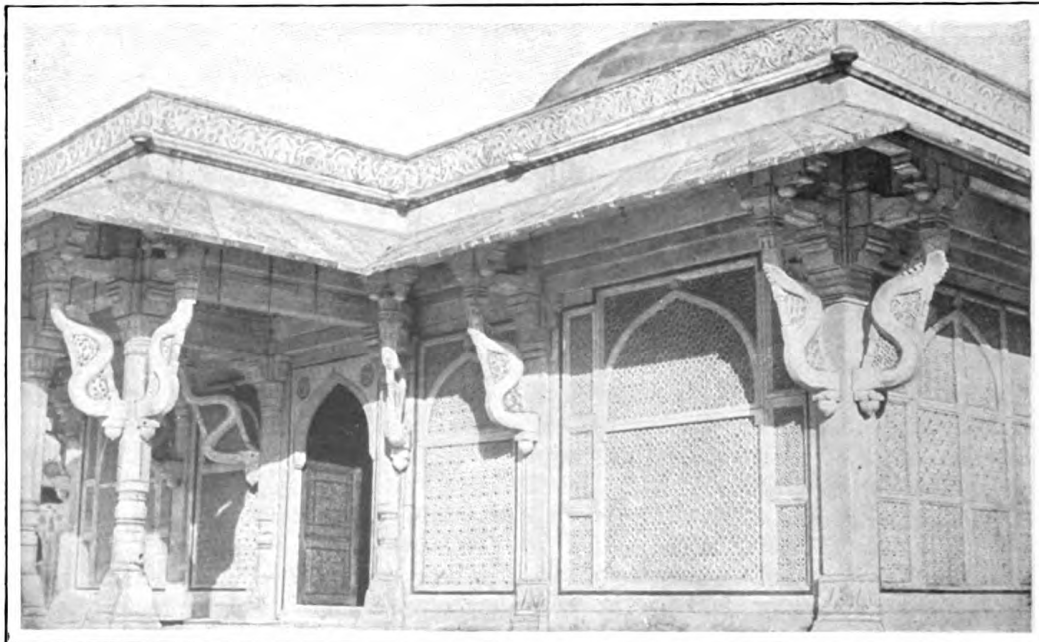
foot, that the road thither from his capital became known as "Akbar's way," and wherever else in his dominion one of the holy cloth was particularly famous he was reasonably certain of the imperial attention. Hence the saint of Fatehpur Sikri, at that time dwelling on the sand ridge in ascetic meditation, could hardly have escaped the Emperor's knowledge, because the saint was noted far and wide for learning and good works, and still more for successful intervention in the most important matter of male offspring. Now this was a subject on which Akbar was hardly sane. Fortunate in other respects, in this a black fate seemed to

pursue him. His sons died in infancy, his daughters lived and thrived; and he was consumed with desire to have a son for the succession of the empire. But, according to the story, the intercession of the good saint was amply rewarded in 1567, and a son was born in the imperial household that seemed likely to survive. Feeling a redoubled tie of friendship and gratitude, Akbar now desired to dwell always near one who had done so much for him, and therefore determined to move his capital to the ridge of sandstone.

Thus tradition and the trend of much conflicting testimony. Doubtless, like other men, he had more than one motive. He was now in the full tide of his glory, his mark was laid indelibly on India, the eyes of the world were turned upon him, and he resolved to build a city that, having grandeur and beauty commensurate with his fame, should endure to the ages as his monument. His plans must have been carefully matured through many years; hardly is there another extant example of a city built out of hand upon a scale so great and so wholly admirable. He was his own supervising architect, he selected and unified all the designs, and the wonderful result is as truly his creation as if it had been a poem of his dreaming.

The building of it was completed in 1571, and the imperial occupation took place. The beautiful city represented years of thought, the toil of thousands of the most skilled artisans of India had been spent upon it, the best architectural talent of that architectural age had brooded upon it; the result was one of the magnificent cities of the world, a kind of architectural dream, the ideal of uniform design and finish that has always seemed so impossible. It was the crown of Akbar's reign, the monument of his greatness, the expression of his glory and power.

Sixteen years Akbar, his court, and his people dwelt in Fatehpur Sikri. There might have been 250,000 inhabitants; I do not know; there was room for a million. And then in a day, as it were, the living part of all this glory vanished. The Emperor mounted his gem-laden elephant and rode away, the hangings were stripped from the walls, slim hands drew the jewels from those deep receptacles in the window-seats, the court ladies climbed into their curtained howdahs, the shopkeepers emptied their shops, the plain ordinary inhabitants betook themselves to bullock-carts or walked, and left the straight streets and beautiful courts of Fatehpur Sikri to the jackal.

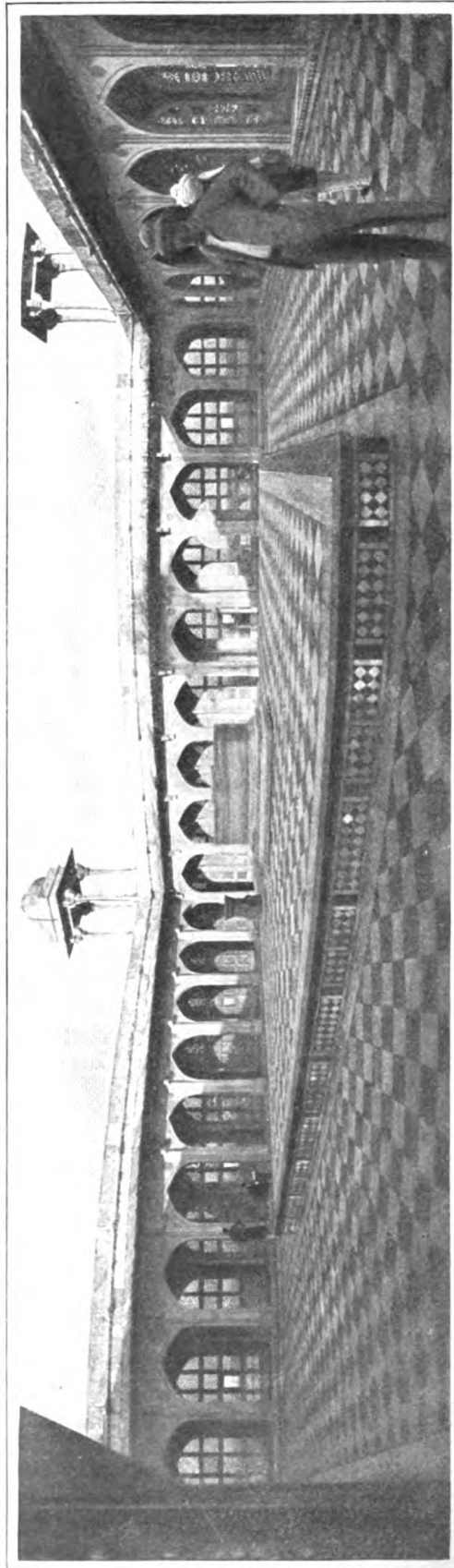


TOMB OF THE SAINT SHEIKH SELIM

The detail of decoration is all in white marble. The perforated stone patterns are among the best in India

The Emperor had ordered it. He had determined to make once more his capital at Agra. Why, no man may know. About the case of the plain, ordinary inhabitants, to be sure, there is no mystery; they went, poor, driven things! because they were commanded to go, and for the like sufficient reason would have marched into the sea or through fire. But as to what induced Akbar to abandon a creation so magnificent and famous, imagination fails. Fifty debated suppositions have fifty fatal flaws. Fitch, one of the four emissaries that the curious Elizabeth sent to spy out the strange land and make discoveries about Akbar, said that the water-supply proved brackish and unusable, but this has been denied by learned Mohammedans, like Ahmud Riis, who aver that the water-supply is still there, ample and good enough—for India. It has been urged that in sixteen years the sanitation of the place became intolerably bad; but the mind of man cannot grasp the idea that the sanitation of Fatehpur Sikri then was worse than the sanitation is now in Delhi, Agra, Cawnpore, Benares, or any one of one hundred Indian cities from which has never been an exodus. The unsanitary conditions that would expel an Indian population would smell to heaven and elsewhere. Learned Mohammedans have quite a different theory. They say that Sheikh Selim was now dead. For some time the Emperor endured the environment that was in so melancholy a way suggestive of his lost bosom friend, but finding that every sight did but remind him of his bereavement, he resolved to leave a place in which he had been happy and should now be happy no more.

Far-fetched and even fantastical as this may seem, I do not know that it is impossible, so complex and extraordinary was the character by which all these matters were determined. It appears that while the Mohammedan saint was truly his dearest friend and he was making pilgrimages to Ajmir, Akbar maintained intimate friendship with his Hindu priest and sat for hours with a Hindu garu, or teacher, and yet, meantime, was meditating heresy to both religions. For years he had dwelt much in his thought upon the relation of religion to human happiness. At different times he had



THE TOMB OF AKBAR, AT SIKANDRA, IN WHICH THE KOH-I-NOOR FORMERLY REPOSED

sent for Jewish and Christian philosophers and had listened studiously to their expositions and arguments. He now ended by founding a new religion of his own devising, the purpose of which was to combine the best ideas of Mohammedanism, Judaism, and Christianity. It had for its motto, "Allah-ud-dhin Akbar" ("God is greatest"), and its essential principles were the cardinal virtues and deism. While he lived his sect apparently sent root abroad and flourished, as very likely, considering his long sword, it would have flourished if it had been any other form of worship. But it was observed, even in his lifetime, that only one Hindu of note abandoned the religion of his fathers to accept the new dispensation, and at once upon its founder's death the sect collapsed.

Some other matters remain to be noted as of possible significance in these considerations. By this beautiful white marble mausoleum in the mosque there, Akbar sought to express his satisfaction with the good saint's intercession in the matter before referred to, for in the opinion of the Emperor the son of Queen Mariam survived to his wish and grew to man's estate, being subsequently the Emperor Jehangir. The phraseology seems peculiar, but is justified, since a considerable part of the present generation does not share the Emperor's belief in this matter. It appears that about the time Mariam's boy was born the saint also became the father of a fine son—celibacy, by the way, not being practised by the Mohammedan priesthood. The saint declared that if the imperial baby were delivered into his sole hands, he would guarantee its survival. Doubtless you see the materials for one of the most familiar of romances. One of the babies died, the other lived. According to the saint, he sacrificed his own son to save the life of his master's. The tomb of a baby, ostensibly and presumably the tomb of the saint's offspring, stands in a little court just back of the mosque, constituting a somewhat unusual honor. It is tolerable evidence that some infant died and was buried, but, perhaps not strangely, the belief is common about Fatehpur Sikri that even the high character of the saint was not proof against so great a temptation, and that when Akbar died the

imperial throne of India was mounted by a man of humble origin.

However this may be, certainly neither Jehangir nor any of his descendants bore resemblance to Akbar. Rather oddly, but a phenomenon not without precedent, when his grinding anxiety about an heir was relieved the Emperor had other sons; and, fact still more notable, the child for whom he had so ardently longed darkened the last years of his life by heading a rebellion and trying to depose him. The unfilial fashion thus set was continued by all the others of the imperial line to the sombre and barbarous Aurangzeb, who imprisoned his father seven years.

All these were strict Mohammedans: fanaticism and bigotry in startling contrast with Akbar's liberalism grew upon the Great Mughals, and when Aurangzeb came to the throne his chiefest delight seemed to lie in undoing the work of the "King of Kings." Fatehpur Sikri was then long abandoned to the things of the desert, the grass grew thick in its silent streets, but Aurangzeb's was the hand that mutilated in the beautiful city every work of art that did not conform to the strict and narrow Mohammedan precepts. He it was who broke in pieces the two excellent stone elephants once guarding the Elephant Gate, who with mallet and chisel ruined the carved birds and beasts in the house of Bir Bal and the house of the Turkish queen, and hacked the paintings that might have thrown additional light upon the state of art in India three hundred years ago.

But the beautiful city remains, the Pompeii of the Orient, the intimate record of a vanished civilization, the mute historian of life, manners, and conditions. Almost as Akbar left them the palaces still front the sun, the streets wind down the ridge, the towers and exquisitely turned minarets look keen and perfect against the blue sky. When their creator died men built for the Napoleon of India that great mausoleum at Sikandra of which the crown was the Koh-i-noor. His most perfect monument was the ideal he left of a government directed in the interests of the people and the dream of a universal brotherhood; but in things material there could be no apter expression of the better side of his character than the stone poems of Fatehpur Sikri.

The Ninety-Ninth Notch

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

YOUNG Eli Flack was in haste upon the road from Gaunt Cove to Burnt Harbor by night in a gale of wind and rain. It was a rough road scrambling among forsaken hills: a path made by chance, narrow and crooked, wind-swept or walled by reaching spruce limbs, which were wet and cold and heavy with the drip of the gale. Dark and the sweeping rain and the complaint of the black hills; the road, perverse to hurrying feet; the wind in the black sky; the mystery of the uninhabited places; the approach of death—these terrors made the child whimper his fright. It was blowing high from the northeast, and the night was black—noisy, restlessly driving: out of patience and to be feared. He ran—splashing through the puddles, stumbling over protruding rock, crawling over the hills: an unpitying course, over which he was whipped by fear and the need of haste. He tripped upon a root and went tumbling down Lovers' Hill, coming to in a muddy torrent from Quid Nunc . . . and presently, from the crest of the Cross Bones, he caught sight of the lights of the Burnt Harbor meeting-house: whereupon, like a pious Newfoundlander, he thanked the great white God for the unmerited mercy and forgot the terrors of the way. The meeting-house windows glowed warm and cheerful in the scowling night. . . .

Rain and cold were barred out of the Burnt Harbor meeting-house. It was warm in the bare interior, and bright with lamps; and the scream of the wind was in agreeable contrast with the snoring stove—the higher the wind, the heartier the stove. Parson Lute, of Yellow Tail Tickle, a genius in the strategy of conversion, was persuading the seven shepherds of Black Bay, gathered in district meeting to determine why the devil still persisted, and to devise ways and

means for ousting him from the hearts of the folk, and to report same to the impending conference—persuading them, every one, that the spread of saving grace might surely be accomplished, from Toad Point to the Scarlet Woman's Head, by means of unmitigated doctrine and more artful discourse. "Brethren," said he, with a snap of the teeth, his bony hand clenched and shaking above his gigantic head, "con-vict 'em! Anyhow. In any way. By any means. *Save 'em!* That's what we want in the church. Beloved," he proceeded, his voice dropping to a hissing whisper, his flaring eyes transfixing the six spellbound shepherds of Black Bay, "save 'em. Con-vict 'em!" His head shot forward; it was a red, bristly head, with the hair growing low on the brow, like the spruce of an overhanging cliff. "It's the only way," he concluded, "to save 'em!" He was a youngish man, threadbare and puckered of garment—a quivering little aggregation of bones and blood-vessels: with a lean, lipless, high-cheeked face, its pale surface splashed with freckles; green eyes, red rimmed, the lashes sparse and white; wide, restless nostrils. In the passion of argument or appeal, by some perversity of the gentle spirit within, his fantastic countenance turned fearsome; in repose, it was sweet-eyed and tender: so that it haunted the children of Yellow Tail Tickle in the dark, with the threat of damnation, but smiled upon them, to their delight, in the sunshine. "I'm hungry for souls!" he shouted from his seat, as an afterthought; and 'twas plain he would have said more had not a spasmodic cough put an end to his ecstasy.

"Praise God!" they said.

"'Low I got a cold," Parson Lute gasped.

Parson Stump, of Burnt Harbor, the secretary, who had the report to the conference in hand and ever ambitiously

in mind, made this note: "Church needs more soul-hunger."

"Good!" thought he, as he jabbed the period. "Soul-hunger. I'll use that."

Eli Flack knocked. "Some one at the door," the chairman drawled.

It had been a timid knock, according to the nature of the folk—scarcely asserting itself above the rattle of the windows, but repeated with greater courage.

"One moment," said Parson Stump.

Parson Wile, of Doubled Arm, who was upon his feet, clearing his throat, sat down, somewhat hurriedly. It was always the way, he mused—a fleeting impatience, at once forgot.

"One moment, Brother Wile," Parson Stump apologized, with a jerk of the head, "*if* you please!"

Parson Wile bowed.

"Brother Wile," the chairman declared, as he opened his pocket-knife, "you got the floor."

They waited in silence while Parson Stump tripped lightly over the worn cocoanut matting to the rear—perturbed, a little frown of impatience and bewilderment gathering between his eyes. The tails of his shiny black coat brushed the varnished pine pews, whereto, every Sunday, the simple folk of Burnt Harbor, cleansed of the sweat of the sea, came to be fed the wisdom of Parson Stump (which they called the bread of life), verily believing that they would not return empty. . . . And when he opened the door the wet wind broke in; it ran under the pews and chilled the shanks of the six shepherds of Black Bay, and made the lamps flare and smoke, and fluttered the papers on the table; intruding upon the warmth and peace of the place—a menace to fervor and deep thought. The six shepherds shivered; there was a little mutter of complaint: it concerned the draught. Parson Wile glanced at the wood-box—and, reassured, sighed without knowing it: the box was full to the brim. And he folded his arms, and dropped his head over his breast, and wondered whether or not the folk of Doubled Arm would in the name of God both feed and clothe his young ones through the winter. He was not aware of it, of course, but the problem was the most perplexing confronting him; the devil was as nothing to it.

"Dirty weather!" the chairman growled.

Presently Parson Stump returned. "Very awkward," said he. "Really, I'm very sorry." He scratched his head, fore and aft—bit his lip. "I'm called to Gaunt Cove," he explained, pulling at his nose. "I'm sorry to interrupt the business of the meeting, just at this time, but I don't see how it can be got around. I s'pose we'd better adjourn until such a time as—until such a time as I—"

"What?" said the chairman; and Parson Stump jumped at the click of the yellow teeth. "Adjourn?" the chairman inquired.

The chairman was a large man, heavily eyelidded, big-paunched, and of rather unfortunate manner; not, however, incongruous with his teeth and his paunch. He was inclined, even, as the six other shepherds whispered in one another's ears, to be domineering.

"Why, *yes*, brother!" Parson Stump mildly protested. "Adjourn until such a time as I—"

"Oh no, brother!"

Parson Stump was interested in the report for its own sake; also he had ingenuously made known his hope that the impression upon the conference might lead to his—

"No?" he asked, blankly.

The chairman blew his nose.

"But," complained the bewildered Parson Stump, "I'm the secretary!"

Upon which the chairman turned up his eyes and devoted his attention and the point of a knife-blade to an aged molar.

"No?" sighed Parson Stump.

"Oh no, brother! Brother Wile, you was about to give your impressions. Go right ahead. Brother Lute, you're a good hand with the pen; you be secretary. I guess you're able to write a report—and read it, too."

Parson Stump's larger sphere of usefulness vanished. "Well, brethren," he said, smiling bravely, "I can't very well *stay*. It's a case of—of—spiritual consolation."

"Ah!" ejaculated Parson Lute.

"And I—"

"Now, Brother Wile," the chairman interrupted, "we're ready to hear *you*."

"One moment!" said Parson Lute, rising. He struggled to suppress his cough.

"Excuse me," he gasped. And, "I don't quite see, brethren," he proceeded, "how this meeting can get along without the services of Brother Stump. It seems to me that this meeting *needs* Brother Stump. I am of opinion that Brother Stump owes it to the cause in general, and to the clergy of this district in particular, to report this discussion to the conference. It is my conviction, brethren, that Brother Stump—by his indefatigable industry; by his thorough acquaintance with the matters under discussion; by his spiritual insight into problems of this character; by his talent for expression—ought to be present through the whole of this discussion, in its entirety, and ought to present the views of this body to the conference *in person*." And, "Look here, Brother Stump," he concluded, turning: "why can't I make this call for you?"

Eli Flack, in the rear pew, with jaw hanging, wondered what it was all about.

"Well, of course, you *could*, Brother Lute," Parson Stump admitted, his face beginning to clear; "but really, I—"

"Oh, come now, brother!"

"Brother Lute," said Parson Stump, with sincere affection, "I don't like to think of you on the road to Gaunt Cove to-night. I tell you, it—it—goes against the grain. You're not well, brother. You're not well at all. And it's a long way—and there's a gale of wind and rain outside—"

"Come, come, now!"

"A *dirty* night," Parson Stump mused.

"But it's the Lord's business!"

"Of course," Parson Stump yielded, "if you *would* be so kind, I—"

Parson Lute's face brightened. "Very well," said he. "It's all settled. Now, may I have a word with you? I'll need some pointers." To the five shepherds: "One moment, brethren!"

They moved toward the rear. The chairman yawned, and began to run the point of the blade under his finger-nails. Parson Wile's thoughts slipped again to Doubled Arm. In the aisle, beyond hearing of Eli Flack, Parson Lute put his arm over Parson Stump's shoulder.

"Now," said he, briskly, "pointers!"

"Yes," Parson Stump agreed. "Well, you'll find my oilskins hanging in the hall. Mrs. Stump will give you the lantern—"

"No, no! I don't mean that. Who is this person? Man or woman?"

"Girl," said Parson Stump.

"Ah!"

Parson Stump whispered in Parson Lute's ear. Parson Lute raised his eyebrows. And the whisper had made him sad; but—

"Boy or girl?" he asked, again alert.

"Boy—a three-year-old."

"Has she repented?"

"No."

At once the battle light began to shine in Parson Lute's eyes. "I see," he snapped. "This the first?" he demanded.

"No—I can't say that it is. Really, it's rather a depraved case, I'm afraid. The first one died. She's a simple person—not altogether idiotic, of course; just a bit simple. And after 'it died she missed it so much that she—well, she wanted anoth—"

"I see," Parson Lute hastily interrupted. "An interesting case. Very sad, too. And you've not been able to convict her?"

Parson Stump shook his head.

"No impression whatever?"

It was inconsiderate of Parson Lute, Parson Stump thought, to compel a confession so humiliating; but—

"No, brother," he answered.

"Ever converted before?"

"Twice."

"Cause of backsliding?"

"I have told you, brother."

"I see," said Parson Lute, tapping his nose reflectively. "Well, I think I may be able to do something." He began to crack his finger joints. "Tried everything you know?" he asked.

"Yes, brother."

Parson Lute's thin lips drew away from his teeth. "I'll get at her through the child," he muttered. "That's it! I'll get at her through the child!"

"God bless you, brother!"

"God bless you, *dear* brother! Pray for me."

Parson Stump's eyes were turned upon the chairman. "Yes, brother," said he, doubtfully, "if—"

"God bless you!"

They shook hands; and Eli Flack, who had been observing the rise of emotion with some apprehension, was glad, indeed, that it had gone no further.

By night, in a gale of wind and rain

from the northeast, was no time for Parson Lute, of Yellow Tail Tickle, to be upon the long road to Gaunt Cove; nor even for a layman consumptive—nor for any other man. But the rough road, and the sweep of the wind, and the steep ascents, and the dripping limbs, and the forsaken places, lying hid in the dark, and the mud and torrents, and the knee-deep, miry puddles, were not perceived by Parson Lute while he stumbled on in the wake of Eli Flack, a shifting circle of yellow light comprehending the whole earth. He was praying—importunately, as it is written: this, that he might save the soul of the Gaunt Cove girl. She was dying. “Dyin’, zur, I ’low,” Eli Flack had said; “an’ I ’low ’twouldn’t s’prise *me* a wonderful lot,” he added, in disgust, “if she goes an’ doos it afore we gets there.” Parson Lute, to whom death was infinitely different, made this swift interpretation: her soul was escaping. And he made haste; he would pause only at the crests of the hills—to cough and to catch his breath. Eli Flack was hard driven that night—straight into the wind, with the breathless parson forever at his heels. It puzzled him; the dogged haste of this exalted man gave strange importance to the concerns of ’Melia Mull, at whom he had often thrown the entrails of fish, with playfully accurate aim. . . . And at the Cock’s Crest, whence the road tumbled down the cliff to Gaunt Cove, the wind tore the breath out of Parson Lute; and the noise of the breakers, and the white of the sea beyond, without mercy, contemptuous, confused him utterly. He fell. . . .

’Melia Mull had rallied: her breath came without wheeze or gasp; the beating of her broken-down heart no longer shook the bed. They had troubled her with questions—and she was now turned sullen: lying rigid and scowling, with her eyes fixed upon the whitewashed rafters, straying only to keep watch on an ill-tempered child, which sprawled on the floor and would not come to her. She was young—a big maid, with a round, flat face, set with dull blue eyes, sunk deep and unequally; and her lip was cleft, her chin misplaced, her forehead indented and asymmetrical. . . . The cot-tage was set on a ledge of the cliff; it

sagged toward the edge, as if to peer at the breakers; and clammy little draughts stole through the cracks in the floor and walls, and crept about, curiously searching out the uttermost corners. The room was cold. It was a poor place—a bare, unkempt, disjointed box of a room, low-ceiled and shadowy, the walls pasted over with faded newspapers; with an outlook upon the sea through one small window, black-paned and whipped with rain and spray. . . . But ’Melia was better. There was no doubt about it. Skipper Thomas Mull, asleep by the kitchen stove, was not there to know; but the five women of Gaunt Cove, who had gathered to ease and observe her departure (she was motherless), agreed that she might once again weather it out.

“If,” Aunt Phœbe Flack qualified, “she’s let *be*.”

“Like she done last time,” said William Buttle’s wife. “Ah, this heart trouble! You never knows. ’Tis slow an’ suddent. I ’low our watchin’s wasted. She’ll be up an’ about afore us knows it.”

“If,” Aunt Phœbe repeated, “she’s let *be*.”

“Hark!”

“’Tis the parson,” said Aunt Phœbe, “comin’ down from the Cock’s Crest.”

Parson Lute left his oilskins in the kitchen. When he entered he came softly, wiping the rain from his face and hands, ’Melia’s father at his heels. He was worn out and downcast, for no inspiration had been vouchsafed in answer to his prayer. The five women of Gaunt Cove, taken unaware by this stranger, stood in a flutter of embarrassment. He shook hands with them, and upon each bestowed a whispered blessing—being absently said, however; and they sat down and smoothed their skirts and folded their hands, all flushed and shaking with expectation: after all, the watching was not to be fruitless of entertainment. Parson Lute was for a moment unnerved by the critical attitude of his audience—made anxious for his reputation; a purely professional concern, inevitably habitual. In response, he felt the stirring of inspiration, which failed as he turned to ’Melia Mull and realized her deformity and came near the bed. The Lord had set him a hard task, he thought;

but he had no contempt, no lack of love, for the soul the Lord had given him to lose or save; he was earnest and kind.

"Child!" he said tenderly.

'Melia Mull threw the coverlet over her head, so that only the tangled fringe of her black hair was left to see; and she began to laugh. She was half-witted—poor wretch! Parson Lute uncovered the head, and gently withdrew from 'Melia Mull's mouth a corner of the sheet with which she had tried to stifle her merriment. It was wet; he wiped his hand on the skirt of his coat. 'Melia turned her face to the wall.

"You isn't Parson Stump," she tittered.

"Turn your face this way," said Parson Lute.

She laughed uproariously.

"This way," said Parson Lute.

'Melia Mull wriggled her shoulders and wriggled her toes. "Go 'way!" she tittered. "Go on with you!" She hid her flaming face. "You didn't ought t' see me in bed!" she gasped. "Go 'way!"

"My child," said Parson Lute, patiently, "turn your face this way."

She would not. "Git out!" said she.

"This way!" Parson Lute repeated.

It had been a quiet, slow command, not to go unheeded. The five women of Gaunt Cove stiffened with amazement. They exchanged glances—exchanged nudges. The laughter ceased. All the women of Gaunt Cove waited breathless. There was silence; the commotion was all outside—wind and rain and breakers; a far-off passion, apart from the poor comedy within; the only sound in the room was the wheezing of the girl on the bed. 'Melia turned. Her brows were drawn, her eyes angry; the cleft lip was lifted. Aunt Phœbe Flack, from her place at the foot of the bed, heard the ominous wheeze in her throat and observed the labor of her heart; and she was concerned, and nudged William Buttle's wife, who would not heed her.

"'Tis not good for her," Aunt Phœbe whispered.

"'Sh-h!" was the impatient response.

"Now," said the parson, "hear the word of the Lord!"

"You leave me be!" 'Melia Mull complained.

Parson Lute took her hand—a great

rough hand, with distorted fingers, and sore cracks on knuckles and palm. It was in his mind to stroke it comfortingly. But at once she broke into bashful laughter, and he dropped it—and frowned.

"Child," he cried, in distress, "don't you know that you are dying?"

Her glance ran to the child on the floor. The boy was sound asleep, lying on his back, with his mouth open and his arms flung out. She turned to the parson—an apathetic gaze fixed upon his restless nostrils.

"How is it with your soul?" he asked.

Her glance moved swiftly to his eyes, and instantly fled to his red hair, where it remained, fascinated.

"Are you trusting in your Saviour's love?"

She listlessly stared at the rafters. He was hopeless of arousing her, but would yet try.

"Have you been washed in the blood of Jesus?" he asked.

The child began to cry. 'Melia Mull's apathy vanished. "Give un here," she said.

"No, my child," the parson gently protested. He was unwise—that is all; he did not understand, and is not to be blamed. In all that occurred at the bedside of 'Melia Mull that night he followed the leading of love and high desire; he was not reprehensible—he was only mistaken. "This is not the time," said he. He bent over her and touched her hand, his voice falling to a tender, wistful whisper. "Turn your heart away from these earthly affections," he pleaded. "Fix your eyes upon Jesus."

"I wants the baby," she gasped.

"You have no time, my child, to think of him."

"I wants the baby."

"Nay," the parson gently chided. "Oh," he implored, overcome by a sudden realization of the nature and awful responsibility of his mission, "think of your soul!"

"I wants the baby!"

Aunt Phœbe rose.

"No," said the parson, quietly.

Aunt Phœbe sat down again. Four women of Gaunt Cove caught their breath. They were wise, and wondered. Aunt Phœbe's teeth snapped. Thomas Mull snored; he had fallen asleep in his

chair—he was not heartless; it was late, and the day's toil had utterly exhausted him. A gust of wind shook the house to its crazy foundations and drove the crest of a breaker upon the window-panes, but the emotions within were absorbing.

"Give un here!" 'Melia Mull pleaded.

"Fix your eyes upon Jesus," begged the parson.

Surpassing incongruity—the tender name spoken in pitifully ignorant seeking of a consummation in itself beyond reproach!

"Trust Him, my child."

All the anger had gone out of 'Melia Mull's eyes. They were filled with wonder and apprehension. Flashes of intelligence appeared and failed and came again; with her poor botch of a mind she desperately tried to solve the mystery of this refusal. Some delusion possessed her. Alarm changed to despair. She rose in bed, but put her hand to her heart and fell back.

"Give un to me!" she whimpered.

Aunt Phæbe Flack, being of a practical turn, not to be overcome by religious spectacle, observed that however salutary this excitement for the soul of 'Melia Mull, it was directly opposed to the welfare of her body.

"He better stop it!" she muttered.

There were four simultaneous snorts of indignation. Four women of Gaunt Cove murmured against her. Eight eyes were turned up, eight hands lifted.

"He's *savin'* her!" William Buttle's wife whispered, excitedly. "He'll convict her. I 'low he will." Elsewhere born, she would have been willing to wager it. "You watch," said she. "You jus' wait an' see."

"An' Parson Stump couldn't," Jinny Tool suggested. "I seen un wrastle with she for an hour an' forty-three minutes. So there now!"

Eight Gaunt Cove eyes regarded the parson from Yellow Tail Tickle with unspeakable admiration. Four Gaunt Cove hearts deliciously fluttered. There was a little stir; the four Gaunt Cove bodies had been more comfortably settled in the hard chairs.

"Well," Aunt Phæbe drawled, "he better look out."

"But he'll *save* her!" William Buttle's wife complained.

"Now, do give un a chancet," said Jinny, tartly. "For gracious' sake, shut your mouth!"

'Melia Mull's hair had fallen over her eyes. It was luxuriant, glossy, alluring as mysterious shadows; her only beauty—the hand of God had not fashioned a greater glory of that kind, but her affliction had saved her at least from the disquietude of this vanity. The parson brushed it back. She shuddered. Her skin shrank from his touch. But it was still a tender touch—animated by love and truest concern. Parson Lute courageously faced the problem of 'Melia Mull—for which his philosophy had no answer, though he did not know it. She could not save herself: her weakness appealed to him; with his whole heart he longed for her salvation. The hearts of men contain no love more sweet and valuable. But—

"Do you know the portion of the wicked?" he asked, softly, without harshness whatsoever.

"Yes, zur."

"What is it?"

She sought to placate him. "Hell," she answered.

"And are you prepared for the change?"

It was a familiar question. 'Melia's conversion had been diligently sought. At Gaunt Cove there was the impression that merit might be won in that way. Parson Stump had troubled her, and Thomas Mull, her father, and all the women of Gaunt Cove; and each had been jealous of the other. But the lean face of Parson Lute, and the fear of what he might do, and the solemn quality of his voice, and his sincere and simple desire, so impressed 'Melia Mull that she was startled into attention.

"Yes, zur," she said.

It puzzled Parson Lute. He had been otherwise informed. The girl was surely not in a state of grace. She had not repented.

"You have cast yourself upon the mercy of God?" he asked.

"No, zur."

"Then how, my child, can you say that you are prepared?"

There was no answer.

"You have been washed in the blood of the Lamb?"

"No, zur."

"But you say that you are prepared?"

"Yes, zur."

"You have repented of your sin?"

"No, zur."

Parson Lute turned impatient. "And yet," he demanded, "you expect to go to heaven?"

"No, zur."

"*What!*" cried Parson Lute.

"No, zur," she said.

Parson Lute was incredulous. "To hell?" he asked.

"Eh?" said 'Melia Mull.

"To *hell*?"

'Melia Mull hesitated. By some direct and primitively human way her benighted mind had reached its determination. But still she hesitated—frightened somewhat, it may be, by the conventionality of Gaunt Cove and Burnt Harbor.

"Yes, zur," said she. "Most men goes there."

"But you," said he, in amaze, "are not a man!"

Again her glance ran to the child. "The baby is," she said. "I lost the first. She was a girl. An' I 'low," she explained, with a gesture toward the blubbling child on the floor, "I don't want t' be parted from he!"

Four women of Gaunt Cove gasped.

Parson Lute was overcome by this impiety. He was not unkind, not lacking in compassion and simple understanding, but he was a parson, fettered by the ancient customs which still linger in far-off places. He dropped on his knees beside 'Melia Mull's bed and began fervently to pray aloud. Four women of Gaunt Cove kneeled with him; but one sat upright, with an eye upon 'Melia Mull's breast, which was significantly heaving, and upon her throat, where the great vein had begun to beat. . . . The wind rose; it was a big wind, unopposed by tree or hill; the cottage trembled, and the gale whistled and sang, and the spray was dashed against the black window, and the breakers were noisy with swish and thud below. . . . And the parson prayed for the soul of the half-witted 'Melia Mull, that it might pass through the gates of bliss and be there restored to propriety of view and of feeling. It was a heartfelt prayer of-

fered in faith, according to the enlightenment of the man who made it, and was not to be denied—a cry for guidance, that the soul of the woman might be saved from eternal torture by fire. And while he prayed in this wise, an inspiration came to Parson Lute. His emotion was such, his longing so real and intense, that, according to his experience, the inspiration was not unexpected. The child! Of course, the child; he would get at her through the child! He was now sure of the way, and he thanked God and rose, his impoverished body shaking, for he was now sure of the leading of the Lord God Almighty. . . .

The end was soon in coming. It was inevitable, and had been; for soul-hunger has little enough to do with bodies. In innocence, in faith, giving devout thanks to the good Lord, Parson Lute proceeded to practise his inspiration.

"Take the child away," said he.

Aunt Phœbe would not budge from her place. "You better mind what you're about," said she, but so gently that the excited parson did not hear.

"You!" said Parson Lute.

"Don't take un away!" 'Melia Mull begged. "He's wantin' his mother." The parson's finger was levelled at Jinny. She got up with alacrity. It was interesting, this participation in the salvation of the soul of half-witted 'Melia Mull.

"Leave un be!" said 'Melia Mull. "For God's sake, parson!"

"Take him away!"

It was merely an illustration that Parson Lute intended. He would show the sodden soul of 'Melia Mull the bitterness of separation. She would complain. How much greater, then—how much more awful,—would be eternal separation from the Lord God Almighty! He designed to illustrate an argument—no more than that. It did not occur to him that the girl was physically unable to bear the strain; indeed, he did not know. Her soul was his only concern. That she should suffer the ultimate thing because her child was taken to the kitchen did not enter his mind.

"What you goin' t' do with un, parson?"

"Take him away!" the parson commanded.

Jinny carried the screaming child into the kitchen. 'Melia Mull's heart began to work beyond its strength. She made as if to throw off the coverlet and follow, but she was unable. Then she got cunning.

"You better look out!" Aunt Phæbe muttered.

The parson put his face close to 'Melia Mull's. "Thus," said he, "will the Lord God Almighty separate a sinful woman from Himself. Repent!" he cried. "Repent!"

She thought he meditated the destruction of the baby; she was only an idiot.

"Repent!"

"I'll repent," she gasped. "What you goin' t' do with un? Don't hurt un, parson. Bring un back," she moaned. "I'll repent. Oh, bring un back! For God's sake, parson!" The deception was not beyond her power; she had been converted twice; she was used to the patter of the penitents' bench, as it is known in Burnt Harbor. "Lord have mercy upon me!" said she, despairing. "Jesus save me! Wash me and I shall be whiter than snow!" She had a calculating eye on the face of Parson Lute. "I believe, O God!" she cried, watching him closely for some sign of relenting. "Help Thou my unbelief." The parson's face softened. "Jesus save me!" she whispered, exhausted. "Save my soul! I repent. Save my soul!" She summoned all her strength, for the parson had not yet called back the child. "Praise God!" she screamed, seeking now beyond doubt to persuade him of her salvation. "Hallelujah! Saved by the blood of the crucified Lamb! I repent! Hallelujah! I'm saved! I'm saved! I'm saved!"

"Praise God!" Parson Lute shouted.

'Melia Mull swayed and threw up her hands and fell back—dead.

"I knowed it," said Aunt Phæbe, grimly.

Parson Lute did not know that he had killed the girl. He thought the Lord had taken her, at His own appointed hour, and he was glad that he had come in time. . . .

In the Burnt Harbor meeting-house, when Parson Lute returned, the six shopherds of Burnt Bay were sitting by the stove: a jolly lot, now that the day's

work was done. Parson Stump helped Parson Lute off with his oilskins and led him to the stove and gave him a seat on the wood-box, and patted him on the back and on the head, and patiently waited until the spell of coughing had passed.

"How is it with her, brother?" he whispered.

"She is with the redeemed!"

Parson Stump grasped Parson Lute's hand. "Praise God!" he said. "How can I thank you?"

The five shepherds listened.

"It's the ninety-ninth," Parson Lute whispered.

All the shepherds were glad that another soul had been saved from the lake and the worm.

"Ninety-nine!" Parson Stump marvelled. For the briefest space he was envious, then no longer; indeed, he rejoiced that 'Melia Mull was with the redeemed. "Ninety-nine!" he repeated. "Ninety-nine!"

"Ninety-nine," Parson Lute assured him. "I am very happy to-night."

"Good!" cried the chairman. "First rate, brother! Praise God!"

The chairman threw back his head and opened his mouth, and once more pressed the point of the knife-blade into service.

"Very happy," Parson Lute whispered, smiling; "but, oh, so very, very tired!"

He sighed. . . .

Late that night, when poor Parson Lute lay wakeful in the little room at Jacob Worth's cottage by the Tickle, he was strangely troubled in mind. He could not sleep—the cough and fever and sweat of his disease would not give him rest; and the rain and wind and the noise of the sea filled the world. So he raised the pillows and sat up in bed; and there, alone in the dark, in an agony of weakness and distress, he mused upon the salvation of 'Melia Mull. And he was troubled—strangely troubled in heart and mind. He felt the need, then, in his weakness, of his mother's hand. He longed for that—the soothing touch of her hand; the peace which her love and presence never failed to bring. And 'Melia Mull? She had died. What of her? Parson Lute wondered, in great trouble, while he waited for the morning.

"I wonder," he thought, "if—"

Day and Night

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

BRIGHTER than yonder orbèd fire, afar,
The spirit's light;
The heart, love-kindled, not the star,
Lamps the night.

It is the soul that sheds the very day,
Not the sun,—
The best thing said that love can say,
The best deed done.



Editor's Easy Chair

TWO aging if not aged poets, one much better if not much older than the other, were talking of the Muse as she was in their day and of the Muse as she is in this. At the end, their common mind was that she was a far more facile Muse formerly than she is now. In other words, as the elder and better poet put it, they both decided that many, many pieces of verse are written in these times, and hidden away in the multitude of the magazines, which in those times would have won general recognition if not reputation for the authors; they would have been remembered from month to month, and their verses copied into the newspapers from the two or three periodicals then published, and if they were not enabled to retire upon their incomes they would have been in the enjoyment of a general attention beyond anything money can buy at the present day. This conclusion was the handsomer in the two poets, because they had nothing to gain and something to lose by it if their opinion should ever become known. It was in a sort the confession of equality, and perhaps even inferiority,

which people do not make, unless they are obliged to it, in any case. But these poets were generous even beyond their unenvious tribe, and the younger, with a rashness which his years measurably excused, set about verifying his conviction in a practical way, perhaps the only practical way.

He asked his publishers to get him all the American magazines published; and has the home-keeping reader any notion of the vastness of the sea on which this poet had embarked in his daring exploration? His publishers sent him a list of some eighty-two monthly periodicals in all kinds, which, when he had begged them to confine it to the literary kind, the æsthetic kind only, amounted to some fifty. By far the greater number of these, he found, were published in New York, but two were from Philadelphia, one from Boston, one from Indianapolis, and one even from Chicago; two were from the Pacific Slope generally. That is to say, in this city there are issued every month about forty-five magazines devoted to *belles-lettres*, of varying degrees of excellence, not always connoted

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by their varying prices. Most of them are of the ten-cent variety, and are worth in most cases ten cents, and in a few cases twenty-five or thirty-five cents, quite like those which ask such sums for themselves. The cheapest are not offensive to the eye altogether, as they lie closed on the dealer's counter, though when you open them you find them sometimes printed on paper of the wood-pulp, wood-pulpy sort, and very loathly to the touch. Others of the cheapest present their literature on paper apparently as good as that of the dearest; and as it is not always money which buys literary value, especially from the beginners in literature, there seemed every reason for the poet to hope that there would be as good poetry in the one sort as in the other. In his generous animation, he hoped to find some good poetry on the wood-pulp paper, just as in the golden age he might have found it carved by amorous shepherds on the bark of trees.

He promised himself a great and noble pleasure from his verification of the opinion he shared with that elder and better poet, and if his delight must be mixed with a certain feeling of reserved superiority, it could hardly be less a delight for that reason. In turning critic, the friendliest critic, he could not meet these dear and fair young poets on their own level, but he could at least keep from them, and from himself as much as possible, the fact that he was looking down on them. All the magazines before him were for the month of January, and though it was possible that they might have shown a certain exhaustion from their extraordinary efforts in their Christmas numbers, still there was a chance of the overflow of riches from those numbers which would trim the balance, and give them at least the average poetic value. At this point, however, it ought to be confessed that the poet, or critic, was never so willing a reader as writer of occasional verse, and it cannot be denied that there was some girding up of the loins for him before the grapple with that half-hundred of magazines. Though he took them at their weakest point, might they not be too much for him?

He fetched a long breath, and opened first that magazine, *clarum et venerabile nomen*, from which he might reasonably

expect the greatest surprises of merit in the verse. There were only two pieces, and neither seemed to him of the old-time quality, but neither was such as he would himself have perhaps rejected, if he had been editor. Then he plunged at the heap, and in a fifteen-cent magazine of recent renown he found among five poems a good straight piece of realistic characterization, which did much to cheer him. In this, a little piece of two stanzas, the author had got at the heart of a good deal of America. In another cheap magazine, professing to be devoted wholly to stories, he hoped for a breathing-space, and was tasked by nothing less familiar than Swift's versification of a well-known maxim of La Rochefoucault. In a ten-cent magazine, which is too easily the best of that sort, he found two pieces of uncommon worth, which opened the way so promisingly, indeed, for happier fortunes, that he was not as much surprised, as he might later have been, in finding five poems, all good, in one of the four greater, or at least dearer, magazines. One of these pieces was excellent landscape, and another a capital nature piece; if a third was somewhat strained, it was also rather strong, and a fourth had the quiet which it is hard to know from repose. Two poems in another of the high-priced magazines were noticeable, one for sound poetic thinking, and the other as very truthfully pathetic. The two in a cheap magazine, by two Kentucky poets, a song, and a landscape, were one genuinely a song, and the other a charming communion with nature. In a pair of periodicals devoted to outdoor life, on the tamer or wilder scale, there were three poems, one celebrating the delights of a winter camp, which he found simple, true in feeling, and informal in phrasing; another full of the joy of a country ride, very songy, very blithe, and original; and a third a study of scenery which it realized to the mind's eye, with some straining in the wording, but much felicity in the imagining. A Mid-Western magazine had an excellent piece by a poet of noted name, who failed to observe that his poem ended a stanza sooner than he did. In a periodical devoted to short stories, or abandoned to them, there were two good pieces, one of them delicately yet distinctly re-

producing certain poetic aspects of New York, and giving the sense of a fresh talent. Where the critic would hardly have looked for them in a magazine of professed fashion and avowed smartness, he came upon three pieces, one sweet and fine, one wise and good, one fresh and well turned. A newer periodical, rather going in for literary quality, had one fine piece, with a pretty surprise in it, and another touched with imaginative observation.

The researches of the critic carried him far into the night, or at least hours beyond his bedtime, and in the dreamy state in which he finally pursued them he was more interested in certain psychological conditions of his own than in many of the verses. Together with a mounting aversion to the work, he noted a growing strength for it. He could despatch a dozen poems in almost as many minutes, and not slight them, either; but he no longer jumped to his work. He was aware of trying to cheat himself in it, of pretending that the brief space between titles in the table of contents, which naturally implied a poem, sometimes really indicated a short bit of prose. He would run his eye hastily over an index, and seek to miss rather than find the word "poem," repeated after a title, and when this ruse succeeded, he would go back to the poem he had skipped, with the utmost unwillingness. If this behavior was sinful, he was duly punished for it, in the case of a magazine which he took up, well towards midnight, rejoicing to come upon no visible sign of poetry in it. But his glance fell to a grouping of titles in a small-print paragraph at the bottom of the page, and he perceived, on close inspection, that these were all poems, and that there were eighteen of them.

He calculated, roughly, that he had read from eighty-five to a hundred poems before he finished; after a while he ceased to take accurate count, as he went on, but a subsequent review of the magazines showed that his guess was reasonably correct. From this review it appeared that the greater number of the magazines published two poems in each month, while several published but one, and several five or seven or four. Another remarkable fact was that the one or two in the more self-denying were as bad as the whole

five, or seven, or nine, or eighteen of those which had more freely indulged themselves in verse. Yet another singular feature of the inquiry was that one woman had a poem in five or six of the magazines, and stranger yet, always a good poem, so that no editor would have been justified in refusing it. There was a pretty frequent recurrence of names in the title-pages, and mostly these names were a warrant of quality, but not always of the author's best quality. The authorship was rather equally divided between the sexes, and the poets were both young and old, or as old as poets ever can be.

When the explorer had returned from the search, which covered apparently a great stretch of time, but really of space, he took his notes, and went with them to that elder friend of his, whose generous enthusiasm had prompted his inquiry. Together they looked them over, and discussed the points evolved. "Then what is your conclusion?" the elder of the two demanded. "Do you still think I was right, or have you come to a different opinion?"

"Oh, how should I safely confess that I am of a different opinion? You could easily forgive me, but what would all those hundred poets whom I thought not so promising as you believed do to my next book? Especially what would the poetesses?"

"There is something in that. But you need not be explicit. If you differ with me, you can generalize. What, on the whole, was the impression you got? Had none of the pieces what we call distinction, for want of a better word, or a clearer idea?"

"I understand. No, I should say, not one; though here and there one nearly had it: so nearly that I held my breath from not being quite sure. But, on the other hand, I should say that there was a good deal of excellence, if you know what that means."

"I can imagine," the elder poet said. "It is another subterfuge. What do you really intend?"

"Why, that the level was pretty high. Never so high as the sky, but sometimes as high as the sky-scraper. There was an occasional tallness, the effect, I think, of straining to be higher than the

thought or the feeling warranted. And some of the things had a great deal of naturalness."

"Come! That isn't so bad."

"But naturalness can be carried to a point where it becomes affectation. This happened in some cases where I thought I was going to have some pleasure of the simplicity, but found at last that the simplicity was a pose. Sometimes there was a great air of being untrammelled. But there is such a thing as being informal, and there is such a thing as being unmannerly."

"Yes?"

"I think that in the endeavor to escape from convention our poets have lost the wish for elegance, which was a prime charm of the Golden Age. Technically, as well as emotionally, they let themselves loose, too much, and the people of the Golden Age never let themselves loose. There is too much Nature in them, which is to say, not enough; for, after all, in her little æsthetic attempts, Nature is very modest."

The elder poet brought the younger sharply to book. "Now you are wandering. Explain again."

"Why, when you and I were young—you were always and always will be young—"

"None of that!"

"It seemed to me that we wished to be as careful of the form as the most formal of our poetic forebears, and that we would not let the smallest irregularity escape us in our study to make the form perfect. We cut out the tall word; we restrained the straining; we tried to keep the wording within the bounds of the dictionary; we wished for beauty in our work so much that our very roughness was the effect of hammering; the grain we left was where we had used the file to produce it."

"Was it? And you say that with these new fellows it isn't so?"

"Well, what do you say to such a word as 'dankening,' which occurred in a very good landscape?"

"One such word in a hundred poems?"

"One such word in a million would have been too many. It made me feel that they would all have liked to say 'dankening' or something of the sort. And in the new poets, on other occasions,

I have found faulty syntax, bad rhymes, limping feet. The editors are to blame for that, when it happens. The editor who printed 'dankening' was more to blame than the poet who wrote it, and loved the other ugly word above all his other vocables." The elder poet was silent, and the other took fresh courage. "Yes, I say it! You were wrong in your praise of the present magazine verse at the cost of that in our day. When we were commencing poets, the young or younger reputations were those of Stedman, of Bayard Taylor, of the Stoddards, of Aldrich, of Celia Thaxter, of Rose Terry, of Harriet Prescott, of Bret Harte, of Charles Warren Stoddard, of the Piatts, of Fitz James O'Brien, of Fitzhugh Ludlow, of a dozen more, whom the best of the newest moderns cannot rival. These were all delicate, and devoted, and indefatigable artists, and lovers of form. It cannot do the later generation any good to equal them with ours."

"There is something in what you say." The elder poet was silent for a time. Then he asked, "Out of the hundred poems you read in your fifty magazines, how many did you say were what you would call good?"

His junior counted up, and reported, "About twenty-four."

"Well, don't you call that pretty fair, in a hundred? I do. Reflect that these were all the magazines of one month, and it is probable that there will be as many good poems in the magazines of every month in the year. That will give us a hundred and eighty-eight good poems during 1907. Before the decade of the new century is ended, we shall have had seven hundred and eighty-five good magazine poems. Do you suppose that as many good magazine poems were written during the last four years of the first decade of the eighteenth century? Can you name as many yourself?"

"Certainly not. Nobody remembers the magazine poems of that time, and nobody will remember the poems of the four years ending the present decade."

"Do you mean to say that not one of them is worth remembering?"

The younger poet paused a moment. Then he said, with the air of a cross-examined witness, "Under advice of counsel, I decline to answer."

Editor's Study

HORACE WALPOLE, frivolous as he was, showed more insight than most of his contemporaries, when, some time after his sagacious prevision of the French Revolution, he said that the next century "will probably exhibit a very new era, which the close of this has been, and is, preparing." In every sphere of human activity the opening years of the new century bravely responded to his prophecy. In literature the transformation was a wonderful surprise, a genuine renaissance, so that one looking back could not discern the elements out of which the new time had been fashioned. Only in Burns was there a prelusive suggestion of the possibility disclosed in Byron.

Scott and Byron occupied the foreground of the opening drama in the first quarter of the century; and upon these two figures the mental gaze of the world was concentrated, with an interest more significant than that which had attended the sensational career of Napoleon. These writers—one the great Unknown, the other only too well defined to the imagination of readers in every trait of his peculiar individuality—had an overwhelming appreciation and adulation from their contemporaries such as no future generation could give them. But there were others, like Coleridge, De Quincey, Lamb, Hazlitt, and that group of immortal poets, Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, not fully recognized in their own time, but, in our view, its crowning glory. The entire literature of the preceding hundred and fifty years is dwarfed by comparison with this one little period, thronged with genius.

The intimate association of eminent writers of the nineteenth century with periodicals is, in a general way, recognized by intelligent readers. But if we attempt to trace this connection by directing to it something more than casual attention, certain features of it are disclosed which are interesting in them-

selves as well as in their relation to memorable writers.

The history of the daily newspaper, if anything so evanescent and at the same time so complex as this species of journalism could be caught and held within the meshes of the historian's net, would present many striking disclosures. In the eighteenth century Swift had many brilliant successors in this field. Fielding and the greatest writers of his day were influential journalists. The Letters of "Junius" were published in the *Public Advertiser*. The London *Morning Post* at the beginning of the nineteenth century was especially favored by the contributions of important writers. Coleridge wrote for it, also Southey and Arthur Young; and it was the repository of Mackworth Praed's society verses, Tom Moore's lyrics, and some of the best of Wordsworth's sonnets. There, in 1800, appeared Coleridge's "Character of Pitt." Charles James Fox attributed the rupture of the hastily patched-up treaty of Amiens to Coleridge's essays in that paper.

James Montgomery, the poet, was the editor of a provincial newspaper. De Quincey, before he became known through his more characteristic writings, was for a year the editor of the *Westmoreland Gazette* in Kendal. George Meredith also began his literary career as an editor of an eastern counties newspaper. He was afterward the special correspondent of the *Morning Post* during the Austro-Italian war of 1866. In the early forties Dickens was on the staff of the *Morning Chronicle*, in which paper, a generation earlier, Hazlitt had done his most important political work. Thackeray was for some time the literary critic of the London *Times*. Robert Hichens, the novelist, was at the beginning of his literary career associated with the London *World*.

In no other country has the connection between literature and the daily press been so close as in France, the record of the one being the history of the other.

In America, as soon as there began to be a literature at all it was through weekly, monthly, and quarterly periodicals that it found its way to the public rather than through the daily press, though some of Whittier's and Longfellow's earliest poems were published in newspapers, and Margaret Fuller was a regular contributor to the *New York Tribune*. The most distinguished American men of affairs or of letters, from Benjamin Franklin to Charles Dudley Warner, who have conducted or contributed to newspapers have done so mainly as publicists rather than as literary men. This is true of even the poet Bryant. Yet our principal dailies have always been enriched by picturesque sketches of travel, by humorous portrayals of character, by more or less able criticism, by contemporaneous poetry of varying degrees of excellence; and in recent years they have often published fiction contributed by the most popular writers of the time. Bayard Taylor and Mark Twain won their first laurels in the daily newspaper. Whittier was in his younger days editor of the *Salem Gazette*, in Haverhill, and William Gilmore Simms of the *Charleston City Gazette*, in South Carolina.

In England the position of the daily relatively to other periodicals, as to literary quality, has been very much the same that it has been in America.

During the first half of the century literary criticism and political discussion were the predominant elements in periodical literature, to almost the entire exclusion of fiction. Poetry, however, was likely to be found even in periodicals devoted to special objects, like the *Philosophical Magazine*, in which the verses were at the end of the number and conveniently detachable by those who had no taste for that kind of reading. It was through the pages thus contemptuously torn out and cast aside by his father that Crabbe was first inclined toward poetic composition. Dr. Mark Akenside, author of *Pleasures of the Imagination*, began his poetic career by contributions to the *Gentlemen's Magazine*. Hazlitt, writing of Wordsworth's "Excursion" in the *Examiner*, pronounced its finest passages "little inferior to those of his classic predecessor, Akenside!"

It was because of the special interest in politics and criticism that the *Edinburgh Review* secured early, and long maintained, its preeminence over the most entertaining of monthly miscellanies. It began almost with the century, and was for many years more characteristic of the new era than any other periodical. Even with the support of Scott, its rival, Murray's *Quarterly Review*, under the editorship of Gifford, never attained the literary distinction which Sydney Smith and, after him, Jeffrey gave to the *Edinburgh Review*.

Among the monthlies in the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the *London Magazine* was singularly fortunate in its contributors. It was there that first appeared De Quincey's "Confessions of an English Opium-Eater" and Lamb's "Elia" essays. Thomas Hood was closely associated with this periodical before he established one in his own name, in which he published his "Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs." Among other writers for the *London Magazine* were Cunningham, Talfourd, Proctor, Hartley Coleridge, and the peasant-poet Clare.

Colburn had started his *New Monthly Magazine* in 1814. The poet Campbell was its first editor, followed by Theodore Hook, Bulwer Lytton, and Ainsworth. Campbell later edited the *Metropolitan*, and was succeeded by Captain Marryat, many of whose sea tales appeared in that magazine.

One of the most interesting of periodical adventures in the first quarter of the century was the establishment of the *Liberal*—a literary journal planned by Lord Byron in Italy conjointly with Shelley and Leigh Hunt, who were then with him there, but to be published in London, with Hunt as editor. The consultation took place at Leghorn, a week before Shelley was drowned in the Gulf of Spezia. The *Liberal* was started in the summer of 1822, but only four numbers were issued, the first of these containing Byron's great satire, "The Vision of Judgment," two years before the poet's death. Leigh Hunt had ten years earlier set out on his journalistic career in the *Examiner*, established by his brother, in which appeared some of his most noteworthy sonnets. His most

important writing was in the *Indicator*, in the *Companion*, and in the *Talker*—"A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage," lasting during two years, and written almost entirely by himself.

These journals with which Leigh Hunt was associated—especially the *Examiner*, to which William Hazlitt was also a regular contributor—were the natural precursors of the justly celebrated London weekly papers devoted mainly to political comment and literary criticism, beginning in 1828 with the *Athenæum* and *Spectator*. The *Saturday Review*, started in 1855, was the culmination of this order of journalism, and suggests at once the names of such writers as Edward A. Freeman, Goldwin Smith, and Lord Salisbury. Dr. Theodore Watts Dunton was for twenty-five years the leading literary critic of the *Athenæum*, to which also he contributed many of his most characteristic poems.

Returning to monthly periodicals, the establishment of *Blackwood's Magazine*, in 1817, by William Blackwood, the founder of the celebrated publishing house in Edinburgh, is the most notable event in the history of English periodical literature. It marked also the beginning of Edinburgh's brief period of literary supremacy. Constable had become the object of envy, having secured the greatest prize in the literary market, the publication of the Waverley Novels. He was the publisher of the *Scot's Magazine*, a respectable monthly which held the field in the absence of any formidable competitor, also of the great Whig periodical, the plucky and enterprising *Edinburgh Review*; and just then the Whigs were having everything their own way. Blackwood's first attempt, in the *Edinburgh Monthly Magazine*, confided to the charge of two faithless and incompetent editors, proved a conspicuous failure, as mortifying to the publisher as it must have seemed ridiculous to his great rival.

At this juncture two young men fresh from Oxford—John Wilson and J. G. Lockhart—attracted the notice of Mr. Blackwood, who enlisted their interest in his new enterprise. So, with these giddy but zealous and resourceful youths to drive the horses of the sun, the seventh number of the monthly appeared under the new name of *Blackwood's Magazine*.

It was an amazing number for its brilliance, its rollicking fun, and its folly. It had in it occasion for several possible libel suits. The celebrated "Chaldee Manuscript" was the *pièce de résistance*—a satire, couched in Biblical language (probably at the suggestion of James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," who was admitted to the council of conspirators), directed chiefly against the former editors of the magazine, the "crafty" Constable, and even against Scott. But it established the fame of *Blackwood*. There were other things in the number less worthy of its jolly concoctors—an article contemptuous of Coleridge, and a foolish assault on Leigh Hunt, under the caption of "The Cockney School of Poetry." The readers were promised a further consideration of this "Cockney School" criticising the *lesser* poets, Shelley and Keats! The effect intended had been accomplished. The magazine had made a tremendous sensation. The world of Edinburgh, and much of the world outside, had been upset. There was no such volcanic eruption afterward, though the hot lava continued to run afterwards in the brilliant series of the "Noctes Ambrosianæ," which was extended through seventy-one numbers.

The note had been given—a note as impossible to London as it was native to Edinburgh. Thenceforth it was understood that *Blackwood* might be anything else, but it could not be dull. Wilson, who was soon installed in the chair of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, continued faithful to two generations of *Blackwood*, but in each of these generations it was the publisher who was editor. Lockhart's contributions, if less buoyant, were of more substantial value during his ten years' service before he succeeded Gifford as editor of the *London Quarterly*. These were all young men, including the publisher, who had just turned forty; and the erratic young Irish genius, Dr. Maginn, heartily joined in their frolicsome adventure. One is reminded of that other group of young men who fifteen years earlier had with like enthusiasm started the *Edinburgh Review*, unrestrained by the natural prudence of a responsible publisher.

No other British monthly publication can show an array of contributors to

match *Blackwood's* retrospect. In its early years it had the best of De Quincey, except his "Opium-Eater," but including his most sustained work, "The Cæsars." Scott contributed to the first number an interesting brochure on "The Depravity of Animals." In 1821 Coleridge was a contributor. At a later period we find in its pages Aytoun's "Lays of the Cavaliers" and such humorous prose tales as "The Glenmutchkin Railway"; Samuel Warren's "Diary of a late Physician" and "Ten Thousand a Year"; political papers by Sir Archibald Alison; Michael Scott's "Tom Kring's Lay" and "The Cruise of the Midge"; novels by Bulwer; Charles Lever's "Cornelius O'Dowd" sketches and "Tony Butler"; Mrs. Browning's "Cry of the Children"; and poems by Mrs. Hemans. George Eliot's "Scenes of Clerical Life" first appeared in *Blackwood*. Mrs. Oliphant's first story in the magazine, "Katie Stewart," appeared in 1852, and she received the proofs of it on her wedding-day. Among other contributors were Walter Savage Landor, Laurence Oliphant, and A. W. Kinglake.

It is, to us, interesting to note that the success of *Harper's Magazine* in articles of travel, brought to Blackwood's attention by Sir Richard Burton, led him to write to William Smith, the author of *Thorndale* and *Gravenhurst*, suggesting that he edit a Cyclopedia of Travel, to be published in monthly parts. From the fifties *Harper's* was in correspondence with the same eminent novelists who were contributing to *Blackwood* — Bulwer, George Eliot, Trollope, Blackmore, and Mrs. Oliphant. Thackeray never published in *Blackwood*. He offered to it some of his earlier work, which was declined; but he was always on friendly terms with the house.

Samuel Lover, the author of *Handy Andy*, was an early contributor to the *Dublin University Magazine*, started in 1833. Several of Ainsworth's novels, illustrated by Cruikshank, were first published in *Bentley's Miscellany*. During the last half of the century every important writer of fiction has contributed his, or her, best work to periodicals, for serial publication or in the form of short stories. Some of the greatest of these have been editors as well as contributors.

Dickens's editorial connection with *All the Year Round* and *Once a Week* is very well known. Thackeray wrote for *Fraser's*, and was for some time the editor of *Cornhill*. Afterward, under the editorship of Sir Leslie Stephen, Louis Stevenson and Thomas Hardy were contributors to *Cornhill*. George Meredith, for a considerable period associated with the publishing house of Chapman and Hall as its literary adviser, came into close relations with young writers of fiction. It was by his advice that the first novel written by Thomas Hardy was not published. He was editor of the *Fortnightly Review* — in the establishment of which Anthony Trollope took an active part — during John Morley's absence in America. Several of his novels were first published in that periodical. His "Adventures of Harry Richmond" appeared first in *Cornhill*.

The great English essayists, from Sydney Smith to Charles Whibley, have been contributors to periodicals — for the most part to leading reviews.

Carlyle's first writings were published in the *Edinburgh Cyclopaedia*, then edited by Brewster. Some of his early work appeared in *Fraser's*. He wrote for the *Edinburgh Review* his remarkable papers on German literature. His "Sartor Resartus" was published in *Fraser's*, and was received, we are told, "with unqualified dissatisfaction." George Eliot was in 1852 assistant editor of the *Westminster Review*. James Anthony Froude was for fourteen years the editor of *Fraser's*.

Walter Pater contributed to the *Westminster* and largely to the *Fortnightly Review*. One of his Imaginary Portraits, "Apollo of Picardy," appeared first in *Harper's Magazine*.

The names of the writers we have mentioned, and the titles of the periodicals, are suggestive of the spirit which, after the cold crystallization of the two preceding centuries, created and organized a new order of imaginative literature in poetry, fiction, and criticism. This literature may not display the buoyancy and freshness of imagination which characterized the greatest Elizabethan literature, with which alone it may be compared, but it has developed a wholly new interpretation of life, faith, literature, and art, as well as of Nature.

Editor's Drawer

Minor Reflections

BY EDWINA STANTON BABCOCK

I'M going down the hill with my clean dress on. Mother said I could go and see the lady that lives where the lilacs grow—the one that gave me the blue beads. These dandelions are for her; they're wilted, but she'll like them—she always likes the things I bring. When I took her the dear little turtle she put him in the bath-tub so he could swim; when I took the dead mouse she said, "Mercy!" but she liked him; she hurried up and got a spool-box, and we made a funeral for him. It was like a party. I wore a wreath, and dug the grave. She was the band of music, and played "My Country, 'tis of Thee," on a stick. The next day I wanted to dig up the mouse and have another funeral, a longer one, but she said "Mercy!" again, and wouldn't let me.

It is a long way. Past two houses and a cow and a yellow bush and Mr. Force-man's dog. If I hurry I fall down, so I walk carefully over the bumpy places.

First she will take me into her big room where the piano is, for me to sing my song. I don't know how I came to learn that song; she didn't teach it to me—she wouldn't be so mean. I just watched her when she sang it; the way her mouth goes shows the words, and the way her hands go shows the tune: all of a sudden, one day, I knew it! It's a song about Eight little Bluebells grew under a stone, Where one little Daisy she lived all alone; Prince Bumblebee came

in black velvet and gold; So splendid a lover you ne'er did behold. "Ne'er" is a grown-up word for "never." After we sing "ne'er" she makes the piano go like little bells ringing, and we sing, "Tinkle, Tinkle, Ting! Was the sweet wedding-peel the eight Bluebells did ring." What's "wedding-peel"? Maybe it's the thin paper that comes off the wedding-cake.

The lady is very pretty—not as pretty as my doll, but prettier than the ladies in the pattern-book. They are proud, and look as if they wanted to slap somebody; but she



I'M GOING DOWN THE HILL WITH MY CLEAN DRESS ON

always looks laughing, and has little wrinkles in her cheeks. I can see myself and my garden hat and my white apron in her eyes. She likes all my things—my glass marble with the little lion inside of it, and my jumping-rope. She doesn't laugh when I tell how the gardener says I haven't any tongue. She never cares if people's faces are dirty.

Some day I am going to take her some worms in my little basket. She told me that she never had time to dig for worms. I said I nearly always had quite a good deal of time, and as we had so many worms in our garden I was sure mother could spare some; our worms are all so nice and tame! She'd like them.

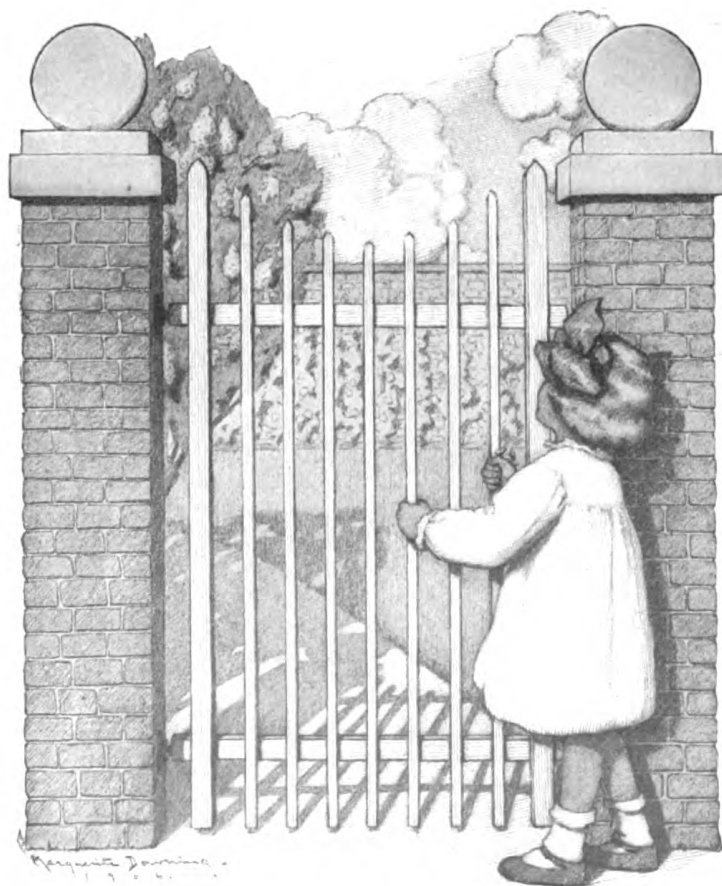
Once I heard mother tell father that the lady was poor. I asked her if she was, and she said, "No." I said, "I knew you couldn't be, for you wear blue dresses, and you have two cats." Then she said, "Yes, and grapes grow on my arbor, and I have apple-sauce every day." "And you have white peonies—we have only red ones." "And I have chickens; you haven't any," she said, and she kissed me. So of course she isn't poor. I will ask mother what made her think so.

I'm 'most there now; the sun always looks funny on the grass under that tree. I can smell something sweet. It's the cherry blossoms; the wind is blowing them all off. See me catch 'em! Why don't they fall straight down like rain-drops, instead of shaking their heads all the way to the ground? It's because they want to stay on the tree, where they won't get stepped on.

If all the dandelions in that field were gold pennies I would fill my hat with them, and be rich enough to be a queen; but then there wouldn't be any more dandelions in the fields—only hard, gold pennies. . . . Here's the gate. I can't open it myself, but I can look through it. I can see the white door-knob, so I know this is the right house. The baby chickens are out of the coop, walking up and down the gravel path in their bare feet. One of them is eating a bug; it is too big for him; his little brothers are trying to get it away, so it won't make him sick. The greedy! He's eaten it all. . . . Some one is calling me; it is the lady. She is coming to open the gate!

My uncle is a big man, who can play the piano. He can do it without taking his pipe out of his mouth. I like to sit on the tiger's head and listen. The tiger is the thing without any stomach that spreads out on the floor. Ours is a tame tiger. Everything is tame that has only a head and no stomach. I am not afraid of this tame tiger. It is only a wild head on a skin. If I sit on the head I don't have to see its teeth and its nasty tongue, and I can forget what a horrid way it laughs at me.

My uncle makes all kinds of faces when he plays. Sometimes he looks like the soldier in my picture-book, and sometimes like the man in the frame over the sideboard; the man has a glass of wine, and is looking very hard at a lady with a fan. Once, when he was playing, I saw my uncle looking the way the gardener did when he found out that there would never be any more roses on the climbing-rose; the gardener said, "It is my own carelessness," and he breathed hard, and shut his mouth tight.



I CAN'T OPEN IT MYSELF, BUT I CAN LOOK THROUGH IT

People who play the piano can make the notes take hold of hands and run races; but sometimes a whole lot of little notes will fall down altogether, and bump their heads and cry. My uncle says he likes them best when they cry; it's queer, because he never likes me when I cry. When I ask him what he plays about, he says he plays about mountains and dark nights and sailors tossing on the sea. I wish he would play "Little drops of water," and something about dolls and kittens. . . . My uncle stopped playing, and went and looked out of the window. Grown-up people can look out of the window without seeing anything. There wasn't any smoke coming out of my uncle's pipe. I thought about there never being any more roses on the climbing-rose. I got off the tiger's head and went and stood by my uncle. He is quite a good deal bigger than I. I asked him if

the music had made him think of a climbing-rose that would never have any more roses on it. He took out a little bag with a horse's head on it and filled his pipe again and laughed and said, "Out of the mouths of"—and then he wouldn't say any more. Out of what's mouth, I wondered. Then I remembered the tiger's mouth. I looked around behind me. There he was looking awful again and laughing horribly at me. I wished I had not gotten off his head. Sometimes, after the music, my uncle takes me out to the swing and swings me; he says some day he will swing me high enough to see them having tea-parties in the moon. There isn't any moon to see in the daytime, so I try to look into the sun to see if they are having any tea-parties there; but the sun always gets in my eyes, and then for the longest time, no matter where I look, I only see five pink balloons.

I am making a pond for little fishes to swim in. I haven't any little fishes, but the boy that brings the watercress and the horseradish said he would bring me all I wanted. I told him I wanted about nine dozen. I am making the pond out of Mrs. Goodwin's apron and a newspaper. The apron keeps the water from getting out of



IF I HAD A BROOK OF MY OWN I WOULD KEEP IT IN THE NURSERY

the newspaper. If the little fishes want me to I will pour more water in; just now there isn't very much, because I don't want Mrs. Goodwin to see it.

Some day father is going to take me to play in the real brook. I saw it once. It is made of gold chains of water, all mixed up with each other, and nice little colored stones. When I looked at the brook it made me think of last summer, when I was not as old as I am now, and of that time I broke my doll, and of queer kinds of flowers and toys I never really saw. If I stood on the bridge and looked down at the water a long while, it seemed as if my eyes had fallen down into the brook and the brook had come up into my eyes. The bridge and the road went sliding past me, and I had to squeeze tight to the hand I had hold of so that I wouldn't go sliding away past myself.

If I had a brook of my own I would keep it in the nursery, and then I could take my bath without so much trouble. I would have the brook running around my little bed and past the window and down the stairs; Mrs. Goodwin wouldn't like that, though, because she would get her feet wet bringing up the ironing. She says she's like hens—she don't like wet feet.

If only a brook ran through the nursery I could have better times when I am sick. I could write letters, and put them in cunning little boats and send them floating down to the gardener. I would get all the Christmas-tree ornaments and let them go bobbing, bobbing past the bed, down the halls and the stairs and out on the road till they floated far, far away past other children's houses. How surprised all the other children in the world would be to see gold and red and blue balls come sailing down to them! "Who sends them?" they would ask. "It must be the person

who owns the brook." But they would never guess where the brook began.

Mrs. Goodwin wants her apron. She says I have got myself all messed up; she has taken the newspaper away, and says no fish that wasn't crazy would live in that concern, and the Lord knows what I'll be doing next. I said, "Mrs. Goodwin, it is wicked to say, 'The Lord knows,' except in prayers." Then she said, "Lord save us!" I told her that was just as wicked; then she gave me a cruller. She wears a pin with a little red hand on it; the hand sticks into you when she kisses you.

He Didn't Mind

WHEN Bobbie went to see his grandmother he was much interested in whatever went on in the kitchen. One day she said to him: "I'm going to make you a nice little pie in a saucer, all for yourself. Don't you think I'm pretty good to take so much trouble?"

Bobbie pondered. "Grandma!" he said at length, "mother told me not to be a bother, and if it's goin' to be any trouble, you can just as well make my pie reg'lar size."

The Horse Doctor

LITTLE MATTIE flew into the house last evening very late for nursery tea, and hurried to her mother's chair. "Oh, mother," she cried, "don't scold me, for I've had such a disappointment! A horse fell down in the street and they said they were going to send for a horse doctor, so of course I had to stay. And after I waited and waited he came, and oh, mother, what do you think, it was *only a man!*"

Unfortunate Jenks

JENKS had the bad luck others have—
Only he had it worse.

It ranged from bumping of his head

To losing of his purse.

Some people thought that Jenks had brought
Upon himself a curse.

His collar-button he would lose—

We all do, every wight.

We take a window-curtain stick

And poke it into sight.

Perhaps a word *sometimes* is heard

That isn't *just* polite.

But Jenks could never do this way—

There was no use to poke.

He'd hold the button in his mouth—

There'd be a little choke,

And then he'd grin, "I'm so much in!"—

It was his little joke.

Umbrellas by the score he lost—

We all do, without fail.

The rest of us recoup sometimes

Without a thought of jail.

Jenks tried to glean, of course
was seen,

And next was held in bail.

A watch-dog Jenks at one time
bought,

The burglars to repel.

That night its former owner
came

(It makes me grieve to tell)

And filled a bag with goodly
"swag,"

And took the dog as well.

An automobile struck him once,

And did not work him weal.

Jenks was confined at home a
week

To let his bruises heal.

The auto man then suit began
For damage to his wheel.

At last it seemed release had
come.

A falling brick—J.'s head.

The coroner—a look—and then
(Alas, poor Jenks!) he said:

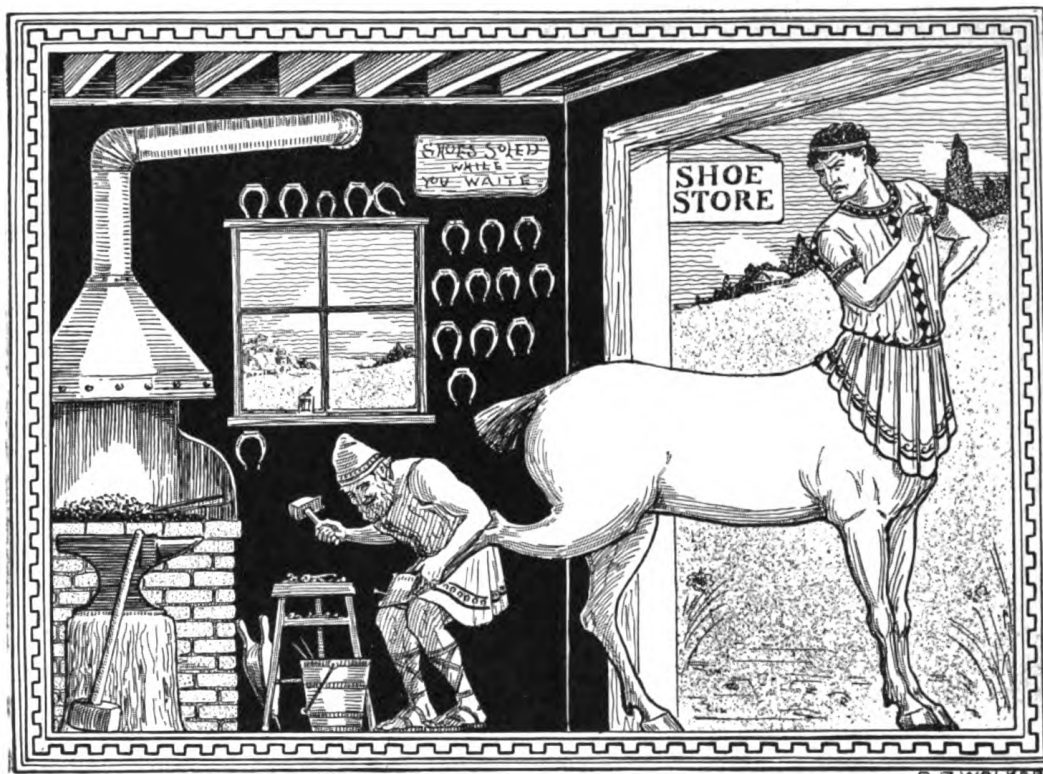
"Don't be so free to call on me—
This fellow isn't dead!"

HAYDEN CARRUTH.

THE HOWL.

THIS CREATURE IS THE FAMOUS HOWL,
A VERY CULTIVATED FOWL.
HE TEACHES PUPPIES HOW TO SING—
A DIFFICULT AND TRYING THING.
AND WHEN THEY SING, IT'S SAFE TO SAY
THE HOWL IS NEVER FAR AWAY.
THE CLASS MEETS EVERY NIGHT. I GUESS
THAT'S WHY HE WEARS FULL EVENING DRESS.





Vulcan, the First Shoemaker

“This Sorry Scheme of Things”

BY ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

CLOTHES

THE birds and beasts are nice and warm
In feathers and in fur;
They have no hooks and eyes and strings,
No buttons and such horrid things
To make life hateful.

If I could make things as I chose,
I'd give each little boy
A coat of fur from top to toe,
And feathers on each girl should grow—
Then life would be a joy!

SNOW

Snow-stars are wonderful and pure,
And very hard to make, I'm sure;
But care like that I'd never spend
If I had charge of snow to send.
I'd make it sugary and sweet,
Flavored as children like to eat.
It would be easier, I know,
For me to make ice-cream than snow.

LEAVES

How carelessly the Mother Spring
Must sew the leaves upon the trees!
For with the tiniest Autumn breeze

They all rip off, like anything,
And lie about untidily,
A sorry sight for one to see.
I know if I were Mother Spring
I'd sew them on with stouter string!

WISDOM

We waste the precious time at school
That might be spent at play,
If only we were born as wise
As we shall be some day.
But when we know our books at last,
And we are old and gray,
We'll only care to sit and think—
We'll be too tired to play.

TIME

The Clock of Time is wrong;
The happy hours are slow,
But saddest ones are long.
What makes it so?

I wonder, can it be
That Father Time's asleep?
I wish he'd given me
His key to keep!



Indecision

*I do not wonder he's mixed up,
Which way to go:
If I'd as many legs as he,
I'm sure I'd never know.*

No Grace

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Anna was invited to take luncheon with the family of one of her little friends. Before they partook of their meal, the head of the house asked a blessing upon the food, during which time Anna chattered constantly. Not wishing to reprove the child, her hostess said, "I suppose you don't have grace at your house."

"Oh no," the little girl replied, "we have Bessie."

Darwinian

BETTY was just two and a half years old when she met her first organ-grinder, rough, black-bearded, with a clever little monkey, versed in many tricks, for a boon companion.

When his master's hat was thrown upon the ground, brim uppermost, over in a perfect somersault he would go, coming up with the hat held upon his head in his dusky little paws.

A few weeks later, in a distant State, Betty saw her second organ-grinder, accompanied by a pathetic, untrained little monkey. She was asked if she remembered the other

funny little fellow. She quickly said, "Oh yes, I 'member, he turned a summerset in his farver's hat."

Her little cousin of the same age, when taken by her father to see her first organ-grinder, returned home to say excitedly to her mother, "Oh, I saw a funny sing—a funny sing—made out of a boy."

Granted

A BOSTON man who just returned from a hunting trip in Maine tells of an experience he had while there.

It was his misfortune to get lost one day, and, to make matters worse, just as a heavy rain set in. He started out in what he thought was the right direction and wandered on through the wet and darkness, finally stumbling on to a narrow road leading in another direction; this he took and presently came to a house. The place was all dark, but he went up and thumped loudly on the door. There was no answer, so he tried again. This time a window went up and a voice growled:

"Well, who is it?"

"A friend," the man replied.

"Well, what do you want?"

"I would like to stay here all night."

"Well, stay there, then."

And the window fell with a bang.

Amended Gems from Shakespeare

"A Midsummer-Night's Dream," Act I., Scene 1:

"*LOVE looks not with the eyes, but with the mind*"—

And vacuous enough some looks we find.

"Romeo and Juliet," Act II., Scene 2:

"*O, that I were a glove upon that hand!*"
I'd be the proudest kid in all the land.

"Macbeth," Act I., Scene 1:

"*When shall we three meet again?
In thunder, lightning, or in rain?
In England, Asia, or in Spain?
In foyer, steamship, or in train?
But this I say because I durst,
O, never!—if I see you first.*"

"Julius Cæsar," Act III., Scene 2:

"*O, what a fall was there, my countrymen!*"
'Twas more like winter. Should it come again

In protest we will band ourselves together
And form a trust against such monstrous weather.
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Temporary

A CERTAIN man, who was recently re-elected to a position that he had held for many years, met a man on the street who congratulated him on his continued good fortune, and the man replied:

"Yes, but it can't always last; I'll have to give it up some day. I feel a great deal like a man I knew who worked in one place for forty years, and when discharged at last on account of old age, remarked, 'Well, when I came here I knew I wouldn't have a steady job.'"

Not Used to It

A BALTIMORE lawyer tells of the amusing plight of an Irishman summoned as a witness in a burglary trial in the city mentioned.

It was apparent from the start that the witness was much alarmed and rattled by his unsought and undesired prominence in this trial.

"Remember, Carey," said the judge presiding, "that you have sworn to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

"Yis, your honor-r," stammered Carey, his eyes wavering from the judge to the jury and back again; "an' I'll do the best I can. But I hope ye gintlemin will be a trifle aisy on me at the shtart, for I'm little used to that sort of thing, your honor-r."

The Dog

WHENEVER bowwows jump about
And make their tails go wiggle,
That means they've seen a funny sight,
For that's the way they giggle.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.



The Useful Dachshunds

"Henry, come right in here and stop practisin' croquet mit der dogs; you vant to tire 'em all out."



A very ambitious young Auk:
Took a notion he'd learn how to talk.
He practised a year,
Then gave up with a tear,
For, "Bah! I do nothing but squawk."

Definitions

A GENERAL encyclopedia in many volumes is not the sort of book one would naturally consult if in search of a joke, yet these monumental collections of worldly wisdom sometimes draw a smile. For example, in one an article on the Garter-snake begins with, "An elastic name given in North America to any of various small snakes."

Another candidate for popular favor, referring to the churches in a Western section, informs us that "the Mormons have invaded the Territory, and outnumber all other insects together."

The Highest Form

THE brilliant author of "From Molecule to Man in three lectures" smiled amiably upon his audience of school-children as he triumphantly completed the course. "And so, my dears," he questioned benignantly, "what have we found to be the highest form of animal life?"

"The giraffe!" said the Bright Boy, joyously.



MOTHER BEAR. "Come, Willie, it's time you were going to bed."
 WILLIE. "I ain't sleepy, ma; let me stay up a month longer."

Tempora Mutantur

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

A BOOK of verses underneath the tree
 Served Omar V. Khayyam right
 handily.

Your modern Omar, on the other hand,
 Is scarce content with anything so wee.

He wants a hammock swung from limb to
 limb,

And at his side, when Father Sol grows
 dim,

To keep his eyes unstrained, he calleth
 for

A pocket Edison Electric Glim.

And on the bough, beneath which he doth
 plan

To lie and take whatever ease he can,
 To keep him cool and shoo the flies

away,
 He has a brazen-winged dynamic fan.

When these are set, his idle fancy roams,
 Not thro' one volume of some maiden's
 pomes,

But all The World's Best Letters he de-
 mands

Put forth in forty-'leven quarto tomes.

As for the Jug, and single loaf of bread,
 'Pon which our simple Omar one-time fed,

O'er that I draw the veil. Omar to-day
 Appears to have a better appetite and—
 head.

And finally, as for that item "Thou"
 That Omar wished for, sitting 'neath the
 bough,

Let it remain. In these days 'tis the
 same,

For "thou" 's a synonym for "thousands"
 now.



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "In the Second April"

"WHO IS THE LUCKY MISS, MY LITTLE VILLAIN?"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

APRIL, 1907

No. DCLXXXIII

The Northwest Passage

BY CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN

In the significant reference below to his magnetic work Amundsen announces the solution of one of the two great questions relating to the north magnetic pole which led him to the region in which James Ross believed he had fixed the position of the pole on June 1, 1831.

This question was: Is the magnetic pole stationary or does it change its position? His observations on the sledge journey to which he refers lead to the conclusion that it changes its position.

The other question was: Is the magnetic pole only a point or does it extend over a considerable area? In other words, does the dipping-needle assume a vertical position only at one point or does it maintain this position over a considerable surface? Theoretical study in recent years has pointed decidedly to the latter supposition. The bearing of Amundsen's observations may offer a solution of this question.

James Ross's dipping-needle was deflected only one minute from an absolutely vertical position; and as one minute is practically of little consequence, he considered that he had actually reached the north magnetic pole, whose position he determined to be $75^{\circ} 5' \text{ N. Lat.}$ and $96^{\circ} 46' 45'' \text{ W. Long.}$ He made no further investigations, and therefore contributed nothing to the solution of the two questions that, later, presented themselves.—
CYRUS C. ADAMS.

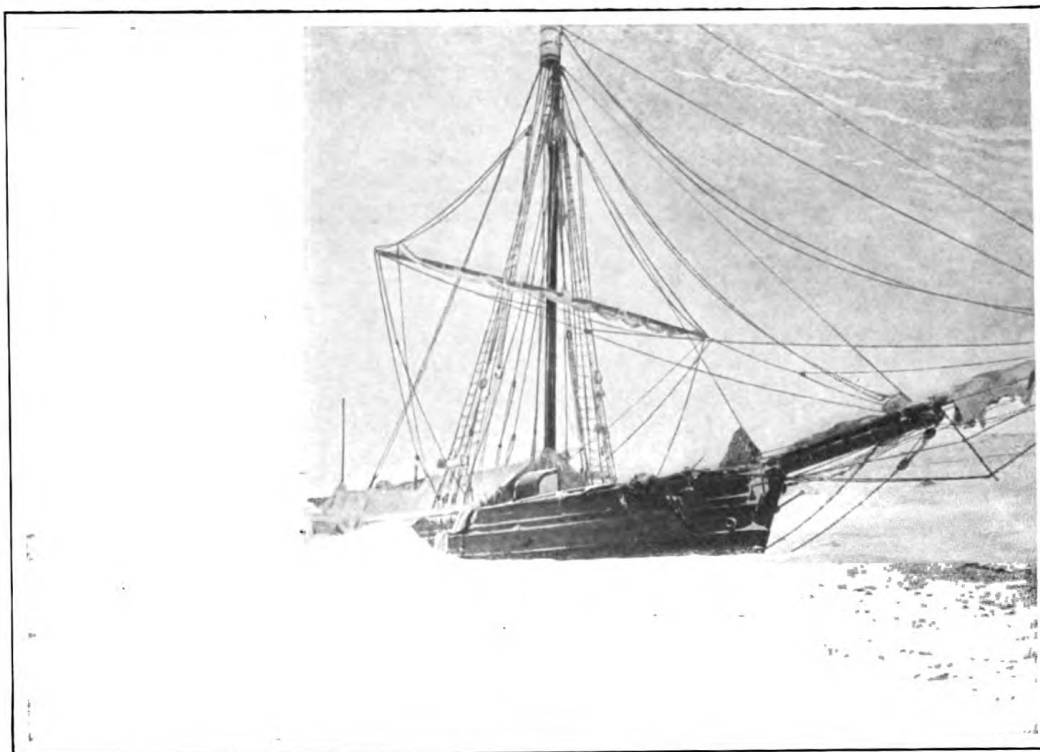
WHEN, on August 31, 1906, I steered southward through Bearing Strait, on board the *Gjøa*, the earliest dream of my childhood had been realized. At the conclusion of a period of three years my little craft had accomplished the Northwest Passage, being the first vessel to sail safely between the Atlantic and Pacific oceans through the arctic seas. One of the important scientific results obtained was as follows: on a sledge expedition on King William Land, in June, 1905, a sensitive declinatorium showed the magnetic pole to be north of the observation place, while immediately afterward the needle turned, showing the magnetic pole to be to the south. This proves that the magnetic pole has no immediate situation. The mathematical working out of nineteen

months of unbroken magnetic registrations in Gjøa Harbor will, I hope, give further enlightenment concerning this subject.

The struggles of nations for centuries, Sir John Franklin's lamentable fate, and the succeeding rush of search and relief expeditions had in childhood created in my mind an inclination towards the adventurous in such undertakings; and in considering the scheme for an expedition through the Northwest Passage I clearly saw that such an undertaking contained a problem the solving of which would eclipse the aforesaid exploit: I mean the relocation of the north magnetic pole.

The English admiral, Sir James Clark Ross, defined in 1831 the position of the magnetic pole, performing it with in-

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THE "GJÖA" IN WINTER QUARTERS, KING POINT, 1905-6

struments which according to modern standards would be primitive and crude. The science of to-day demanded an exact location of the magnetic pole, and I consulted on the matter Professor Dr. George von Neumeyer, Director of the Deutsche Seewarte in Hamburg, who is considered the first expert in the world on questions pertaining to magnetism. This was in 1900. Dr. Neumeyer pronounced it of the highest importance that an absolutely exact knowledge of the position of the north magnetic pole should be acquired; and similar opinions were expressed by many other eminent scientists, among whom I may mention Professor L. A. Bauer, Director of the Department of Terrestrial Magnetism in the Carnegie Institute at Washington. After these consultations I decided that whenever my expedition should start, its first and most important object should be to relocate the north magnetic pole. If in conjunction with this I could also sail through the Northwest Passage, I felt I should have solved a problem which had long baffled the efforts of many arctic explorers.

In this fashion was formulated the scheme for the future *Gjöa* expedition.

When Ross, in 1831, made his famous voyage to Boothia Felix and located the magnetic pole, he did it solely with the aid of a travelling equipment of instruments, the results being naturally of a corresponding degree of exactness. During the last half-century the progress of the world has been, as we know, very great in all directions, and not the least so in the construction and manufacture of scientific instruments. The German Professor Eschenhagen has done much to simplify magnetic self-recording instruments of observation, and has made it possible for them to be transported and erected at any point desired.

The sloop *Gjöa*—a vessel 73 feet long, 20 feet beam, drawing 11 feet of water when laden, and of 47 tons net burden—was built in Norway, in the Hardanger district, in 1872. Originally not intended for the arctic, she subsequently drifted into the sealing trade, and for several years sailed from Tromsø in that capacity.

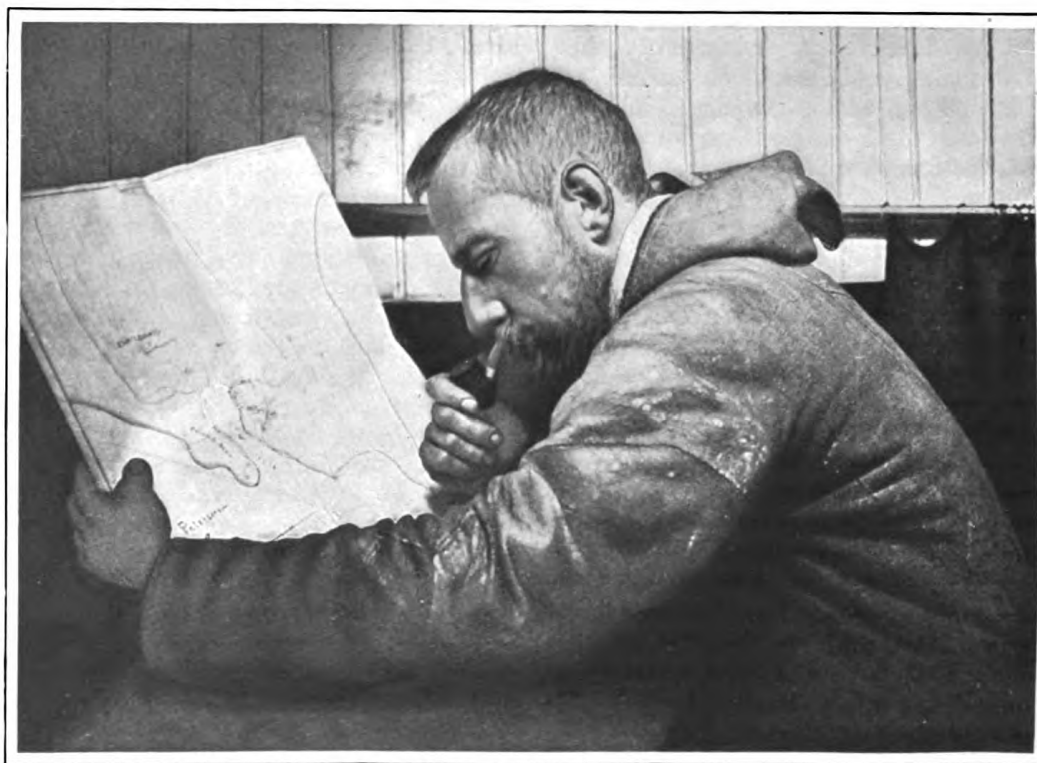
On my purchase of her I had her entire fittings removed, and strengthened her with a number of stout wooden and iron beams and cross-ties; and with other necessary improvements she also received an outside sheathing of two-inch oak planking, reaching from the keelson to the water-line. Finally I put in a petroleum-engine of thirty-nine indicated horsepower, with a two-bladed propeller, such as is customary in vessels intended for arctic waters. A special apparatus was placed near the man at the tiller, enabling him to control the engine, to start or reverse it as occasion required, and this proved invaluable and of almost constant necessity after we had entered the ice. The engine was also fitted to hoist sails and anchor, run the pump, and haul in the deep-sea lead-line. The last, however, proved to be useless through the shallow waters of the Northwest Passage. The propeller, I should explain, was only to be considered in the light of an auxiliary, the sails being intended as the principal motive power of the vessel, as indeed they were throughout the voyage.

My provisions consisted mainly of tinned foods, which were packed in tin-

lined cases of uniform size, copper nails being used in their construction, so that the empty wooden cases might be utilized in the building of the magnetic observation stations without affecting the magnetic needle. In this way I solved a problem which had long puzzled me, my vessel being too small to carry an extra load of building materials. The plan proved to be a perfect one. With the empty wooden boxes filled with sand we constructed not only excellent observation stations, but also comfortable dwellings, which did excellent service and surpassed all expectations.

The wearing apparel for the members of my expedition consisted of pure woollen underclothing, with outside garments of reindeer and sealskin. With regard to the former I may mention that I followed their manufacture from the carding of the wool to the completion of the product, thereby guarding against adulteration, and securing a superior make of warm garments for my people.

Our tents were made after a pattern invented by my friend Dr. Frederick A. Cook, of Brooklyn, and myself, and may be said to have contained the results of



CAPTAIN ROALD AMUNDSEN IN THE CABIN OF HIS SLOOP

our experiences with the Belgian antarctic expedition, of which we both were members during the years 1897-99. These tents, which somewhat resemble those of the Eskimo, were intended for the use of two persons, were built of light duck, and could be pitched by one man even when a gale was blowing.

My crew was naturally selected with the utmost care. Second in command was Lieutenant Godfred Hausen, of the Danish navy, a young man twenty-seven years of age. Besides executing the astronomical work and the geological surveys, he also superintended the taking of photographs. For three and a half years we shared a cabin whose dimensions were six by nine feet, and during the whole of that time we never had the slightest friction, except that of a purely physical nature.

Anton Lund, of Tromsö—a man of many years' experience in the sealing trade—was the first mate of the *Gjöa*. His judgment and knowledge of arctic conditions served us many a good turn during the expedition.

Our first engineer was Peder Ristvedt, of Sandsvser—a sergeant in the Norwegian army. He superintended the meteorological observations, and acted in turn as blacksmith, instrument-maker, watch-maker, and Jack of all trades.

The second mate, Helmer Hausen—a native of the Vesteraal Islands—was also an experienced sealer, whose practical knowledge of dog driving and management, as well as the fact that he was a good man on snow-shoes, ski, and with the gun, was of great assistance to us on many occasions.

The second engineer, Gustav Juel Wiik, took part in the magnetic observations, and his conscientious work in all the scientific records brought home by the *Gjöa* will, I hope and believe, prove to have produced exact and trustworthy results. He is the only one of the original members of the expedition who did not return with us; he was attacked by pneumonia during the last week of March, 1906, and on the 31st of that month died in our winter quarters at King Point, where he lies buried. He was a resident of Horten.

The cook, Adolf Linström, had served in the same capacity on board the *Fram*,

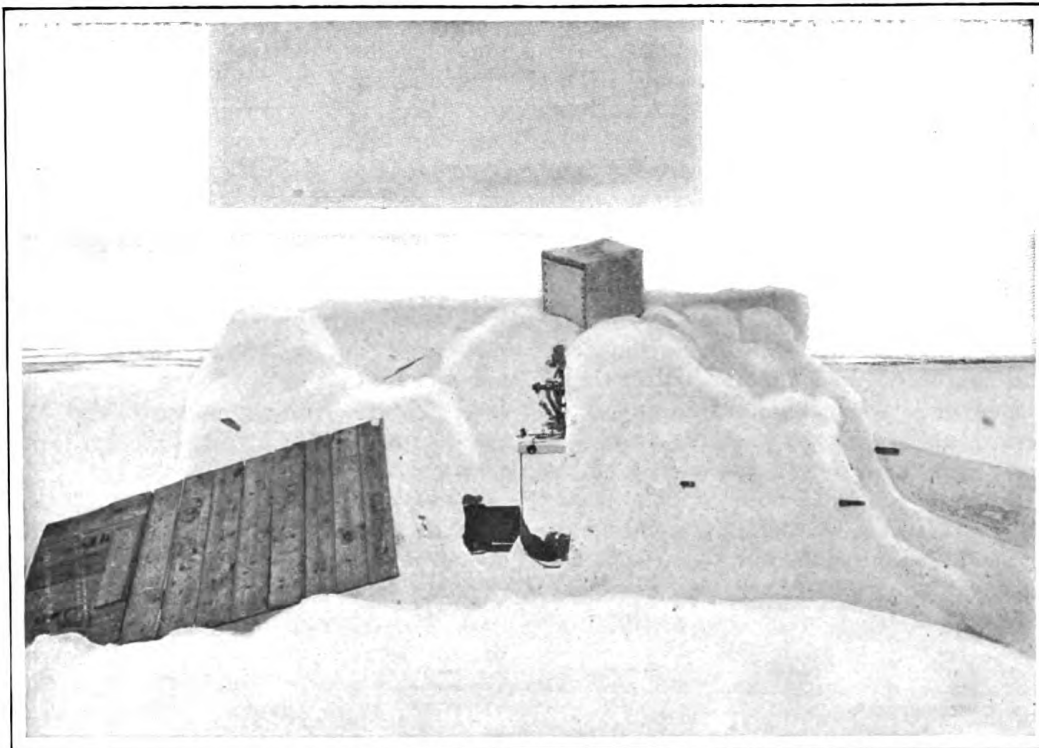
and had consequently several years' experience in arctic culinary art. Besides attending to the punctual serving of our meals, he made complete collections of zoological and botanical specimens, which it is hoped will prove of value and interest to those specific branches of science.

It may sound almost incredible when I state that our small vessel contained provisions and ammunition for five years. Nevertheless such was the case; and the *Gjöa* brought back with her considerable quantities of nearly every kind of provisions and stores, despite the fact that I gave some ice-bound whalers at Herschel Island some 2500 pounds of flour.

For fuel, lighting, and cooking purposes I took with me about 7000 gallons of refined petroleum of the highest grade. Of this we still had about thirty per cent. left on our arrival at San Francisco. Guncotton, ice-saws, extra fine and strong hawsers, several hundred volumes of books and many games to help while away the time during the long arctic nights, as well as everything else necessary to a well-equipped arctic expedition, completed our outfit on board the *Gjöa*. The games for some reason or other were never taken into use by the members of the expedition, but were eagerly accepted by our many Eskimo friends, who became quite adepts at some of them.

On the stroke of midnight on June 16-17, 1903, our lines were cast off from the pier at Christiania, where we were lying, and the *Gjöa* started forth on her voyage of adventure. It was very dark, and inky clouds hung low in the sky, while the rain poured down on our deck and upon the few friends and relations who had come to see us off and bid us Godspeed. My three brothers went with me as far as Werder lighthouse, where the tug dropped our hawser, and all returned to Christiania.

Five weeks of mostly contrary winds passed by without incident, until we sighted Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland. There the first ice was encountered; and later, along the west coast of Greenland, we entered it several times in order to capture seal, and were fortunate in securing a considerable supply of food for ourselves and our dogs. Of these we had six, all of which had made the voyage before on



THE ASTRONOMICAL OBSERVATORY AT GJÖA HARBOR, KING WILLIAM LAND

board the *Fram* with Captain Sverdrup. July 25 saw us at anchor at Godhavn, on Disco Island, where the Royal Danish Trading Company had deposited some petroleum, sledges, kayaks, and the like for us, and given us permission to buy some more dogs.

I had already the preceding year corresponded with Herr Dongaard Jensen, Inspector for North Greenland, respecting the purchase of some dogs, and that genial and obliging gentleman had met my request by causing ten splendid young animals to be collected for me and trained for sledge-driving. Two of my original six dogs had already died on board, and we lost in this way ten dogs during the first winter.

In Godhavn we landed our instruments and put up our first observation station, taking throughout our stay there magnetic and astronomical observations.

On August 8 we entered Melville Bay, feared alike, and for good reason, by whalers and arctic travellers. Previous to our arrival the whaler *Vega*, in which Baron Nordenskjöld made the Northeast Passage, had been nipped and destroyed

by pressure, and other whalers had lost their rudders and been damaged in various ways.

In a thick fog, through partly open ice, we succeeded, thanks chiefly to the small size of our vessel, in creeping through many narrow lanes. Forty miles* south of Cape York we suddenly emerged from the fog, and the imposing mountains of that vicinity, capped with ice and snow, burst upon our vision, just as if the curtain of a theatre had been suddenly raised. This gave us our first opportunity of scanning the ice-fields, which at first sight appeared to be completely packed, but upon closer inspection divulged a narrow lead to the west, just wide enough for the *Gjøa* to enter. Our hopes centred in penetrating the ice-pack to the so-called North Water, the other side of Cape Dudley Didges—a place where the Scotch whalers usually go for open water at this time of the season—and we succeeded beyond our expectation. Cameras were now put into operation and snapshots taken in all directions.

At 7 P.M. on August 15 we discerned

* Nautical miles are meant in this article.

Dalrymple Rock in the distance—a point where two Scotch whaling captains, Milne and Adams, had deposited a considerable amount of stores for our expedition. Near to this place we met with a great surprise: a number of shots were fired off behind some large hummocks, and suddenly five kayaks shot into sight, the first two flying the Danish and the Norwegian flags. The kayaks proved to contain the leader of the Danish Literary Greenland Expedition, Herr Mylius Eriksen, and his bold companion Herr Knut Rasmussen, with three Eskimos. They had seen us from a distance, and had come out to tell us that the depot at Dalrymple Rock was in good order; whereupon they furthermore acted as our pilots and showed us the spot, where, as there was no harbor, I was forced to anchor the *Gjöa* in an exposed position

off the coast. In spite of the late hour we immediately set to work to load, rigging a derrick on a protruding ice-foot, and with its aid lowering all the packages into our boats. Our guests lent a willing hand at this tiring and difficult task, and thereby enabled us to finish it at two o'clock in the morning of August 17, when we weighed anchor and sailed with our friends to their camp among the Eskimo on Saunder Island.

Herr Mylius Eriksen made me a very valuable present in the shape of four Eskimo dogs—two puppies and two full-grown ones; the former developed into very useful animals.

We started away from our anchorage in calm weather, under a full head of steam, and after picking our course in a zigzag direction between gigantic formations of ice, we emerged into open water in Baffin Bay.

The *Gjöa* was now loaded to the gunwales, and it was lucky for us that calm weather prevailed, until we had passed Baffin Bay and entered Lancaster Sound, where we occasionally encountered narrow streams of ice, which, however, did not impede our progress. On August 22 we anchored outside Beechey Island, which has a sad and unenviable reputation as the scene of Sir John Franklin's first winter quarters, where years afterwards were discovered the first traces of the tragic fate of that expedition. It was with sorrow that we reerected some of the fallen headstones.

Northumberland House, on this island, is a building once put up by the British government and provided with a stock of clothing, provisions, coal, and other stores, in the hope that Franklin's party



TATTOOED ESKIMO WOMAN IN THE CABIN OF THE "GJÖA"

might hit upon it and thereby be succored, possibly saved. I found that it had been pillaged by vandals and all barrels and cases broken into and destroyed. The building itself was in ruins, with the remains of a boat lying outside.

The magnetic needle was now no longer reliable, though not yet totally incapacitated. During two days spent at Beechey Island we completed a series of magnetic observations which plainly indicated the position of the magnetic pole as being to the south of the island. On August 24 we therefore started southward towards the supposed area of the magnetic pole, and through a dense fog found our course, still by the aid of the compass, into Peel Sound—a further proof that the needle was still of some use. At Prescott Island, however, the efficiency of the compass ceased, and we were compelled to navigate by the heavenly bodies whenever they appeared through the fog, which prevailed most of the time.

We made our way along the west coast of Boothia Felix between the shore and the ice, outside the point where Ross observed and located the north magnetic pole in 1831—a point which from all accounts I had been led to consider as one of the most difficult in the Northwest Passage, because of the density of the pack. We were, however, pleasantly surprised by open water and a stiff breeze, with high seas. Unluckily on September 1 we grounded, and were compelled to throw overboard the greater part of our deck cargo, including several tons of dog-food; this helped us to float the vessel again, and we proceeded through shoal and dangerous waters until the afternoon of September 9, when we anchored in Petersen Bay, on the southeast coast of King William Land.

Saturday, September 12, we stood into "Gjöa Harbor"—a small landlocked cove at the head of Petersen Bay, and here we remained for nearly two years.

The *Gjöa* was moored to the cliffs, and a conveying-rope passed from our mast-head to an anchor placed on shore, at the spot which we had chosen for our storehouse. All the provisions were then run ashore on this rope, the wooden packing-cases removed, and the tin linings numbered and placed in rows and

stacks, according to the order in which we expected to use them. With one of our three mainsails we then built a canvas house over the stores, and round it dug a ditch for the purpose of draining away the water which was to be expected during the spring and summer. Soon after this snow began to fall, and was blown up round the canvas cover, forming solid walls.

On September 17, having finished this job, we could give our attention to the construction of the different observatories which I had planned. Our work had to be done with great care, and the task proved to be a difficult one. After marking out the boundaries, we dug out the foundations to a depth of two feet, which in the frozen ground was no child's play. Large stones were then transported from some distance away, and with these the entire site was filled in and cement poured over it, forming a solid basis. To prevent sudden changes of temperature and to insure the absolute darkness of a photographic dark room (the magnetic apparatus registered automatically by photographic record) we constructed outside the door a covered entrance, which we also built of boxes. While two men were thus completing the house, the other two dug a trench round it, three feet wide by two deep. The land taken from this trench was thrown up against the walls of the house, giving it very much the appearance of a sand-hill, but it afforded good protection against the blizzards of the winter and the floods of the spring and summer.

Next in order came a dwelling-house. This we built about five hundred feet distant, and outside it put up the meteorological instruments. The house was intended for two men, whose duty it would be to attend respectively to the magnetic and meteorological stations. During the month of October, after several heavy falls of snow, we built a snow hut, cutting out the blocks of hard snow with ice-saws. These blocks, which weighed up to 250 pounds each, were placed one on top of the other, and after the walls were up we made a roof of cotton material, which we sewed together on our sewing-machine on board the vessel. In this hut were taken the absolute magnetic observations, with the so-called

travelling equipment. A similar building was also erected, in which were stored the reserve magnetic instruments.

This completed our building operations, which lasted until the end of October, with occasional interruptions caused by the appearance of reindeer. This was always the signal for an immediate suspension of labor, so that we might indulge in the pleasures of the chase. To get out our guns, and for each man to start off in a different direction, with or without ski or snow-shoes, was on such occasions the work of a few minutes; and although the animals were rather shy, we could usually get fairly close to them, and shot with our Krag-Jørgensen rifles about a hundred reindeer during the period of house-building. It would have been an easy matter for us to have killed several times as many, but when we had secured enough for our winter supply we desisted entirely and devoted our time to the pursuits of peace.

Before the snow came we had covered the *Gjøa* with a winter awning made with her sails, and we now stacked the reindeer carcasses on the deck, placing them in two layers, with a gangway in the middle. Double skylights were inserted in the fore-castle and cabin, and the petroleum-stoves put in position for cooking and heating. The question of ventilation also received a share of our attention; we contrived this in such a manner that fresh air was let in above the stoves, and mingling with the hot air generated by them, was carried round the cabins and finally conveyed away by outlets near the floor.

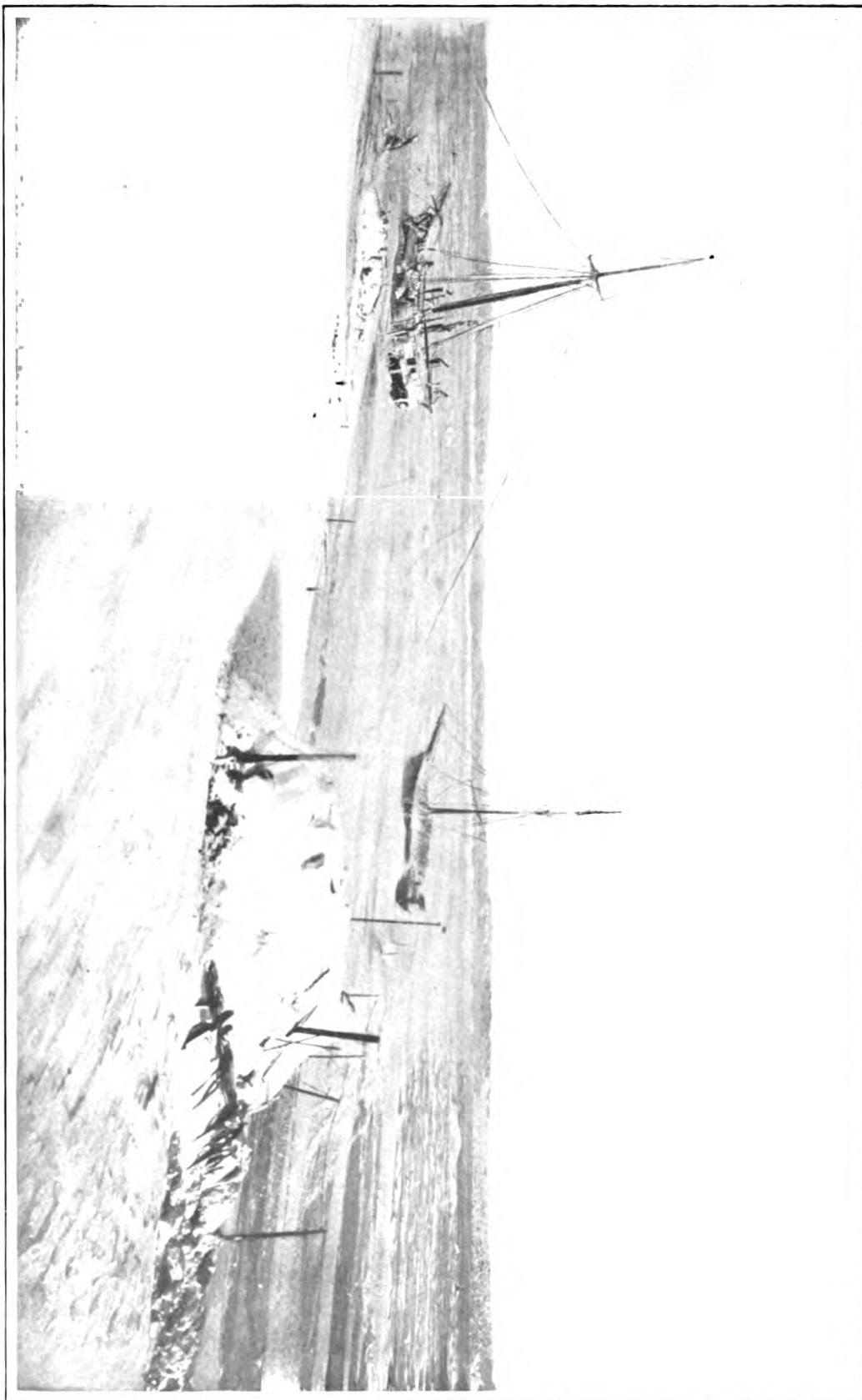
The 29th of October was destined to be a red-letter day in the annals of our expedition. After breakfast, when we went out as usual to scan the country for reindeer, we noticed several dark spots far away on the side of a hill. These at first we took to be deer, but their movements seemed strange, and in order to make sure somebody at once fetched a glass from the cabin. Imagine our surprise when we discovered that what we saw were actually human beings. Doubtless they were Eskimos; and I decided to go out and meet them, taking two of my men with me, all three of us being well armed. The scene which followed has

ever since appeared to me as one of the most ridiculous that happened during the whole expedition.

We had been told that the natives of these regions were hostile and unfriendly towards strangers, and I still remember the martial air with which I mustered my detachment and led them out to meet the supposed enemy. From time to time I glanced anxiously behind me to inspect my troops, consisting as aforesaid of two well-armed followers, and observing that their bearing corresponded perfectly with the seriousness of the situation, I advanced hopefully in the direction of the Eskimos. Even a military man must have admitted the precision and *esprit de corps* with which we approached the supposed danger. The enemy had halted, and was now watching our movements with curiosity, so at a hundred paces I decided to stop and further consider the demands of the situation.

Our opponents mustered five souls, two of whom carried each a bow and arrows slung across their backs; the other three were entirely unarmed. Feeling somewhat reassured and not a little ashamed at our warlike preparations, I left my companions behind me and went out towards the Eskimos, who came to greet me with the most unmistakable manifestations of pleasure—in fact, smiling and chanting a sort of melody. The meeting was most cordial and quite touching: we embraced and hugged one another like old friends, the Eskimos all the while yelling *Manik-tu-mi*, and at the same time touching and feeling my body from top to toe.

During this ceremony my two companions had come up with us, and they now received similar greetings, accompanied by what were evidently demonstrations of undying devotion and friendship. The Eskimos returned with us to the ship, and the same ceremonies were again repeated when they met our two men on board the *Gjøa*. The two who were in the dwelling-house ashore were unaware of all that was going on, so I took our new friends up to the house and introduced them formally as old acquaintances of mine whom we had just come across. It caused me much secret amusement to observe the solemnity and ceremony with which the Eskimos, who were ignorant



KING POINT DURING THE WINTER OF 1905-6
The American whaling schooner *Bonanza*, wrecked on the beach of King William Land. The *Giza* outside in winter quarters

of our practical joke, were received by our two comrades.

All hands then repaired on board the *Gjöa*, and while I was trying to start the "conversation" our cook came up to me and whispered something about the propriety of inviting our guests below to partake of refreshments, which he suggested might take the form of coffee and sandwiches. The invitation was duly extended, and we all proceeded down into the hold, where assemblies usually took place; but coffee and sandwiches proved to be without any sort of attraction to our visitors, who seemed quite unable to appreciate them. Nor did fried deer-steak appeal to their appetite; but I had noticed up on deck that the piles of reindeer had awakened their liveliest enthusiasm, and I accordingly sent for a raw haunch of the meat, which immediately caused radiant smiles and broad grins to clothe the faces of our arctic friends. We had evidently discovered their weakness, for with the most satisfied expression of face and manner the meat was passed round from one to another, each in turn closing his teeth on as big a lump as his mouth would hold, after which the piece was severed from the rest of the flesh with a knife, close to the teeth. Almost without chewing it they then swallowed the whole mouthful, and we could watch its downward progress on the outside of their throats, very much as one can in the case of a duck or goose. Several haunches of venison thus found their way into the interior of the Eskimo anatomy, and, the feast ended, various appreciative noises announced that the food had agreed perfectly with the digestive apparatus of our newly found friends.

Before the conclusion of this visit I presented the Eskimos with a knife and some needles, after which they started for home to tell their tribe of the white men, whose like none but two or three of the oldest members had ever seen before. Despite the fact that we could not understand their language, we succeeded in obtaining their promise of a repeated visit in the near future.

By November 2, 1903, all our different chains of observation were started, and they were kept going for an unbroken period of nearly two years, or until June 1, 1905.

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A week elapsed before our friends returned; they then brought with them a number of fine reindeer-skins, which they sold to us for a needle each, with a few extra needles thrown in. This may appear an absurdly inadequate payment, but it must be remembered that the *Gjöa* was a very small vessel, and as our stay was to last several years, it was of the utmost importance to us to keep our goods in high esteem.

Our Eskimo friends stayed with us until the following day, spending the night on board, well packed into reindeer-skins. Their meals continued to consist of raw meat and ice-water, the latter partaken of to the extent of half a gallon to a meal. About noon on the day after their arrival they made preparations for departure, and I made up my mind to return with them so as to investigate their village and see something of their mode of life. I packed a sledge with provisions and ammunition, a sleeping-bag and rifle, and gave the hauling-lines to the Eskimos, who trotted away on their *kimiks*, or reindeer-skin boots, while I used my ski. The latter as well as the Canadian snow-shoe is entirely unknown to the natives of these regions.

After a four hours' march we arrived at their village, situated in a picturesque valley and consisting of eight snow houses. The gleam of light falling through the ice windows lit up the snow outside, creating a romantic scene, it seemed to me, as I stood there in the midst of a barren waste, surrounded by fields of ice and snow, and thousands of miles away from the nearest civilization, while all around the arctic night spread its gloom and darkness.

At some distance from the settlement my companions announced their arrival by savage cries and yells, which brought out the entire population, consisting probably of some fifty individuals, to receive us. One of my companions—Attira by name—took upon himself to act as host, and invited me into his hut, which was of considerable size, and, moreover, accommodated a second family, named Tamoktukte—the Driving Reindeer.

Attira brought my pack inside, and in every way acted the part of a host who wishes to make his guest feel at home. The male population soon assembled in



ESKIMO CAMP, GJÖA HARBOR, 1904 (MOONLIGHT PICTURE)

our house, and a feast took place, at which several reindeer were consumed, washed down by a liberal supply of seal-oil. Everybody present seemed to enjoy himself immensely, and contributed to a general and very noisy conversation, of which I seemed to be the chief subject. During this time the women made their appearance, one by one, and after satisfying their curiosity, disappeared quietly, making room for others. They seemed to regard me with a kind of real or feigned apathy.

In the course of a couple of hours the party came to an end, and everybody left, with the exception of the two families living in the house. I was given a place in the middle of the sleeping-bench, with a family on each side, and there I placed my bag for a much-needed rest, which lasted until daylight the next morning. After breakfast I started back to the *Gjöa*, accompanied by four smart young fellows, who ran along so fast with my sledge that I could hardly keep up with them even on my ski.

On Christmas eve an old native named

Terain arrived at the *Gjöa*, apparently with something serious on his mind, and on questioning him I discovered that the whole settlement had struck camp and departed for more southerly hunting-grounds, leaving Terain with his wife and child—the latter a boy of ten years of age—to shift for themselves. I made up my mind to get to the bottom of this story, and accordingly, when Christmas was over, started (on January 2) on a trip of investigation. Arrived at the village, I found it deserted, as Terain had said, with the exception of the igloo occupied by him and his family. I returned the following day, bringing the three Eskimos back with me to the vessel, where we gave them an asylum till the beginning of March, when their roving spirit again took possession of them and they started off to seek their tribe. Basing my opinion upon later investigations, I feel confident that the whole incident was a put-up thing, a nice calculation, whereby Terain and the rest of the tribe saved themselves the labor involved in feeding one family.

The time had now arrived for us to start on the different sledge expeditions to points in the vicinity of the north magnetic pole, for the purpose of making the observations necessary for its absolute location. On March 1, accordingly, in a temperature of 63° Fahr. (52° C.), four of us started northward on King William Land with two sledges and ten dogs. My intention was to put down depots for the main expedition which was to start from our base on April 1. However, the temperature was so low and the snow so dry that it collected in front of the sledge-runners like light sand and seriously impeded our progress. After two days of this sort of thing we dumped our loads about ten miles from "Gjøa Harbor," and returned with empty sledges, every evening building snow huts, in which we slept quite comfortably, although the temperature at this time went down to 79° Fahr. below zero (61° 7' C.)—the lowest temperature observed during the entire expedition.

In the middle of March I made another attempt to advance this depot, taking with me one assistant. During this journey, while marching northward along the east coast of King William Land, we were confronted one morning, immediately after we had started, with an Eskimo, and suddenly, one after another, a large number of others made their appearance from among the blocks of ice. It was not long before some thirty of them had congregated. Leaving my companion, with the guns loaded and ready on the top of one of our sledges, I advanced towards the Eskimos, repeatedly calling, *Manik-tu-mi*, which means, "How do you do?" When they were able to distinguish my words, these seemed to have a pleasing effect, for they all came forward to meet me with evident good-will, which I considered lucky, as they were well armed with lances and bows. Our meeting was just as cordial as my first meeting with the natives of these parts had been. They intimated to me that their village was only a short distance away, and I accordingly decided to accompany them home.

After we had arrived at this understanding they took their dogs and harnessed them to our two sledges, about twenty-five to each, and then began the

wildest chase it has ever been my misfortune to take part in. Regardless of consequences to either life or limb, to say nothing of the sledges, everybody rushed towards the settlement as if a prairie fire were upon them, all the time shrieking and yelling at the top of their voices, apparently in the wildest glee.

These men had gone out to capture seal, but apparently thought no more of the matter after they fell in with us. They proved to be more intelligent and much better equipped than the first tribe we had met, and after a very short period had elapsed became our greatest friends and allies. On our arrival at their village we found that there were about one hundred and fifty of them, living in sixteen snow huts. They proved to belong to the Netchjilli Eskimos, which Ross mentions as having met in 1831. Later on I discovered that other settlements of this same tribe were scattered about over a considerable area.

At about fifty paces from the igloos we stopped to unharness the dogs, and while we were so doing the feminine element of the village assembled and came running towards us in a long single file. They circled round us once, uttering grunts meanwhile that were evidently some sort of welcome, and then returned to their huts.

We were then invited into the house of one of the Eskimos—Attikleura by name—a man apparently about forty years of age, and who seemed to occupy the position of a chief. His dwelling was about twelve feet square, comparatively lofty, and was entered by a long passage. Meanwhile some of the others built a snow house for the visitors, and Attikleura's wife regaled us with frozen salmon and reindeer meat, not to mention reindeer fat and blubber. When we had partaken of these several delicacies he brought me as a present a beautifully embroidered suit of reindeer clothing, and when, later on, we moved into our newly built hut he furthermore gave me a magnificent polar-bear skin.

In a book written by Klutshak, a member of the Schwatka expedition, the Eskimo word *miki* is given as meaning a dog. By employing this word I tried to explain to Attikleura that I should like him to accompany us north with his dogs

and sledge. The next morning, to my astonishment, I found outside our hut his sledge and little son, aged about ten years. I then discovered that *miki* did not mean dog, but child, and, whether from friendship or fear, Attikleura had decided to agree to what he supposed was my expressed wish—*viz.*, to obtain his boy and sledge. When I explained the mistake, there were signs of great joy all over the camp. After this I presented the ladies with gifts, consisting of a couple of needles each, the distribution taking place as all passed by me in a long line. I soon discovered, however, that some of those who had already received their share reentered the line after passing me and tried it on again. When I jokingly gave them to understand that I had noticed their little de-

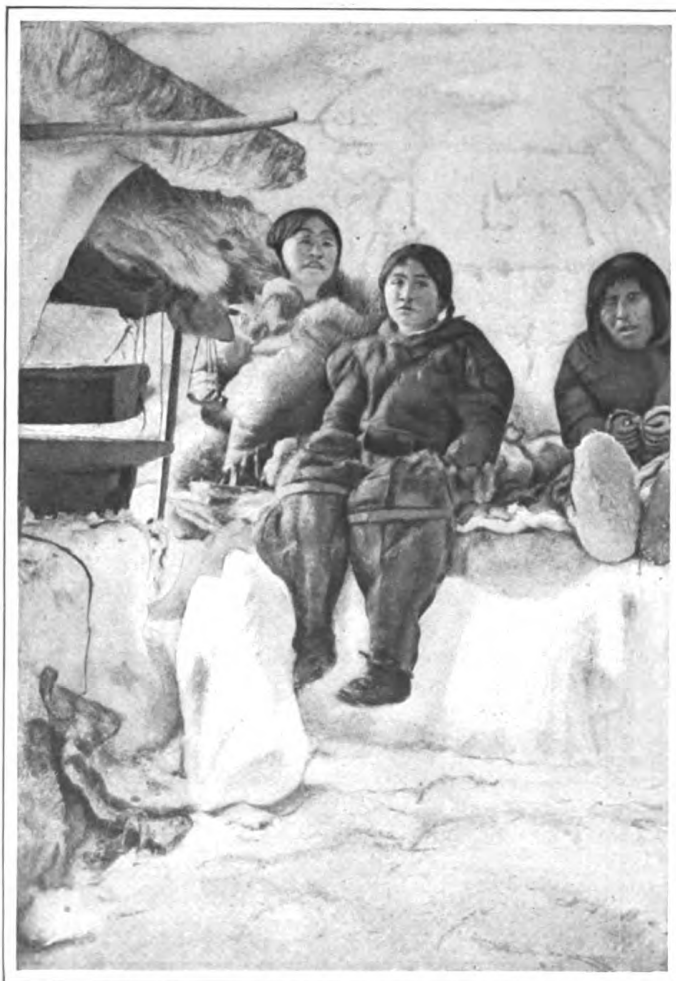
ception it caused great merriment and childish laughter.

The men being very unwilling to give up the prospect of seal-hunting, I found it difficult to induce one of them to act as our pilot, but finally a younger brother of Attikleura—Poietah by name—consented to accompany us.

The day after our start, about 1 P.M., we passed another Eskimo camp, consisting of members of the Ttchnachtorvick tribe, from the east coast of Boothia Felix. The temperature still remained at about 57° Fahr. below zero, and this, combined with a stiff breeze from the north, having caused bad frost-bites on my wrists, I decided to take advantage of this opportunity of seeking shelter. From the first these Eskimos had made a bad impression on me, the disagreeable

and deceitful expression of their faces denoting a low type of character; and it was not long before I had certain proof that I had analyzed them correctly, for during the night a knife, an axe, and a saw disappeared from our pack. In vain I attempted to induce them to restore these very necessary implements, and at last had to resort to strategy. Pretending that I knew who had stolen the articles, I took my rifle and announced that I would shoot the perpetrators unless the things were produced forthwith. Without a moment's hesitation three members of the band set out for their igloos and returned at once, carrying the missing articles.

This occurrence convinced me that it would be useless to deposit any stores where this tribe had knowledge of it, and I therefore returned with our guide to his village and buried our depot on the shore in the presence of the entire population, admonishing them to keep good watch over it. The next



NETCHJILLI ESKIMOS IN THEIR SNOW HUT, GJÖA HARBOR



ATTIKLEURA AND HIS WIFE AT THEIR TENT, GJÖA HARBOR

day we set off for the *Gjöa*, accompanied by nearly thirty Eskimos with three sledges. This was their first visit to us, and they remained for nearly a week, after which they went back to their camp. Two of us returned with them on a second journey north, towards the magnetic pole.

This journey might easily have had a fatal ending for us. Our sledges being too heavy to drag across the packed and uneven ice, we were obliged to lighten our loads by making a cache, which later was totally despoiled by the Ttechnachtorvicks, and we thus found ourselves a hundred miles from our base without provisions. Ten tablets of pemmican was all that the thieves had left us, and with this scant supply of food we succeeded in reaching the *Gjöa*, but in an exhausted condition, and with our journey, which was to have lasted three months, cut short by two-thirds of that time.

A year later the sledge was sent back to me through the Netchjilli tribe, presumably because all the Eskimos we fell in with believed us to be in possession of supernatural powers, by which we could punish them even at a distance.

During our two years' sojourn in Gjöa Harbor we took some two thousand photographs of the Eskimos, besides having ample opportunities of studying the life of these aborigines, who had never before come in contact with outside influences, and are undoubtedly among the most interesting of the inhabitants of our globe.

The spring was taken up with short journeys in the vicinity of our winter quarters, to ascertain the magnetic conditions, and to prove conclusively that no local disturbances had taken place. During the month of July the ice melted and disappeared entirely from our harbor, notwithstanding the fact that Simpson Strait continued to be filled with drifting pack-ice. This was not so impenetrable, however, but we should have been able to slip through it had the conquest of the Northwest Passage been my chief aim and object.

About September 24 we set to work once again to put the *Gjöa* into trim for our second winter aboard her.

This winter (1904-5) differed greatly in many ways from the past one: our

Eskimo friends, to the number of nearly two hundred, settled immediately round us, and thus gave us an improved opportunity of studying their mode of life. It is the custom of these Eskimos when out hunting to temporarily bury their bag under stones, in order to preclude activities on the part of the fox and badger. Meat which had been cached in this way was now hauled back on sledges to Gjõa Harbor, and an unbroken round of festivities began, in which overeating played the most important part. This went on until January, when, their food being exhausted, they were obliged to resume hunting. At this season of the year it is the seal which supplies the necessities of life; but its capture is frequently attended by much danger and hardship, caused by the long hours which it is often necessary to wait beside the seal-holes in the ice, the temperature being very likely at a minimum and the wind at a maximum. With the arrival of February they packed up their belongings and moved out on to the ice, so as to be nearer to their hunting-grounds, and we were then left to ourselves again, which, it must be confessed, was somewhat of a relief.

During February I began the encircling of the magnetic pole, and continued at this work until the month of June. During this latter month I went a sledging expedition to King William Land, to the supposed situation of the pole. Here a sensitive declinatorium showed the magnetic pole to be north of my place of observation. Immediately after this occurrence the needle turned, showing the pole to be to the south of my position. This very interesting and important fact proves what of late has been assumed on theoretic grounds, namely, that the magnetic pole is not immovable and is not stationary in its situation. Our nineteen months of unbroken magnetic registration in Gjõa Harbor will, however, when worked out by experts, give, I hope, a great deal of further enlightenment on this subject.

On April 1 Lieutenant Hausen and Peder Ristvedt started on their expedition to chart the east coast of Victoria Land, taking with them two sledges and twelve dogs, and provisions for three months. They returned, after many ad-

ventures, on June 24. This expedition had for its outcome the charting of half the missing coast-line and the discovery of a large group of hitherto unknown islands.

At the end of May we dismantled the dwelling-house on shore, and on June 1 the magnetic-variation house. The packing-cases were emptied of the sand, repaired, and put out to dry; and when ready the tin boxes, of which we still had a large number unopened, were again slipped into them and the whole loaded on board the *Gjõa*.

During this July the ice again disappeared altogether from our harbor, but remained much longer in Simpson Strait.

On August 12, for the first time this summer, I found the ice somewhat practicable, and decided to make a start the next morning. The last of the meteorological instruments which were still on shore were brought on board during the night, and at three o'clock in the morning of August 13 we weighed anchor and steamed out of this cove, which had afforded us a splendid harbor for nearly two years. Our Eskimo friends remained on the beach, waving us a last farewell.

We made our way westward through a thick fog, guided by the lead, which, as a rule, indicated about ten fathoms; but the same day were obliged to anchor under Todd Island, as heavy fog and ice stopped any farther advance. A couple of hours after this the fog lifted, and we discovered a narrow lane between the pack and the shore, barely wide enough for the *Gjõa* to pass through. Needless to say, we did not lose any time in slipping through this opening, which brought us into open water, where we could go ahead full speed. At four o'clock the next morning we dropped anchor outside Kamiglu, where an appointment had been made to bid a last farewell to our Eskimo friends, who were hunting reindeer and catching salmon there; from them we secured a supply of both articles sufficient for our needs. An Eskimo boy of eighteen years of age, named Maimi, expressed a wish to go with us, as he was unhappy at home and badly treated by his adoptive parents, and as the father would not let him go without some equivalent, I had to pay his ransom in the shape of a knife and a file.

The boy gained our affection by his honesty and cheery disposition, and it was a sorrow to us all when, a year later (July 22, 1906), he accidentally fell from his kayak in our harbor at Herschel Island and was drowned.

At eight o'clock in the morning of August 14 all was ready, and we weighed anchor and proceeded westward under sail and steam in open water. A few hours later we passed through the narrowest place in the Northwest Passage, Etta Sound—a shoal and tortuous channel, about three-quarters of a mile wide, between Etta Island and the mainland. The following day we passed through the newly discovered group of islands, the ice, which was packed, barely permitting a passage through the centre of the group. An uneven, shoal, and foul bottom compelled us constantly to feel our way with the lead.

The course westward took us through Victoria Strait, which was filled with heavy pack; thence through the strait between Victoria Land and the mainland, where we encountered partially open water. We continued our way through Dease Strait and Coronation Gulf out into Dolphin and Union straits, and on the morning of August 25 sighted Nelson Head—a tall and imposing headland. We also sighted in the forenoon the first vessel which we had seen since

leaving the Atlantic side, and she proved to be the *Charles Haussan*, a whaling schooner from San Francisco.

At Cape Bathurst we were stopped by ice, and had to wait nearly twenty-four hours before we could get on. At Baily Island we passed several beset whalers.

On the morning of September 1, in a heavy snow-storm, we overtook and passed two whalers near Pullen Island, and later in the day they again overtook us on their way to Herschel Island. They proved to be the barks *Alexander* and *Bowhead*, the former of which was later on nipped in the ice and completely wrecked.

On the afternoon of the next day, September 2, the ice compelled us to seek shelter under Cape Sabine, where we anchored. The following day we started again, taking advantage of a narrow lead between the land ice and the shore, but after travelling westward for a short distance we were stopped by impassable ice-barriers and had to make fast to a hummock only a few yards outside the wrecked whaler *Bonanza* of San Francisco.

Time passed but the ice remained, and I soon realized that we should have to make preparations for a third winter in the arctic regions. Young ice began to form, and in a few days everything around us was frozen hard. We were close under King Point, about thirty-five



SLEDGE EXPEDITION FOR MAGNETIC OBSERVATIONS, KING WILLIAM LAND

miles east of Herschel Island, where, as we later discovered, five whaling-vessels were beset. Our winter quarters were on the open coast, exposed to the caprices of the ice, and at any time we were liable to be nipped and destroyed by the pressure. We missed Gjõa Harbor with its splendid shelter, our only protection—which, however, proved to be ample—being during this winter the land ice outside of us.

By September 24 the young ice had become sufficiently strong to bear me with a dog-sledge, and I accordingly set off for the whaling fleet near Herschel Island, for the purpose of finding out when they intended to send off their mails. I obtained permission to accompany the Eskimos who were to start for Fort Yukon on October 24, and then returned to the *Gjõa*.

By October 13 we had put up all the stations on shore and begun the series of observations. On October 20 I left my vessel with a sledge and five dogs to take letters and telegrams to civilization, and arrived at Eagle City, Alaska, on December 5, whence all the despatches were forwarded. I stayed here two months awaiting letters for myself and the other members of the expedition, and during this period was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank N. Smith, the local agent of the Northern Commercial Company.

On March 12 I reached the *Gjõa*, after an absence of five months and after travelling a distance of fifteen hundred miles.

Gustav Wiik, the assistant in the magnetic observations, died on March 31, after a short illness, and his death was keenly felt by all of us his comrades. We buried him in the observatory which he had built himself, and a tall cross with an inscription on it was placed up at one end of the building.

On July 2 the *Gjõa* got loose from her winter berth, and we lost no time in hauling her up to the hulk of the *Bonanza*, which was grounded and provided us with a splendid breakwater against the drifting floes. On July 11 the whalers came down from Herschel Island, and on the same day we left King Point and stood west towards the aforesaid island, passing it on the night of the 12th. The ice, however, compelled our return thither, and we anchored in our old harbor there at three o'clock in the morning of July

13. We made three more vain attempts to proceed, meeting each time with insurmountable difficulties in the way of ice, and each time driven back, until finally, on August 11, we succeeded in entering and following a narrow lead between the pack and the shore, which we followed along the coast, often finding it almost impracticable. On August 19 the propeller struck a piece of ice, bending the shaft and putting the engine out of working gear, and from here onward we were entirely dependent upon our sails.

We weathered Point Barrow, the most northwesterly point of the American continent, on August 20, and received letters which had come by the tender of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company which we found here. The next day we continued west along the coast, and on August 30 stood south through Bering Strait.

We touched at Nome, and here received our first impressions of civilization, after an isolation which had lasted for three and a half years. The cordiality of our reception, and the kindness and hospitality extended to us by the warm-hearted and generous gold-diggers of the great camp of Alaska, will long remain a pleasant memory. Festivities in and around Nome filled up a week, until September 5, when the *Gjõa* set sail for San Francisco, under the command of Lieutenant Haugen. I myself took charge of all the magnetic instruments and went by steamer to Seattle, where the only observatory of the Pacific coast is situated, it being absolutely necessary to compare my instruments with those ashore. All facilities for this work were extended to me by Mr. Edmonds, the director of the observatory.

The *Gjõa* arrived at San Francisco on October 19. The cargo, consisting of ethnographical, zoological, and botanical specimens, and many furs and curios, was discharged at Oakland, packed in a freight-car, and shipped to New York, *en route* for Christiania, after which the members of the expedition started by rail for home.

The *Gjõa* was taken charge of by Admiral Lyons, the commandant of the Mare Island Navy-Yard, who showed such interest in her that he personally superintended her removal to the navy-yard, where she is now resting after her long adventures.

In the Second April

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

I

IT was on the thirteenth day of April that they signed the Second Treaty of Dover, which not only confirmed its predecessor of Aix-la-Chapelle, but in addition, with the brevity of lightning, demolished the last Stuarts' hope of any further aid from France. And the French ambassador subscribed it with a chuckle.

"For on this occasion, Jean," he observed, as he pushed the paper from him, "I think that honors are fairly even. You obtain peace at home, and in India we obtain assistance for Dupleix; good, the benefit is quite mutual; and accordingly, my friend, I must still owe you one for that Bavarian business."

Ormskirk was silent until he had the churchwarden he had just ignited aglow. "That was the evening I had you robbed and beaten by footpads, was it not? Faith, Gaston, I think you should rather be obliged to me, since it taught you never to carry important papers in your pocket what time you go about your affairs of gallantry."

"That beating with great sticks," the Duc de Puysange considered, "was the height of unnecessary."

And the Duke of Ormskirk shrugged. "A mere touch of verisimilitude, Gaston; footpads invariably beat their victims. Besides, you had attempted to murder me at Aix, you may remember."

De Puysange was horrified. "My dear friend! when I set Villaneuve upon you it was with express orders only to run you through the shoulder. Figure to yourself, that abominable St. Severin had bribed your *chef* to feed you powdered glass in a ragout. But I dissented. And, you conceive, Villaneuve was in price exorbitant. I snap my fingers. 'For a comrade so dear,' I remark, 'I gladly employ the most expensive of assassins.' Yet before the face of such mag-

nanimity you grumble." The Duc de Puysange spread out his shapely hands. "I murder you! My adored Jean, I had as lief make love to my wife!"

Ormskirk struck his finger-tips upon the table. "Faith, I knew there was something I intended to ask of you. I want you to get me a wife, Gaston."

"In fact," de Puysange observed, "warfare being now at an end, it is only natural that you should resort to matrimony. I can assure you it is an admirable substitute. But who is the lucky miss, my little villain?"

"Why, that is for you to settle," Ormskirk said. "I had hoped you might know of some suitable person."

"*Ma foi!* my friend, if I were arbiter and any wife would suit you, I would cordially desire you to take mine, for when a woman so incessantly resembles an angel in conduct, her husband inevitably desires to see her one in reality."

"You misinterpret me, Gaston. This is not a jest. I had always intended to marry so soon as I could spare the time, and now that this treaty is disposed of, my opportunity has beyond doubt arrived. I am practically at leisure until the autumn. At latest, though, I must marry by August, in order to get the honeymoon off my hands before the convocation of Parliament. For there will have to be a honeymoon, I suppose?"

"It is customary," de Puysange said. He appeared to deliberate something entirely alien to his reply, however, and now sat silent for a matter of four seconds, his countenance profoundly grave. He was a hideous man,* with black bee-

* For a consideration of the vexed and delicate question whether or no King Charles II. of England was his grandfather, the reader is referred to the third chapter of la Vrillière's *De Puysange et Son Temps*. The resemblance in person to that monarch was undeniable.

ting eyebrows, an enormous nose, and an under lip excessively full; his face had all the calculated ill proportion of a gargoyle, an ugliness so consummate and merry that in ultimate effect it captivated.

At last de Puy-sange began: "I think I follow you. It is quite proper that you should marry. It is quite proper that a man who has done so much for England should leave descendants to perpetuate his name and with perhaps some portion of his ability—no, Jean, I do not flatter—serve the England which is to his heart so dear. As a Frenchman I cannot but deplore that our next generation will have to face another Ormskirk; as your friend who loves you I say that this marriage will appropriately round a successful and honorable and intelligent life. Eh, we are only men, you and I, and it is advisable that all men should marry, since otherwise they might be so happy in this colorful world that getting to heaven would not particularly tempt them. Thus is matrimony a bulwark of religion."

"You are growing scurrilous," Ormskirk complained, "whereas I am in perfect earnest."

"I, too, speak to the foot of the letter, Jean, as you will presently ascertain. I comprehend that you cannot with agreeability marry an Englishwoman. You are too much of a personage. Possessing, as you are notoriously known to do, your pick among the women of your degree—for none of them dare refuse the great Duke of Ormskirk—any choice must therefore be a too robustious affront to all the others. If you select a Howard, the Skirlaws will be offended; if a Beaufort, you lose Umfraville's support,—and so on. Hey, I know, my dear Jean; your affair with the Earl of Brudenel's daughter cost you seven seats in Parliament, you may remember. How am I aware of this?—why, because I habitually have your mail intercepted. You intercept mine, do you not? Naturally; you would be a very gross and intolerable scion of the pig if you did otherwise. *Eh bien!* let us get on. You might, of course, play King Cophetua, but I doubt if it would amuse you, since Penelophons are rare; it follows in logic that your wife must come from abroad. And whence? Without question, from France, the land of adorable women. The thing is plainly

demonstrated; and in France, my dear, I have to an eyelash the proper person for you."

"Then we may consider the affair as settled," Ormskirk replied, "and should you arrange to have the marriage take place upon the first of August—if possible, a trifle earlier—I would be trebly your debtor."

De Puy-sange retorted: "Beyond doubt I can adjust these matters. And yet, my dear Jean, I must submit that it is not quite the act of a gentleman to plunge into matrimony without even inquiring as to the dowry of your future bride."

"It is true," said Ormskirk, with a grimace; "I had not thought of her portion. You must remember that my attention is at present preempted by that idiotic Ferrers business. How much am I to marry, then, Gaston?"

"I had in mind," said the other, "my sister—the Demoiselle Claire de Puy-sange—"

It was a day of courtesy when the minor graces were paramount. Ormskirk rose and accorded him a salutation fitted to an emperor. "I entreat your pardon, sir, for any *gaucherie* of which I may have been guilty, and desire to extend to you herewith my appreciation of the honor you have done me."

"It is sufficient, monsieur," de Puy-sange replied. And the two gravely bowed to one another.

Then the Frenchman resumed in conversational tones: "I have but one unmarried sister—already nineteen, beautiful as an angel (in the eyes at least of fraternal affection), and undoubtedly as headstrong as any devil at present stoking the eternal fires below. You can conceive that the disposal of such a person is a delicate matter. In Poictesme there is no suitable match, and upon the other hand I grievously apprehend her presentation at our court, where, as Arouet de Voltaire once observed to me, the men are lured into matrimony by the memories of their past sins, and the women by the immunity it promises for future ones. In England, where custom will permit a woman to be both handsome and respectable, I estimate she would be admirably placed. Accordingly, my dear Jean, behold a fact accomplished. And now let us embrace, my brother."

This was done. The next day they settled the matter of dowry, jointure, the widow's portion, and so on, and de Puy-sange returned to render his report at Marly. The wedding had been fixed by the Frenchman for St. Anne's day, and by Ormskirk, as an uncompromising churchman, for the 26th of the following July.

That evening the Duke of Ormskirk sat alone in his lodgings. His Grace was very splendid in black and gold, wearing his two stars of the Garter and the Thistle, for there was a ball that night at Lady Sandwich's, and royalty was to embellish it. In consequence, he meant to show his plump face there for a quarter of an hour; and the rooms would be too hot (he peevishly reflected), and the light would tire his eyes, and Lavenstrophe would buttonhole him again about that appointment for Lavenstrophe's son, and the King would give vent to some especially fat-witted jest, and he would apishly grin and applaud. And afterward he would come home with a headache, and all night long ghostly fiddles would vex him with their thin incessancy.

"Accordingly," the Duke decided, "I shall not stir a step until eleven o'clock. The King, in the ultimate, is only a tipsy, ignorant old Dutchman, and I have half a mind to tell him so. Meantime, he can wait."

He sat down to consider this curious lassitude, this indefinite vexation, which had possessed him.

"For I appear to have taken a sudden dislike to the universe. It is probably my liver.

"In any event I have come now to the end of my resources. For some twenty-five years it has amused me to make a great man of John Bulmer. That's done now, and, like the Moorish fellow in the play, 'my occupation's gone.' I am at the very top of the ladder, and I find it the dreariest place in the world. There is nothing left to scheme for, and besides, I am tired.

"The tiniest nerve in my body, the innermost cell of my brain, is tired to-night.

"I wonder if getting married will divert me? I doubt it. Of course I ought to marry, but then it must be rather terrible to have a woman loitering around you for the rest of your life.

She will probably expect me to talk to her; she will probably come into my rooms and sit there whenever the inclination prompts her,—in a sentence, she will probably worry me to death. Eh well!—that die is cast.

"'Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil.' And what's her name? Oh yes, Claire. That is a very silly name, and I suppose she is a vixenish little idiot. However, the alliance is a sensible one. De Puy-sange has had it in mind for some six months, I think. Yesterday he knew from the start that I was leading up to a proposal for his sister,—and yet there we sat, two solemn fools, and played our tedious comedy to a finish. *Eh bien!* as he says, it is necessary to keep one's hand in.

"'Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil'—Alison was not headstrong."

He rose suddenly and approached an open window. It was a starless night, temperately cool, with no air stirring. Below was a garden of some sort, and a flat roof which would be that of the stables, and beyond, abrupt as a painted scene, a black wall of houses stood against a steel-colored vacant sky, reaching precisely to the middle of the vista. Only a solitary poplar, to the rear of the garden, qualified this sombre monotony of right angles. Ormskirk saw the world as an ugly mechanical drawing, fashioned for utility, meticulously outlined with a ruler. Yet there was a scent of growing things to stir the senses.

"No, Alison was different. And Alison has been dead these twenty years. And God help me! I no longer regret even Alison.

"The real tragedy of life is to learn that it is not really tragic. To learn that the world is gross, that it lacks nobility, that to considerate persons it must be in effect quite unimportant—here are commonplaces, sweepings from the tub of the immaturest cynic. But to learn that you yourself were thoughtfully constructed in harmony with the world you were to live in, that you yourself are incapable of any great passion,—eh, this is an athletic blow to human vanity. Well! I acknowledge it. My love for Alison Pleydell was the one sincere thing in my life. And it is dead. I don't think of

her once a month. I don't regret her except when I am tipsy or bored or listening to music and wish to fancy myself a picturesque sufferer in an unfeeling world. Which is a romantic lie; I am only a man of cardboard in a cardboard world. If I have any personality at all, I am not aware of it; I am a mechanism that eats and sleeps and clumsily perambulates a ball that spins around a larger ball that revolves about another, and so on *ad infinitum*. Some day the mechanism will be broken. Or it will slowly wear out, perhaps. And then it will go to the dust-heap. And that will be the absolute end of the great Duke of Ormskirk.

"John Bulmer did not think so. It is true that John Bulmer was a magnanimous fool,— Upon the other hand, John Bulmer would never have stared out of an ugly window at an uglier landscape and have talked yet uglier nonsense to it. He would have been off post-haste after the young person who is 'beautiful as an angel and headstrong as a devil.' And afterward he would have been very happy or else very miserable. I begin to think that John Bulmer was more sensible than the great Duke of Ormskirk. I would—I would that he were still alive."

His Grace slapped one palm against his thigh with unwonted vigor. "Behold, what I am longing for! I am longing for John Bulmer."

Presently he sounded the gong upon his desk. And presently he said: "My adorable Pawsey, the great Duke of Ormskirk is now going to pay his respects to George Guelph, King of Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, Duke of Brunswick and Lunenburg, and supreme head of the Anglican and Hibernian Church. And to-morrow Mr. John Bulmer will set forth upon a little journey into Poictesme. You will obligingly pack a valise. No, I shall not require you,—for John Bulmer was entirely capable of dressing and shaving himself. So kindly go to the devil, Pawsey, and stop staring at me."

Thus it came about that five days later there arrived at Bellegarde Mr. John Bulmer, poor kinsman and accredited emissary of the great Duke of Ormskirk.

He brought with him and in due course delivered a casket of jewels and a letter from the Duke to his betrothed. The diamonds were magnificent and the letter polite.

He found the château in charge of the Marquis de Soyecourt, distant cousin to de Puyange; with him were the Duchess, a gentle and beautiful lady, her two children, and the Demoiselle Claire. The Duke himself was still at Marly, with most of his people, but at Bellegarde momentarily they looked for his return. Meanwhile de Soyecourt, an exquisite and sociable and immoral young gentleman of forty-one, was lonely and would not hear of Mr. Bulmer's leaving them; and after a little protestation the latter proved persuadable.

"Mr. Bulmer," the Duke's letter of introduction informed the Marquis, "is my kinsman and may be regarded as discreet. The evanishment of his tiny patrimony, spirited away some years ago by divers overfriendly ladies, hath taught the man humility and procured for me the privilege of supporting him ever since; but I find him more valuable than his cost. He is tolerably honest, not too often tipsy, makes an excellent salad, and will transmit a letter or a necklace with fidelity and despatch. Employ his services, monsieur, if you have need of them; I place him at your command."

In fine, they at Bellegarde judged Mr. Bulmer to rank somewhere between lackeyship and gentility, and treated him in accordance. It was an age of parasitism, and John Bulmer, if a parasite, was the Phormio of a very great man; when his patron expressed a desire he fulfilled it without boggling over inconvenient scruples, perhaps; and there was the worst that could with equity be said of him. An impoverished gentleman must live somehow, and, deuce take it! there must be rather pretty pickings among the broken meats of an Ormskirk. To this effect de Soyecourt moralized one evening as the two sat over their wine.

John Bulmer candidly assented. "I live as best I may," he said. "In a word, 'I am his Highness' dog at Kew—' But mark you, I do not complete the quotation, monsieur."

"You need not," said the Marquis; "for each of us wards his own kennel

somewhere, whether it be in a king's court or in a woman's heart, and it is necessary that he pay the rent of it in such coin as the owner may demand. Beggars cannot be choosers, Mr. Bulmer." He went away moodily, and John Bulmer poured out another glass.

"Were I Gaston, you would not kennel here, my friend. The Duchess is a beautiful woman—for undoubtedly people do go about unchained who can admire a blonde," he meditated, in scornful tolerance of such depravity of taste—"and always your eyes follow her. I noticed it a week ago."

And during this week he had seen a deal of Claire de Pysange, with results that you will presently ascertain. It was natural she should desire to learn something of the man she was so soon to marry and of whose personality she was so ignorant; she had not even seen a picture of him, by example. Was he handsome?

John Bulmer considered him to be quite otherwise. He may have had his occult purposes, this poor cousin, but of Ormskirk he undoubtedly spoke with an engaging candor. Here was no parasite cringingly praising his patron to the skies. The Duke's career was touched on, and its grimy passages no whit extenuated: before Dettingen he had, it must be confessed, taken a bribe from de Noailles, and in return had seen to it that the English did not follow up that empty victory; and 'twas well known he got his dukedom through the Countess of Yarmouth, to whom the King could deny nothing. His relations with this liberal lady?—a shrug rendered the ensuing avowal of ignorance tolerably explicit. Then, too, Mr. Bulmer readily conceded, the Duke's atrocities after Culloden were somewhat too notorious for denial: all the prisoners were shot out-of-hand; seventy-two of them were driven into an inn-yard and massacred *en masse*. Yes, there were women among them, but not over a half-dozen children at most. She was not to class his noble patron with Herod, understand,—only a few brats of no particular importance.

In fine, he told her every highly colored tale that envy and malice and ignorance had been able to concoct concerning the great Duke. Many of them he knew to

be false; nevertheless, he had a large mythology to choose from, he picked his instances with care, he narrated them with gusto and discretion; and in the end he got his reward.

For the girl rose, flame-faced, and burlesqued a curtsy in his direction. "Monsieur Bulmer, I make you my compliments. You have very fully explained what manner of man is this to whom my brother has sold me."

"And wherefore this sudden adulation?" said John Bulmer.

"Because in France we have learned that lackeys are always powerful. Le Bel is here omnipotent, Monsieur Bulmer; but he is lackey to a satyr only: and therefore I felicitate you, monsieur, who are lackey to a fiend."

John Bulmer sat down composedly.

"Lackey!" she flung over her shoulder.

John Bulmer began to whistle an air then popular across the Channel. But anon his melody was stilled.

"'Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil!'" said John Bulmer. "You have an eye, Gaston!"

That evening came a letter from Gaston to de Soyecourt, which the latter read aloud at supper. Gossip of the court it was mostly, garrulous, and peppered with deductions of a caustic and diverting sort, but containing no word of a return to Bellegarde, as this vocal rendering delivered it. For in the reading one paragraph was elided.

"I arrive," the Duke had written, "within three or at most four days after this will be received. You are to breathe not a syllable of my coming, dear Louis, for I do not come alone. Achille Cazaio has intimidated Poictesme long enough; I consider it is not desirable that a peer of France should be at the mercy of a chicken-thief, particularly when Fortune whispers, as the lady now does:

Viens punir le coupable;
Les oracles, les dieux, tout nous est
favorable.

"Understand, in fine, that Madame de Pompadour has graciously obtained for me the loan of the dragoons of Entréchat for an entire fortnight, so that I return not in submission, but like Cæsar and Coriolanus and other exiled captains



of antiquity, at the head of a glorious army. We will harry the Taunenfels, we will hang the vile bandit more high than Haman of old, we will, in a word, enjoy the supreme pleasure of the chase, but enhanced by the knowledge that we pursue a quarry far more splendid. For homicide is, after all, the most delightful recreation life affords us, since man alone knows how thoroughly man deserves to be slaughtered. A tiger, now, has his deficiencies, perhaps, viewed as a roommate; yet a tiger is at the very least acceptable to the eye, pleasantly suggestive, say, of buttered toast: whereas our fellow creatures, my dear Louis—" and in this strain de Puyssange continued, with intolerably scandalous examples as parapets for his argument.

That night de Soyecourt reread this paragraph. "So the Pompadour has kindly tendered him the loan of certain dragoons? She is very fond of Gaston, is la petite Etoiles, beyond doubt. And accordingly her dragoons are to garrison Bellegarde for a whole fortnight. Good, good!" said the Marquis; "I think that all goes well."

He sat for a long while, smiling, preoccupied with his imaginings, and far adrift in the future.

Next day John Bulmer rode through the Forest of Acaire, and sang as he went. Yet he disapproved of the country.

"For I am of the opinion," John Bulmer meditated, "that France just now is too much like a flower-garden situate upon the slope of a volcano. The eye is pleasantly titillated, but the ear catches eloquent rumblings."

However, it was no affair of his, so he put the matter out of mind, and as he rode through the forest, carolled blithely. The diminishing trees were marshalled on each side with an effect of colonnades; everywhere there was a sniff of the cathedral, of a cheery cathedral all green and gold and full-bodied browns, where the industrious motes swam, like the fishes fairies angle for, in every long and rigid shaft of sunlight,—or as though Time had just been by with a broom, intent to garnish the least nook of Acaire against Spring's occupancy of it. Then there were tiny white butterflies, frail as dream-stuff.

There were anemones; and John Bulmer sighed at their insolent perfection. Theirs was a frank allure; in the solemn forest they alone of growing things were wanton, for they coquetted with the wind, and their pink was the pink of flesh.

He recollected that he was corpulent—and forty-five. "And yet, praise Heaven," said John Bulmer, "something stirs in this sleepy skull of mine."

Sang John Bulmer:

"April wakes, and her gifts are good,
For April ruleth the stately wood
And the wistful sounds of its solitude,
Whose immemorial murmuring
Is the voice of Spring
And murmurs the burden of burgeoning.

"April wakes, and her heart is high,
For the Bassarids and the Fauns are nigh,
And comforting leaves make melody
O'er woodland brakes, whence the breezes
bring
Vext twittering
To swell the burden of burgeoning.

"April wakes, and afield, astray,
She calls to whom at the end I say,
Heart o' my heart, I am thine alway,—
And I follow, follow her carolling,
For I hear her sing
Above the burden of burgeoning.

"April wakes;—it were good to live,
(Yet April dieth), though April give
No other gift for our pleasuring
Than the old, old burden of burgeoning."

He paused here. Not far ahead a woman's voice had given a sudden scream, followed by continuous and redoubling calls for aid.

"Now, if I choose, will probably begin the first fyte of John Bulmer's adventures," he meditated, leisurely. "The woman is in trouble. If I go to her assistance, I shall undoubtedly involve myself in a most unattractive mess, and eventually be arrested by the constable—if they have any constables in this operatic domain, the which I doubt. I shall accordingly emulate the example of the long-headed Levite, and sensibly pass by on the other side. Halt! I there recognize the voice of the Duke of Ormskirk. I came into this country to find John Bulmer, and John Bulmer would most certainly have spurred his gallant charger upon the craven who is just now

molesting yonder female. In consequence, my gallant charger, we will at once proceed to confound the dastardly villain, as per romance and John Bulmer."

He came presently into an open glade, which the keen sunlight lit without obstruction. Obviously arranged, was his first appraisal of the tableau there presented. A woman in blue half knelt, half lay, upon the young grass, while a man bending over fettered her hands behind her back. A swarthy and exuberantly bearded fellow, attired in green and russet, stood beside them, showing magnificent teeth as he grinned. Yet farther off a Dominican Friar sat upon a stone and displayed his more unctuous amusement. Three horses and a mule diversified the background. All in all, a thought larger than life, a shade too obviously posed, a sign-painter's notion of a heroic picture, was John Bulmer's verdict. From his holster he drew a pistol.

The lesser rascal rose from the prostrate woman. "Finished, my captain—" he began. Against the forest verdure he made an excellent mark. John Bulmer shot him neatly through the head.

Startled by the detonation, the Friar and the man in green and russet wheeled about, to find him with his most excellent bearing negligently replacing the discharged pistol. The woman lay absolutely still, face downward in a clump of fern.

"Gentlemen," said John Bulmer, "I lament that your sylvan diversions should be thus interrupted by the fact that an elderly person like myself, quite old enough to know better, has seen fit to adopt the pursuit of knight-errantry. You need not trouble yourselves about your companion, for I have blown out most of the substance nature intended him to think with. One of you, I regret to observe, is rendered immune by the garb of an order which I consider misguided, indeed, but with which I have no quarrel. With the other I beg leave to request the honor of exchanging a few passes."

"Sacred blue!" remarked the bearded man; "you intend, then, to oppose *me*? Fool, I am Achille Cazaio!"

"I deplore the circumstance that I am not quite overwhelmed by the revelation," John Bulmer said, as he dismounted, "and entreat you to bear in mind, friend Achille, that in Poictesme I am a

stranger. And, unhappily, the names of many estimable persons have not an international celebrity." Thus speaking, he drew and placed himself on guard.

With a shrug the Friar turned and re-seated himself upon the stone. He appeared a sensible man. But Cazaio flashed out a long sword and hurled himself upon John Bulmer.

He got in consequence a butcherly thrust through the shoulder. "Friend Achille," said John Bulmer, "that was tolerably severe for a first hit. Does it content you?"

The hairy man raged. "Eh, my God!" Cazaio shrieked, "do you mock me, you misbegotten one! Before you can give me such another I shall have settled you outright. Already hell gapes for you. Fool, I am Achille Cazaio!"

"Yes, you had mentioned that, I think," said his opponent. "And in return allow me to present Mr. John Bulmer, thoroughly enjoying himself for the first time in a quarter of a century. Angelo taught me this thrust. Can you parry it, friend Achille?" He cut open the other's forehead.

"Well done!" Cazaio grunted. He attacked with renewed fury, but now the blood was streaming down his face and into his eyes, in such a manner that he was momentarily compelled to carry his hand toward his countenance in order to wipe away the heavy trickle. Presently John Bulmer lowered his point.

"Friend Achille, it is not reasonable that I should continue our engagement to its dénouement, since by that boastful parade of skill I have inadvertently turned you into a blind man. Can you not stanch your wound sufficiently to make possible a renewal of our exercise on somewhat more equal terms?"

"Not now," the other sobbed,—"*not now*, Monsieur Bulmaire. You have conquered, and the woman is yours. Yet lend me my life for a little till I may meet you more equitably. I will not fail you—I swear it—I, Achille Cazaio."

"Why, God bless my soul!" said John Bulmer, "do you imagine that I am forming a collection of vagrant females? Permit me, pray, to assist you to your horse. And if you would so far honor me as to accept the temporary loan of my handkerchief—"

Solicitously he bound up his opponent's head and more lately aided him to mount one of the grazing horses. Cazaio was pleased to say:

"You are a gallant enemy, Monsieur Bulmaire. I shall have the pleasure of cutting your throat on Thursday next, if it be convenient to you."

"Believe me," said John Bulmer, "I am always at your disposal. Let this spot, then, be our rendezvous, since I am woefully ignorant concerning your local geography. And meantime, my friend, if I may be so bold, I would suggest a little practice in parrying. You are of Boisrobert's school, I note, and in attack undeniably brilliant, whereas your defence—unvarying defect of Boisrobert's followers!—is lamentably weak."

"I perceive that monsieur is a connoisseur in these matters," said Cazaio; "I am the more highly honored. Till Thursday, then." And with an inclination of his bandaged head—and a furtive glance toward the insensate woman—he rode away singing.

Sang Achille Cazaio:

"For, O, the world is wide, dear lass,
That I must wander through!
And many a wind and tide, dear lass,
Must flow 'twixt me and you,
Ere love that may not be denied
Shall bring me back to you,
Dear lass!—
Shall bring me back to you!"

Thus singing, he disappeared; meantime John Bulmer had turned toward the woman. The Dominican sat upon the stone, placidly grinning.

"And now," said John Bulmer, "we revert to the origin of all this tomfoolery,—who, true to every instinct of her sex, has caused as much trouble as lay within her power and then composedly fainted. A little water from the brook, if you will be so good, Master Friar. Hey!—why, you damned rascal!"

As he bent over the woman, the Friar had viciously stabbed him between the shoulders. The dagger broke like glass.

"Oh, the devil!" said the churchman, "what sort of duelist is this who fights in a shirt of Milanese armor!" He stood for a moment, silent, in sincere horror. "I lack words," he said; "oh, vile coward, I lack words to arraign this hideous reve-

lation! There is a code of honor that obtains all over the world, and any duelist who descends to secret armor is, as you are perfectly aware, guilty of supersticery. He is no fit associate for gentlemen, he is rather the appropriate companion of Korah, Dathan, and Abiram in their fiery pit. Faugh, you sneak-thief!"

John Bulmer was a thought abashed, and showed it; but anon: "Permit me," he equably replied, "to point out that I did not come hither with any belligerent intent. My undershirt, therefore, I was entitled to regard as a purely natural advantage,—as much so as a greater length of arm would have been, which, you conceive, does not obligate a gentleman to cut off his fingers before he fights."

"I scent the casuist," said the Friar, shaking his head. "Frankly, you had hoodwinked me: I was admiring you as a second Palmerin; and all the while you were letting off those gasconades, adopting those heroic postures, and exhibiting such romantic magnanimity, you were actually as safe from poor Cazaio as though you had been in Crim Tartary rather than Acaire!"

"But the pose was magnificent," John Bulmer pleaded, "and I have a leaning that way when one loses nothing by it. And besides, I consider secret armor permissible in a country where even the clergy are notoriously addicted to casual assassination."

"It is human to err," the Friar retorted, "and Cazaio would have given me a thousand crowns for your head. Believe me, the man is meditating some horrible mischief against you, for otherwise he would not have been so damnably polite."

"The information is distressing," said John Bulmer; and added, "This Cazaio appears to be a personage?"

"I retort," said the Friar, "that your ignorance is even more remarkable than my news. Achille Cazaio is the bugbear of all Poictesme. He roosts in the Taunenfels yonder, with some hundreds of brigands at his beck. Poictesme is, in effect, his pocketbook, from which he takes whatever he has need of, and the Duc de Puysange, our nominal lord, pays him an annual tribute to respect Bellegarde."

"This appears to be an interesting country," quoth John Bulmer; "where



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE DUEL BETWEEN JOHN BULMER AND CAZAIO

a brigand rules, and the forests are infested by homicidal clergymen and harassed females. Which reminds me that I have been guilty of an act of ungallantry,—and faith! while you and I have been chatting, the lady, with a rare discretion, has peacefully come back to her senses.”

“She has regained nothing very valuable,” said the Friar, with a shrug. “Alone in Acaire!”

But John Bulmer had assisted the woman to her feet, and had given a little cry at sight of her face, and presently stood quite motionless, holding both her unfettered hands.

“You!” he said. And when speech returned to him, after a lengthy interval, he spoke with an odd irrelevance. “Now I understand,” he said,—“now I understand why God created me.”

And yet, though vaguely, he was puzzled. For there had come to him unheralded and quite simply a sense of something infinitely greater than his mind could conceive: analysis might only pluck at it, impotently, as a wearied swimmer might pluck at the sides of a well. Ormskirk and Ormskirk’s powers dwindled from the zone of serious consideration, as did the radiant world, and even the woman who stood before him; trifles, these: and his contentment spurned the stars to know, though cloudily, that somehow this woman and he were but a part, an infinitesimal part, of a scheme that was ineffably vast and perfect.

She was tall, just as tall as he; it was a blunt-witted devil who whispered John Bulmer in the high-tide of rapture that, inch paralleling inch, the woman is taller than the man and subtly renders him absurd; and that in a decade this woman would be stout. There was no meaning now in any whispering save hers. John Bulmer perceived, with a blurred thrill, as of memory, that the girl was tall and deep-bosomed and that her hair was dark, all crinkles but (he somehow knew) very soft to the touch. The full oval of her face had throughout the rich tint of cream, so that he now understood the blowiness of pink cheeks; but her mouth was vivid. It was not repulsive, he estimated. And her eyes, candid and approving, he found to be the color that blue is in Paradise; it was odd their

lower lids should be straight lines so that when she laughed they turned to right-angled triangles; and it was odder still that when you gazed into them your reach of vision should be extended so that you saw without effort for miles and miles.

As for her nose, it managed to be reasonably Roman without overdoing it. All in all, decision was here, and a certain indolence, and an instinct for companionship that would have mollified an ogre, and a statelily moving mind that to the very obtuse might appear dull. This much John Bulmer perceived, and knew that his perceptions were correct, for the reason that at a remote period, before the world was thought of probably, he remembered her to have been precisely such a woman.

She returned his scrutiny without any trace of embarrassment, and whatever her thoughts may have been, she gave them no expression. But presently the girl glanced down toward the dead man.

“It was you who killed him?” she said. “You!”

“I had that privilege,” John Bulmer admitted. “And on Thursday afternoon, God willing, I shall kill the other.”

“You are kind, Monsieur Bulmer. And I am not ungrateful. And for that which happened yesterday I entreat your pardon.”

“Granted, mademoiselle, on condition that you permit me to be your escort for the remainder of your jaunt. Poictesme appears a somewhat too romantic country for unaccompanied women to traverse in any comfort.”

“My thought to a comma,” the Dominican put in—“unaccompanied ladies do not ordinarily drop from the forest oaks like acorns. I said as much to Cazaio a half-hour ago. Look you, we two and Michault—who formerly incited this carcass and, from what I know of him, is by this occupying hell’s hottest gridiron—were riding peacefully toward Beauséant. Then this lady pops out of nowhere, and Cazaio promptly expresses an extreme admiration for her person.”

“The rest,” John Bulmer said, “I can imagine. Oh, believe me, I look forward to next Thursday!”

“But for you,” the girl said, “I would now be the prisoner of that devil upon the



Taunenfels! Three to one you fought—and you conquered! I have misjudged you, Monsieur Bulmer. I had thought you only an indolent old gentleman, not very brave,—because—”

“Because otherwise I would not have been the devil’s lackey?” said John Bulmer. “Eh, mademoiselle, I have been inspecting the world for more years than I care to confess, and you may take it from me that even those of us who are in honor wholly shipwrecked will yet cling desperately to some stray spar of virtue. Meanwhile, we waste daylight. You were journeying—?”

“To Manneville,” Claire answered. Suddenly she drew nearer to him and laid one hand upon his arm. “You are a gallant man, Monsieur Bulmer. Surely you understand. A week ago my brother affianced me to the Duke of Ormskirk. Ormskirk!—ah, I know that he is your kinsman,—your patron,—but you yourself could not deny to me that the world reeks with his infamy.”

“Good, good!” he cried, in his soul. “For, it appears my eloquence of yesterday was greater than I knew of!”

Claire resumed with a lapse, quite characteristic, into the matter of course: “But you cannot argue with Gaston—he merely shrugs. So I decided to go over to Manneville and marry Gérard des Roches. He has wanted to marry me for a long while, but Gaston said he was too poor. And, oh, Monsieur Bulmer, Gérard is so very, very stupid!—but he was the only person available, and in any event,” she concluded, with a sigh of resignation, “he is better than that terrible Ormskirk.”

John Bulmer gazed on her considerately. “‘Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil,’” was his thought. “You have an eye, Gaston!” Aloud he said: “Your remedy against your brother’s tyranny, mademoiselle, is quite masterly, though perhaps a trifle Draconic. Yet if on his return he find you already married, he undoubtedly cannot hand you over to this wicked Ormskirk. Marry, therefore, by all means,—but not with this stupid Gérard.”

“Whom, then?” she wondered. But she knew.

“Fate has planned it,” he laughed; “here are you and I, and yonder is the

clergyman whom Madam Destiny has thoughtfully thrown in our way.”

“Not you,” she answered, gravely. “I am too deeply in your debt, Monsieur Bulmer, to think of marrying you.”

“You refuse,” he said, in a queer voice, “because you have known for some days past that I loved you. Yet it is precisely this fact that constitutes my claim to become your husband. You have need of a man to do you this trivial service. I know of at least one person whose happiness it would be to die if thereby he might save you a toothache. This man you cannot deny,—you have not the right to deny this man his single opportunity of serving you.”

“I like you very much,” she faltered; and then with disheartening hastiness, “Of course I like you very much; but I am not in love with you.”

He shook his head at her. “I would think the worse of your intellect if you were. I adore you. Granted: but that constitutes no cutthroat mortgage. It is merely a state of mind I have somehow blundered into, and with my allegedly mental processes you have absolutely no concern. I ask nothing of you save to marry me. You may if you like look upon me as insane; personally, that is the view toward which I myself incline. However, mine is a domesticated mania and vexes no one save myself; and even I can at times derive no little amusement from its manifestations. Eh, Monsieur Jourdain may laugh at me for a puling lover!” cried John Bulmer; “but, heavens! if only he could see the unplumbed depths of ludicrousness I discover in my own soul! The mirth of Atlas could not do it justice.”

Claire meditated for a while, her deep eyes inscrutable and yet not unkindly. “It shall be as you will,” she said at last.

“O Mother of God!” said the Dominican, in profound disgust; “I cannot marry two maniacs.” But in view of John Bulmer’s sword and pistol he subsequently did.

And something embryonic in John Bulmer came, with the knave’s benediction, into flowerage. He saw, as upon a sudden, how fine she was; all the gracious and friendly youth of her: and he deliberated, dizzily, the awe of her spirited and alert eyes; why, the woman was

afraid! He understood that life is, by right, an anthem. Unutterably he understood the meaning of this woman, so grave and so upright and so young, and of her nearness, more than bodily, and of their isolation in that sunny and vivid circle; and the glade was, to him, an island about which past happenings lapped like a fretted sea.

She gazed shyly at her husband. "We will go back to Bellegarde," Claire began, "and inform Louis de Soyecourt that I cannot marry the Duke of Ormskirk, because I have married you, Jean Bulmer—"

"I would follow you," said John Bulmer, "though hell yawned between us. I employ the particular expression as customary in all these cases of romantic infatuation."

"Yet I," the Friar observed, "would, to the contrary, advise removal from Poictesme as soon as may be possible. For I warn you that if you return to Bellegarde, Monsieur de Soyecourt will have you hanged."

"Reverend sir," John Bulmer replied, "do you actually believe that this consideration would be to me of any moment?"

The Friar inspected his countenance. By and by he said: "I emphatically do not. And to think that at the beginning of our acquaintanceship I took you for a sensible person!" Afterward he mounted his mule and left them.

Then silently John Bulmer assisted her to the back of one of the horses, and silently they turned eastward into the Forest of Acaire. The man's thoughts are not here recorded, since Tom o' Bedlam would have spurned them as insane; yet always his countenance was politely interested, and always he chatted pleasantly till they had ridden to Bellegarde. Then Claire led the way toward the western façade, where her apartments were, and they came to a postern-door, very narrow and with a grating.

"Help me down," the girl said. And immediately this was done. And afterward Claire remained quite still, her cheeks smouldering and her left hand lying inert in John Bulmer's broader palm.

"Wait," she said, hurriedly, "and let me go in first. Some one may be on watch. There is perhaps danger—"

"My dear," said John Bulmer, "I perfectly realize that you are about to

enter that postern, and close it in my face, and afterward hold some trivial discourse with me through that little wicket. I assent, because I love you so much that I am capable not merely of tearing the world asunder like paper at your command, but even of leaving you if you bid me do so."

"Your suspicions," said she, "are positively marital. I am trying to protect you, and you—you!—are the first to accuse me of underhand dealing. I will prove to you how unjust are your notions." She entered the postern, and slammed it behind her, and presently appeared at the wicket.

"The Friar was intelligent," said Claire de Puyange, "and beyond doubt the most sensible thing you can do is to get out of Poictesme as soon as possible. You have been serviceable to me, and for that I thank you; but the master of Bellegarde has the right of the low, the middle, and the high justice, and if my husband show his face at Bellegarde, he will infallibly be hanged; and if you claim me in England, Ormskirk will have you knifed in some dark alleyway, just as he did Traquidir and Captain Dungle. I am sorry, because I like you, even though you *are* fat."

"You bid me leave you?" said John Bulmer. He was by this comfortably seated upon the turf.

"For your own good," said she, "I advise you to." And she closed the wicket.

"The acceptance of advice," said John Bulmer, "is luckily optional. I shall therefore go down into the village, purchase a lute, have supper, and be here at sunrise to greet you with an *Aubade* according to the ancient custom of Poictesme."

The wicket remained closed.

"I will go to Marly, inform Gaston of the entire matter, and then my wife is mine. I have tricked her neatly."

"I will do nothing of the sort. Gaston can give me the woman's body only. I will accordingly buy me a lute."

Achille Cazaio on the Taunenfels did not sleep that night; desires were astir and consciousness of his own power was tempting him. He had never troubled Poictesme much; the Taunenfels were

accessible on that side, and so long as he confined his depredations to the German frontier, the Duc de Puysange merely shrugged and cheerfully rendered his annual tribute; it was not a great sum, and the Duke preferred to pay it rather than forsake his international squabbles to quash a purely parochial nuisance like a bandit.

Meanwhile Cazaio had grown stronger than de Puysange knew. It was a time of disaffection: the people were starving and in consequence growing dissatisfied; already they were posting placards in the Paris boulevards—"Shave the King for a monk, hang the Pompadour, and break Machault on the wheel"—and already a boy of twelve, one Joseph Guillotin, was running about the streets of Saintes yonder. So the commoners flocked to Cazaio in the Taunenfels, until little by little he had gathered an army about him.

And, at Bellegarde, de Soyecourt had only a handful of men, Cazaio meditated to-night. And the woman was there—the woman whose eyes were blue and inquisitive, whose face was always scornful.

In history they liken Achille Cazaio to Simon de Montfort and the Gracchi, and other graspers at fruit as yet unripe; or if the perfervid word of d'Avranches be accepted, you may regard him as "*le Saint-Jean de la Révolution glorieuse*"; but you may with greater safety regard

him as a man of strong passions, any one of which for the time being possessed him utterly.

Now he struck his palm upon the table.

"I have never seen a woman one-half so beautiful, Dom Michel. I am in love with her."

"In that event," the Friar considered, "it is, of course, unfortunate that she should have a husband. Husbands are always thought much of when they are a novelty."

"You bungled matters, you fat, mouse-hearted rascal. You could quite easily have killed him."

The Dominican spread out his hands, and afterward reached for the bottle. "Milanese armor!" said Dom Michel Frégose.

"Yet I am master of Poictesme," Cazaio thundered. "I have ten men to de Soyecourt's one. Am I, then, lightly to be thwarted?"

"Undoubtedly you could take Bellegarde—and the woman with it—if you decided so to do," the Friar assented. "Yet there is that trifling matter of your understanding with de Puysange,—and besides, de Puysange will be here in two days."

Cazaio snapped his fingers. "He will arrive after the fair." He uncorked the ink-bottle with an august gesture.

"Write!" said Achille Cazaio.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Deprecation

BY JOHN B. TABB

LOW I listen in my grave
For the silence soon to be
When—a slow-receding wave—
Hushed is Memory.

Now the falling of a tear,
Or the breathing, half-suppressed,
Of a sigh, reechoed here,
Holds me from my rest.

O ye breakers of the past
From the never-resting deep
On the coast of Slumber cast,
Cease, and let me sleep!

The Making of Medicines

CHEMISTRY OF COMMERCE—VII

BY ROBERT KENNEDY DUNCAN

Professor of Industrial Chemistry at the University of Kansas

THE one hundred and thirty thousand physicians in America do not make the medicines with which they dose their patients: they prescribe. The thirty-five thousand pharmacists who fill the million and more prescriptions with which they are confronted every day do not make these medicines, either: they dispense. These medicines are all either made or gathered by industrial organizations known as "manufacturers of pharmaceutical preparations"; every ounce of medicine swallowed by every patient in America comes, practically, from some such shop. Now, the physician must undergo a most arduous training before he is permitted to prescribe; the druggist must undergo a training almost equally arduous before he may dispense; but the manufacturer of the substances which the physician prescribes and the druggist dispenses needs only "hang out his sign"; no professional training or educational qualification is deemed legally necessary for the manufacture of drugs.

The ancient *Sieur de Montaigne* used to prefer his medicines so manufactured without either the authority of the law or the schools. For, said he: "There is no poorer woman so simple, whose mumbling and muttering, whose slobber-slabbings and drenches we do not employ. And as for me, . . . I would rather spend my money in this kind of Physicke than in any other: because therein is no danger or hurt to be feared." But this was in the days long gone, when the remedial agents of the people consisted of a few simples from the herbs of the field, and when experimental medicine was carried on by physicians like *Paracelsus*, who stood by the bedside of his patient, watch in hand; "Kill or cure," said he, "in five minutes."

Now all things are changed. Man has heedfully viewed about him the infinite number of things, creatures, plants, and metals, and out of them he is compounding or extracting a bewildering number of substances of alleged therapeutic value. In one list of the newer remedies arranged under their trade names there are presented under the single letter A, from *Abrastol* to *Azurin*, no less than 418 separate titles. The determination of the full physiological properties of these numberless substances is so difficult and so limited in its possibilities, their methods of preparation are for the most part necessarily so elaborate, and they are often so deadly through any mischance of preparation, that it is a nervous business, even the bare thought that it is possible that the manufacture of such things may be in the hands of people employing ignorant or inadequate methods, or who are actuated solely by the hope of gain. But in addition to the new remedies there is a vast number of old ones that have been gathered up through the experiment and experience of our ancestors. These, most of them, have a value more or less definite and unquestionable and more or less understood. But it is a matter of fact that less than fifty per cent. of the "standard" preparations that appear in the *Pharmacopœia* have been standardized, and it is true that in the manufacture of the 10,000 drugs and combinations of drugs that are being used by the physicians of the country there is more opportunity for fraud through adulteration and substitution than in any other manufacturing industry known among men.

So, because any man however ignorant, with any motive however ignoble, may manufacture and sell any of the 50,000

compounds known to organic chemistry and may allege for them what curative powers he will, and because, too, of this unlimited opportunity for fraud among the older drugs, it becomes a matter of no surprise to learn that at the present time among the great number of firms manufacturing remedial agencies there is the greatest conceivable diversity in science, sincerity, and wisdom. Owing, however, to the recent passage of an act known as "The Pure Food and Drug Law," this diversity of character has not its sometime interest. The scientific people who are charged with the fulfilment of this law certainly mean science, sincerity, and wisdom, and mean it all intensely, and it may be taken as a fact that slowly and with much fumbling, but implacably, because of them, there will be garroted both Messrs. Quack and Cure-all, who yearly sell their hundred million dollars' worth of nostrums to the people, as well as Messrs. Cheap and Deadly, who sell their adulterations and substitutions to the physicians.

What is interesting, and in a present-day and very literal sense vitally interesting, is the extent to which scientific method may possibly be applied in the making of these substances; for to writer and reader alike there will come a time, and lucky shall he be if it comes but once, when from a vial or through a needle he will take in them the issue between life and death. Whether it be hypnotic, stimulant, antipyretic, antiseptic, antitoxin, or what not, if it be insincerely or ignorantly or carelessly made, the earth may cover a mistake but for which he might be walking among men in the sunlight. Because of the vital interest related to this manufacture, and because it illustrates beautifully what men may succeed in doing, when they have the will, in employing scientific method in a business where it would seem impossible of application, and because, finally, it affords an object-lesson of the fact that the intelligent application of scientific method pays, always and wholly, the subject of modern science and drug-making constitutes the substance of this paper.

Owing to the limitations of space the subject is best exposed in a few facts that are highly significant and illumina-

ting, and this may be accomplished by observing a little of the practice of some one firm that is typical of the best. This firm may be hight Messrs. Method and Efficiency. It avails but little to lose one's self in their warrens of offices, or to penetrate the buildings where those marvellous machine-automatons are turning out the millions of pills and tablets, or even into others where the medicinal agents are being manufactured, magnificently, in gross. To the briefest glance of knowledge it is apparent that this business, from top to bottom, as much as may be, is governed throughout by Method and Efficiency. The matter that is really interesting and significant is not how they do things here, but how they *get at* things, what they find it humanly possible to do to insure the virtue of those little potencies that in the form of pill or tablet or powder or elixir are on the way to all of us, rich and poor alike. Into the laboratories, then, it is necessary to go, for it is there that the method and efficiency of the firm begin and end. To illustrate this there is the preparation of the old and standard drugs.

These drugs come from the uttermost parts of the earth—from the dank forests of Brazil, from the frozen Siberian steppes, from the banks of the "gray-green, greasy Limpopo River, all set about with fever-trees," or from "silken Samarkand"; but almost everywhere they are gathered by barbarous peoples, the lowest of earth's denizens. It is small wonder, then, that with any one plant there should be a variation among its individual specimens in the proportion of the active medicinal agent it contains. But when we add to this the fact that, in general terms, the per cent. of the active ingredient depends on the amount of sunshine it enjoys, on the time of the year it is gathered, even on the time of the day, on the amount of moisture, the elevation, the character of the soil, and a dozen other factors, it becomes almost a necessity of thought that the amount of "medicine" in that plant must vary from a maximum to nothing at all.

Such crude drugs are now assayed for their per cent. of medicinal activity, and, in this firm, by a Testing Depart-

ment consisting of a large corps of able chemists and pharmacologists provided with an equipment that would do credit to any university.

First there is the chemical assay. To take an example: There is the herb hyoscyamus, or henbane, a clammy, fetid, narcotic annual or biennial. In the old days it was used to cure the gout, in accordance with this running invocation delivered to it the night before: "Sacred herb, I bid thee, I bid thee, to-morrow I summon thee to the house of my patient to stop the rheum of his feet. . . ." The next morning, before sunrise, the herb was dug up with the bone of a dead animal, sprinkled with salt and conjurations, and hung about the gouty patient's neck. Nowadays, the crude drug is extracted in enormous quantity with alcohol, and a test sample of the "fluid extract" is then analyzed by setting free its active therapeutic alkaloids with ammonia, dissolving them out with chloroform, and ultimately titrating them with sulphuric acid. In this way the company positively knows the therapeutic activity of the extract which it has manufactured, and it is also able, through two subsequent analyses, to dilute or concentrate it to a liquid of standard strength, which as anodyne, hypnotic, or narcotic passes, through the physicians, to the people.

In such a manner does this firm and others that are equally sincere manufacture the 5000 fluid, solid, and powdered extracts and concentrations of drugs that the physician not only employs but *relies upon*, and in such a manner do *not* those many other manufacturers that are insincere, ignorant, or careless.

But chemistry, even at its present best, is incapable of assaying the active principle of any drug whatever. There exist superactive principles of so delicate a texture that they break down under analysis. Therefore, Messrs. Method and Efficiency have developed a great department of physiological standardization, in which the determined and educated members thereof ask that refractory drug, not, "How much is there of you?" but, "How much can you do?"

Thus there is *ergot*. A man's wife goes bravely down to the gates of Death to pass through, or, if it may hap, to

come slowly back, bearing radiantly with her the flaming torch of another life. Ergot is required. Now, ergot is a fungus growing upon rye, where it destroys and displaces the ovary of the plant. It comes from Russia, Austria, Spain, Sweden, and where not; its chemical analysis does not seem to yield reliable information, for its active constituents are not definitely understood. Finally, the physiological activity of the drug may be good, or little, or zero, just as it may chance, while after the lapse of a year it becomes unfit for use. Yet it is this substance, so utterly variable, that the physician trusts to decide the question of the woman and the child. That he may do so depends upon this most curious and interesting fact, that ergot which is therapeutically active will blacken the cock's comb of a living fowl, and that the degree of blackening may be so carefully adjusted by strengthening or weakening the drug that a standard preparation may be prepared. Consequently in this laboratory there are kept certain redoubtable roosters that continually function as standardizers of ergot. (Fig. 1.)

Then there is *cannabis indica*, or Indian hemp, the dried flowering tops of a plant growing in the East Indies, and forming in different confections the "hashish" or "bhang" of the East. This drug develops a resinous exudation that constitutes a powerful and valuable narcotic. The quantitative estimation of its active constituents is impossible in the present state of chemical science, and yet because it is perhaps the most variable drug of all materia medica some method of estimating its value is positively demanded. In order to standardize it, therefore, recourse is had to the fact that when it is administered to a dog of a certain weight the normal active drug of a given quantity will cause a lack of muscular control or coordination. The company in this way has worried out a method of so preparing its extract that the physician may implicitly rely upon its action.

Again, there is *digitalis*, and for this drug the ocular observation of symptoms is not sufficient. As it is a valuable heart tonic and stimulant, and as its chemical composition is wholly a vexed question, and because the crude drug

is often adulterated, it is necessary in order to standardize it to determine the actual effect of a given quantity upon the heart's action. For this purpose an animal is anesthetized, and its heart having been fixed between the little clamping apparatus (Fig. 2), registers in the form of a curve its every movement upon a rotating smoked cylinder.

Another such substance is *strophanthus*, which is estimated by determining the least possible dose that will prove fatal to a frog of a definite weight. So determinate is this method that it has almost the accuracy of a chemical analysis. Thus a frog weighing from fifteen to seventeen grams is killed by a standard tincture of *strophanthus* in a dose of 0.00016 gram, but with 0.00015 gram it lives!

This leads one naturally to the statement that animals have by no means as many physiological idiosyncrasies as men, and that the lower they are in the scale of being, the more uniform is their action towards any one drug; they thus behave admirably as test reagents. It leads further to the statement that this experimentation is not in any sense cruel, that it furnishes no proper cause for resentment, and that in the present stage of pharmaceuticals it is absolutely essential to the preparation of certain uniform medicinal agents.

This drug, *strophanthus*, is a new remedy, an arrow-poison coming from the heart of savage Africa, and its mention leads one, in a search for significancies, altogether away from the standardization laboratory, at the work of which we have but barely glanced, to a wholly different work of this firm—the discovery of new drugs.

Even in the early days this earnest, aggressive company recognized that among the strange peoples of the world there must be strange pharmacologies, and because of this it organized expeditions to seek out new medicinal plants. The Pacific slope of North America, the Fiji Islands, the West Indies, the Amazon River, and Peru were exhaustively searched, and thus through their efforts, though others doubtless helped, there have come into the hands of the medical profession certain drugs that are invaluable—cocaine, from the

yearly production of one hundred million pounds of coca; *cascara sagrada*, the temporal salvation of infants the land over; *guarana*, for headache; *yerbasanta*, the balsam; *grindelia robusta*, the sedative; *manaca*, for rheumatism; *tonga*, *checkan*, *pechi*, *jaborandi*, and others.

But, and this is altogether significant, the search for new drugs among savage peoples is by no means prosecuted with its old-time vigor. The reason is not far to seek; it lies in the fact that new drugs have been discovered in the tar-barrel.

The discovery that in coal-tar there existed many substances that could be used as a basis in building up the numberless aniline dyes led to the assumption that such substances might have valuable physiological properties, and the assumption was wholly justified; the investigative research along these lines began with the attempt to attain the philosopher's stone of druggery—the synthesis of quinine. Soon it became recognized that not only the compounds of the benzene ring might have physiological properties, but that any one of the 50,000 organic compounds might have, and probably would have, properties that would affect the human organism. As a result, there is to-day an incredible number of new "synthetic" remedies introduced, through the physicians, to and into the people; literally, every passing day sees the introduction of some of them, and lucky is he, rich or poor, in the hands of eminent specialist or general practitioner, who knows when he is not being dosed with an experiment. For, first, physiological properties do not mean necessarily therapeutic properties, and therapeutic properties over one organ do not mean therapeutic properties over all; furthermore, the enormous number of such substances forbids the supposition that there can be in every case any adequate determination of value; and, finally, the manufacture of such substances is in the hands of irresponsible people, very good, good, bad, and wicked. We would not decry the value of synthetic medicinals; they have come to us under the healing guise of *acetanilid* and *phenacetin* the fever specifics, of *piperazine* and *lysidin* with their powerful solvent powers over uric acid, and

many others; so many and so valuable, indeed, that they lead us to see—in fact, to know—that it is largely through these substances that medicine may be expected to develop ultimately from an art into an exact science.

For example, there are the *hypnotics*. An ideal hypnotic is one that will produce a normal sleep as differentiated from a narcotic which produces unconsciousness by intoxication. But nobody, to-day, knows exactly what sleep is, and nobody knows exactly how a hypnotic produces sleep. To-day, therefore, an ideal hypnotic is out of the question. The first of this series of drugs arose in 1869 with *chloral hydrate*, and this substance, even to-day, is the subject of a wide usage. But *chloral hydrate*, while it certainly does produce sleep, has a depressing action upon the heart, it sometimes acts as a toxic agent, and, very bad, there is an extreme danger of habituation—the *chloral habit*. Out of the proposed substitutes for it, there are some that appear only to disappear, others linger in practice a year or two, and some bid fair to become an integral part of medicine. Thus, to mention a few of the better known, there are *dormiol*, *chloretone*, *isopral*, *sulphonal*, *trional*, *tetronal*, *hedonal*, *veronal*. None of these substances, however, is ideal. It may have a repugnant taste, it may be uncertain in its action, its action may be too long continued, it may have a tendency to produce profuse perspiration, convulsions, mental disturbances, gastric irritation, the formation of a habit, or a depressing effect upon the heart;—always there is something of disadvantage, and it takes years of experimentation upon patients before there can be a fully determined verdict. An ideal hyp-

notic seems as impossible of present attainment as was, in Saxon times, that cure for snake-bite which, with a quaint touch of humor, is to be found in the *Leech Book of Bald*: "Against bite of snake, if the man procures and eats rind which cometh out of Paradise no venom will damage him. Then said he that wrote that book the rind was hard to be gotten."

What can the physician do? He has been known to do this: A young man lies sick unto death; he *must* sleep. Now, the physician had been reading in the advertising pages of his medical journal of a hypothetical hypnotic called, let us fancy, *idealone*, the sole substance manufactured by a firm with an aggressive and persuasive manager; the physician prescribes *idealone*. But *idealone* happens to be a severe heart-depressant, and under the influence of its hypnotic power the young man sleeps, it is true, but for a long, long time—and upon the hill-side. The physician made a mistake, the foundation of which lay in this: that he did not take into account the character of the firm that made *idealone*. More

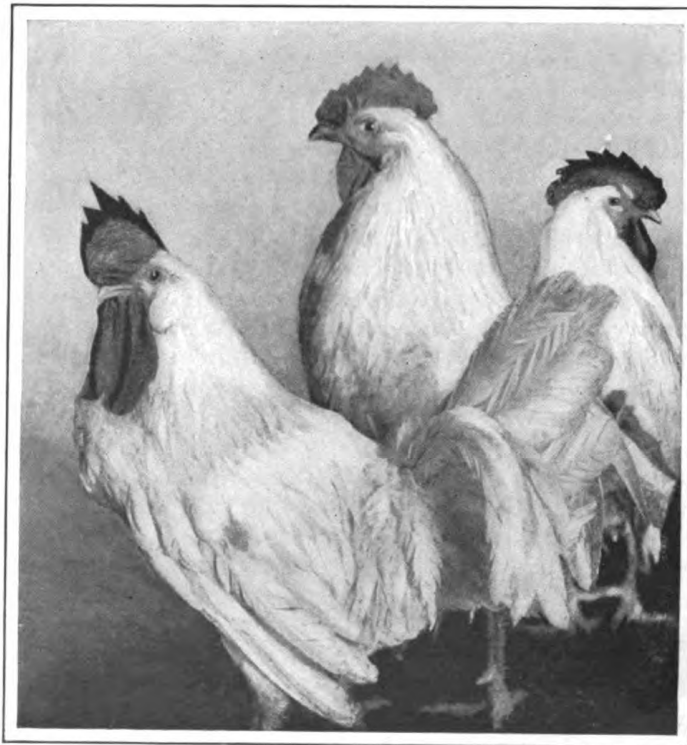


FIG. 1.—The combs of the fowls on the right and the left of the picture are blackened with ergot; the comb of the fowl in the background presents the normal appearance

and more, the physician is forced to rely upon the character of the manufacturer. The manufacturer of pharmaceutical preparations must be as careful of his reputation as a maid. Because this is so, it will be interesting to watch Messrs. Method and Efficiency in their search for a new "synthetic remedy." The search begins in their laboratory of organic chemistry. There, after it is de-

action upon nerve-centres, and others. This being accomplished after additional months of labor, some one of these substances, let us say, manifests in a superior degree a curative action upon that one human ill. It may now be supposed that the firm is ready to market its product; but not at all: a dog is one thing and a man is quite another. The firm now proceeds to send out to expert

experimenting physicians privately in their employ sample packages of this substance for secret experimentation upon human subjects. This *must* be done, for there is no other way to obtain information. Now, this discreet experimentation on the human subject on the part of the employed physicians is extraordinarily difficult, and it sometimes takes a year or two before these men hammer out a consensus of opinion. Any physiological effect upon one

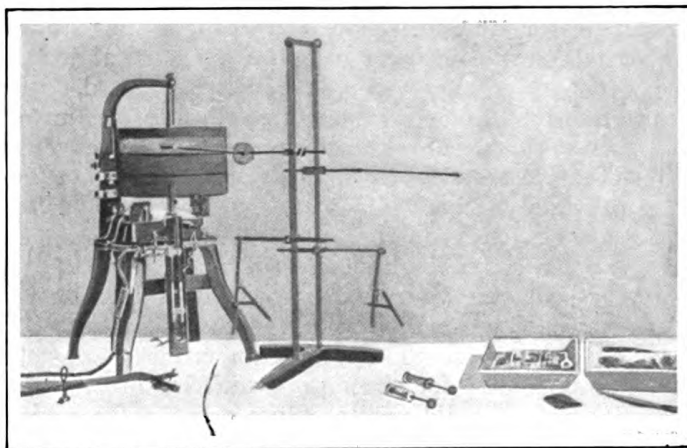


FIG. 2.—Apparatus for determining the heart's action under digitalis

cided by the higher powers to seek for a better medicinal agent for some one of the numerous human ills, there will be found a member of the staff, a trained organic chemist, busily endeavoring to correlate with their chemical constitution the physiological properties of all the substances used for that particular ill. This is to a slight, but very slight, degree possible. Having studied the matter in this way, he is able to think of other compounds which because of their structure he thinks, or rather hopes, may manifest this therapeutic property in a greater degree. Having determined upon them, then, he proceeds to make them. This may take him a month or more, but finally, as definite, beautifully crystalline or liquid bodies, they pass out of his control into another laboratory altogether—that of physiological testing. Here they are one after another carefully and observingly administered to animals, and every visible physiological change is noted by efficient instruments—changes in respiration, in heart-action, in excretion, in metabolism, in their

organ reverberates through all the others, and by-effects and after-effects are often insidiously masked or unconscionably delayed. "Moreover," as Montaigne said of the experimenting physicians of his day, "suppose the disease thoroughly cured, how shall he rest assured but that either the evil was come to its utmost period, or that an effect of hazard caused the same health? or the operation of some other thing, which that day he had either eaten, drunken, or touched? or whether it were by the merite of his Grandmother's prayers?" At any rate, even now the company does not feel satisfied, for it hereupon proceeds to send out packages of this same substance to the clinics, and it is only when the hospitals using the directions and dosage of the company's physicians obtain the same good results that the company goes to market with its new ware. When it *does* go to market, it goes, it must be confessed, with all the aggressive force of the company back of it, and with no uncertain advertising; though it ought also to be said that any advertising

statement made to physician or pharmacist must first obtain the sanction of the scientific men on the staff; the company finding it advisable in this way to curb the temptations of its own advertising department. Maugre all this care, do they ever make a mistake? *They do.*

Old drugs from plants and new drugs from the tar-barrel do not, however, exhaust the company's repertory of activities. Much of its capital is employed in the extraction or elaboration of products resulting from the animal organism. Concerning the manufacture of the immunizing substances elaborated in the bodies of living animals, substances such as vaccine, antitoxin, antitetanic-toxin, and others of the kind, it is unnecessary to enter here; the reader is well aware of the absolute care and cleanliness that are quintessential to their preparation; and in the great vivarium of the company—housing horses, cattle, sheep, goats, dogs, rabbits, swine, guinea-pigs, frogs, fowls, pigeons, rats and mice—no human care could exceed that displayed for the well-being of these animals or in the elaboration, testing, and standardizing of the products resulting from them; it is the pride of the company's heart.

Let us turn, rather, for special significance to another branch of therapeutic activity—the extraction of animal extracts, taking as a specific case the preparation of *adrenalin*.

The story opens with the little bodies known as the suprarenal glands (Fig. 3). These two little bodies, weighing each about four grams in the adult man, lie near the kidneys. It was at first supposed that they had no function, that, in fact, they were mere vestigial remnants of organs such as to-day we are given to imagining the vermiform appendix. In 1855, however, Addison showed that in the event of their becoming either atrophied or attacked by a malignant growth, a peculiar disease supervened in man, which has since been named, after its discoverer, "Addison's disease." Next, Brown-Séquard showed that the removal of these organs from animals meant inevitable death. After this came the discovery that an extract of the gland contained a specific substance which, introduced into the blood of an animal, caused a marked rise in

blood-pressure; and at length, in 1901, the Japanese, Takamine, working in Columbia University, though in the employ of this firm, and followed closely by Aldrich, also in the employ of the firm, succeeded in isolating from the gland of oxen, and in a pure form, its active principle. This substance was called by Takamine *adrenalin*.

Adrenalin is a light-yellow, light-weighing substance which under the microscope shows a crystalline form (Fig. 6); it has a slightly bitter taste and, temporarily, a benumbing effect upon the tongue. In practice it is dispensed usually in the form of the chloride—adrenalin chloride. The wholly acknowledged powers of this substance are as

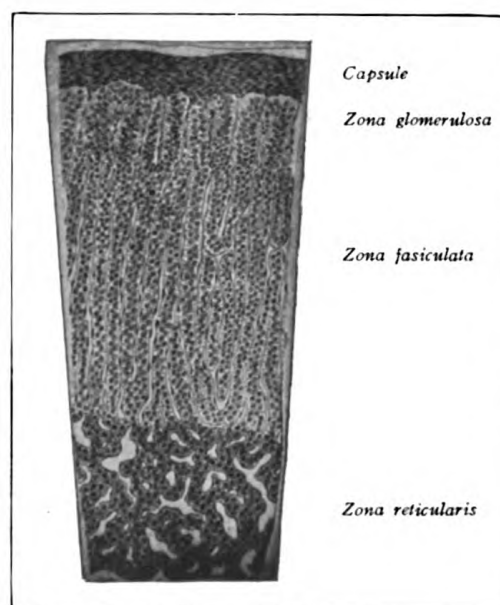


FIG. 3.—Microphotograph of cross-section of suprarenal gland (somewhat enlarged)

follows: One part by weight of adrenalin chloride in one hundred thousand parts of water, or salt solution, and injected to the amount of one cubic centimetre (about half a thimbleful) into the vein of a dog, causes the astounding rise in blood-pressure indicated in Fig. 4, which is a reproduction of an actual tracing made by the dog himself. It does this partly by increasing the expansion and contraction of the heart, as indicated in Fig. 5. Adrenalin is a physiological agent so enormously powerful that the injection of one-millionth of a gram for



FIG. 4.—Tracing made from the carotid artery of an anesthetized dog. The tracing to the left of the arrow shows the normal blood-pressure, and the arrow indicates the moment at which the adrenalin was injected

every two pounds weight of an animal will cause the blood-pressure of that animal to suspend a column of water over seven inches higher than it otherwise would; so powerful that one two-millionth of a gram will produce distinct physiological results in the body of an adult man; the small doses of the homeopaths are thus gigantic as compared with those of adrenalin. This tonic increase in blood-pressure will take place under any degree of shock. Thus, Crile* succeeded, he says, in keeping alive beheaded animals for ten and a half hours through the continuous injection of adrenalin; he also succeeded through it in restoring to conscious life asphyxiated animals that had been dead, apparently, for fifteen minutes, as well as dogs that had undergone a shock of 2300 volts.

* *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, March 5, 1903.

Such experiments are mislikable to do, they are mislikable even to state, but since they are, apparently, facts they must be given. But this increase in blood-pressure is due not only to a tonic effect upon the heart, but to a constricting effect upon the blood-vessels. To such an extent is this true that one drop of a solution of the chloride having a strength of 1:10,000 will bleach the conjunctiva of the eye within thirty to sixty seconds. Because of this constricting effect, the physician and the surgeon find in it their most valued styptic. It stops bleeding, and thus becomes invaluable in the treatment of all kinds of hemorrhages; and, not only so, it prevents in large measure the possibility of bleeding, and so permits of bloodless, or practically bloodless, operations; it permits, in fact, the surgeon to work in a clear field, as, to give an insignificant example,

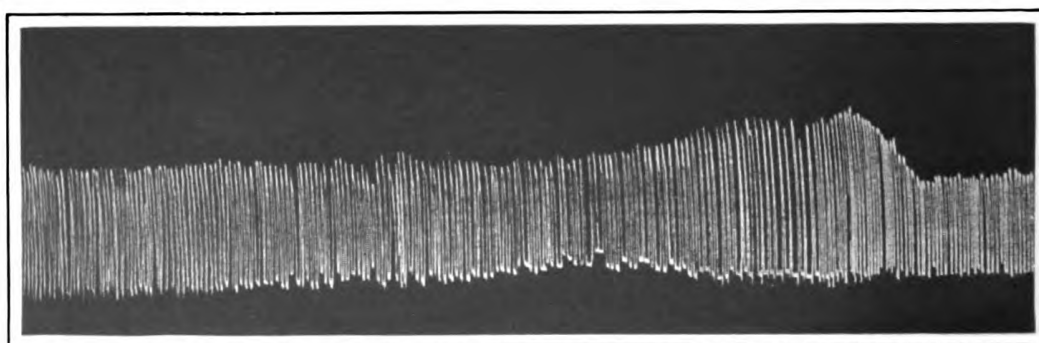
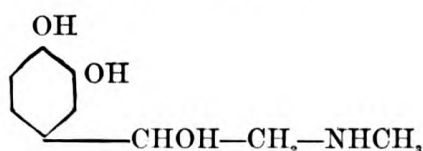


FIG. 5.—Tracing made simultaneously with Fig. 4, but from an apparatus clamped upon the heart. It shows the accompanying expansion and contraction of the heart

in the removal of the turbinate bones. The literature of adrenalin therapy is today enormous, for it is used in a most extensive way in much special and in all general medical and surgical practice. Its utility may be taken for granted; what is sought for in this paper is significance, and this significance is found in the statement that adrenalin was given to medicine by a firm of manufacturing chemists working wholly through the strictest methods of science.

To-day it is prepared on the commercial scale by this and other firms from the suprarenal capsules of oxen delivered to them from the packing-houses. The extraction of adrenalin is accomplished by a tedious and difficult process, for in any one gland there does not seem to exist more than a twentieth to a tenth of one per cent. To-morrow its preparation may be wholly from the tar-barrel, for adrenalin proved not only important to physiological chemistry, but intensely interesting to its sister science, organic chemistry. The constitution of adrenalin, for the benefit of readers chemically interested, has been determined as



and its synthesis during the last year seems to have been accomplished. At any rate, men are now able to make in the laboratory, and independently of the living animal, a substance similar to adrenalin in its chemical properties and possessed of a physiological activity just as great. So things progress through scientific industrialism. Other glands, such as the thyroid and thymus, are under large investigation in the laboratories of the company, and remedial products derived

therefrom are in definite medical use; in fact, for many diseases the body seems itself to have the power to make its own medicines.

In the centre of this manufactory there are some twenty research laboratories devoted exclusively to its investigative progress. It is interesting and instructive to enter any one of them. Taking them at hazard, here is one in which there is to be found a Japanese bacteriologist whose definite, clean-cut object is to discover the best available germicide. In this laboratory, through the most rigid methods of bacteriology, this inves-

tigator is carrying out comparative tests with different germicidal and antiseptic substances, and, with the germicides of other firms, upon what is apparently the most resistive of microbes, the *Bacillus Pyocyaneus*, the germ of festering wounds—introducing the microbes in measured quantity into the measured solution of poison, leaving them together for a measured time, and finally determining through accurate computation the comparative number of the slain.

Another adjoining laboratory concerns itself wholly with the extermination of rats. It seems that there is a certain fatal disease to which rats are peculiarly susceptible, and which is due to a specific microbe—the *Coccyus Bacillus* of Danyz. Owing to the cannibalistic nature of these creatures, this disease, when once introduced, spreads throughout the colony. In this laboratory cultures of this microbe are carefully grown, and multiplied, and transmitted to oatmeal, in which form, after their virulence has been tested, they are sold in the form of a powder to pass to all parts of the country upon their devastating errand. Since the microbes are spread upon bread or mixed with oatmeal, it is comforting to know that the disease cannot be contracted by human beings or other animals.

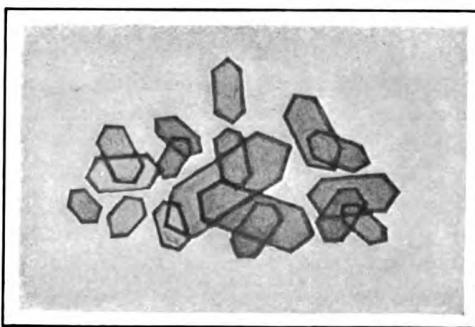


FIG. 6.—Crystals of adrenalin (after Aldrich)

Still another laboratory concerns itself, for one thing, with "the typhoid agglutometer" for the diagnosis of typhoid fever, one of the greatest triumphs of applied bacteriology. The method rests upon the original discovery of Widal that the blood-serum of a typhoid patient differs from normal blood in this all-important fact that when brought into contact with living typhoid germs it causes these germs to cohere into clumps or colonies, to "agglutinate." There thus arose a method of detecting typhoid fever, depending, however, upon the use of a powerful microscope and, what made it impossible for physicians, a continually renewed supply of fresh typhoid germs as test reagents. But notice the progress: Next it was discovered that this "clumping" effect of typhoid blood upon typhoid bacteria was just as efficient *when the typhoid bacteria were dead*, and, finally, it was observed that when the blood-serum of a typhoid patient was added to a liquid suspension of the dead microbes in a test-tube, these dead microbes cohered to an extent so extreme that they fell to the bottom of the tube in a mass visible to the naked, unaided eye. Because of this fact, this firm now sends to physicians in the remotest parts of the country a pocket apparatus containing an ounce vial filled with sterilized dead typhoid germs, together with accessory apparatus, so that the physician may determine whether the patient's blood will cause these microbes to "clump"—to determine, in fact, whether the suspected patient has typhoid fever.

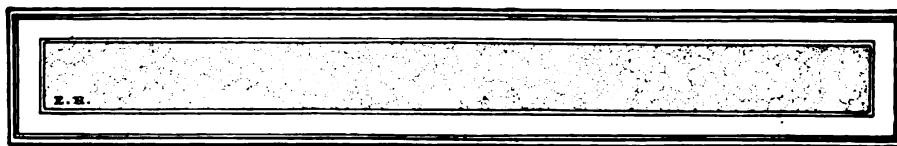
This same laboratory is also engaged in preparing for physicians, on demand, Wasserman's new reagent for the detection of human blood. Since this test has considerable importance from a medico-legal standpoint, and since it is a bit of new knowledge illustrative of how quick is this firm to seize every chance of serving its patrons, we briefly describe it. A large and well-developed rabbit

is injected intraperitoneally, at intervals of two or three days, with eight or ten cubic centimetres of human blood. Five to eight injections are given altogether, and some six days after the last one some of the blood of the rabbit is withdrawn. The blood of this "humanized" rabbit has this wholly peculiar property that when mixed with a very dilute solution of human blood it will produce, first, a clouding, and finally a definite precipitate. This "humanized" rabbit's blood thus affords an absolutely certain test for human blood (or—a significant thing—that of the higher apes) even when that blood exists in excessively small quantity, long dried, or subjected to the action of intense cold or certain chemical agents.

Without going through the other laboratories or through the enormous factory operations which result from the work of these laboratories, it is obvious enough that this barest glimpse into these manifold activities affords ample justification for what must now be said.

The coterie of individuals constituting this firm started early with the ideal of doing "ethical business" based upon science, sincerity, and wisdom. They do this same type of business to-day, because the intelligent application of scientific method is always sincere and always wise; furthermore, it always and wholly pays. It is seen in the unfeigned and spontaneous statement of one of its officials: "We did not have the face to oppose the Pure Food and Drug Law, but it will hurt our business because it will make our opponents both honest and scientific."

It thus affords an object-lesson to every manufacturer in the country, and particularly to the smaller manufacturer, who, with the coming tightening of competition, will so sorely need the intelligent application of scientific method. It always and wholly pays.



All Saints in Paradise

BY MARY EASTWOOD KNEVELS

THE little door that opened out
Upon the world was wide,
And I could hear them talking,
The new-born saints inside.

And I could see them trying
To catch the sound of prayers,
For they had pushed the door aside
To listen unawares.

I saw a mother not long dead
With coward earthly fears
Lean out beyond the crowding saints
To hear her children's tears.

I saw a lover strain his eyes
Until their sight was dim
To see one face, to hear one voice,
That knew and prayed for him.

And there were many sat apart
Who had nor prayers nor tears,
"Ah, no," they said, "none pray for us,
We have been dead for years;

And these that stand beside the door
Next year will sit with us,
The new-born saints of yesterday
At first watch ever thus."

And when the door was closed at last,
Some, weary, waited there,
"Perhaps," they said, "we may hear yet
A late-remembered prayer."

O saddest night in Paradise!
I hear the dead saints weep,
Because the souls they left on earth
Could not this one day keep.

O tears that burn beyond the tears
That burn in mortal eyes,
Are wept by unremembered dead
This night in Paradise.

Spring-time

BY HARRISON RHODES

HALF-WAY up the hillside young Michael Aloysius Carter stopped and looked down the little valley, green with the new grass and starry with frail white flowers. Across the small stream a flock of sheep slowly made their way up into the afternoon sunlight. They, with their shepherd in his rough sheepskin breeches and the boy's nine companions in their black cassocks, were the only living things to be seen.

Yet, just over the crest of the desolate green hill, with its dark pits in the tufa rock, one could see, almost frighteningly near, the huge statues that crown the church of St. John the Lateran, and still more to the left in the distance a long brown stretch of the great Aurelian Wall. It was the astonishing effect which only the Roman Campagna can produce, of almost primeval loneliness, yet with the overpowering sense fluttering close by of the long pageant of Rome's history.

Under the hill where he had left his fellow students there was a ruinous fountain, now covered with moss and trembling ferns, where under broken arches which had once made a pleasant cool grotto for her in some far-back Imperial days, a disconsolate marble nymph still sadly poured forth a trickling stream of water from a shell grasped in the one poor hand that was left her. On the hill crest above him was what had once been a temple consecrated to her worship, later made sacred to some now forgotten saint, and at last, in a country where there are pathetically so far too many churches, disused, except as a kind of farmhouse, a little-frequented *osteria*, where wanderers outside the Roman walls occasionally ask for a cup of wine and a slice of rough bread.

To this neglected shrine, of which he had caught a glimpse, gleaming golden brown through the trees, young Carter had insisted on climbing. His companions had declared against the visit. He

should have submitted to the will of the majority;—they are well-organized little democracies, these little companies of students for holy orders. His being on this daisy-covered hillside was in itself a breach of discipline, and for him an unusual one. When he had first come to the college, three years before this, it had seemed to him almost unbearable that he, Mike Carter, used to the freedom of an American town, should now always walk out with nine other boys, like a pack of silly schoolgirls in a line. But the feeling had passed quickly. He had grown philosopher enough to see that if he was one day to be Father Michael, and to make the sacrifice of his whole life for that higher good he dreamed of, it was but useless vexing of the spirit to ask the reasons for such trifling discipline and restrictions. It had been pleasant to go forth with his nine friends, when the morning's study was over, to the study of that wonderful thing that Rome had been and still was.

Now that his last year had come, Michael found himself freshly eager. Coming back was problematical at best. In a small Western town and a little church it was probable that he would live out his life. There in America were the duties, the hard facts, of the career he had taken up. Here in the Holy City was its poetry, its perpetual inspiration. Here he had got once and for all time, so it seemed to him, such a feeling of the great splendid march of the Church down the ages as could never be forgotten, no matter how remote and detached from its central fount he might be placed. Rome had cast a spell upon him which wakened the imagination and stirred the emotions.

Did she not perhaps stir the emotions too much? It had of late been with some confusion of spirit, almost with fear, that he had come to realize how pagan and imperial Rome had seemed at times almost to obliterate the medieval and Chris-

tian city. At moments he no longer thought of those earlier times merely as the days which the noble company of martyrs had made illustrious. To-day, by the green grotto of this rustic goddess, he forgot his sober, black-gowned companions, and filled the little valley with a spring-time festival of the dead pagan days. He could see a happy band of revellers come along the winding road, waving pink branches of the flowery almond-tree, singing songs to all the gods there were of spring and youth and pleasure. Rome again cast her magic spell, and the boy felt, so vividly that it was almost with a pang, how all through her long rich centuries she had with a lavish imperial hand offered life in a thousand romantic and highly colored forms. It was not so much that he felt that, since he was to be Father Michael some day, he was renouncing life and its pageants, as that he, like every boy on some spring day when a warm perfumed breeze blows along some green hillside, felt a strange suffocating pleasure that was half pain in the sudden revelation of how the world was so rich with beauty and emotion that no one could ever hope to grasp even the half of it. So far from temptation had he kept himself, with such a fiery young passion for purity and righteousness had he tried to restrain even his inmost thoughts, that now, when his head seemed to swim a little with the heat, when his daily routine of studies and devotions seemed somehow to fade to unreality, when there seemed to be about him a kind of shimmering, elusive vision of unknown pleasures, untasted raptures, even now he could not have defined with precision any desires which stirred him, any lures with which the devil had beset his path. Yet, while the saints beckoned to him from the high façade of the great church of St. John, around him, invisible and stealthy, from all the brown ruins where they had lived, from the very green earth where they had once walked and had now slept through the centuries, crowded the rustic deities of pagan Rome, no longer frightened away by his black cassock nor by the cross that lay upon his breast. He saw nothing, however, when he came over the crest of the hill but the brown temple and the slender figure of a girl, standing in an attitude of expectation,

almost alarm. She was without a hat, and, perhaps because the sun shone so brightly on it, the first thing that Michael Aloysius noticed was the golden halo of her hair.

She started towards him, alarmed no longer, but still confused.

"*Lei parla*, you speak," she began, haltingly, and then stopped, looking quickly up and down the cassock faced with blue and the red sash.

"Oh, you are—yes, you *are* American, aren't you?"

"Yes," answered young Michael Aloysius.

"I'm so glad; that horrid red Baedeker's done me some good at last. I read about the colors of the robes in him." She spoke with an air of gayety, but there was still something of trembling nervousness about her, and the boy remembered the look of fright in her eyes when he had first come. Now she took a step nearer. She was dressed in gray with a great deal of white, and there were pink and purple flowers in the hat she carried in her hand.

"You're going back to Rome, aren't you?" she asked, and then, without waiting for an answer, "you'll let me come with you?"

Michael Aloysius flushed a little.

"I have to go back with the other fellows," he answered. "I've got to hurry to catch up with them."

The girl began to put on her hat, impatiently struggling with the golden hair that would not sit gracefully in its place.

"I'll hurry too," she said—"run if necessary. Oh, you don't understand. I'm alone here. I've been here almost all day. The cabman was to come back for me at five, but he hasn't, and so I was alone here with no man but Beppino, who's ten, and his aunt, who is sixty, and has the fever, and his mother, who keeps the *osteria*, and said it would be *molto pericoloso* for me to walk back alone. I suppose I could have stayed here the night, but then my own mother would have almost died of fright, I think. Oh, you don't know what a relief you were. I *was* frightened. It's all lovely"—and she made a gesture towards the rolling green Campagna—"but it is *so* lonely."

For an instant she was silent, she and Michael Aloysius too. They both seemed

to drink in afresh the beauty of the desolate landscape, across which the long shadows from the declining sun were now creeping, already making the grove below them where the nymph had lived a dark patch upon the paler green of the turf. Then they both suddenly roused themselves.

"I must say good-by to *la mamma* and *la zia* and Beppino," she said, and an instant afterwards she had fetched from around the corner two yellow and fever-stricken crones and a pretty boy. She pressed their hands, and in Beppino's she left some money.

"I gave them three francs because they had been so good to me. Was that enough?" she asked.

"Too much; unless you wanted to be reckless with your money."

"Oh, I want to be reckless sometimes, but not with money." Her face clouded. "No, not with that. But they were dears." She brightened again. "And I thought my life was in their hands, until you came."

A cloud of blessings followed them as they started down the hill, and then for a minute or so they went silently down the path, the girl ahead, the boy in the black cassock behind. On the road below that led back to the city's gate his nine companions had already vanished from sight. What would they say to his appearance now? They would be sensible, of course; and there was no harm, either, in doing one's duty, even when it presented itself in a new form. But boys are boys, even in the blackest cassocks. It was inevitable that this adventure of Michael's should be laughed about. Suddenly it came over him how he would hate it that even discreet priestly jokes should be made about this pretty, gay, friendly, sweet creature whom chance had put for a little while into his charge.

"I can go faster, I think, if you want to catch up with your friends. I don't—I don't want to be any more trouble to you than I have to be."

In answer to this, Michael Aloysius merely slackened his pace.

"No," he said, hastily. "We won't hurry. It doesn't matter about catching the others. Of course I must see that you get safely back."

They went on again in silence. He

did not look at his companion, though she stole a glance at him when the path widened and they went side by side.

"I suppose you think I'm awfully foolish to be out here alone," she said at last.

He answered gravely, "It was unwise, at least, wasn't it?" That was quite as the Father Michael that was to be would be sure to say it. But then, oddly enough, young Michael, who was not yet a priest, looked at her and laughed. "I'm sure I don't know," he went on, more lightly. "I suppose you had your reasons."

"Oh, of course I was stupid to trust the cabman, because the Campagna might be really dangerous for a girl alone, I know. But I *had* to come somewhere by myself to think." She was not speaking lightly now. "I just *had* to be alone for hours and hours. Don't you think you have to, to think out the problems of your life?"

"Silence and meditation are wonderful," replied the second of these young philosophers.

"Sometimes talking it over with a friend is worth while perhaps. You can think better when you talk, I believe. And I suppose advice is some good. But when you're so far away from home there isn't any one. I feel so alone—"

"You're not travelling all alone, are you?" asked Michael, looking in surprise at the slender figure by his side. "I don't think you ought—"

"No, I'm with my mother," she hesitated, "but mother's advice is just what I don't want to take, though I suppose perhaps I shall unless there's some one to tell me I'm right not to."

"Oh!" said Michael.

"I'm only eighteen," she broke out, "and I just don't know anything! Life doesn't seem to me very easy. Decisions are awful."

Michael deliberated. Michael perhaps thought he was being very wise.

"You're not a Catholic, then?" he asked at last.

"No. Why?"

"Only, that advice is what one's confessor can give one."

"Oh, the confessional—" began the girl.

"It isn't what you Protestants think

it," the boy broke in with, hurriedly. "It isn't merely that you have to confess your sins there. It is that you can get comfort, help, advice there. Oh, if you only knew!"

"I—I know a little, I think," was the answer. Then came a question. "Did you ever read Hawthorne's *Marble Faun*?"

"Yes—a long time ago."

"Do you remember the part when Hilda just *had* to tell some one, and she confessed in St. Peter's, though she was a Protestant?"

"Yes."

"I went to St. Peter's yesterday afternoon, and I wondered whether I could ever do such a thing."

"Hilda had no right to do what she did."

"Well," answered the girl, "I didn't do it. Besides, I don't believe one of those old gray priests would have understood anyhow."

"Priests are wonderful, and very wise," said Michael.

"Yes, but Hilda was different, after all. She had an awful secret on her conscience."

"Well, I'm glad you haven't," broke out Michael. "It wouldn't seem right. You're so young and—" He went no farther, for suddenly and inexplicably he grew shy.

"No," went on the girl. "It is just the selfish problem of my own life that's troubling me—" She stopped suddenly and then began again. "I don't know why I should be talking to you about my private affairs so. Tell me about Rome and your life instead. What a privilege you have! You're here two or three years, aren't you?"

Michael's answer was not very direct. "I'd like to help you," was all he said.

The road took them across the stream by a little bridge just here. The girl stopped, and leaning on the hand-rail, looked at the green slopes opposite meditatively.

"You're going to be a priest some day, aren't you? But until then it wouldn't be wrong for a Protestant to talk to you."

"You could just think that I'm a friend, couldn't you?"

"I don't know." She sounded unconvinced, yet she went on: "This is what

it is. It's my getting married. Mother wants me to marry some one I don't want to."

"An Italian with a title?"

"No! I wish to goodness it were as romantic and as like a book as that. I'm not an heiress. We're poor. We had a hard time getting enough together to make this trip. No; it's only Jim Brewster, of Rochester. I've known him all my life. He's nice and he's pretty rich—for Rochester. But he's old, about thirty-five at least, and—well, I'm not in the least in love with him and never shall be. And now he's come to Rome, and it's just spoiling it for me."

"Is there any one else that you—that you care for?" questioned her companion, hesitatingly.

"No. It just won't be like a problem in a book or a play. There isn't any one. Jim says I'll come to love him in time."

"Well, perhaps you will." Michael spoke without enthusiastic conviction, one would have said.

"Oh, I don't suppose you'd understand," she cried, impatiently. Then: "Yet I don't see why you shouldn't, even if some day you are to be a priest. Of course you look like a priest—that's the reason I can talk to you."

It was true that Michael Aloysius in his black cassock looked like a priest, but he looked like a handsome boy as well, with black wavy hair, a clear color in his cheeks and in his deep-blue Irish eyes.

"I couldn't tell any other man about it—it wouldn't be nice. It seems to me—no, I don't believe I can."

"Please go on," begged her companion.

She blushed a deep pink and nervously quickened her pace as she began to talk again: "I don't doubt that Jim Brewster would make a kind, good husband. But it seems to me that if I wait, the right man will come along, that I'll love him, and that he'll love me, and that we'll be married and live happily ever afterwards. Perhaps it's being only eighteen and sentimental and silly—mother says it is—but it seems to me it is my duty to wait."

She stopped for a minute by a bank covered with pale purple flowers and began picking some of them.

"Do you believe in love?" she asked, without turning.

"Why, yes, of course," came the answer, after a moment.

"I didn't know," said the girl, in a low voice. "I thought perhaps priests—"

"We're just like other men"—Michael was speaking a little faster—"only—only"—his pace slackened—"we've decided to be different."

"Yes, I see," answered the girl, and she turned and looked at him with a grave, sweet, solemn gaze. "I see. That's what makes it so wonderful that I should meet you just now and talk to you. Because you're young yourself—how old are you?"

"Twenty-three."

"Yes, so you understand. May I talk to you a little more?" she asked, gently. "We'll walk on, so that I won't make you too late."

"Yes, go on talking."

"Mother says love comes from just seeing people a good deal, and coming to like and respect them, and finding your tastes are alike. I say that I believe it just comes. I say that I believe in love at first sight. Mother says *she* doesn't believe in miracles."

"We believe in miracles in my church," said young Michael. "I believe," he went on after a minute, "that you could go out on a day like this when it was spring-like, and some young man would see you, and, just suddenly, because you were pretty and you had golden hair and a gray dress with lots of fluffy white stuff and a hat with flowers on it the color of the almond blossoms, would know that he loved you and that you were good and that he'd like to be always with you."

Michael stopped. This speech had tumbled out so fast that he was almost out of breath. Had his companion turned, she would have seen that he was looking at her with eyes that shone because they were a little wet with tears. Again the boy was feeling the wonderful sense that had come to him before that day—a sense that hurt even as it gave joy—of how rich the world was. He was understanding life, its humanity, its pleasures, its sorrows, so he told himself. Suddenly his whole horizon had widened. He had grown up, he had come to be wise at last. He felt that the spring afternoon with its visions of old pagan festivals, with this new close touch with the life

of to-day, this pilgrimage of his to the obscure shrine on the hilltop, successively dedicated to the Divinity as man had known it, this talk in the sunset, had made him tremble with all the emotions of all the world. And the world was changed. In some new strange way power had come to him. He seemed to be able to open his arms and embrace the universe. Some such tumultuous, intoxicating, bewildering confusion of thoughts surged in the boy. But he only kept looking at the slender gray figure going down the green valley by his side, and he said,

"That's what could happen, I believe."

"That's what I dream could happen, too," she said, but it never occurred to her to look at Michael. "And that the same miracle would happen to me, and that then I'd be really good and nice—as you said—which I'm not now, and that he and I would be always happy, and there wouldn't be any awful problems in life as there are now. Am I a sentimental fool?" She turned to him now. "Ought I to marry Jim Brewster?"

"No," said Michael, firmly,—“no. I'm sure it would be wrong. I think your duty is to wait for the miracle."

"And will it come?"

"It's sure to come."

"And I'm right in believing that it's the greatest thing in the world?"

"You're right in believing it's the greatest thing in the world." The boy spoke solemnly, his eyes shining.

The road had led them now to the long stretch of the walls, and before them towered the ruinous gate through which they were to go back to Rome, and to life as they had left it earlier in the day.

"Can we stop just a minute or so?" asked the girl. "Inside I'm sure that there'll be cabs and your friends waiting for you. I feel that out here where we can see the Campagna and the mountains is where I'd like to say good-by to you. Or"—she hesitated—"will I see you again in Rome?"

"No; they don't allow us to go to see any one, scarcely even our relatives."

"Then it's good-by always. You'll never be in Rochester?"

"Probably not."

"Then perhaps I'll never again see you in all my life."



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

SHE STOPPED BY A BANK COVERED WITH PURPLE FLOWERS



Drawn by Elisabeth Shippen Green

"YES," SHE SAID, SOFTLY, "PERHAPS FOR YOU IT'S RIGHT"

"Perhaps not," assented Michael.

"It's so strange," the girl went on, and Michael saw her eyes grow dim and a little wet. "Then I must thank you now. You'll never know what you've done for me to-day. I knew what I ought to do, but it was hard to do it all alone. You've given me strength and courage. You've just changed the whole of my life. And now we've got to say good-by and never see each other again in all the world."

She held out a hand and Michael took it.

"My name is Elsie Canning," she said. "If by any chance you should ever hear of me again, I want to think that you'll remember me and know that I sha'n't ever forget and that I shall be always grateful."

"My name is Michael Aloysius Carter," said the boy, with her hand still in his, "and I sha'n't ever forget."

The girl looked at the red vest, and then she spoke again.

"If there were only something that I could do for you. You know," she went on, with a frightened air, "I don't quite understand you. If I offend you by anything I say, I don't mean to. It's only because I'm a Protestant. If you say that love and marriage and happiness are the greatest things in the world, how can you—how—" She did not at first finish the sentence, but only looked at the black cassock and the black hat. "How can you give them up? And how can you know? Are you like me, do you just dream? Or have you been in love?"

"Yes," said Michael, speaking solemnly, "I have been in love. Don't you see," he went on, almost passionately,— "don't you see that just because it's the greatest thing in the world, that it's the greatest thing in the world to give it up for God and to be His priest? Don't you see that renunciation means renouncing some precious thing? Don't you see that until you know what your life might be

in the world you can't offer it as a sacrifice? Don't you see that it's a kind of fire that one could come through and be sanctified? Don't you see that just because I'm young I must give up love?"

His young head was lifted and in his eyes there was a strange light. The girl looked at him with a confused sense that here in this wonderful magic Rome she stood for an instant by the side of some beautiful young saint, such as she had seen in the painted imaginings of a medieval artist.

"Yes," she said, softly, "I think perhaps I see that for you it's right. I hope you'll always be good and happy and all you want to be, and I'll pray for you sometimes. Do you think—will you mind? Can I help that way?"

"You have helped," answered Michael, turning to her. "You have been like a vision that was sure to come once in my life, so that I could say good-by to it for God's sake. It will never come again after I say good-by to you. Do you understand?"

Her eyes were fixed on him, and at first they were frightened and surprised; then slowly they grew soft.

"Yes, I think so," she murmured.

For one second she swayed towards him the smallest trifle, as though some little puff of wind from up the green valley where were the nymph's grotto and her temple had bent her before it. If it had been any one else in the world who was there except Michael Aloysius who was some day to be Father Michael, he would have kissed her. As it was, her golden head only drooped as in a low voice she said,

"Good-by."

Then Michael also said,

"Good-by."

With that they went through the great gate with its towers into Rome and back to life as they had left it earlier—no, not quite, for either one of them, as it had been before.

Richmond

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

THERE are certain streets in Richmond where the residents show as little concern for honest, accurate time as they do for good architecture. On a well-known thoroughfare, for instance, one may find in five blocks at least four clocks that are not doing what one might expect of them; there may be others, but I ceased to take a personal interest in observing them after my watch had stopped in mute protest. The unsuspecting visitor is constantly tempted to pry into the hidden mysteries of his watch in this neighborhood, and only begins to realize the true state of affairs after it has become a dead weight in his waistcoat and ceased its pleasant ticking.

When at two o'clock I innocently set my watch to 1.30 P.M. by the first of the twin-tower clocks of the hotel, I never suspected that anything was wrong, though I must admit being somewhat disconcerted when, a moment later, I ran foul of its sister clock and saw it registering 12.25 P.M. However, I said nothing, because it occurred to me that it would be poor policy to shout what I had in mind to a thing suspended three hundred feet above my head, contenting myself by setting my watch at 12.25 P.M. and shaking it violently in the midday sun, until I had worked myself into a good perspiration. The raw layman always shakes his watch in similar predicaments; he does not know exactly why, but shakes it nevertheless, with the same cheerful optimism we show in screaming at the timid foreigner, under the impression that he will understand more readily.

I might have forgotten my former unpleasantness had I not fallen in with a native, who, with the best intentions, reopened the matter by assuring me that the trouble lay not in my watch, but in the hotel's clocks. He expressed great surprise that I did not know that they could not be depended upon since the fire; and added that he was sorry that I had

not met him earlier in the day, as my watch undoubtedly was a good one before I began tampering with it. Then he advised me to be cheerful about it, because, he explained, even though my watch had stopped for the last half-hour, the hotel was not so far ahead in the race as I might imagine, seeing that the church, a few streets above, was two full hours faster than the combined clocks of the hostelry—if that was any consolation.

"If fire can debauch the secular hotel time," I pleaded, "could you tell me what these good people have been doing in their church?" He replied that he would hate to say.

Now that I am able to look at the matter dispassionately, I can see that even the distracting moments of my first day in Richmond had their *raison d'être*: they were the means of dispelling many fond illusions. The City of Seven Hills!—a mere catchword for unsophisticated visitors. We counted eight hills in the radius of four blocks without extending ourselves. We could have borne this—we had to bear it,—but no one will know our bitter disappointment when, after heroic efforts to prop it up, the last idol of our youth toppled over: the delectable ambrosia these many years accepted as typifying—nay, glorifying—the high culture of Virginia—the mint julep—is a thing of the past!

But enough of these distracting moments. A random walk across the city will lead one to suspect that the Richmond of to-day is perhaps more in need of an architect than of accurate time.

The few remaining legacies of antebellum days are being tampered with in spite of numerous protests. New wings and an amendatory front have been added to the old Capitol to keep abreast of the times. Not satisfied with meddling with one of the best examples of Colonial architecture in Richmond, some one conceived the idea of adding



A VIEW OF MAIN STREET

Etched by C. H. White

a pebbled drive to the beautiful park, so that the rich and languid may encircle the building and gloat over the new front without leaving their carriages—an inspiration that necessitated the uprooting of dozens of patriarchal elms that stood clustered about the old Capitol for generations.

Thanks to the limitations of the poor but respectable classes and to the tendency to make the East End of the city the only "possible" residence section, one may still find tucked away in the wake of this easterly progress fragments delightfully reminiscent of old Richmond—distinguished old mansions whose sober conservatism of façade and portico gives little hint of the rare beauty of the garden in the rear, spaced with groves of dainty

crape-myrtle enveloped in a mist of faint pink and lavender blossoms.

This is a quarter rich in piquant legend, and amusing tales are whispered about an entertainment given to the Prince of Wales when he was a guest at Ballard's Hotel, then standing near by at its zenith of prosperity, and rumors are still current that an elaborate gilt bed had to be borrowed for the occasion, being the only one deemed suitable for the royal guest. Of the old coffee-houses that once flanked Main Street and brought their quota of idlers and politicians, nothing remains; yet even prosaic Main Street, if followed patiently, can be far from commonplace. It glories in one derelict, now hemmed in by tenements of considerable beauty, that will bring you



A FRAGMENT REMINISCENT OF OLD RICHMOND

Etched by C. H. White

to a standstill, marvelling at the miracle that saved it from the fate of more pretentious landmarks that have long since been toppled over into oblivion; and you will forgive modern Richmond for many rash acts and retract many harsh statements.

Its great boulders are stained to a deep umber; the diminutive dormer-windows, festooned with abandoned spider-webs, now lean at crazy angles; the roof rises and falls in sleepy hollows, and as you step nearer for a closer inspection you see a modest sign with the legend "George Washington Headquarters." Few more fitting monuments to the great struggle for liberty can be found to-day than this gloomy democratic mass of weather-beaten masonry. In its crude way it accomplishes more than the most elaborate

piece of sculpture: it brings one in touch with the very background of those stirring times, and furnishes a thrill that is only intensified when one learns that George never had his headquarters in Richmond during the War of Independence. This buoys one up with new hope, and teaches the homely lesson that though we may neither toil nor spin, if we but be of good cheer and have confidence, yet we may prosper.

There is a side of reconstructed Richmond whose natural formation has protected it from the present tide of reformation. Its approach is so well guarded by the dirt and squalor of narrow, muddy streets that one might give up the pilgrimage in disgust but for the delicious spicy fragrance of the air, laden with tobacco-dust, that increases as you press

on through the throngs of negro idlers and roustabouts; past great factories humming with machinery; here picking your way over intricate meshes of rails, now dodging a freight-car, till a fresh gust redolent of earthy country odors sweeps with unexpected fury through the narrow crevice between the buildings, lifting a yellow mist of dust. You press through, to find the veil lifted: above there is the blue canopy of the sky, a rolling fertile country slopes away into distant woods, and at your feet rushes the James River; first racing, roaring, leaping in whirling, seething eddies about its wooded islands, to tumble boisterously over the massive boulders in innumerable bubbling cascades of ochre, only to broaden out and slacken pace, collecting its forces for the great and final movement to its estuary and the sea.

It was along the banks of this capricious yellow stream that I formed an acquaintance which might have ripened into intimacy had not Justice John nipped it in the bud. To have passed a day in Richmond and not seen John is—but more of him later; it is of George Washington Andrew Jackson that I would speak at present—a tall, sinewy colored enigma, who, with the slow primeval motion peculiar to negroes, frequently paddled me along the river in his boat and dropped me on the spot where I had work, continuing his course until he reached the sewer's mouth, where he anchored for the afternoon.

He was an active member of a little coterie of colored gentlemen who formed the nucleus of an Izaak Walton club, so to speak, that congregates daily and nightly about the sewer when it is active and the great river catfish swarm. Then the word is passed on with incredible rapidity; and negroes—associate members—from points as far distant as Chimborazo Park leave their work in the kitchen and reach for the can of worms and pole to steal noiselessly to the river, light-hearted and regardless of the morrow.

Of Andrew's legitimate employment I know little, as it was the illegitimate side that came most frequently to my notice; but there were times when his natural volubility would for days give way to a moody sullenness, which led me to believe that he was "seekin'"—a condition

common among the Southern negroes, whose symptoms may suddenly appear in your butler, when without warning he becomes a mystic, drops his responsibilities, and settles down comfortably into the first chair to dabble with the introspective and seek an "experience": some hair-raising visitation to be offered as a testimony before the negro can be baptized or enter the church.

If these be the first symptoms of seeking, then its votaries are lined up from Old Point Comfort to Louisiana. As your train rushes past the red clay of Virginia, you see them festooned about the wood-piles in a state of coma, motionless in the fields, or crowding the station platforms. Beneath the cool shade of bridges spanning the passing stream, or in sequestered nooks by the roadside, there is the inevitable group in easy sprawl, and as you leave them fading into the distance, you unconsciously recall Pater's gospel of being rather than of doing, and think how he would have loved and understood the negro—if he did not have to live with him.

To-day it is a common sight in Richmond to see cold, unsentimental men riding about, erect and fierce, in their military saddles; first up one alley and down the next, then back again through a side street, apparently without any definite route or purpose in view—only to reappear for a moment and gallop away in a cloud of dust. I might never have known that these, too, are seeking, after a fashion, had not their frequent appearance piqued my curiosity and prompted me to inquire of a pedestrian.

"Why, my deah seh!" he exclaimed, amazed at my naïveté, "if the boss of a lawge conce'n didn't pay fo' or five men to ride afeah these heah niggahs, befo' an hour had passed they'd all be fast asleep, with the hosses takin' care o' themselves." Thus does cruel custom trample on the poor African's legitimate needs. The negro who to-day may be seeking the truth may be sought by the police to-morrow, and it is doubtless my slight acquaintance with these conditions that has since led me to question Andrew's sincerity on that memorable night when I witnessed his cruel disappearance from the world and has left me wondering whether a premonition of impending

disaster did not prompt him to take refuge in religion as being the lesser of two evils.

But for the sound of voices raised in hymns of praise that floated through the gloomy entrance to Locust Alley and reached my ears one Sunday night as I was homeward bound on Main Street, I might never have changed my route, and to this day Andrew's whereabouts would be shrouded in mystery. As I elbowed my way through a nondescript crowd that encircled a small group of evangelists, I saw that I had missed much; for their captain—a pale, sallow man whose face bore the marks of much ill usage—had reached his climax, and waved grotesquely about him in a hysterical appeal to the scoffers grouped in the shadow of some porticos, and with outstretched arms screamed, "Come hither!" to the clusters of haggard faces at the windows. Then pausing to the accompaniment of the wailing and incoherent muttering of those who knelt

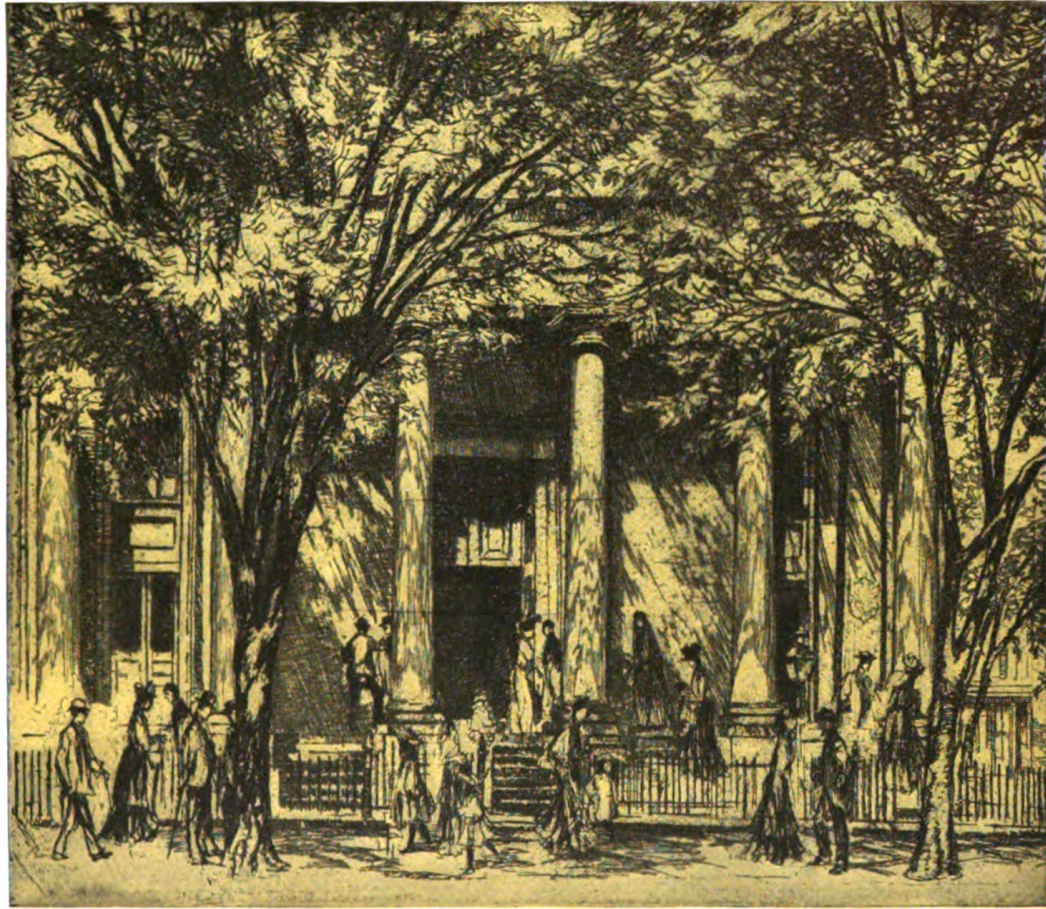
in prayer, he hopped into the air exultingly, rapping his heels together to sound the last call for penitents; and men with weak digestions faltered on the brink of a new life—in the end shuffling timidly into the open space and hung their heads.

It was after the last of these stood nervously shifting his weight from one foot to the other that I noticed a tall, lanky individual pushing his way through the crowd. At first I thought my eyes had deceived me; but when he turned, there was no mistaking the small head, shaped not unlike a hickory-nut with its pointed top, or the loose-jointed arms and spindle-legs: this was Andrew—not in his happy, buoyant mood, but visibly agitated, glancing furtively at each dark doorway as if in momentary dread lest some evil spirit of the night should start wild-eyed from the gloom to accomplish his destruction. His great chest heaved; his hands trembled as they clutched the soft felt hat; and when they had finished



RIVERSIDE PARK

Etched by C. H. White



OLD ST. JAMES CHURCH

Etched by C H White

singing "Almost Persuaded," and called for testimonies, all of the suppressed emotion of the negro vented itself when he found his voice and shouted, "I done see Jesus!"

"Wait till you see Justice John," exclaimed a thick-set, marble-eyed sceptic, seizing him with the tenacity of a lobster and exhibiting his shield.

So rapidly was the thing accomplished that when we recovered to look again, Andrew had left the crowd; I don't mean to say he ran, for Andrew was habitually slow in his movements; he simply went—through the crowd and down the alley, like a man who has been connected with a steam-windlass.

When on the following morning the bizarre group of night-drifters formed in line as court opened, Andrew stood out

conspicuously among his fellows by a certain native elegance; for it was Sunday when the thing happened, and on these days he could be fastidious in his dress to the point where a colored gentleman in the South runs no little risk of seeing the daylight go—all of a sudden—and of awakening on the morrow to find himself at the bottom of some area-way, with a dull throbbing at the back of the head. His less prosperous white brother may be poor, but that does not deprive him of an innate sense of propriety. So when the justice looked carelessly at the harvesting of the night before, it is little wonder that he eyed him curiously before taking his seat. Then he opened the court by the query:

"What's yo' name?"

"Geo'ge Washington Andrew Jackson."



BELLE ISLE

Etched by C. H. White

"How long have you been in this heah town?"

"I disremembe's zactly how long."

"Like the town, Geo'ge?"

"Yais, suh."

"What's the chawge?"

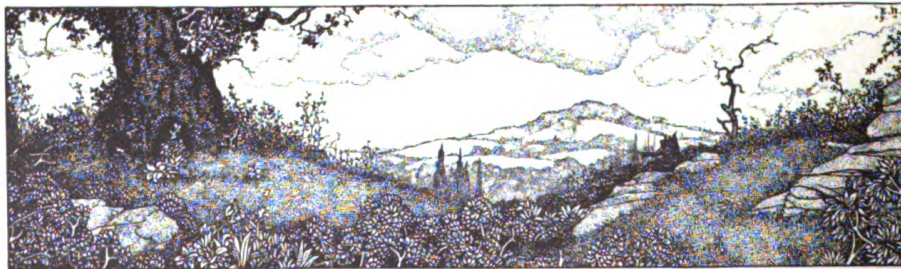
"Runnin' a crap game near Locust Alley," replied a man whom I immediately recognized as the officer who had made the arrest, and I leaned forward eagerly to catch every word of the cross-

examination, familiar as I was with Andrew's infinite resources in the matter of alibis. But the justice had caught sight of Andrew's patent-leather shoes, and paused for a minute inspection before inquiring anxiously:

"Wheah did *you* come from, Geo'ge?"

"No'th Ca'lina, suh."

"Thirty days," replied the justice, with infinite good humor, and the long line took one step forward.



The Great Squab Syndicate

BY MARIE MANNING

IT challenged them from a bill-board, and their poverty stung them afresh and seemed an estate doubly accursed. The posters that told of its advent exhausted the splendors of the primary colors, the fauna of the jungles, the flora of the trapeze, and apparently the half of it had not been told. It seemed that the world-renowned Sig. Bruno—they understood Sig. to be his Christian name—and his circus, which was the delight and favorite pastime of the crowned heads of Europe, had at last been persuaded to pay a visit to this region, and those who failed to secure tickets immediately might lose the advantages of a liberal education. They spelled on, the little group that had had no chance at the liberal education aforesaid, their powers of comprehension somewhat numbed by the wealth of splendid promise: "A Herd of Trained Elephants in Their Great House-building Act!!!" "Stringed Band of Musical Sea-Lions!!!" "Lions and Tigers Act as Firemen, Extinguish Flames, Rescue Children!!!"

But it was the postscript which drove the iron into their souls and made their empty pockets gnaw—the postscript that stated with cruel brevity, "Children under twelve years of age, admission ten cents (10 cts.)!!!" Ten cents, with the circus only two days distant—they might as well have said ten dollars. The boy with the shock of red hair, freckles, and two large front teeth that seemed to dwarf the rest of the set, began to soliloquize.

"Had fifty cents onct." Plainly he did not expect to be believed.

"What d'you do with it?" Incredulity marked the tone of the inquiry.

"Spent it."

"I'm going to ask my father to take me." Reginald's tone had the complacency to be expected of a little boy equipped with the usual complement of

parents, indulgent aunts, and a home that abounded in what mothers' congresses designate as fine influences.

"My father won't be home by Saturday; he's away on business." Theodora looked longingly at the lady springing through the flaming hoop.

The McGuffey family was uniformly silent; it had no polite excuses to offer as to its prospective absence from the circus. It was Terence McGuffey who mentioned once having had a fortune of fifty cents and squandered it. The McGuffeys were foreigners; they came from New York, speaking no language but their native Bowery. Socially they belonged to that nether stratum which in the South is designated as "po' white." Yet so unusual was the family talent, along Napoleonic lines, that there was hardly a child in the neighborhood who would not risk a spanking, a bread-and-milk supper—or whatever the family method of discipline might be—for a little stolen companionship with these stimulating aliens.

"There's a way er gittin' into a circus 'thout money." Parnell McGuffey threw out the statement as a man of the world, one who had formerly lived in New York.

"How?" they asked, in a chorus, in which even Reginald joined. Parents were by no means perfect; they had been known to refuse.

"Take cats," briefly stated the exile.

"What for?" asked Jenny McGuffey and Theodora Tryon; but the boys knew—they had all heard of this bloody system of exchange.

"They feeds er lions 'n' taggers with 'em." Parnell quite expected a fervid shudder on the part of the ladies.

"Um-m-m-umph!" Theodora hid her face in her hands. Never had she heard of anything so dreadful. Jenny, however, as elder daughter of the house of McGuffey, wasted no time on genteel

emotions. She was used to seizing fraternal problems and dealing with them.

"Terry and Parnell, now mark my words, if I even miss you from home on the day of the circus I'm goin' to have popper whip you well. I never heard of anything so nasty and crool."

"Well, I never said I was goin' to carry no cats to the circus."

"Me neither."

The Messrs. McGuffey having declared their intentions toward the felines of the neighborhood to be of a strictly honorable nature, profound silence fell on the group. If there were only a month, or even a week, ahead in which to accumulate the necessary capital! The most unexpected largess may descend upon the lean pocket in a week's interval, whereas there were but two short, barren days. Each studied, meanwhile, that which was most to his taste in the pictured promised land—the promised land that he would never see because of the lack of a paltry ten cents.

They had sunk to the lowest level of depression, when Terence McGuffey roused them with, "I know a way to make money sure, millions 'n' millions; then we c'd all go to the circus 'n' have peanuts 'n' lemo-nade, 'n' run away from home 'n' go West, 'n' everything."

The group inquired "How?" but tepidly. Sitting there on a pile of lumber opposite Sig. Bruno's circus posters, these young adventurers had bitten at the core of life and found it ashes.

"To make money sure"—Terence chewed and shifted a straw as he had seen authorities at the corner store manipulate it—"you raises squabs."

The pulse of the company rose perceptibly; it had heard of this mysterious source of financial increment before. All eyes were withdrawn from the posters and turned on Terence.

"All youse needs is money enough to buy a few pair er pigeons, 'n' some asserfedity in de box to keep 'em from flyin' away, 'n' them squabs hatches out squabs, 'n' them squabs hatches out squabs, 'n' them squabs hatches out squabs"—Terence continued the genealogical recitative till it bore an almost plagiaristic resemblance to the last verses of the eleventh chapter of Genesis—" 'n' you sell all the squabs you kin raise for

t'ree dollars a dozen, 'n' you gits to be a millionaire before you kin help it."

"Sure, that's straight!" Parnell's blunt features acquired a sharper outline. "We knowed a feller in N'York what done it—sold 'em to hotels, all he could raise." Jenny too had known this capitalist and added her quota of testimony.

Silence again fell on the company as each turned over in his mind all possible sources of individual income. Reginald, as a well-brought-up little boy, had an allowance. Theodora was in the habit of lobbying large financial bills through the house during her father's brief sojourn at home. The McGuffeys were destitute of any private means unless they earned such by doing chores for the neighbors. Upon these confessions there followed suggestions, determinations, plans. A spirit of hopefulness again began to buoy up the company despite the proximity of Sig. Bruno's posters. Other circuses would dawn, and other posters; with The Great Squab Syndicate anything was possible. The boys, as befitted men of action, determined to go to town that very afternoon and feel the pulse of the squab-market.

The girls would have liked to go with them, particularly as they represented large interests in the prospective syndicate. Theodora was to hand over the first quarter that she could wheedle from her father, and Jenny was appointed a sort of committee on ways and means. She placed her own boudoir at the disposal of the syndicate as a hatchery—it had the advantage of being in the attic and remote from the marauding excursions of the younger and uncapitalized McGuffeys. Terence and Parnell were to contribute brains, enterprise, and metropolitan experience. Reginald, the well brought-up, having none of these things, was to filch coins from his little bank by the old reliable method of inversion aided by the scissors points.

Theodora and Jenny waved the boys farewell from the lumber-pile opposite Sig. Bruno's posters—now sunk to a third-rate attraction. The gaudy pictures had fulfilled their mission, so to speak, and played no further part in the drama of the great squab enterprise.

The spot in which the syndicate proposed opening financial operations was



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THUS DID THE GREAT SQUAB SYNDICATE SOAR

Vol. CXIV.—No. 683.—90

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a quaint Southern village sloping away toward the mountains. It owed its prosperity—such as it had—to the summer boarder, who sometimes came early enough to constitute himself a spring boarder and sometimes lingered in the delightful old town till he was perforce an autumn boarder. He was frequently from the North—or the “No’th,” as the best families pronounced it—and though he never had been heard to quarrel with the excellent fried chicken and home-cured ham vouchsafed him by his hostess, these good ladies often felt that a more varied menu was merely the alien’s due. When the syndicate, therefore, that very afternoon, with a manner teeming with a ripe squabbish experience, offered the birds at two dollars a dozen, thereby cutting the regular market price by a dollar, there entered into immediate negotiations not only the hostesses of “paying guests,” but also the proprietor of the hotel and several private families.

The syndicate, or its male representatives, made a house-to-house canvass, disposing of its phantom squabs on a gigantic scale. It offered them by the dozen dozens and seemed disinclined for petty trade. It grew increasingly conscious of a sense of power almost bacchanal in its heady quality. It prompted celebration and the drinking deep of urban joys in the visible form of “sass’p’rilla.” There was a suggestion of *la vie de Bohème* in the angle at which the young men wore their hats, and their stride and swagger challenged the very laws of gravity. Passers-by looked at them, even turned to look after them, and the officers of the Great Squab Syndicate did their best to justify this interest. They swaggered on from bakery window to bakery window, flattening their noses against the panes in the exquisite torture of Barmecidal festivity. For there was not a coin among them, no libations of “sass’p’rilla ‘n’ sody” might be drunk to the success of the airy speculation; and as their acquaintance in town was of a business rather than a social nature, there was really nothing to do but to hie to the town pump, wash, drink, and be hungry; then home to the girls, talking lightly of millions by the way.

Thus did the Great Squab Syndicate soar like an inflated balloon, dizzying the gaze of the board of directors. It promised to develop into a trust. Orders for squabs kept pouring in; private families with fitful appetites wanted to eat them at two dollars a dozen, invalids thought they might relish them at the same figure, an Old Ladies’ Home sent in an order for six—doubtless for the manageress. No wonder that the officers of the company began to wear the look of frenzied financiers—orders, dozens of orders, and not a cent to buy the Adam and Eve of the enterprise.

Theodora’s father continued absent. Reginald had barely extracted the fifth dime from his little bank when an aunt bore down on him and removed the source of further temptation to her own top bureau drawer. “What could a well-brought-up child need with money in midsummer?” The fruits of his hoard the family was graciously pleased to accept at Christmas. But money in midsummer—that a boy who had two lumps of sugar given him daily to supply the necessary sweets that the infant system craved, should take money from his bank was preposterous. Reggie sneaked the purloined fifty cents to the treasurer and thereafter remained the subject of family councils.

The McGuffeys, though they had pledged themselves to managerial offices only, and held out no inducements in the way of capital when they arrogated to themselves, respectively, the honors of president, vice-president, treasurer, and secretary, found means to administer financial restoratives to the sinking syndicate. A fat boy, by name Willy Thompson, much given to the buying of cakes and other pasty commodities from the baker’s cart and eating them in solitary enjoyment, was converted into a stockholder with the simple argument that by giving up his money temporarily he would, in the near future, be able to stop the baker twice as often. Willy Thompson contributed fifty cents. Theodora’s father came home, finally, bearing the long-looked-for bullion—not one quarter, indeed, but two. There had been a dribble of petty cash toward the treasury from various neighborhood youngsters, contributed

from such uncertain sources as parting with loose teeth stoically, "bein' good," keeping elbows off the table. Such investors might be designated as the holders of common stock, and these small amounts welded to the princely sums aforesaid made at last a total of sufficient magnitude to warrant the purchase of the patriarch pigeons.

Further difficulties arose. Mrs. McGuffey refused to allow the pigeons to increase and multiply beneath her roof—"she that was slavin' over the house from mornin' till night." The distracted syndicate now made a round of houses that promised parents endowed with the faculty of reason—nothing was required but that such a parent or guardian should give up a room or other suitable quarters in his house to the pigeons, whereupon the child of said house should be made a stockholder in full and regular standing in the company. But of reasonable parents the neighborhood was apparently bereft. The news of this munificent offer and its insane rejection naturally became a general topic of conversation. It stirred the surrounding country, it penetrated beyond the railroad tracks to an outlying settlement, known as "Little Germany" and famous as the seat of the German band. Here it finally fell on good ground. Oscar Stuntz, relating the golden opportunity to his mother and to Grossvater Pfaff, who played the clarinet, met with the first intelligent response. The Stuntz and Pfaff family was catholic in its taste, and did not object to receiving pigeons into its circle. It put the loft of the summer kitchen at the disposal of all parties concerned—for the consideration of a certain number of shares guaranteed to Oscar—and the squabbery was finally started.

Shortly after this event a business meeting was held in the old summer-house in Theodora's back garden, as the place most accessible to the widely divergent social strata that formed the syndicate. Her cousins, the aristocratic and allegedly model Winships, had sneaked into the syndicate to a man; so had Mary Beverly, Judge Beverly's little girl. Reginald Shepherd, who had broken his bank for the precious privi-

lege, was of course among the very earliest of the stockholders. These pampered darlings rubbed elbows with the McGuffeys and Oscar Stuntz and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. Willy Thompson might have been designated as the missing link between the two classes. Theodora's singular position as lady of the house had gifted her with a precocious cosmopolitanism that made her equally at home with all classes.

Terence McGuffey assumed the chair and rapped loudly for order. He was strong on parliamentary rulings, but was frequently compelled to take counsel with such members of the board of directors as proved to be better "adders" than himself. As to the setting forth of assets and liabilities, the ladies, Theodora and Jenny, displayed a far greater aptitude in the manipulation of the financial budget than the "men." And humiliating as it was, officers high in power were frequently compelled to call on these weaker vessels for a verification of figures.

Terence, whose talents were purely those of a promoter, did little more than open the books of the company with the sentiment, "In the name of God, amen." Directly below this there stood, "To Squabs, Dr."

Then he withdrew his tongue, that had been valiantly laboring at the corner of his mouth, and displayed his work to the company. Without doubt, it was a handsome sentiment, and the "men" would most certainly have allowed it to pass unchallenged, but the troublesome fair insisted on knowing why. And the meeting was delayed to explain that Terence's intimate friend in New York had been an attorney's office-boy, who was authority for the statement that all wills and important legal documents began in the fashion Terence had adopted.

Expurgated of false starts, erasures, blots, and the like, the budget, when finally completed, stood as follows:

IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN
TO SQUABS, DR. (THE HOLE SINDICAT)

To Reggie Shepherd—From picking 5 10 centsaes out of his bank with his aunt's scissors	50 cents
To Theodora Tryon—From two quarters given buy her affectionit father	50 cents

To Willy Thompson—From not buying cakes out of the baker's cart for one hole month.....	50 cents
To Willy Thompson, also—From his grandmother for being in better health and not having to take castor-oil	10 cents
To Amaryllis Winship—From having two teeth drawn, one lose tooth—5 cents—one tite tooth—10 cents—tittle.....	15 cents
To Bancroft Winship—From remembering to take a clean pocket-handkerchief with him to church.	5 cents
To Muriel Winship—From remembering to ware hare-ribbons to match her sash.....	10 cents
To Mary Beverly—From eting like a little lady at table.....	10 cents
Totle.....	\$2.00

Expenses:

To one pair of blue pigeons, thorow bread—the boy hadder to sell cheap 'cause his mother wouldn't let him keep 'em any more.....	85 cents
To another pair of pidgeons, spotty and not so fine, bought of same boy for same reason.....	50 cents
To another pair of pidgeons, thorow bread but some old, from brother of boy for same reason.....	50 cents
To asserfedity to keep the above from flying away from their boxes	5 cents
To screenings for the above to eat, one quarter peck.....	10 cents
Totle.....	\$2.00

The enthusiasm engendered by the official document was so great as to demand some emotional outlet on the part of the syndicate. As capitalists and potential millionaires they were disinclined for pranks. They must think of something consistent with their new dignity, a demonstration that all the world might see and suffer to pass unchided. They joined hands and sang with might and main "The Star-spangled Banner," followed by "Nearer, My God, to Thee," which so impressed Aunt Sally, the cook, as the first step toward reformation, that she sent them out a plate of cookies and a pitcher of lemonade.

Grossvater Pfaff was usually practising on his clarinet when members of the syndicate called for the delightful purpose of counting their squabs before they were hatched. Had the mental attitude of this body been less conspicuously buoyant, their suspicions might have been aroused by the uncompromis-

ing attitude of the "Clarinet," as Grossvater was officially designated by the other members of the band, which he virtually controlled. During the long summer afternoons he usually sat in the little back yard of the cottage beyond the railroad tracks, practising his scores for the following week. No matter how jubilant the air on which Grossvater was engaged, the knock of one or more members of the syndicate would drive him to notes of wailing and despair that for the time being apparently deafened him to all other sounds. The syndicate would rap, pound, and shout to be let in, but Grossvater, engaged in his nerve-torturing music, gave no evidence of hearing.

A similar deafness seemed to have attacked his daughter, Mrs. Stuntz, who could be seen and heard moving about within, but who paid no more attention to the infant poulterers than if they had been phantoms. It was only when Oscar could be detected in some household chore, such as splitting wood or carrying water, that the syndicate could command sufficient recognition of its rights to gain access to the squabbery. At such times Oscar's manner was furtive and depressed; he kept an anxious eye on the kitchen door, and his manner of speeding the parting guests had in it certain elements of apprehension.

Still, with actual squabs in the boxes—little featherless things endowed with marvellous appetites—it took more than an ungracious welcome to discourage the syndicate, whose investigators reported to the gentler members of the company that there would soon be actual cash in the treasury. The price of blood was already upon the heads of the nestlings when the four McGuffey boys, Willy Thompson, and Reginald Shepherd started, one autumn afternoon, for the squabbery, whence they should bear to the market the fruits of these many anxious weeks of pigeon-culture.

The clarinet was not in action when they presented themselves at the gate. Repeated rappings brought no response, although, as each member of the company had a watchful eye directed at a particular crack prompted by his own fancy, it was evident that Herr Pfaff was within, smoking a long pipe, his countenance wearing an air of singular



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"OSCAR! HI! OSCAR! OPEN THE GATE!" THEY CALLED

repletion. As the knocking increased in volume, Grossvater would merely remove the pipe from his mouth and puff out great volumes of smoke, the fortissimo on the back gate only increasing his somnolence. But the syndicate had had enough of repose on the part of the custodians of its pigeons. It determined to take steps—over the gate if necessary; but the mystery attached to this enterprise must be cleared once and for all.

"Oscar! Hi! Oscar! Open the gate!" they called, and Grossvater closed his eyes and dozed like a baby.

"Let us in! Let us in!" they shouted, heaving rocks at the gate. "Let us in! We want to get the squabs!"

The threatened destruction of the back gate by an onslaught of rocks was the first sound to have a visible effect on Grossvater Pfaff. He roused himself, removed his pipe, and said, "Go away now, you pad leedle poys; go away!"

"We want our squabs! Give us our squabs!" the outraged capitalists demanded, growing bolder every moment. Grossvater Pfaff sent mocking clouds of smoke into the air; there was something at once foreboding and symbolic in the action. Did he wish to convey with devilish delicacy that their squabs, syndicate, hopes, capital, had all gone up in smoke

like the clouds from his pipe? At least some such subtle interpretation communicated itself to their perturbed consciousness and brought six anxious heads together in close consultation. Terence McGuffey, true to his national traits, at once assumed the office of dictator. "Youse fellows get rocks, an' w'en I gives the signal t'row 'em at the gate."

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the rocks, and the capitalists were again at their favorite fence cracks, watching the effect on the enemy.

The "Clarinet" dropped the rôle of sleeping beauty and sought refuge in the summer kitchen and squabbery.

"Run on now, right away, kervick, or I vill der town gonstable call, dis instance!"

To this somewhat vague threat the McGuffeys responded with a yell of derision. Terence was on the point of issuing an order for a second fusillade of rocks, when—he caught sight of something! The withdrawal of Grossvater's bulky form to the summer kitchen had left disclosed to the frozen gaze of the syndicate a goodly pile of feathers—squab and pigeon feathers—not to mention heads. The sinister hospitality of the Stuntz and Pfaff family was explained, and the Great Squab Syndicate knew that it had been betrayed.

Atra Cura

BY ARTHUR GUITERMAN

"BEHIND the horseman croucheth Care"?
Ah, Master-Singer, never so!
For stirring life and crystal air
Are joyous cures for every woe.

The laughing dewdrop mocks the tear;
The wind of morning whelms the sigh;
Despair avoids the sunbeam's spear,
And Sorrow shuns the open sky.

Aye, Sorrow loves a darker lair
Of gloomy wall and brooding roof.
So, "Boot and Saddle!"—tread your Care
Beneath the horse's ringing hoof!

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XIX

SHARPER THAN A SWORD

THE glance of the eye was the only sign of recognition between David and Hylda; nothing that others saw could have suggested that they had ever met before. Lord Windlehurst at once engaged David in conversation.

At first when Hylda had come back from Egypt, those five years ago, she had often wondered what she would think or do if she ever were to see this man again; whether, indeed, she could bear it. Well, the moment and the man had come. Her eyes had gone blind for an instant; it had seemed for one sharp, crucial moment as though she could not bear it; then the gulf of agitation was passed, and she had herself in hand. Concerning the secret thing between her and this new figure in the history of nations, she had long argued with herself that her case did not stand apart and singular, that some tragedy came to the life of every human being—

"Fate mows down life like corn. this mortal falls,
Another stands awhile."

So much she had gained. Only the day before, in the midst of her new and busy married life, buoyant and full of interest as it was, the old dark picture of a man done to death had flashed across her vision, stopping her in her path. For a moment it had overwhelmed her, and she had shut herself in her room, and buried herself in *Marcus Aurelius*, finding in the first page at which she glanced a fine note of philosophy for her comfort: "Thus, people see that these events must happen, and that even those who cry out, *O Cithæron!* cannot stand clear of them."

This came to her mind now and com-

forted her. When she had been relieved from her depression yesterday, she had gone out again into the world cheerful, determined and elate, carrying on the enterprises of her new life with happy skill. This was why, sometimes, at first, she had believed that she was really happy—because she had so much to do; lived, as it were, in the midst of momentous things; had her fingers on many keys; assisted her husband in his public labors.

While her mind was engaged subconsciously with what Lord Windlehurst and David said, comprehending it all, and, when Lord Windlehurst appealed to her, offering by a word contribution to the *pourparler*, she was studying David as steadily as her heated senses would let her.

He seemed to her to have put on twenty years in the steady force of his personality—in the composure of his bearing, in the self-reliance of his look, though his face and form were singularly youthful. The face was handsome and alight, the look was that of one who weighed things; yet she was conscious of a great change. The old delicate quality of the face was not so marked—though there was nothing material in the look, and the head had not a sordid line, while the hand that he now and again raised, brushing his forehead meditatively, had gained much in strength and force. Yet there was something—something different, that brought a slight cloud into her eyes. It came to her now—a certain melancholy in the bearing of the figure, erect and well-balanced as it was. Once the feeling came, the certainty grew. And presently she found a strange sadness in the eyes, something that lurked behind all that he did and all that he was, some shadow over the spirit. It was even more apparent when he smiled.

As she was conscious of this new reading of him, a motion arrested her glance, a quick lifting of the head to one side as though the mind had suddenly been struck by an idea, the glance flying upward in abstracted questioning. This she had seen in her husband, too, the same quick lifting of the head, the same quick smiling. But this face, unlike Eglington's, expressed a perfect single-mindedness; it wore the look of a self-effacing man of luminous force, a concentrated battery of energy. Since she had last seen him every sign of the provincial had vanished. He was now the well-modulated man of affairs, elegant in his simplicity of dress, with the dignified air of the intellectual, yet with the decision of a man who knew his mind.

Lord Windlehurst was leaving. Now they were alone. Without a word they moved on together through the throng, the eyes of all following them, until they reached a quiet room at one end of the salon, where were only a few people watching the crowd pass the doorway.

"You will be glad to sit," he said, motioning her to a chair beside the palms. Then, with a change of tone, he added, "Thee is not sorry I am come?"

Thee—the old-fashioned simple Quaker word! She put her fingers to her eyes. Her senses were swimming with a distant memory. The East was in her brain, the glow of the skies, the gleam of the desert, the swish of the Nile, the cry of the sherbet-seller, the song of the dance-girl, the strain of the *darabukkah*, the call of the *sais*. She saw again the khiassas drifting down the great river, laden with *dourra*; she saw the mosque of the blue tiles with its placid fountain, and its handful of worshippers praying by the olive-tree. She watched the moon rise over the immobile Sphinx, she looked down on the banqueters in the Palace, David among them, and Foorgat Bey beside her. She saw Foorgat Bey again lying dead at her feet. She heard the stir of the leaves; she caught the smell of the lime-trees in the Palace garden as she fled. She recalled her reckless return to Cairo from Alexandria. She remembered the little room where she and David, Nahoum and Mizraim, crossed a bridge over a chasm, and stood upon

ground which had held good till now—till this hour when the man who had played a most vital part in her life had come again out of a land that she might read of, might feel, but which, by some forced obliquity of mind and stubbornness of will, she had assured herself she would never see again.

She withdrew her hand from her eyes. She saw him looking at her calmly, though his eyes were alight.

"Thee is fatigued," he said. "This is labor which wears away the strength." He made a motion towards the crowd.

She smiled a very little, and said, "You do not care for such things as this, I know." She spoke as though she knew him through years of friendship, and was familiar with the familiarity of one who felt more than she showed—or could show. "Your life has its share of this, however, I suppose."

He looked out over the throng before he answered. "It seems useless when looked at from outside," he answered, at last; "an eddy of purposeless waters, confused and carelessly restless. Yet there is great depth beneath, or there were no eddy; and there is danger, too, because there is the eddy. Where there is depth there is danger—always."

As he spoke she became almost herself again. "You think it is with human beings as with water-depths? You think that deep natures have most perils?"

"Thee knows it is so. Human nature is like the earth: the deeper the plough goes into the soil unploughed before, the more evil substance is turned up—evil that has been dormant, that becomes alive as soon as the sun and the air fall upon it."

"Then, women like me who pursue a flippant life, who ride in this merry-go-round"—she made a gesture towards the crowd beyond—"who have no depth, we are safest, we live upon the surface." Her gayety was forced; her words were feigned.

"Thee has passed the point of danger, thee is safe," he answered, meaningly.

"Is that because I am not deep—or because the plough has been at work?" she asked. "In either case I am not sure that you are right."

"Thee is happily married," he said, reflectively; "and the prospect is fair."

"I think you know my husband," she said in answer, and yet not in answer.

"I was born in Hamley where he has a house—thee has been there?" he asked, eagerly.

"Not yet. We are to go next Sunday—for the first time—to the Cloistered House. I had not heard that my husband knew you until I saw in the paper a few days ago that your home was in Hamley. Then I asked Eglington, and he told me that your family and his had been neighbors for generations."

"His father was a Quaker," he rejoined, "but he forsook the faith."

"I did not know," she answered, with some hesitation. There was no reason why, when she and Eglington had talked of Hamley, he should not have said his own father had once been a Quaker; yet she had dwelt so upon the fact that she herself had Quaker blood, and he had laughed so much over it, with the amusement of the superior person, that his silence on this one point struck her now with a sense of confusion.

"You are going to Hamley—we shall meet there?" she asked.

"To-day I should have gone, but I have business at the Foreign Office to-morrow. One needs time to learn that all 'private interests and partial affections' must be sacrificed to public duty."

"But you are going soon—you will be there on Sunday?" she asked.

"I shall be there to-morrow night, and Sunday, and for one long week at least. Hamley is the centre of the world, the axle of the universe—you shall see. You doubt it?" she added, with a whimsical smile.

"I shall dispute most of what you say, and all that you think, if you do not continue to use the Quaker 'thee' and 'thou'—ungrammatical as you are so often."

"Thee is now the only person in London, or in England, with whom I use *thee* and *thou*. I am no longer my own master, I am a public servant, and so I must follow custom."

"It is destructive of personality. The 'thee' and 'thou' belonged to you. I wonder if the people of Hamley will say 'thee' and 'thou' to me. I hope—I do hope they will."

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"Thee may be sure they will—they are no respecters of persons there. They called your husband's father Robert—his name was Robert. Friend Robert they called him, and afterwards Robert Denton they called him till he died."

"Will they call me Hylda?" she asked, with a smile.

"More like they will call thee Friend Hylda—it sounds simple and strong," he said.

"As they call Claridge Pasha Friend David," she answered, with a smile. "David is a good name for a strong man."

"That David threw a stone from a sling and smote a giant in the forehead. He accomplished something. The stone from this David's sling falls into the ocean and is lost beneath the surface."

His voice had taken on a somewhat sombre tone, his eyes looked away into the distance; yet he smiled too, and a hand upon his knee suddenly closed in sympathy with an inward determination.

A light of understanding came into her face. They had been keeping things upon the surface, and while it lasted he seemed a lesser man than she had thought him these past years. But now—now there was, on the instant, the old unschooled simplicity, the unique and lonely personality, the homely soul and body bending to one root-idea, losing themselves in a wave of duty. Now he was once more the Buddha of her dreams—the dreamer, the worker, the conqueror—the conqueror of her own imagination. She had in herself the soul of altruism, the heart of the crusader. Her earlier waywardness had only been the restlessness of an active unsatisfied spirit, contriving experiences, profitless and futile, because not springing from any purpose. Touched by the fire of a great idea, she was of those who could have gone out into the world without wallet or scrip to work passionately for some great end. . . . And she had married the Earl of Eglington.

She leaned towards David, and said eagerly, "But you are satisfied—you *are* satisfied with your work for poor Egypt?" she asked. "We all know you are doing what has never been done for hundreds of years. Are you not satisfied?"

"Thee says 'poor Egypt,'" he an-

swered, "and thee says well. Even now she is not far from the day of Ramesses and Joseph. It is a land that sets reason at defiance. It must be helped by other means than reason. Thee thinks perhaps thee knows Egypt—none knows her."

"You know her—now?"

He shook his head slowly. "It is like putting one's ear to the mouth of the Sphinx. Yet sometimes, almost in despair, when I have lain down in the desert beside my camel, set about with enemies, not knowing whether I should ever rise again, I have got a message from the barren desert, the wide silence and the stars." He paused.

"What is the message that comes?" she asked softly.

"It is always the same: *Work on*. Seek not to know too much, nor think that what you do is of vast value. What are the labors of one man's life in the hundreds of thousands of millions that come and go, and whose world itself is but a speck in the universe! Work, because it is yours to be adjusting the machinery in your own little workshop of life to the wide mechanism of the universe and time. One wheel set right, one flying belt adjusted, and there is a step forward to the harmony of the perfect world, the redeemed creation—ah, but how I preach!" he added, hastily.

His eyes were fixed on hers with a great sincerity, and they were clear and shining, yet his lips were smiling—what a trick they had of smiling! He looked as though he should apologize for such words in such a place.

She rose to her feet with a great suspiration, with a light in her eyes and a trembling smile.

"Ah, no, no, no, you inspire one. *Thee* inspires me," she said, with a little laugh in which there was a note of sadness. "I may use 'thee,' may I not, when I will? I am a little a Quaker also, am I not? My people came from Derbyshire, my American people, that is—and only seventy years ago. Almost thee persuades me to be a Quaker now," she added. "And perhaps I shall be, too," she went on, her eyes fixed on the crowd passing by, Eglington among them.

David saw Eglington also, and moved forward with her.

"We shall meet in Hamley," she said, composedly, as she saw her husband leave the crush round him and come towards her. As Eglington noticed her companion a curious enigmatical glance flashed from his eyes, not a glance of friendly greeting or of kindness. He came forward, however, with outstretched hand to David.

"I am sorry I was not at the Foreign Office when you called to-day. Welcome back to England, home—and beauty." He laughed in a rather mirthless way, but yet with an air of bonhomie and a certain *empressement*, conscious, as he always was, of the onlookers. "You have had a busy time in Egypt?" he continued cheerfully, and laughed again.

David laughed slightly, also, and Hylda noticed that it had a certain resemblance in its quick naturalness to that of her husband; but the tone was different. It was reflective rather than having the quality of comment.

"I am not sure that we are so busy there as we ought to be," David answered. "I have no real standards—I am but an amateur, and have known nothing of public life. But you should come and see."

"It has been in my mind. An ounce of eyesight is worth a ton of print. My lady was there—once, I believe—" he turned towards her, "but before your time, I think. Or did you meet there, perhaps?" He glanced at both curiously. He scarcely knew why a thought flashed into his mind without reason—as though by some telepathic sense; for it had never been there before, and there was no reason for its being there now.

Hylda saw what David was about to answer, and she knew instinctively that he would say they had never met. It shamed her that he, this man of men, in his honesty and chivalry should tell a falsehood for her. She intervened as she saw he was about to speak.

"We were introduced for the first time to-night," she said; "but Claridge Pasha is part of my education in the world. It is a miracle that Hamley should produce two such men," she added gayly, and laid her fan upon her husband's arm lightly. "You should have been a Quaker, Harry, and then you two would have been—"

"The Quaker Don Quixotes," interrupted Eglington, laughing.

"I should not have called you a Don Quixote," his wife rejoined, laughing also, relieved at the turn things had taken. "I cannot imagine you tilting at windmills—"

"Or saving maidens in distress? Well, perhaps not; but you do not suggest that Claridge Pasha tilts at windmills either—or saves maidens in distress. Though, now I come to think, there was an episode!" He laughed maliciously. "Some time ago it was—a lass of the cross-roads! I think I heard of such an adventure, which did credit to Claridge Pasha's heart, though it shocked Hamley at the time. But I wonder, was the maiden really saved?"

For an instant Lady Eglington was startled, and her face became rigid. "Ah, yes," she said slowly, "the maiden was saved. She is now my maid. Hamley may have been shocked, but Claridge Pasha has every reason to be glad that he helped a fellow-being in trouble."

"Your maid—Heaven?" asked Eglington in surprise, a swift shadow crossing his face.

"Yes; she only told me this morning. Perhaps she had seen that Claridge Pasha was coming to England. I had not, however. At any rate, Quixotism saved her."

David smiled. "It is better than I dared to hope," he said, quietly.

"But that is not all," continued Hylda. "There is more. She had been used badly by a man who now wants to marry her—has tried to do so for years. Now be prepared for a surprise, for it concerns you rather closely, Eglington. Fate is a whimsical jade—whom do you think it is? . . . Well, since you could never guess—Jasper Kimber."

Eglington's eyes opened wide. "This is nothing but a coarse and impossible stage coincidence," he laughed. "It is one of those antics played by Fate to discredit the imagination, for you couldn't make it convincing in the realm of romance. Life is laughing at us again. The longer I live, the more I am conscious of being an object of derision by the scene-shifters in the wings of the stage. What a cynical comedy life is at the best!"

"It all seems natural enough," said David, meditatively.

"It is all paradox."

"Isn't it all law? Acts set laws in motion, and they work out with unvarying logic. Isn't it that way?"

"Do you find it that way in Egypt?"

"I have always found it so—and in Egypt, too. If it were not so, if it were an illusion, it still makes work and life worth while. 'I have no belief in 'antic Fate'!"

Hylda realized, with a new and poignant understanding, the difference of outlook on life between the two men. She suddenly remembered the words of Confucius, which she had set down in her little book of daily life: "By nature we approximate, it is only experience that drives us apart." Working on high plateaux of public life, they had come to wholly different conclusions, even as they had started with difference of motive. David would have been content to live in the desert all his life for the sake of a cause, making no calculations as to reward. Eglington's service was never given without a sharp estimate of what it might do for him. He must ever have the counters for the game. He worked in an enormous field of chance in which he was a lucky and assiduous gamester.

"Well, if you do not believe in 'antic Fate,' you must be greatly puzzled as you go on," rejoined Eglington, laughing; "especially in Egypt, where, as I take it, the East and the West collide, race against race, religion against religion, Oriental mind against Occidental intellect. You have an unusual quantity of Quaker composure, to see in it all 'inevitable law.' And it must be dull. But you always were, so they say in Hamley, a monument of seriousness."

"I believe they made one or two exceptions," answered David, dryly. "I had assurances."

Eglington laughed boyishly. "You are right. You achieved a name for humor in a day—'a glass, a kick, and a kiss,' it was. Do you have such days in Egypt?"

"You must come and see," David answered lightly, declining to notice the insolence. "These are critical days there. The problems are worthy of your intellect. Will you not come?"

Eglington was conscious of a peculiar

persuasive influence over himself that he had never felt before. In proportion, however, as he felt its compelling quality, there came a jealousy of the man who was its cause. The old antagonism, which had had its sharpest expression the last time they had met on the platform at Heddington came back. A native antipathy, born perhaps of an undefined sense of rivalry, with the advantage of higher motives in David, emerged once more. It was one strong will resenting another—as though there was not room enough in the wide world of being for these two atoms of life, sparks from the ceaseless wheel, one making a little brighter flash than the other for the moment, and then presently darkness, and the whirling wheel which threw them off, throwing off millions of others again.

On the moment Eglinton had a temptation to say something with an edge, which would show David that his success in Egypt hung upon the course that he himself and the weak Foreign Minister under whom he served would take. And this course would be his own course largely, since he had been appointed to be a force and strength in the Foreign Office which his chief did not supply. He refrained, however, and, on the moment, remembered the promise he had given to Faith to help David.

A wave of feeling passed over him. His wife was beautiful, a creature of various charms, a centre of attraction. Yet he had never really loved her—so many sordid elements had entered into the thought of marriage with her, lowering the character of his affection. With a perversity which only such men know, such heart as he had turned to the unknown Quaker girl who had rebuked him, scathed him, laid bare his soul before himself as no one ever had done. To Eglinton it was a relief that there was one human being—he thought there was only one—who read him through and through; and that knowledge was in itself as powerful an influence as was the secret between David and Hylda. It was a kind of confessional, comforting to a nature not self-contained. Now he restrained his cynical intention to deal David a side-thrust, and said, quietly:

"We shall meet at Hamley, shall we not? Let us talk there, and not at the

Foreign Office. You would care to go to Egypt, Hylda?"

She forced a smile. "Let us talk it over at Hamley. But if you have made up your mind to go, why, of course, we shall. That goes without saying."

With a smile to David she turned away to some friends.

Eglinton offered to introduce David to some notable people, but he said that he must go—he was fatigued after his journey. He had no wish to be lionized.

As he left the salon, the band was playing a tune that made him close his eyes, as though against something he would not see. The band in Abdin Palace had played it that night when he had killed Foorgat Bey.

CHAPTER XX

EACH AFTER HIS OWN ORDER

WITH the passing years new feelings had grown up in the heart of Luke Claridge. Once David's destiny and career were his own peculiar and self-assumed responsibility. "Inwardly convicted," he had wrenched the lad away from the natural circumstances of his life, and created a scheme of existence for him out of his own conscience—a pious egoist.

After David went to Egypt, however, his mind involuntarily formed the resolution that "Davy and God should work it out together."

He had grown very old in appearance, and his quiet face was almost painfully white; but the eyes burned with more fire than in the past. As the day approached when David should arrive in England, he walked by himself continuously, oblivious of the world round him. He spoke to no one save the wizened Elder Meacham, and to Elder Fairley, who rightly felt that he had a share in the making of Claridge Pasha.

With head perched in the air and face half hidden in his great white collar, the wizened Elder, stopping Luke Claridge in the street one day, said:

"Does thee think the lad will ride in Pharaoh's chariot here?"

There were sly lines of humor about the mouth of the wizened Elder as he spoke, but Luke Claridge did not see.

"Pride is far from his heart," he an-

swered, portentously. "He will ride in no chariot. He has written that he will walk here from Heddington, and none is to meet him. Though, if he chose, he could come in state. Ay, he will walk hither from Heddington."

"By the cross-roads, perhaps!" rejoined the other piously. "Well, well, memory is a flower or a rod, as John Fox said, and the cross-roads have memories for him."

Again flashes of humor crossed his face, for he had a wide humanity not given sufficient exercise.

"He has made full atonement, and thee does ill to recall the past, Reuben," answered the other sternly.

"If he has done no more that needs atonement than he did that day at the cross-roads, then has his history been worthy of Hamley," rejoined the wizened Elder, eyes shut and head buried in his collar. "Hamley made him—Hamley made him. We did not spare advice, or example, or any correction that came to our minds—indeed it was almost a luxury. Think you, does he still play the flute—an instrument none too grave, Luke?"

But to this Luke Claridge exclaimed impatiently and hastened on; and the little wizened Elder chuckled to himself all the way to the house of Elder Fairley. None in Hamley took such pride in David as did these two old men, who had loved him from a child, but had discreetly hidden their favor, save to each other. Many times they had met and prayed together in the weeks when his life was in notorious danger in the Soudan.

As David walked through the streets of Heddington making for the open country, he was conscious of a new feeling regarding the place. It was familiar, but in a new sense. Its grimy, narrow streets, unlovely houses, with shut windows, summer though it was, and no softening influences anywhere, save here and there a box of sickly geraniums in the windows, all struck his mind in a way they had never done before. A mile away were the green fields, the woods, the roadsides gay with flowers and shrubs—loveliness was but over the wall, as it were; yet here the

barracklike houses, the gray, harsh streets, seemed like prison walls, and the people in them prisoners who, with every legal right to call themselves free, were as much captives as the criminal on some small island in a dangerous sea. Escape—where? Into the gulf of no work and degradation?

They never lifted their eyes above the day's labor. They were scarce conscious of anything beyond. What were their pleasures? They had imitations of pleasures. To them a funeral or a wedding, a riot or a vociferous band, a dog-fight or a strike, were alike in this, that they quickened feelings which carried them out of themselves, gave them a sense of intoxication.

Intoxication? David remembered the far-off day of his own wild rebellion. From that day forward he had better realized that in the hearts of so many of the human race there was a passion to forget themselves; to blot out, if for a moment only, the troubles of life and time; or by creating a false air of exaltation to rise above them. Once in the desert, when men were dying round him of fever and dysentery, he had been obliged, exhausted and ill, scarce able to drag himself from his bed, to resort to an Eastern opiate to allay his own sufferings, that he might minister to others. He remembered how in the atmosphere it had created—an intoxication, a soothing exhilaration and pervasive thrill—he had saved so many of his followers. Since then the temptation had come upon him often when trouble weighed or difficulties surrounded him—accompanied always by recurrence of fever—to resort to the insidious medicine. Though he had fought the temptation with every inch of his strength, he could too well understand those who sought "surcease of pain"—

"Seeking for surcease of pain,
Pilgrim to Lethe I came,
Drank not, for pride was too keen,
Stung by the sound of a name!"

As the plough of action had gone deep into his life and laid bare his nature to the light, there had been exposed things which struggled for life and power in him, with the fiery strength which only evil has.

The western heavens were aglow. On every hand the gorse and the may were in bloom, the lilacs were coming to their end, but wild rhododendrons were glowing in the bracken as he stepped along the road towards the place where he was born. Though every tree and road-mark was familiar, so often had he passed this way, yet he was conscious of a new outlook. He had left these quiet scenes inexperienced and untravelled, to be thrust suddenly into the thick of a struggle of nations over a sick land. He had worked in a vortex of debilitating local intrigue. All who had to do with Egypt gained except herself, and if she moved in revolt or agony, they threatened her. Once when resisting the pressure and the threats of war of a foreign diplomatist, he had, after a trying hour, written to Faith in a burst of passionate complaint, and his letter had ended with these words:

"Lo, you build you up your land.
Turret, tower, dome and steeple,
But your workmen's brows are fanned
By the death-breath of a people.

"In your onward march, O men,
White of face, in promise whiter,
You unsheath the sword, and then
Blame the wronged as the fighter!

"Time, ah, Time, rolls onward o'er
All these fœtid fields of evil,
While hard at the nation's core
Eats the burning rust and weevil!

"Nathless, out beyond the stars
Reigns the Wiser and the Stronger,
Seeing in all strifes and wars
Who the wronged, who the wronger."

Privately he had spoken thus, but before the world he had given way to no impulse, in silence finding safety from the temptation to diplomatic evasion. Looking back over the five years, he felt now that the sum of his accomplishment had been small.

He did not realize the truth. When his hand was almost upon the object for which he had toiled and striven—whether pacifying a tribe, meeting a loan by honest means, building a barrage, irrigating the land, financing a new industry, or experimenting in cotton—it suddenly eluded him. Nahoum had snatched it away by subterranean wires.

On such occasions Nahoum would shrug his shoulders and say with a sigh: "Ah, my friend, let us begin again. We are both young, time is with us; and we will flourish palms in the face of Europe yet. We have our course set by a bright star. We will continue."

Yet withal, Egypt had this one self-effacing man who took nothing and gave everything, who lived like a fellah, yet gave like a prince—like no prince any living man could remember or legend had enshrined. He was the true altruist. Even now as he walked this road which led to his old home, dear to him beyond all else, his thoughts kept flying to the Nile and to the desert.

Suddenly he stopped. He was at the cross-roads. Here he had met Kate Heaven, here he had shamed his neighbors—and begun his work in life. He stood for a moment, his eyes smiling as he looked at the stone where he had sat those years ago, his hand feeling instinctively for his flute. Presently he turned to the dusty road again.

Walking quickly away, he swung into the path of the wood which would bring him by a short cut to Hamley, past Soolsby's cottage. Here was the old peace, the old joy of solitude among the healing trees. Experience had broadened his life, had given him a vast theatre of work; but the smell of the woods, the touch of the turf, the whispering of the trees, the song of the birds, had the ancient entry to his heart.

At last he emerged on the hill where Soolsby lived. He had not meant, if he could help it, to speak to any one until he had entered the garden of the Red Mansion, but he had inadvertently come upon this place where he had spent the most momentous days of his life, and a feeling stronger than he cared to resist drew him to the open doorway. The afternoon sun was beating in over the threshold as he reached it, and, at his footstep, a figure started forward from the shadow of a corner.

It was Kate Heaven.

Surprise, then pain, showed in her face; she flushed, was agitated.

"I am sorry—it's too bad—it's hard on him you should see," she said in a breath, and turned her head away for an instant;

but presently looked him in the face again, all trembling and eager. "He'll be sorry enough to-morrow," she added solicitously, and drew away from something she had been trying to hide.

Then David saw. On a bench against the wall lay old Soolsby—drunk. A cloud passed across his face and left it pale.

"Of course," he said simply, and went over and touched the heaving shoulders reflectively. "Poor Soolsby!"

"He's been sober four years—over four," she said eagerly. "When he knew you'd come again, he got wild, and he would have the drink in spite of all. Walking from Heddington, I saw him at the tavern and brought him home."

"At the tavern—" David said reflectively.

"The *Fox and Goose*, sir." She turned her face away again, and David's head came up with a quick motion. There it was, five years ago, that he had drunk at the bar and had fought Jasper Kimber.

"Poor fellow!" he said again, and listened to Soolsby's stertorous breathing, as a physician looks at a patient whose case he cannot control, does not wholly understand.

The hand of the sleeping man was suddenly raised, his head gave a jerk, and he said mumblingly, "Claridge forever!"

Kate nervously intervened. "It fair beat him, your coming back, sir. It's awful temptation—the drink. I lived in it for years, and it's cruel hard to fight it when you're worked up either way—sorrow or joy. There's a real pleasure in being drunk, I'm sure. While it lasts you're rich, and you're young, and you don't care what happens. It's kind of you to take it like this, sir, seeing you've never been tempted and mightn't understand."

David shook his head sadly, and looked at Soolsby in silence.

"I don't suppose he took a quarter what he used to take, but it made him drunk. 'Twas but a minute of madness! You've saved him right enough."

"I was not blaming him. I understand—I understand."

He looked at her steadily. She was healthy and fine-looking, with large,

eloquent eyes. Her dress was severe and quiet as became her occupation—a plain dark gray, but the shapely fulness of the figure gave softness to the outlines. It was no wonder Jasper Kimber wished to marry her; and, if he did, the future of the man was sure. She had a temperament which might have made her an adventuress—or an opera-singer. She had been touched in time, and she had never looked back.

"You are with Lady Eglington now, I have heard?" he said.

She nodded.

"It was hard for you in London at first?"

She met his look steadily. "It was easy in a way. I could see round me what was the right thing to do. Oh, that was what was so awful in the old life over there"—she pointed beyond the hill—"we didn't know what was good and what was bad. The poor people in big working-places like Heddington ain't much better than heathens, leastways as to most things that matter. They haven't got a sensible religion, not one that gets down into what they do. The parson doesn't reach them—he talks about church and the sacraments, and they don't get at what good it's going to do them. And the chapel preachers ain't much better. They talk and sing and pray, when what the people want is light and hot water and soap, and being showed how to live, and how to bring up children healthy and strong, and decent cooked food. I'd have food-hospitals if I could, and I'd give the children in the schools one good meal a day. I'm sure the children of the poor go wrong and bad more through the way they live than anything. If only they was taught right—not as though they was paupers! Give me enough nurses of the right sort, and enough good plain cooks, and meat three times a week, and milk and bread and rice and porridge every day, and I'd make a new place of any town in England in a year. I'd—"

She stopped all at once, however, and flushing, said, "I didn't stop to think I was talking to you, sir."

"I am glad you speak to me so," he answered gently. "You and I are both reformers at heart."

"Me? I've done nothing, sir, not any good to anybody or anything."

"Not to Jasper Kimber?"

"You did that, sir; he says so; he says you made him."

A quick laugh passed David's lips. "Men are not made so easily. I think I know the trowel and the mortar that built that wall! Thee will marry him, friend?"

Her eyes burned as she looked at him. She had been eternally dispossessed of what every woman has the right to have—one memory possessing the elements of beauty. Even if it remain but for the moment, yet that moment is hers by right of her sex, which is denied the wider rights of those they love and serve. She had tasted the cup of bitterness and drunk of the waters of sacrifice. Married life had no lure for her. She wanted none of it. The seed of service had, however, taken root in a nature full of fire and light and power, undisciplined and undeveloped as it was. She wished to do something—the spirit of toil, the first habit of the life of the poor, the natural medium for the good that may be in them, had possession of her.

This man was to her the symbol of work. To have cared for his home, to have looked after his daily needs, to have sheltered him humbly from little things, would have been her one true happiness. And this was denied her. Had she been a man, it had been so easy. She could have offered to be his servant; could have done those things which she could do better than any, since hers would be a heart-service.

But even as she looked at him now, she had a flash of insight and pre-science. She had, from little things said or done, from newspapers marked and a hundred small indications, made up her mind that her mistress's mind dwelt much upon "the Egyptian." The thought flashed now that she might serve this man, after all; that a day might come when she could say that she had played a part in his happiness, in return for all he had done for her. Life had its chances—and strange things had happened. In her own mind she had decided that her mistress was not happy, and who could tell what might happen?

Men did not live forever! The thought came and went, but it left behind a determination to answer David as she felt.

"I will not marry Jasper," she answered slowly. "I want work, not marriage."

"There would be both," he urged.

"With women there is the one or the other, not both."

"Thee could help him. He has done credit to himself, and he can do good work for England. Thee can help him."

"I want work alone, not marriage, sir."

"He would pay thee his debt."

"He owes me nothing. What happened was no fault of his, but of the life we were born in. He tired of me, and left me. Husbands tire of their wives, but stay on and beat them."

"He drove thee mad—almost, I remember!"

"Wives go mad and are never cured, so many of them. I've seen them die, poor things, and leave the little ones behind. I had the luck wi' me. I took the right turning at the cross-roads yonder."

"Thee must be Jasper's wife if he asks thee again," he urged.

"He will come when I call, but I will not call," she answered.

"But still thee will marry him when the heart is ready," he persisted. "It shall be ready soon. He needs thee. Good-by, friend. Leave Soolsby alone. He will be safe. And do not tell him that I have seen him so." He stooped over and touched the old man's shoulder gently.

He held out his hand to her. She took it, then suddenly leaned over and kissed it. She could not speak.

He stepped to the door and looked out. Behind the Red Mansion the sun was setting, sloping downward, and the far garden looked cool and sweet. He gave a happy sigh and stepped out and down.

As he disappeared, the woman dropped into a chair, her arms upon a table. Her body shook with sobs.

She sat there for an hour, and then, when the sun was setting, she left the drunken man sleeping, and made her way down the hill to the Cloistered House.

Entering, she was summoned to her mistress's room.

"I did not expect my lady so soon," she said, surprised.

"No; we came sooner than we expected. Where have you been?"

"At Soolsby's hut on the hill, my lady."

"Who is Soolsby?"

Kate told her all she knew, and of what had happened that afternoon—but not all.

CHAPTER XXI

"THERE IS NOTHING HIDDEN WHICH SHALL NOT BE REVEALED"

A FORTNIGHT had passed since they had come to Hamley—David, Eglington, and Hylda—and they had all travelled a long distance in mutual understanding during that time—too far, so Luke Claridge thought, who remained neutral and silent. He would not let Faith go to the Cloistered House, though he made no protest against David going; because he recognized in these visits the duty of diplomacy and the business of the nation—more particularly David's business, which, in his eyes, swallowed all. Three times David had gone to the Cloistered House, once Hylda and he had met in the road leading to the old mill, and once at Soolsby's hut. Twice, also, in the garden of his old home he had seen her, when Hylda came to visit Faith, who had captured her at once. Eglington and Faith had not met, however. He was either busy in his laboratory, or with his books, or riding over the common and through the woods, and their courses lay apart.

"And Nahoum Pasha?"

"He has kept faith."

"He is in high place again?"

"He is a good administrator."

"You put him there!"

"Thee remembers what I said—that night at Cairo?"

Hylda closed her eyes and drew in a long breath. Had there been a word spoken that night which had not bitten into her soul! That David had done so much in Egypt without ruin or death was a tribute to his power. Nevertheless, though Nahoum had not struck yet, she was certain he would one day. All that David now told her of the vicissitudes of his plans, and Nahoum's sympathy and help, only deepened this con-

viction. She could well believe that Nahoum gave David money from his own pocket, which he replaced by extortion from other sources, while gaining credit with David for cooperation. Armenian Christian, Nahoum might be, but he was ranged with the East against the West, with the reactionary and corrupt against advance, against civilization and freedom and equality. Nahoum's Christianity was permeated with Orientalism, the Christian belief obscured by the theism of the Moslem. David was in a deadlier struggle than he knew. Yet it could serve no good end to attempt to warn him now. He had outlived peril so far—might it not be that, after all, his faith would be given its due reward in the end? Might he not by the truth that was in him, indeed, conquer even Nahoum?

So far she had avoided Nahoum's name in talks with David. She could scarcely tell why she did, save that it opened a door better closed, as it were; but the restraint had given way at last.

"Thee remembers what I said that night?" David repeated, slowly.

"I remember—I understand. You devise your course and you never change. It is like building on a rock. That is why nothing happens to you as bad as might happen."

"Nothing bad ever happens to me. I live according to what happens. Accident, trouble, or tragedy is not bad, so long as one goes from them one step farther on."

"The philosophy of the desert," she commented, smiling. "You are living in the desert even when you are here. This is a dream, the desert and Egypt only are real."

"That is true, I think. I seem sometimes like a sojourner here, like a spirit 'revisiting the scenes of life and time'!" He laughed boyishly.

"Yet you are happy here. I understand now why and how you are what you are. Even I that have been here so short a time feel the influence upon me. I breathe an air that, somehow, seems a native air. The spirit of my Quaker grandmother revives in me. Sometimes I sit hours thinking, scarcely stirring; and I believe I know now how people might speak to each other without words.

Your uncle Benn and you—it was so with you, was it not? You heard his voice speaking to you sometimes, you understood what he meant to say to you? You told me so—long ago.”

David inclined his head. “I heard him speak as one might speak through a closed door. Sometimes, too, in the desert I have heard Faith speak to me.”

“And your grandfather?”

“Never my grandfather—never. It would seem as though, in my thoughts, I could never reach him; as though masses of opaque things lay between. Yet he and I—there is love between us. I don’t know why I never hear him.”

“Tell me of your childhood—of your mother. I have seen her grave under the ash by the Meeting-house, but I want to know of her from you.”

“Has not Faith told you?”

“We have only talked of the present. I could not ask her; but I can ask you. I want to know of your mother and you together.”

“We were never together. When I opened my eyes she closed hers. It was so little to get for the life she gave. See, was it not a good face?” He drew from his pocket a little locket which Faith had given him years ago, and opened it before her.

Hylda looked long. “She was exquisite,” she said. “Exquisite.”

“My father I never knew either. He was a captain of a merchant ship. He married her secretly while she was staying with an aunt at Portsmouth. He sailed away, my mother told my grandfather all, and he brought her home here. The marriage was regular, of course, but my grandfather, after announcing it, and bringing it before the elders, declared that she should never see her husband again. She never did, for she died a few months after, when I came, and my father died very soon, also. I never saw him, and I do not know if he ever tried to see me. I never had any feeling about it. My grandfather was the only father I ever knew, and Faith, who was born a year before me, became like a sister to me, though she soon made other pretensions!” He laughed again, almost happily. “To gain an end she exercised authority as my aunt!”

“What was your father’s name?”

“Fetherdon—James Fetherdon.”

“Fetherdon—James Fetherdon!” Involuntarily Hylda repeated the name after him. Where had she heard the name before—or where had she seen it? It kept flashing before her eyes—where had she seen it? For days she had been rummaging among old papers in the library of the Cloistered House, and in an old box, full of correspondence and papers of the late countess, who had died suddenly. Was it among them that she had seen the name? She could not tell. It was all vague, but that she had seen it or heard it she was sure.

“Your father’s people, you never knew them?”

He shook his head. “Nor of them. Here was my home—I had no desire to discover them. We draw in upon ourselves here.”

“There is great force in such a life and such a people,” she answered. “If the same concentration of mind could be carried into the wide life of the world, we might revolutionize civilization—or vitalize and advance it, I mean—as you are doing in Egypt.”

“I have done nothing in Egypt. I have sounded the bugle—I have not had my fight.”

“That is true in a sense,” she replied. “Your real struggle is before you. I do not know why I say it, but I do say it—I feel it. Something here”—she pressed her hand to her heart—“something here tells me that your day of battle is yet to come.” Her eyes were brimming and full of excitement. “We must all help you.” She gained courage with each word. “You must not fight alone. You work for civilization; you must have civilization behind you.” Her hands clasped nervously, there was a catch in her throat. “You remember—*then*, that I said I would call to you one day, as your uncle Benn did, and you should hear and answer me. It shall not be that I will call. You—you will call, and I will help you if I can! I will help, no matter what may seem to prevent, if there is anything I can do. I, surely I, of all the world owe it to you to do what I can, always. I owe so much—you did so much. Oh, how it haunts me! Sometimes in the night, I wake with a start and see it all—all!”

The flood had broken loose in her heart, the flood that had been dyked back these years past. It was sweeping away all the small conventions and reasons, all the large uncertainties. The walls of the blind alleys through which her emotions had wandered so long were being levelled with the open plains, and the flood was rushing on.

Out of the stir and sweep of social life and duty, of official and political ambition—heart-hungry, for she had no child, heart-lonely, though she had scarce recognized it in the duties and excitements round her—she had floated suddenly into this backwater of a motionless life in Hamley. Its quiet had settled upon her, the shackles of her spirit had been loosed, and dropped from her; she had suddenly bathed her heart and soul in a freer atmosphere than they had ever known before. And David and Hamley had come together. The old impulses, dominated by a divine altruism, were swinging her out upon a course leading she knew not, recked not, whither—for the moment recked not. This man's career, the work he was set to do, the ideal before him, the vision of a land redeemed, captured her, carried her panting into a resolve, which, however she might modify her speech or action, must be an influence in her life hereafter. Must the penance and the redemption be his only? This life he lived had come from what had happened to her and to him in Egypt. In a deep sense her life was linked with his.

In a flash he now felt the deep significance of their relations. A curtain seemed suddenly to have been drawn aside. He was blinded for a moment. Her sympathy, her desire to help, gave him a new sense of hope and confidence, but—but there was no room in his crusade for any woman; the dear egotism of a life-dream was masterful in him, possessed him.

Yet, if ever his heart might have dwelt upon a woman with thought of the future, this being before him—he drew himself up with a start! . . . He was going to Egypt again in a few days; they might probably never meet again—would not, no doubt—should not. He had pressed her husband to go to Egypt, but now he would not encourage it; he

must have faith, and “finish his journey alone.”

He looked again in her eyes, and their light and beauty held him. His own eyes swam. The exaltation of a great idea was upon them, was a bond of fate between them. It was a moment of peril not fully realized by either. David did realize, however, that she was beautiful beyond all women he had ever seen—or was he now for the first time really aware of the beauty of woman? She had an expression, a light of eye and face, finely alluring beyond mere outline of feature. Yet the features were there, too, regular and fine; and her brown hair waving away from her broad, white forehead over eyes a grayish violet in color gave her a classic distinction seen most in a rare type of American women of the modern world. In the quietness of the face there was that strain of the Quaker descending to her through three generations, yet enlivened by a mind of impulse and genius.

They stood looking at each other for a moment, in which both had taken a long step forward in life's experience. But presently his eyes looked beyond her, as though at something that fascinated them.

“Of what are you thinking? What do you see?” she said.

“You, leaving the garden of my house in Cairo, I standing by the fire,” he answered, closing his eyes for an instant.

“It is what I saw also,” she said, breathlessly. “It is what I saw and was thinking of that instant.” Then, as though she must break away from the cords of feeling drawing her nearer and nearer to him, she said, with a little laugh: “How is my Chicago cousin? I have not heard from him for a year. I should have asked before.”

“He is with me always, and is always the same. I should have done little had it not been for him. He has remarkable resource; he is never cast down. He has only one fault.”

“What is that?”

“He is no respecter of persons. His humor cuts deep. He has a wide heart for your sex. When leaving the court of the King of Abyssinia he said to his Majesty: ‘Well, good-by, King. Give my love to the girls!’”

She laughed again. "How absurd and childish he is! But he is true. And how glad you should be that you are able to make true friends, without an effort. Yesterday I met neighbor Fairley, and another little old elder who keeps his chin in his collar and his eyes on the sky. They did little else but sing your praises. One might have thought that you had invented the world—or Hamley."

David smiled meditatively.

"Yet they would chafe if, even under the changed conditions of my life, I were to appear among them without these." He glanced down at the Quaker clothes he wore, and made a gesture towards the broad-brim hat reposing on a footstool near by.

"It is good to see that you are not changed—not spoiled at all," she said, smiling. "Though, indeed, how could you be, who always work for others and never for yourself? All I envy you is your friends. You make them—and keep them so!"

She sighed, and a shadow came into her eyes suddenly. She was thinking of Eglinton. Did he make friends—true friends? In London—was there one she knew who would cleave to him for love of him? In England—had she ever seen one? In Hamley, where his people had been for so many generations, had she found one?

Herself? Yes, she was his true friend. She would do—what would she not do to help him, to save his interests? What had she not done since she married? Her fortune, it was his; her every waking hour had been filled with something devised to help him on his way. Had he ever said to her, "Hylda, you are a help to me?" He had admired her—but was he singular in that? Before she married there were many—since, there had been many—who had shown, some with tact and carefulness, others with a crudeness making her shudder, that they admired her; and, if they might, would have given their admiration another name with other manifestations. Had she repelled it all? No. She had been too sure of herself to draw her skirts about her; she was too proud to let any man put her at any disadvantage. She had been safe, because her heart had been untouched. The old

Duchess of Snowdon, once beautiful, but now with a face like a mask, enamelled and rouged and lifeless, had said to her once: "My dear, I ought to have died at thirty-three. When I was twenty-three I wanted to squeeze the orange dry in a handful of years, and then go out suddenly, and let the dust of forgetfulness cover my bones. I had one child, a boy, and would have no more; and I squeezed the orange! But I didn't go at thirty-three, and yet the orange was dry. My boy died; and you see what I am—a fright, I know it; and I dress like a child of twenty, and I can't help it!"

There had been moments, once, when she too had wished to squeeze the orange dry, but something behind, calling to her, had stopped her. She had dropped an anchor in a perilous sea, but it had never dragged.

"Tell me how to make friends—and keep them," she added, gayly.

"If it be true I make friends thee taught me how," he answered, "for thee made me a friend, and I forget not the lesson."

She smiled. "Thee has learnt another lesson too well!" she answered, brightly. "Thee must not flatter. It is not that which makes thee keep friends. You see, I also am speaking as they do in Hamley—am I not bold? I love the *thee* and *thou*."

"Then use them freely to-day, for this is farewell," he answered, not looking at her.

"This—is—farewell," she said, slowly, vaguely. Why should it startle her so? "You are going so soon—where?"

"To-morrow to London, next week to Egypt."

She laid a hand upon herself, for her heart was beating violently. "Thee is not fair to give no warning—there is so much to say," she said, in so low a tone that he could scarcely hear her. "There is the future—your work, what are we to do here to help? What am I to do?"

"Thee will always be a friend to Egypt, I know," he answered, earnestly. "She needs friends. Thee has a place where a word may help as a word may ban."

"Will not right be done without my voice?" she asked, her eyes half closing.



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit.

SHE WATCHED HIM PASS THROUGH THE GARDEN

"There is the Foreign Office, and English policy, and the ministers, and—and Eglington. What need of me?"

He saw the thought had flashed into her mind that he did not trust her husband wholly. "Thee knows and cares for Egypt, and knowing and caring make policy easier to frame," she answered.

Suddenly a wave of feeling went over her. He whose life had been flung into this field of labor by an act of her own, who should help him but her? Who but she should help to wipe out the debt of a life taken, by self-sacrifice for the land which gave birth to the man who had gone to death beneath David's hand?

But it all baffled her, hurt her, shook her. She was not free to help as she wished. Her life was another's; and he exacted the payment of tribute to the uttermost farthing. She was blinded by the thought. Yet she must speak. "I will come to Egypt—we will come to Egypt," she said, quickly. "Eglington shall know, too; he shall understand. You shall have his help. You shall not work alone."

"Thee can work here," he said. "It may not be easy for Lord Eglington to come."

"You pressed it on him."

Their eyes met. She suddenly saw what was in his mind. All that was truest in her came to her at her need.

"You know best what will help you most," she added, gently.

"You will not come?" he asked.

"I will not say I will not come—not ever," she answered, firmly. "It may be I should have to come." Resolution was in her eyes. She was thinking of Nahoum. "I may have to come," she added after a pause, "to do right by you."

He read her mind. "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right? Is it not enough?" he asked. "Thee shall never come," he continued, confidently. He held out his hand.

"Perhaps I shall see you in town," she rejoined, as her hand rested in his, and she turned her eyes away. "When do you start for Egypt?"

"To-morrow week, I think," he said. "There is much to do."

"Perhaps we shall meet in town, then,"

she repeated. But they both knew they would not.

"Farewell," he said, and picked up his hat.

As he turned again, the look in her eyes brought the blood to his face, then it turned pale. A new force had come into his life.

"God be good to thee," he said, and turned away.

She watched him leave the room and pass through the garden.

"David! David!" she said softly after him.

At the other end of the room her husband, who had just entered, watched her. He heard her voice, but did not hear what she said.

"Come, Hylda, and have some music," he said brusquely.

She turned slowly round and scrutinized him calmly.

His face showed nothing. His look was enigmatical.

"Chopin is the thing for me," he said, and opened the piano.

CHAPTER XXII

AS IN A GLASS DARKLY

IT was very quiet and cool in the Quaker Meeting-house, though outside there was the rustle of the trees, the low din of the bees, the whistle of a bird, or even the tread of horses' hoofs, as they journeyed on the London road. The place was full. For a half-hour the worshippers had sat voiceless. They were waiting for the spirit to move some one to speak. As they waited, a lady entered and glided into a seat. Few saw, and these gave no indication of surprise, though they were little used to strangers, and none of the name borne by this lady had entered this building for so many years. It was Hylda.

Long after she entered there was silence still, and she watched the branches of the trees softly waving outside, her thoughts drawn into the deep of things. One there was towards whom she glanced. He was sitting where he sat when he was put upon his trial years ago, when he watched the waving branches above his mother's grave.

At last the silence was broken. The wizened Elder, with eyes upon the ceil-

ing and his long white chin like ivory on his great collar, began to pray, sitting where he was, his hands upon his knees. He prayed for all who wandered "into bye and forbidden paths." He prayed for those who were set in high places, that they might be so given to truth, which sets the balances, that there should be no false weights. Lastly, he prayed for one whose work was as that of Joseph, son of Jacob; whose footsteps were now upon the sea, and now upon the desert; whose way was set among strange gods and divers heresies—"For there must also be heresies, that they which are approved may be made manifest among the weak." A moment more, and then he added: "Reproof he has known amongst us, Lord, and stripes and sackcloth borne; but he is the dearer for that we may not be near him to stay his youth and give him wisdom. He hath been tried beyond his years; do Thou uphold his hands. Once with a goad did we urge him on when in ease and sloth he was among us, but now he spurreth on his spirit and body in too great haste—O put Thy hand upon the bridle, Lord, that he ride soberly upon Thy business."

There was a longer silence now, but at last came the voice of Luke Claridge.

"Father of the fatherless," he said, "my days are as the sands in the hour-glass hastening to their rest; and my place will soon be empty. He goeth far, and I may not go with him. He fighteth alone, like him that strove with wild beasts at Ephesus; do Thou uphold him that he bring a nation captive. And if a viper fasten on his hand, as chanced to Paul of old, give him grace to strike it off without hurt. O Lord, he is to me Thy servant as the one ewe lamb, let him be Thine when Thou gatherest for Thy vineyard!"

"And if a viper fasten on his hand—!" David passed his hand across his forehead and closed his eyes. The beasts at Ephesus he had fought, and he would fight them again—there was fighting enough to do in the land of Egypt. And the viper would fasten on his hand—it had fastened on his hand, and he had struck it off; but it would come again, the dark thing against which he had fought in the desert, and yet again it

would come; and he felt himself shrink from the struggle.

Their prayers had unnerved him, had got into that corner of his nature where youth and its irresponsibility loitered yet. For a moment he was shaken, and then he rose slowly, and looking at the faces of the Elders, said: "Friends, I go again upon paths that lead into the wilderness. I know not if I ever shall return. Howsoever that may be, I shall walk with firmer step because of all you do for me."

Then he closed his eyes and prayed: "O God, I go into the land of ancient plagues and present pestilence. If it be Thy will, bring me home to this good land when my task is done. If not, by Thy goodness let me be as a stone set by the wayside for others who come after: and save me from the beast and from the viper. *'Thou art faithful, who wilt not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able; but wilt with the temptation also make a way of escape, that we may be able to bear it!'*"

He sat down, and all grew silent again; but suddenly some one sobbed aloud—sobbed, and strove to stay the sobbing, and could not, and getting up, went quickly towards the door.

It was Faith. David heard, and came quickly after her. As he took her arm gently, his eyes met those of Hylda. She rose and came out also.

"Will thee take her home?" he said huskily. "I can bear no more."

Hylda placed her arm round Faith's, and led her out under the trees and into the wood. As they went, Faith looked back.

"Oh, forgive me, forgive me, Davy," she said softly.

Three lights burned in Hamley: one in the Red Mansion, one in the Cloistered House, and one in Soolsby's hut upon the hill. In the Red Mansion old Luke Claridge, his face paling with feeling, his white hair tumbling about his head, his head thrust forward, his eyes shining, sat listening, as Faith read aloud letters which Benn Claridge had written from the East many years before. One letter, written from Bagdad, he made her read twice. The faded sheet had in it the glow and glamour of the East; it was like a heart beating with life:

feeling rose and fell in it like the waves of the sea. Once the old man interrupted Faith.

"Davy—it is as though Davy spoke. It is like Davy—both Claridge, both Claridge," he said. "But is it not like Davy? Davy is doing what it was in Benn's heart to do. Benn showed the way; Benn called, and Davy came."

He laid both hands upon his knees and raised his eyes. "O Lord, I have sought to do according to Thy will." He was thinking of a thing he had long hidden. Through many years he had had no doubt, no qualm; but, since David had gone to Egypt, some spirit of unquiet had worked in him. He had acted against the prayer of his own wife, lying in her grave—a quiet-faced woman, who had never crossed him, who had never shown a note of passion in all her life, save in one thing concerning David. Upon it, like some prophetess, she had flamed out. With the insight which only women have where children are concerned, she had told him that he would live to repent of what he had done. She had died soon after, and was laid beside the deserted young mother, whose days had budded and blossomed, and fallen like petals to the ground, while yet it was the spring.

Luke Claridge had understood neither, not his wife when she had said, "Thee should let the Lord do His own work, Luke," nor his dying daughter Mercy, whose last words had been: "With love and sorrow I have sowed; he shall reap rejoicing—my babe. Thee will set him in the garden in the sun, where God may find him—God will not pass him by. He will take him by the hand and lead him home." The old man had thought her mind touched by delirium then, though her words were but the parable of a mind fed by the poetry of life, by books beyond her years, by visions and dreams thrown off by an indwelling mind, by a shy spirit to which meditation gave fancy and far-seeing. David had come by his idealism honestly. The half-mystical spirit of his uncle Benn, gallant and humorous as it had been, had flowed on to another generation, through the filter of a woman's sad soul. It had come to David a pure force, a constructive idealism, behind which lay a spirit

of adventure and inquiry, of observation and practical faculty, all informed by a spirit of self-abnegation belonging to another age.

Now, as Faith read, there were ringing in the old man's ears the words which David's mother had said before she closed her eyes and passed away: "*Set him in the garden in the sun, where God may find him—God will not pass him by.*" They seemed to weave themselves into the symbolism of Benn Claridge's letter, written from the hills of Bagdad.

"But," the letter continued, "the Governor passed by with his suite, the buckles of the harness of his horses all silver, his carriage shining with inlay of gold, his turban full of precious stones. When he had passed, I said to a shepherd standing by, 'If thou hadst all his wealth, shepherd, what wouldst thou do?' and he answered, 'If I had his wealth, I would sit on the south side of my house in the sun all day and every day.' To a messenger of the Palace, who must ever be ready night and day to run at his master's order, I asked the same. He replied, 'Master, if I had all the Effendina's wealth, I would sleep till I died.' To a blind beggar, shaking the copper in his cup in the highways, pleading dumbly to those who passed, I made similar inquisition, and he replied, 'If the wealth of the exalted one were mine, I would sit on the mastaba by the bakehouse and eat three times a day, save at Ramadan, when I would bless Allah the compassionate and merciful, and breakfast at sunset, with the flesh of a kid and a bowl of wine.' To a woman at the door of a tomb hung with relics of hundreds of poor souls in misery, who besought the buried saint to intercede for her with Allah, I made the same catechism, and she answered, 'Oh, effendi, if his wealth were mine, I would give my son what he has lost.' 'What has he lost, woman?' said I; and she answered, 'A little house, with a garden and a flock of ten goats, a cow and a dovecote, his inheritance of which he has been despoiled by one who carried a false debt 'gainst his father gone to the bosom of Allah.' And I said to her, 'But if thy wealth were as that of the ruler of the city, thy son would have no need of the little house and garden and

the flock of goats, and a cow and a dove-cote.' Whereupon she turned upon me in bitterness, and said: 'Were they not his birthright? Were they not his own as the seed of his father? Shall not one cherish that which is his own, which cometh from seed to seed? Is it not the law—hast thou no children? And if thou hast no children, how canst thou judge, effendi?' 'But,' said I, 'if his wealth were thine, there would be a palace on a hill, and herds of cattle, and flocks of sheep, and men servants and maid servants, and carpets spread, and the banquet-tables, and wide gardens with great orchards.' But she stubbornly shook her head. 'Where the eagle built shall not the young eagle nest? Is not thine own thine own? How should God meet me in the way and bless him who stood not by his birthright? The plot of ground was the lad's, and all that is thereon. I pray thee, mock me not! God knows I did not mock her, for her words were wisdom; but I marvelled that I had known the human heart so little, and that to her was given so much. So did it work upon me that, after many days, I got for the lad his own again, and there is he happier, and his mother happier, than the Governor in his palace. Later I did learn some truths from the shepherd, the messenger, and the beggar, and the woman with the child; but chiefly from the woman and the child. The sum of it all is that each man's needs are different; that each has his own view of happiness; that we cannot measure all by one rule; and that the thing dearest to each is what he thinks are his own inherent rights. The material value has no relation to the value each sets upon that which is his own. Behind this feeling lies the strength of the world. Here, on this hill of Bagdad, Luke, I am thinking these things; and, as I set them down for thee, there comes to my mind that wonderful piece from the brain of Mr. Addison, called *The Vision of Mirza*, which makes the working world seem far away and the next world very near. And, Luke, I would have thee think on my story of the woman and the child. There is in it a lesson for thee, as I believe."

When Luke Claridge first read this letter years before, he had put it from

him sternly. Now he heard it with an emotion which showed that his spirit was perturbed. He took the letter from Faith at last and put it in his pocket. With no apparent relevancy to the letter, and laying his hand on Faith's shoulder, he said:

"We have done according to our conscience by Davy—God is our witness, so!"

She leaned her cheek against his hand, but did not speak.

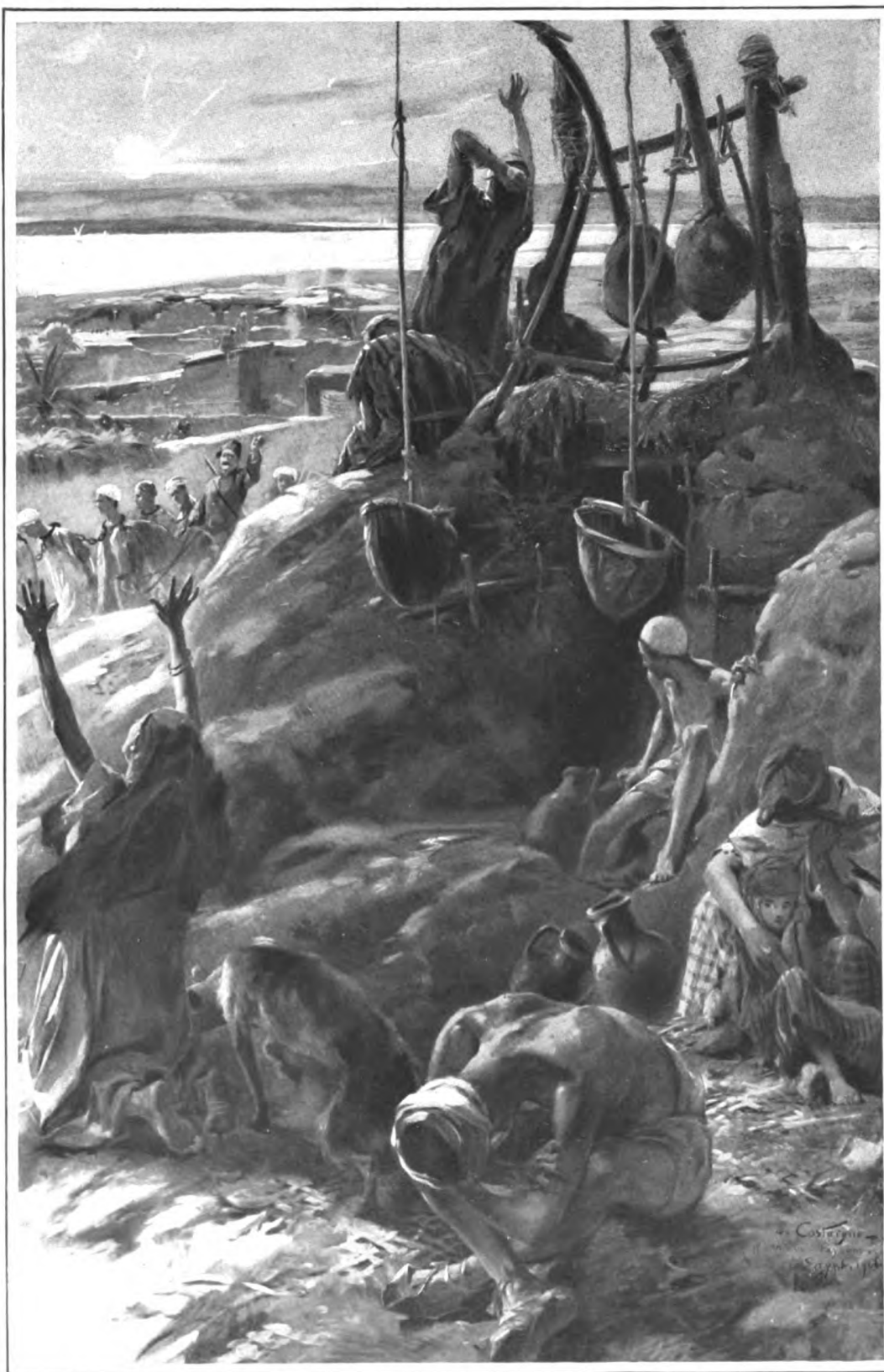
In Soolsby's hut upon the hill Davy sat talking to the old chairmaker. Since his return he had visited the place several times only to find Soolsby absent. The old man, on awaking from his drunken sleep, had been visited by a terrible remorse, and, whenever he had seen David coming, had fled into the woods. He was eager to talk with "the Egyptian," but he was ashamed that his pledge had been broken; also he shunned the confession he meant to make and yet had not the courage to face. This evening, however, David came in the dark, and Soolsby was caught.

When David entered first, the old man broke down. He could not speak, but leaned upon the back of a chair, and though his lips moved, no sound came forth. But David took him by the shoulders and set him down, and laughed gently in his face, and at last Soolsby got voice and said:

"Egyptian! O Egyptian!"

Then his tongue was loosened and his eye glistened, and he poured out question after question, many pertinent, some whimsical, all frankly answered by David. But suddenly he stopped short, and his eyes sank before the other, who had laid a hand upon his knee.

"Oh, don't, Egyptian, don't! Don't have aught to do with me. I've been a hog of a man. I'm only a drunken swine. I kept sober four years, as she knows—as the Angel down yonder in the Red Mansion knows; but the day you came, going out to meet you, I got drunk—blind drunk. I had only been pretending all the time. I was being coaxed along—made believe I was a real man, I suppose. But I wasn't. I was a pillar of sand. When pressure came I just broke down—broke down, Egyptian. I went to the trough like a pig. I'm a



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark.

THE YOUTH HAD BEEN CARRIED OFF IN CHAINS TO SERVE IN THE ARMY

disgrace to Hamley. I'm no better than the clay-eaters I saw once in Georgia. Don't be surprised if you hear me grunt. It's my natural speech. I'm a hog, a drink-swilling hog. I wasn't decent enough to stay sober till you had said 'Good day,' and 'How goes it, Soolsby?' I tried it on; it was no good. I began to live like a man, but I've slipped back in the ditch. You didn't know that, did you?"

David let him have his say, and then in a low voice said, "Yes, I knew thee had been drinking, Soolsby."

He started. "She told you—Kate Heaven—"

"She did not tell me. I came and found you here with her. You were asleep."

"A drunken sleep!" He spat upon the ground in disgust at himself.

"That is an Oriental custom, Soolsby. I wouldn't do it."

"I learnt it in India," answered Soolsby simply.

"They do it in Egypt, too," said David dryly, "but not in Hamley."

"I ought never have come back here," rejoined the chairmaker. "It was no place for me. But it drew me. I didn't belong; but it drew me."

"Thee belongs to Hamley. Thee is an honor to Hamley, Soolsby."

Soolsby's eyes widened, the blurred look of rage and self-reproach in them began to fade out and leave them clear. It was not for him to question the truth of David's words. He believed in David as a child in its mother, but he wanted to understand fully.

"Thee has made a fight, Soolsby, to conquer a thing that has had thee by the throat. There's no fighting like it. It means a watching every hour, every minute—thee can never take the eye off it. Some days it's easy, some days it's hard, but it's never so easy that you can say, 'There is no need to watch.' In sleep it whispers and wakes you; in the morning, when there are no shadows, it casts a shadow on the path. It comes between you and your work; you see it looking out of the eyes of a friend. And one day, when you think it has been conquered, that you have worn it down into oblivion and the dust, and you close your eyes and say, 'I am master,'

up it springs with fury from nowhere you can see and catches you by the throat, and the fight begins again. But you sit stronger, and the fight becomes shorter; and after many battles, and you have learned never to be off guard, to know by instinct where every ambush is, then at last the victory is yours. But it is hard, it is weary—and sometimes it seems hardly worth the struggle! But it is—it is worth the struggle, friend."

Soolsby dropped on his knees and caught David by the arms. "How did you know—how did you know?" he asked hoarsely. "It's been just as you say. You've watched some one fighting?"

"I have watched some one fighting—fighting," answered David clearly, but his eyes were moist.

"With drink, the same as me?"

"No, with opium—morphine."

"Oh, I've heard that's worse—that it makes you mad, the wanting it."

"I have seen it so."

"Did the man break down like me?"

"Only once, but the fight is not yet over with him."

"Was he—an Englishman?"

David inclined his head. "It's a great thing to have a temptation to fight, Soolsby. Then we can understand others."

"It's not always true, Egyptian, for you have never had temptation to fight. Yet you know it all."

"God has been good to me," David answered, putting a hand on the old man's shoulder. "And thee is a credit to Hamley, friend. Thee will never fall again."

"You know that—you say that to me! Then, by Mary the mother of God, I never will be a swine again," he said, getting to his feet.

"Well, good-by, Soolsby. I go to-morrow."

Soolsby frowned; his lips worked. "When will you come back?" he asked eagerly.

David smiled. "There is so much to do, they may not let me come, not soon. I am going into the desert again. But what does it matter, so long as one does one's best wherever one is—the desert or another place. And the desert is my place now."

Soolsby was shaking. He spoke husk-

ily. "Here is your place," he said. "You shall come back— Oh, but you shall come back, here, where you belong."

David shook his head and smiled, and clasped the strong hand again. A moment after, he was gone.

From the door of the hut Soolsby spoke aloud.

"I will bring you back—if Luke Claridge doesn't, then I will bring you back. If he dies, I will bring you—no, by the love of God, I will bring you back while he lives!"

Two thousand miles away, in a Nile village, a score of women sat wailing in dark doorways, dust on their heads, black mantles covering their faces. By the pond where all the people drank, performed their ablutions, bathed their bodies and rinsed their mouths, sat the sheikh-el-beled, the village chief, taking counsel in sorrow with the barber, the welee, or holy man, and others. Now speaking, now rocking their bodies to and fro, in the evening sunlight, they sat and watched the Nile in flood covering the wide wastes of the Fayoum, spreading over the land rich deposits of earth from the mountains of Abyssinia. When that flood subsided there would be fields to be planted with dourra and onions and sugar-cane; but they whose strong arms should plough and sow and wield the sickle, the youth, the upstanding ones, had been carried off in chains to serve in the army of Egypt, destined for the far Soudan, for hardship, misery, and death, never to see their kindred any more. Twice during three months had the dread servant of the Palace come and driven off their best like sheep to the slaughter. The brave, the stalwart, the bread-winners, were gone, and yet the tax-gatherer would come and press for every impost—on the onion-field, the date-palm, the dourra-field, and the clump of sugar-cane, as though the young men, the toilers, were still there. The old and infirm, the children, the women, must now double and treble their labor; the old men must go to the *corvée*, and mend the banks of the Nile for the Prince and his pashas, providing their own food, their own tools, their own housing, if housing there would be—if

it was more than sleeping under a bush by the riverside, or crawling into a hole in the ground, their yeleks their clothes by day, their only covering at night.

They sat like men without hope, yet with the bitter mien of those who had known better things, had found good and had lost it, had seen content and now were desolate.

Presently one—a lad—the youngest of them, lifted up his voice and began to chant a recitative, while another took a small drum and beat it in unison. He was but just recovered from an illness, or he had gone also in chains to die for he knew not what, leaving behind without hope all that he loved—

"How has the cloud fallen, and the leaf withered on the tree,

The lemon-tree, that standeth by the door;

The melon and the date have gone bitter to the taste,

The weevil, it has eaten at the core—

The core of my heart, the mildew findeth it.

My music, it is but the drip of tears,

The garner empty standeth, the oven hath no fire,

Night filleth me with fears.

O Nile that floweth deeply, hast thou not heard his voice?

His footsteps hast thou covered with thy flood?

He was as one who lifteth off the yoke,

He was as one who taketh off the chain,

As one who sheltereth from the rain,

As one who scattereth bread to the pigeons flying.

His purse was at his side, his mantle was for me,

For any who passeth were his mantle and his purse,

And now like a gourd is he withered from our eyes.

His friendship, it was like a shady wood—Whither has he gone?—Who shall speak for us?

Who shall save us from the kourbash and the stripes?

Who shall proclaim us in the palace?

Who shall contend for us in the gate?

The sakkia turneth no more; the oxen they are gone;

The young go forth in chains, the old waken in the night,

They waken and weep, for the wheel turns backward,

And the dark days are come again upon us—

Will he return no more?

His friendship was like a shady wood,
 O Nile that floweth deeply, hast thou not
 heard his voice?
 Hast thou covered up his footsteps with
 thy flood?
 The core of my heart, the mildew findeth
 it!"

Another—an old man—took up the
 strain, as the drum kept time to the beat
 of the voice with its undulating call
 and refrain—

"When his footsteps were among us there
 was peace;
 War entered not the village, nor the call
 of war.
 Now our homes are as those that have no
 roofs;
 As a nest decayed, as a cave forsaken,
 As a ship that lieth broken on the beach,
 Is the house where we were born.
 Out in the desert did we bury our gold,
 We buried it where no man robbed us,
 for his arm was strong.
 Now, are the jars empty, gold did not
 avail
 To save our young men, to keep them
 from the chains.
 God hath swallowed his voice, or the sea
 hath drowned it,
 Or the Nile hath covered him with its
 flood,
 Else would he come when our voices call.
 His word was honey in the prince's ear—
 Will he return no more?"

And now the sheikh-el-beled spoke.
 "It hath been so since Nahoum Pasha
 passed this way four months ago. He
 hath changed all. He will do by war
 what the other did and would do with
 the hand of peace. War will not avail.
 David Pasha, he will come again. His
 word is as a rock from which floweth a
 spring that giveth life. It is as the
 centre of the world. Ye have no hope,
 because ye see the hawks among the
 starving sheep. But the shepherd will
 return from behind the hill, and the
 hawks will flee away. Behold, once was
 I in the desert. Listen, for mine are
 the words of one who hath travelled far
 —was I not at Damascus and Palmyra
 and Bagdad and at Mecca by the tomb
 of Mahomet, the prophet of Allah the
 compassionate, the merciful?"

Reverently he touched the green turban
 on his head, evidence of his journey to
 Mahomet's tomb. "Once in the desert
 I saw afar off an oasis of wood and water,
 and flying things, and houses where a

man might rest. And I got me down
 from my camel, and knelt upon my sheep-
 skin, and gave thanks in the name of
 Allah. Thereupon I mounted again and
 rode on towards that goodly place. But
 as I rode it vanished from my sight.
 Then did I mourn and suffer. Yet once
 again I saw the trees and flocks of
 pigeons and waving fields, and I was
 hungry and thirsty, and longed ex-
 ceedingly. Yet got I down, and, upon
 my sheepskin, once more gave thanks
 to Allah. And I mounted thereafter
 in haste and rode on; but once again
 was I mocked. Then I cried aloud
 in my despair. It was in my heart to
 die upon the sheepskin where I had
 prayed; for I was burnt up within, and
 there seemed naught to do but say
Malaish and go hence. But that good-
 ly sight came again. My heart rebelled
 that I should be so mocked. I bent down
 my head upon my camel that I might
 not see, yet once more I loosed the sheep-
 skin. Lifting up my heart, I looked
 again, and again I took hope and rode
 on. Farther and farther I rode, and lo!
 I was no longer mocked; for I came to
 a goodly place of water and trees where
 I was refreshed, and slept, and was
 saved. So shall it be with us. We
 have looked for his coming again, and
 our hearts have fallen and been as ashes
 for that he has not come. Yet these be
 but mirages, and one day soon David
 Pasha will come again, and our pains
 shall be eased."

"*Aiwa, aiwa*, yes, yes," cried the lad
 who had sung to them.

"*Aiwa, aiwa*," rang softly over the pond,
 where naked children stooped to drink.

The smell of the cooking-pots floated
 out from the mud-houses near by.

"*Malaish*," said one after another, "I
 am hungry. He will come again—per-
 haps to-morrow." So they moved to-
 wards the houses over the way.

One cursed his woman for wailing in
 the doorway; one snatched the lid from
 a cooking-pot; one drew from an oven
 cakes of dourra and gave them to those
 who had none; one knelt and bowed his
 forehead to the ground in prayer; one
 shouted the name of him whose coming
 they desired.

So was David missed in Egypt.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Miss Sallie's Title

BY LILY YOUNG

MISS SALLIE McWHORTER was going to be married.

This created a sensation in Middle Moodna, where the mere painting of a house is an event of importance. The coming change in Miss Sallie's condition was all the more an epoch-making occurrence because for forty-seven lone years she had dwelt in a state of unsought singleness, while two generations had grown up about her and another was rising. To her own generation and the one preceding she had been known as plain "Sallie," but as she began to be recognized as the official village spinster, as it were, almost every one had fallen naturally into the young people's fashion of calling her "Miss Sallie,"—or, sometimes, for the greater definiteness, "Miss Sallie McWhorter."

And so it had gone on while she had ripened and faded before her time, as the frail often do in narrow neighborhoods. It was as if a social revolution were about to take place. Miss Sallie was about to become Hiram Higgins's wife.

Yet, after the common gasp of incredulity caused by the first news of the contemplated change in the village old maid's condition, every one seemed suddenly to find out that it was not so astonishing an outcome, after all, and people admitted that it was an excellent thing for Miss Sallie.

"Tain't so s'prisin'," commented old Captain Sedden, postmaster, grocer, confectioner, hardware merchant—in short, purveyor-in-ordinary to the people of Middle Moodna,—as he carefully and emphatically pressed the post-office stamp of the village on a letter, and picking it up, gazed with gratified admiration at his execution before submitting the next letter to the same treatment. "Tain't s'prisin' when you think how she usedter nurse Mis' Higgins when she was ailin' with her very coarse veins. That poor woman certainly had the very coarsest

veins I ever did see. Hi Higgins usedter say them times that he didn't know what he would 'a' done without Miss Sallie 'round the house a-cookin' an' a-nursin' an' a-makin' things easy an' homelike for his poor wife an' him. I s'pose both he an' Miss Sallie felt kind o' lonesome after Mis' Higgins died."

He interrupted himself for a moment in order to give brief attention to deciphering the address on a postal card he had chanced upon; but in that one moment he had lost his position as chronicler; for one of the gossips about him, as if dreading a silence when such an important topic was under deliberation, immediately took up the narrative:

"You see, there was Miss Sallie, kithless and kinless an' seemin' to be wastin' away by inches, livin' any ole way all by herself in that little house down by the Brainerds' place, where her mother, an' her gran'mother before that, went off with the consumption. An' there was Hi alone on the farm, with nobody to look after him, after bein' married to Mis' Higgins for nigh thirty year, an' all the children gone before. I guess it's kinder natural they should 'a' fixed it up between 'em to get j'ined together."

"Yis," said Tim McElroy, kicking his heels with decision against a big dry-goods box upon which he was perched, and nodding his head with conviction. Tim represented the recent foreign element in the village—was the sole representative, in fact. "Yis, oi mysilf, bein' niver married, recognoize how much of a casaster"—this was one of Tim's own words, probably the offspring of a union between "catastrophe" and "disaster"—"it is to lose a woife and live alone. Hi Higgins makes no mistake in takin' Miss Sallie for a second, though she be not in the foirst maiden blush, so to spake. Yis, it's a foine thing; oi give in till that."

And when Tim admitted in such terms

the correctness of a step, however serious, the village felt, as one man, that the affair had passed the censor and the deed was therefore good.

It was glad spring-time, and the apple-trees in Hiram Higgins's orchard were breaking out into a perfect riot of pink and white, when the elderly groom brought his new, middle-aged, withered little wife to her home adorned by nature with such inappropriate bridal trappings, and the wedded pair commenced together the life of simplicity and daily toil which had ever been the portion of each apart, except for the occasions when the two had shared it—that is, at the times when Miss Sallie had been called upon to perform the duties left undone through the ailing of the late Mrs. Higgins.

Dreamily in her first married days the quiet-eyed little woman, who had been taken as helpmate by plain old bereaved Hiram, would sometimes go towards the room where she had so often ministered to the invalid wife, half prepared to offer some attention of the old time, and only on approaching the empty bed would call to mind that she was now Mrs. Higgins.

"Mrs. Hiram Higgins—Mrs. Hiram Higgins!" Sallie would repeat softly to herself, as she fed the chickens or kneaded the bread or was engaged in some other of the endless round of homely, ever-repeating labors that go to make up the life of a small farm wife. Then her thoughts would invariably run on:

"Seems kind o' strange to get my title so late in life, an' yet I was always so wishful of a title. Thought I'd go on forever jes 'Miss Sallie McWhorter.' Nobody but me 'll ever know how bad I did want to be called *Mrs.* Somebody. It's about all that seemed to make life worth the livin'." And a suspicious touch of conscious pink would glint through the pallor of the pinched little unemotional face at this appearance of being confidential even with herself. For confidences of any sort seemed strange to Miss Sallie, owing to her long solitary life. She never broke through her reticence even with Hiram. To him she was maid of all work, careful counsellor, undemonstrative companion—sounding no depths of feeling, aspiring to no heights, content with the simple fact that she was

Mrs. Higgins; as much dignity attaching to the "Mrs." as if she had contracted an alliance with a prince of the blood and had acquired thereby title to majesty untold.

"Miss Sallie," said Hiram, one day in the mellow summer (he was conservative—very—and had never yet broken himself of the habit of years, still addressing his wife by the name which he had grown to associate with her)—"Miss Sallie, seems to me like the rust of time is settlin' pretty thick on the outside of this house. S'pose we get Tim McElroy to come over and help us to polish it up a bit. Let's put a nice coat o' paint all over. Now what sort o' color would you say?"

He paused in the kitchen door on his way to feed the pigs, a pail in either hand, his toil-bent form and bearded face await for her reply.

"Well, Hi, how about a nice gray with green trimmin's?" she ventured.

"Why, the gray's all right," returned the man, "but"—and he waited meditatively as if consulting some inner adviser before he went on—"but I ain't so sure about the green trimmin's. You see, Miss Sallie, Mis' Higgins never did set much store by green, an' I wouldn't like to do anything against her likin'—would you?"

There was a little gulp, an almost imperceptible catch in his wife's breath, as her husband's words came to her; but she only bent a little lower over the wash-tub as she answered.

"Any color you like, then, Hi. I ain't particular, you know." But when the man's figure had disappeared around the corner of the barn she lifted her frail form from her work and gazed long and prayerfully out into the bright, generous, strengthening day as if to borrow hope from it—hope that some day Hi would remember that she was now Mrs. Higgins. It was the first time her husband had ever let Sallie feel that the shadow of the dead wife was still standing between her and her ambition as far as he was concerned. Of course he could not know, but somehow it seemed to her as if his words had been aimed at her naked heart. Yet after a while she whispered to the inattentive silence, with a wistful little smile of self-reliance:

"It 'll come some day soon; ah, yes, I know it 'll come."

And so she continued to comfort herself, daily waiting for something that to most women would have been nothing—almost nothing—but to her was the desire of a lifetime: the coming into her title. And while waiting hope brightened her time-dulled eye and lightened her step, making her narrow life of wifely servitude seem a joy, as she disdainfully looked back on her days of simple singleness, and gloried in the distinction that would come to her when all the world would call her "Mrs. Higgins." For it was not the dignity of marriage that made her feel as if she were adorned with a visible aureole; it was the dignity of anticipation of the time when she would acquire what she proudly styled her "title." What mattered it that on her infrequent little excursions into the village the people still hailed her as "Miss Sallie McWhorter"? It was only an ugly habit that they would shed after a while; for did not all married women come in time to be called by their husbands' names? She was not unwilling—she was very glad indeed—to wait a reasonable time for what she so earnestly wished, even though she had thought that she would drop at once into being styled "Mrs. Higgins."

"Tim," she said, one day in the tawny fall, to the friendly Irishman who had come out to help Hiram paint the house; the husband had gone about some farm task, and Tim McElroy was wielding the brush with amateurish dash and abandon as he laid broad, ruddy splashes of color upon the time-worn coat of the old house—"Tim, it's a long time since I've been down to the village. Do they ever talk of me down there now?"

"Why, yes, Miss Sallie McWhorter, most frequent. Ye know that half the populace there was afther adorin' ye." And he gazed down with uncouth gallantry from his perch on the ladder at the shy little woman in the doorway.

"Well, Tim"—she paused as if her thought had halted, and then a flame of red tore the shadow of her dull-toned face as she commenced afresh,—“well, Tim, how do they speak of me?"

"Sure, Miss Sallie, always most lovin'."

"No, no, Tim; I don't mean that. I mean—I mean—" She hesitated a sec-

ond, then went on with an air of desperation, as if she must know the worst at once; and how her voice yearned as she put the question! "Do they speak of me by my title? Do they call me 'Mrs. Higgins,' Tim?"

A puzzled look puckered Tim's face as he answered: "Well, Miss Sallie, this is the toime of me loife when I don't know whether me juty calls me to graciously lie or to tell ye the truth in its purity. Bein' a thrue disciple of truth, I give in till it, and so I'll tell ye that the callin' o' ye by that pet name, so to spake, o' Miss Sallie McWhorter, so long, has become kind o' infectious an' chronic, an', accordin' to my thinkin', can't ever be cured, an' so the populace in Middle Moodna hold on till it tight, an' projuce always the name 'Miss Sallie' when riference to you is made."

The shadows fell dimly across the quiet gray eyes, dulling the light of hope that had been shining there for so many months. As in a lightning flash of almost feminine intuition the tender-hearted Irishman saw his error. To remedy it, to console the victim of his professed love of truth, was his only thought. He broke into explanations—rough, kindly meant. He blundered awkwardly through meaningless, wordy Celtic speeches intended to comfort and to relight that generous little flame that had been brightening those eyes before he spoke. But whatever he said failed of its object. There was a little trembling pallor of the woman's lips which Tim thought he half understood, but no words came to explain her former question; her grief—for grief it was—was mute.

From that day a sense of lifelessness seemed to be upon Sallie. The conviction appeared to have settled upon her that the "title" for which she had so longed would never be hers. Even the villagers began to notice the change in Hiram Higgins's new wife. It was not very marked at first, but by the time reluctant spring was getting ready to yield to summer, comments began to flash from one to another, after one of the Higginses' rare trips to the village.

"'Pears to me like Miss Sallie McWhorter's failin'," Captain Sedden would venture in confidential tones to the habitués of the post-office.

"Yes, yes," would be the answer of some bystander, with much concealed emotion in the eloquent shake of his head; "she's a-goin' off jest like her mother an' gran'mother before her, seems to me. Never saw one grow so peaked in such a short time, an' she a bride, too. Wonder if Hi sees it?"

Perhaps Hiram did not notice it as soon as the outsiders did, for one grows quite naturally to ignore the changes in those with whom one is brought in daily contact—provided, of course, the changes are not too startling, like bald-headedness or the loss of teeth, for instance. But as time wore on and an almost unbroken stillness seemed to settle upon the little wife, the husband would look at her long and anxiously when he thought himself unobserved, and occasionally ask, as if under protest,

"Is anything makin' you uneasy in your mind, Miss Sallie?"

"No, Hi; nothin'," she would return, with a quiet sort of resignation.

"Well, ain't you feelin' well? If you need a rest, I kin git in Sam Webb's girl to help?"

"No, Hi. I'm all right, I guess."

And with this assurance he had to be content.

But the time soon came when Sam Webb's girl had to be called in; for Sallie went to her bed one day. No, she wasn't sick, she told them, only a bit tired. It turned out, however, that she was not tired only for a day or a week, but for so long that Hi began to get accustomed to seeing her lying there day after day through the late summer, growing weaker, growing, too, less interested in life and the things that belong to it. Something seemed to have been taken away from her, something strong but intangible.

The self-contained, grizzled man would go about his homely duties conscious—sometimes dimly, sometimes acutely—that there was something wrong that he might have the power to right if he only knew how to reach his wife's confidence. But the recess where that confidence was kept seemed walled up, and his own lips, as slow to question into the feelings of any one as to voice his own, never formed the words that should have passed them. These two spoke to each other less than ever, and then only commonplaces. And

all the while the shadow over the man's home oppressed him, following him everywhere, resistless because unknown, and he longed helplessly to lift it.

So time went on, with Sallie ever lying in her bed, growing thinner and quieter and apparently less of the earth, until autumn came back again.

One day Hiram stood in the doorway alone, looking out into the lowering day. As far as the eye could reach, the heavy rain of withered leaves was falling, falling crisply dry—piling up in the lulls of the wind, and rolling along the earth in the gusts, like waves of the panting sea. Somehow the dull chill of the fading day gave him an unknown longing to arouse the warmth of the heart within, and, suddenly, without understanding why, he closed out the withering world and moved shyly and clumsily to the room where his wife lay.

As he entered, her eyes were gazing out of the window, away beyond the forlorn branches of the desolate trees. Something in Sallie's faded face startled the man.

"Miss Sallie—Miss Sallie!" he called, sharply, as one who is trying to arouse a sleeper.

The eyes turned slowly and without interest to him, and the lips questioned wearily—"Well, Hi?"

He hesitated shamefacedly, because he really had nothing that he could explain; then confessed: "Why, I can't say exactly. But what was you thinkin' about just when I come in, Miss Sallie?"

"Hi," she said, with a gentle, unstudied solemnity, "I was thinkin' of the Great Change."

"Of the 'Great Change'?" came the echo from the man, who felt as if a giant hand had clutched his old heart, checking its throbs for a space. But he managed to keep the fear that beset him out of his voice as he asked, "What you mean, Miss Sallie?"

"I mean the great change that comes when we pass away, Hi. You see, I've been so weakly an' good-for-nothin' on this earth lately that I don't think I'll ever be more ready for it than I am now, an' I don't care how soon it comes. And, Hi—" She cut her speech short as if waiting for some encouragement from him to go on. She was finding it hard

to overcome her lifelong reticence. He was finding it hard to help her. She had to wait long before he forced out a scarce-willing—

"Well, Miss Sallie?"

"Hi, I want to tell you somethin', now you're here. When the change comes I want you to bury me decent, an' fix up the writin' on the tombstone my way. I mean, I don't want you to say, 'Sallie McWhorter, beloved wife of Hiram Higgins'—"

"Why not, Miss Sallie?" he was startled into interrupting. His reserve was all but broken now.

"Wait a minute, Hi. You must put, 'Mrs. Hiram Higgins.' I won't rest easy in the earth if you don't promise me, Hi. Nobody'd call me that name in this life, but when I'm dead there it will be on my tombstone, so's everybody passing by can read' it off. That's what gives me my ambition to die. People can say that I lived an' died just plain Sallie McWhorter in name, but it will stand there that I'm Mrs. Hiram Higgins after I'm in the ground. It's the only chance I have of ever getting my title. Oh, I know, Hi—No, don't talk," for the man's lips showed symptoms of speech; "I want to have my say *now*, when I feel like talkin'. I may never feel like talkin' again.—I know, Hi, 'twa'n't no use my tryin' to get my title so late in life. That's what wore me out and brought me to this—jes the waitin' an' a-wearyin' after it. I got so disappointed and tired waitin', I thought I'd like to go an' rest where I wouldn't ever worry whether I was 'Mrs.' or 'Miss' any more."

Her voice halted for a while, then went on with renewed strength, as she turned her eyes from the man whose head was bowed in the speechless eloquence of an utterly uncomprehending sympathy:

"All the time I was young I was dreamin' of some day gettin' my title, an' while I was growin' older an' hopin' for it to come to me some other woman was wearin' it, an' I was losin' it instead o' gettin' any nearer it. 'Tain't your fault, Hi, but I should 'a' married a man who had a title to give me 'stead o' one who had given it long before to a

woman who had wore it all out in the thirty years she had it—wore it out so bad nobody else could use it ever again. But—but no single man ever wanted me. Nobody ever did but you, Hi."

The pathetic tenderness of the simple confession hurt in the growing gloom of the room.

"I'm sorry; oh, I'm sorry, Miss Sallie," cried the man, with the unaccustomed burst of emotion that the crises of life sometimes call forth from the most self-controlled. "I feel I had oughter known all this, but how could I tell it was only the name you cared for an' not me? Oh, if only I could do somethin'! Why didn't you tell me what was botherin' you? I would 'a' called you 'Mis' Higgins' all the time, an' have made everybody call you so, too; but now— Oh, Miss Sallie, what am I goin' to do when you're gone?—They've all gone—all gone, an' now you're goin', too. Ain't there anything I can do to keep you?"

He took her spare hand and held it fast, as if the strength of his grasp could hold her to earth. At the unusual and unlooked-for sign of tenderness the woman's eyes brimmed, and looking through the mist of tears, she asked softly,

"Would you feel very bad with me gone, Hi?"

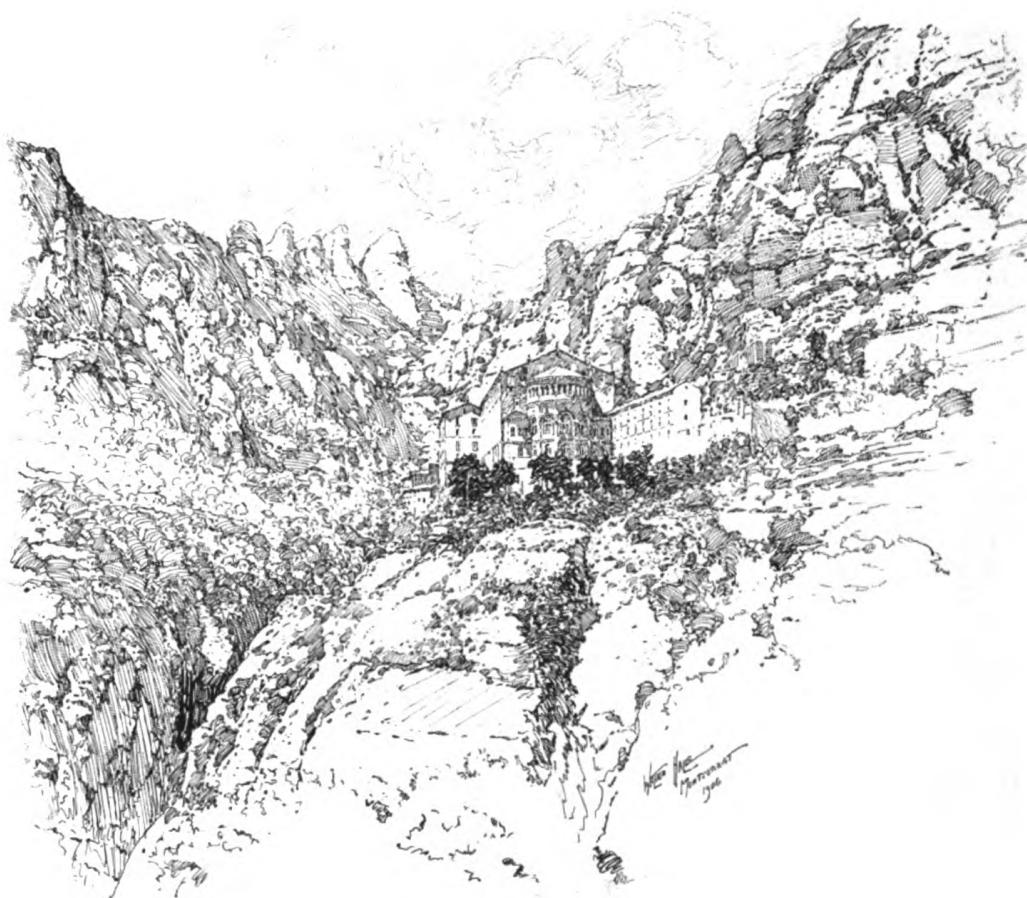
"I can't say how bad, Miss Sallie. You know, I can't talk all right about these things, but I know—oh, I know it would be twice as easy to go myself."

There was a long, deep silence of peace and understanding before Sallie's slender fingers, which had twined themselves tenderly about the gnarled ones of Hiram, were loosened. When she spoke again, her voice had in it only the commonplaceness of the early married days.

"Hi," she said, "I guess we'd better tell Sam Webb's girl that we won't need her after this week. I guess I'll be able to take things in hand myself again by Monday."

If the man was surprised, he gave no sign. He was his normal self again. All he answered was, "All right, Miss Sa—I mean, Mis' Higgins."

And so it was that Miss Sallie came into her title.



THE MONASTERY FROM THE EAST

The Home of the Holy Grail

BY *HAVELOCK ELLIS*

THE mystic shrine of Monsalvat, the home of the Holy Grail, borne away from human strife to that remote corner of the world, long haunted the medieval mind. As the originally Celtic tale of Sir Percival slowly developed in Germany, Monsalvat became an essential part of the legend; it was inevitable that when in modern times that legend again emerges in the crowning achievement of Wagner's genius, the Grail is still preserved by a religious order at Monsalvat, in Gothic Spain, not far from the land of the Moslems.

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The northerners who dreamed of Monsalvat in their moments of fervent devotion or romantic exaltation had heard a rumor, but for the most part they knew little or nothing of its kernel of fact. Yet the rumor itself is the most potent evidence of the world-wide fascination which the ancient mountain shrine of Montserrat exerted over the imaginations of men for more than a thousand years, and, indeed, still exerts even to-day. It is in vain that one climbs the heights of Montserrat with memories of Amfortas and the "pure fool." When we have made

our way up, beyond even the shrine and the monastery, to the great ravine which is said to have rent the summit of the mountain at the moment of the Crucifixion, and when we have passed the fantastic row of rocky pinnacles to which the name of "Guardians of the Holy Grail" has been assigned, we have seen all that there is to connect the real Montserrat with the legendary Monsalvat. Perhaps we should be well content that so sublime a symbol has long been borne away to an invisible home, and that the Holy Grail should have its sole and immortal shrine in the human imagination.

But the real and still living legend of Montserrat, though of no profound imaginative significance, has yet sufficed to give an incomparable spiritual halo to a spot which, even if it had not become a shrine of faith, must always be a shrine of Nature. It is said that St. Luke—by tradition regarded as the most accomplished of the first Christians—once fashioned a rude wooden image of the Virgin Mary. Whoever the sculptor may have been, however, it seems to be agreed that the rude image, still venerated here, was counted as sacred at a period anterior even to legend. In the eighth century—

and how much earlier it is impossible to say—monks would seem to be settled in the mountain, and on the coming of the Moors to have concealed the image in a grotto and fled. Towards the end of the ninth century—when the history of Montserrat, heightened by legend, really opens—the image was accidentally discovered by shepherds. Nuns were then planted here, soon to give place to Benedictine monks from the great abbey of Ripoll. Through many vicissitudes the Virgin of Montserrat always emerged triumphant; early in the fifteenth century her shrine, from being only a priory under Ripoll, became an independent abbey. From the first probably it was the haunt of hermits. The serrated mountain was as naturally formed to be the home of hermits as the devout Spaniard is formed to make a hermit; every hermit could here find his solitary eyrie in the cliff over the great plain, and no hermitage was ever without its inmate. Slowly, too, as the fame of the Lady of Montserrat grew, a mighty army of pilgrims



IN THE CLOISTERS

began to march up the winding path to this high shrine, to present their offerings and to receive the hospitality of the monks. Kings and princes and nobles joined in the procession; once a queen, Violante, the wife of Don Juan I., climbed up barefoot; a great conqueror, Don John of Austria, came here to lay at the feet of the Virgin the spoils of Lepanto and to cover the whole church with gold; most memorable visit of all, it was here that the soldier Loyola came to bid farewell to earthly camps, to spend the night before the Virgin, to leave his sword on her altar and to consecrate himself as a soldier of the Church—the first general of the best-organized and most famous army that has ever fought in her service.

It was not alone in the spiritual sphere that Montserrat stood forth resplendent above the world around. Like every great Benedictine monastery, it was a focus of work and enlightenment. Its abbots were sometimes fine architects, and they knew also where to find the best sculptors and craftsmen in Spain to beautify their splendid Byzantine church. They founded a school of music. They set up a famous printing-press when printing was still a novelty in the world. If men brought here in profusion their precious things for love of the Virgin, the guardians of her shrine in the days of its prosperity were never unmindful of their own responsibilities. The gifts of natural site and scenery, antiquity and legend, the adoration of a large part of



WATER HOLE MONTSERRAT '06

THE NARROW ROAD FROM THE STATION

Europe, the skill and energy of its own monks, thus combined to render Montserrat a shrine of almost unparalleled magnificence, although from its natural position it always preserved a certain aristocratic aloofness, and never enjoyed the immense vulgar fame throughout Christendom of the other great Spanish shrine, that of St. James of Compostela.

Then at last in the early years of the nineteenth century came the War of Independence. Montserrat is a natural fortress—a tempting one, moreover, to seize, for the French scented a rich booty. They climbed the mountain, slew or dispersed the monks, trampled down the shrine, melted or carried off its precious

things. What the French left was overturned by that internal revolution, a few years later, which made every great religious house in Spain the picturesque ruin which we see it to-day. When Ford visited Montserrat he found it "an abomination of desolation," in which it was hard even to secure a resting-place.

Now once again, though its old splendor has departed, Montserrat is alive. The great church has been restored; large buildings cluster around to furnish the pilgrim and the visitor with a lodging that is, nominally at all events, free; the old shrines are well kept, and the Brothers who guard this ancient home of Our Lady have reestablished the School of Music. For there is an indestructible vitality in this mountain shrine. It was once the Roman Estorcil—a temple of Venus. Even before that, we may well believe, some Iberian deity was revered here. Many a faith may have alighted on this misty height and silently winged its way into the darkness when the twilight of its godhead arrived. And if in the ages to come a new faith should arise in the world, a new goddess embody the human dream of adorable grace, we may be sure she will be worshipped at Montserrat.

Nowadays not only is Montserrat a centre of activity once more, but the path of the pilgrims has even been made easy. When first I saw Montserrat from afar, fifteen years ago, there was no way of access to the monastery but by the ancient mule-track. Since then the ascetic Spaniard has so far condescended to modern ideas of comfort as to make a little mountain railway from Monistrol up almost to the very spot below the monastery where, as the inscription shows—"Aqui se hizo inmovil la Santa Imagen en 880,"—the image of the Virgin on its discovery refused to be borne away from her mountain, and so indicated the magnificent site on which the monastery was to be erected.

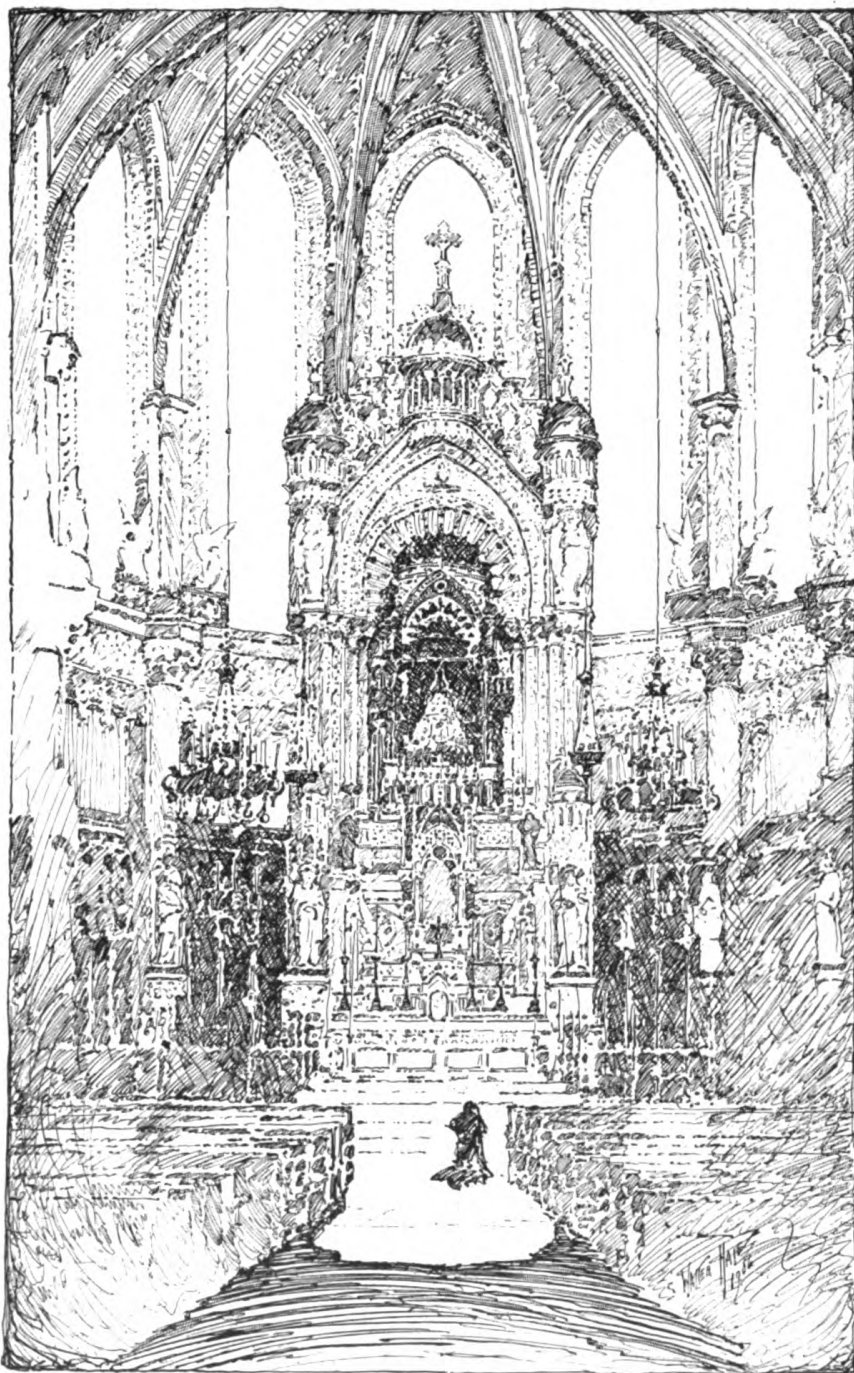
At last, one day early in May, I stepped into the little train which was to bear me beyond the river Llobregat and so up the face of the mountain, somewhat awed at the prospect of at last visiting a sacred spot towards which my thoughts had so often been set. I was at first surprised

to find that my only companions were two loving young couples belonging to the people. It had not occurred to me that the shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat should be a fitting place for a honeymoon. I had forgotten, what I was soon to realize, that in the simple, ardent, and austere temperament of the Spaniard love and religion are two forms of passion that naturally merge into each other, and that the conditions for gratifying the one instinct may very well be adequate to gratify the other; in Spain a holiday is still, as it once was with us in the north, a holy day.

Imagine a vaster and more gracious Gibraltar, piled and clustered masses of conglomerate rock, with bushes and small trees growing on the ledges and in the clefts, rising—sheerly, it seems in the distance—from an immense undulating plain through which winds the river Llobregat, dotted along its banks with towns and villages, while in the distance lie the hills, and far beyond, dim and shadowy, the snow-capped Pyrenees, of which Montserrat itself is really a separate outlying eminence. Too far from any strategic position to have played a great part in history as a fortress, Montserrat has been a spiritual citadel, and this holy mountain with its divine lady and her servants has dominated the land from before the dawn of history.

The little train has arrived, and I follow in the wake of the two young couples, for whom the way seems not unfamiliar, to an office, where a young man—a lay Brother, one would say, were this still a properly constituted monastery—enters my name and place of abode in a book, and without further question hands a key to another similarly habited youth, who, with two sheets and a towel over his arm, precedes me to a barracklike building bearing the name of St. Teresa de Jesus, unlocks the door of a third-story room, and leaves me absolutely and in every respect to my own devices for the three days during which Our Lady of Montserrat grants me the hospitality of her lodging.

I look around the little whitewashed cell which for this brief space will be all my own. It is scrupulously clean and neat, furnished with absolute simplicity. I note—fresh indication that I am not



THE HIGH ALTAR AND CHANCEL OF THE CHURCH

in a duly constituted monastery—that there are two little beds, separated from the rest of the cell by a brilliant curtain, the one touch of color and gayety my cell reveals. A little table, a chair, a basin, an empty water-pot, and a candlestick without a candle complete the equipment entrusted to my care. When I have made

my bed, taken my water-pot to fill it below, and bought a candle at the provision-store which supplies those pilgrims who find the one restaurant here beyond their means, I feel at last free to put the key of my cell in my pocket and give all my thoughts to Montserrat.

It is now evening; from the ledge on

which the little group of buildings stands, the final summits of Montserrat, above the monastery, are to-night wreathed with delicate mist. As I wander up and down the silent deserted terrace, in front of the small group of buildings which makes Montserrat an abode of the living, and breathe the exquisite air and gaze out into the mysterious depths below or up at the rocky pinnacles which alone remain bright, I feel at last that I have indeed reached the solemn shrine that I have long dreamed of finding at Montserrat. The absolute peace, the absence of any sign of life, becomes at last a little puzzling; but the puzzle is solved when I make my way in the gloom to the church, and pushing open a little door, find myself amid the scattered worshippers in the obscurity of the great church. The gloom here, indeed, is far deeper than outside;

the fine Spanish instinct for devotion has always known, what in the north the glorification of light has made it so hard for us to realize, that a light subdued to gloom alone befits the attitude of prayer or of adoration; that a church is the last place where we should wish to become acutely conscious of the petty details which mark the individualities of our fellow creatures. An atmosphere of mystery, a vaguely glowing splendor that envelops and conceals all the world's distinctions, alone befits the attitude of approach to the supreme mystery.

It is the hour of Oracion, almost the only hour of the day when the church is open to the pilgrims, and the exquisite voices of the boys are chanting the Ave Maria, with the restrained and deliberate modulation that comes of good training, as I grope to a seat. If the glare of day

could penetrate the church, it might reveal, one feels, a painfully brilliant spectacle of tinselled tawdry, which now is subdued to a vague shimmer of gold, setting forth the massive proportions of the aisleless Romanesque church, while the scattered lamps the better emphasize the duly ordered candles that burn in the shrine, high up in the apse above the altar, enclosing the sacred image. In this atmosphere of mellowed spiritual exaltation one's mood blends insensibly and harmoniously with that of the unceasing company of human souls which for more than a thousand years has climbed up to pray in this mountain. Here at last the pilgrimage to Montserrat is accomplished.

Sleep is quickly banished by the air of this height, and to arrive at five in the fresh morning and stroll along the mountain paths when few or none are yet stirring is the best way to realize that Montserrat, far from being the mere home



THE MONASTERY FROM ABOVE THE RAILWAY STATION

of the Santa Imagen, was a shrine of nature's making long before it became a shrine of man's.

It seems to be the special distinction of Montserrat that it achieves the sheer altitude, the solemnity, the aloofness of a mountain and yet retains a certain accessibility and amenity which never shut it off from communion with humanity. With certain narrow limits its aspects are infinitely varied; every time revealing some new and impressive spectacle of jutting promontory, or scerried and mighty rock columns, or dark ravine, but its main characteristics remain uniform. It is always a huge rock reared high in the clouds, but trees and plants in immense variety grow almost to the summits; pleasant paths lie in every direction, and for the fairly intelligent wanderer no guide is necessary. There are no hardships the pilgrim here need surmount. Now and again one hears the distant sound of youthful laughter; for the note of Montserrat is one of laughter as well as of prayer, and on this keen and radiant height, which seems in a very literal sense so near the sky, it strikes no discord.

The paths that wind round the mountain towards the summit reveal here and there a neglected chapel, a cave that was once inhabited, a ruined hermitage. Every such spot once had its hermit, and when he died there were always eager candidates for the vacant post. Very sacred is the little cave associated with the name of Garin—a ninth-century saint whose sins were grievous and his life here, it is said, of awful austerity. "It is a common and indeed a commendable custom among the Spaniards," wrote James Howell from Madrid, in 1622, in his *Familiar Letters*, "when he hath passed his Grand Climacterie to make a voluntary Resignation of Offices, be they never so great and profitable, and sequestering and weaning themselves, as it were, from all mundane Negotiations and Incumbrances, to retire to some Place of Devotion, and spend the Residue of their Days in Meditation." Very certainly, however, the lives of the world-weary men who came to spend their last years here were not usually without their joys. Even this cave of Garin's, small as it is, stands in an admirably chosen spot and commands

a magnificent view. It is impossible not to believe that the men who retired from the conflicts and anxieties of the world to this serene height were not entirely moved, as it seemed to the ignorant mob, by an unquenchable thirst for suffering or a resolute determination to expiate their sins at all costs. That would have been far better accomplished in less exquisite spots. For many a weary and sensitive soul, we may be sure, it was not the thirst for suffering but the thirst for joy that led them to Our Lady of Montserrat. When they let the heavy burden of the world slide from off their shoulders—the cares of a household, the hardships of camps, the restraints of courts—and climbed to a new home in this mountain, it was not with a sinking but with a rising heart, with the exhilaration of St. Francis, with the glad new sense of delicious freedom which once filled the men who went into the Thebaid. To lie in the sunshine; to know how delicate is the taste of the water one has one's self fetched from the spring and the herbs one has gathered with care; to watch the superb and ever-changing procession of day and night, of summer and winter; to gaze on the towns and villages that lie along the banks of the Llobregat below and look so infinitely pretty—here was an unfailing source of spiritual joy to men who knew how bitterly tasted the dregs of the cup of life.

Such thoughts are natural at Montserrat as one wanders from holy place to holy place, or spends a day in a long solitary ramble among the ever-varied delights of the path that leads to the extreme summit of the mountain at San Jeronimo. It would be an error, however, to assume that even when the Shrine of Our Lady of Montserrat was at the height of its glory, even when the mountain was the goal of innumerable pilgrims, the hermit's life was altogether without hardship. But here it is that the peculiar temperament of the Spaniard comes into play. A certain ardor and at the same time a certain hardness lie at the heart of that temperament. In love and in religion, in the life of the crowd or in solitude, whatever the excess of his fervor, he retains the instincts of a spiritual athlete—that is to say, in the strict sense, of an ascetic. That is



THE SANCTUARY OF THE GROTTO

indeed the secret of the curious unity and simplicity of the Spanish soul—it ever has the ardent and unsparing simplicity of flame. Santa Teresa de Jesus and Don Juan Tenorio, unlike representatives of the Spanish soul in life and legend as they may seem, yet alike reveal this flamelike quality. It is equally visible in the lowliest and the greatest spirits. Even Lope de Vega, with all his passionate exuberance of literary production, and all his reckless dissoluteness of

living, to the end of his long life never shook himself free from his inborn spiritual asceticism. He never ate meat on Fridays, we are told, though for his health's sake he had a dispensation to do so, and on that day also he always flagellated himself; even on the Friday before he died, it is recorded, the walls of his room and the discipline he had used to scourge himself were found stained with fresh blood. It is the preoccupation with passion, the predominance of the lover

and the saint, which makes it so easy for the Spaniard to treat with a light and easy negligence the heavy burden of material comfort which hangs like a millstone round the necks of northern people.

Thus it is that a large part of the charm of Montserrat lies in its freedom, in the exclusion of all demands which are not essentially necessary. The ascetic temperament of the Spaniard renders few things necessary, while his individualism makes it easy for him, in no unkindly spirit, to leave the stranger alone. I cannot remember that any one during the whole of my stay made any attempt to hamper my movements, to offer his services or his wares, or to demand any gratuity. There are guides, indeed, but they do not proffer their services, and there is a little bureau where post-cards are sold, but it is nearly always closed. One reflected on all that would be seen here if some evil fate had placed Our Lady of Montserrat's shrine in one's own country—of the huge and gaudy hotels with their liveried flunkies, of the tea-garden which would replace the cross on the Mirador, of the innumerable shops

and booths where the stranger would be pestered to buy altogether unnecessary articles, of the gigantic advertisements of whiskeys and liver-pills which would defile every exquisite point of rock. As one thinks of these things one realizes how far we have yet to travel before we attain to the Spaniard's insight into the art of living, his fine parsimony in life, lest for life's sake he should lose the cause for living, his due subordination of dull material claim to the larger spiritual claims of joy and freedom.

That indeed is the final lesson of Montserrat and the last thought as we leave this shrine in the sky where the Spaniard comes for a brief season to pray and to laugh and to make love. It is but a little thing to have seen the old wooden image of the Virgin, laden as it may be with the memories of a dozen centuries. But it is a great thing to have been lifted for a moment into a larger spiritual air, to have caught a glimpse of a finer ideal of life, to have learnt a lesson in the art of living. The symbolic quest of the Grail, after all, may still be pursued in Montserrat.

Nightingale Lane

BY WILLIAM SHARP

DOWN through the thicket, out of the hedges,
A ripple of music singeth a tune . . .

Like water that falls
From mossy ledges
With a soft low croon:

Soon

It will cease!

No, it falls but to rise—but to rise—but to rise!

It is over the thickets, it leaps in the trees,
It swims like a star in the purple-black skies!

Ah, once again,

With its rapture and pain.

The nightingale singeth under the moon!

The Leaving of a Dory

BY LAWRENCE MOTT

THE skipper stood by the wheel indolently, letting the swash of the rudder push the spokes back and forth along his fingers.

The *Lucky*, with staysail and mainsail set, moved slowly eastward on the long, round-topped swells.

Out to starboard many specks against the calm appeared and vanished, as dories rose and fell on the seas.

The day was hot, sweating in the glare of the sun; and the horizon everywhere was hazy and dim, as though looked at through smoked glasses.

The deck of the schooner had lost its new, fresh look; blood stains and the yellow taint of dried-up slime were apparent all over it. Scales by the myriads clustered on the coamings of the fish-hatches, and a persistent stink of cod hung suffocatingly, made worse by the sun's strength.

"Ain't lost a dory!" Johnson said, leaning against the gear-box of the wheel and thrusting a lean thumb in the arm-hole of his plaid waistcoat.

Wong Ling, the cook, snugly ensconced in the shadow of the companionway, filled his little pipe with something that he took from a tiny bag hanging round his neck.

"We gottee plentee fish, Capping, too!" pushing the nail-pull into the slim bowl.

Johnson watched the Chinaman. "Look-a-here, Wong; quit yer damned dope-smokin'!"

The cook looked up, a pained expression in his narrow eyes. "Wong no smokee d'lope, Capping! On'ee smokee velly nice think!"

The skipper laughed. "It 'll velly nice fix you!" he said, watching the dories in the distance as a hen watches her chicks.

"Make Wong biggee, fine, strong!" The Chinaman sucked away, inhaling the faint blue fumes deeply.

"Strong! Make you weaker'n a shrimp an' a bigger fool than Bond hisself!"

Lifting and rolling gently, the schooner crept towards the dories, a gentle murmur of froth at her bows. Little waves ran to port and starboard, disappearing far away, overpowered by the weight of the greater surge.

The cook stared at Johnson. "You white man no understan'ee Chinaman's think!"

"No, and I don't want any sich 'think' as you've got in thet little pipe!"

"Makee big mis't'lake, Capping! Wong have nicee think, an' gettee muchee long pleasule!"

The Chinaman's face grew white beneath the yellow as he puffed. His aloe eyes became black under the influence of the opium.

"Ah-h, Capping, Wong see beooful t'lings now!"

The short figure twitched and trembled and its voice was faint. "Wong see lovelee girlee in Chinaman's land; see flowe'ls, smellee flowe'ls, ev'ly place—al' lound. Hea' finee piece music, Capping; kissee girlee, winee biggee lot d'llar fantan!"

The voice ceased; the cook sucked on mechanically, his eyes focussed on nothing, his brain working on things that were thousands of miles from the great Banks.

Johnson, in some mysterious way, was drawn by the glamour of the cook's words. "Dang the Chink!" he muttered, gazing aloft and clutching the wheel. He was fascinated, nevertheless, and listened to Ling's murmuring intently.

"W'lay, fa' w'lay. Wong see heap money! Wong gettee; Wong velly much like. Me see greatee place whe'le watee jump upee—up an' shine; makee nicee noise; have muchee nicee feel!"

Johnson left the wheel and drew up his foot to kick the Chinaman. A puff of breeze came and the schooner leaned, falling off. He brought her to her course again, the dories showing nearer in the afternoon sun.

"Ye liar you!" He swore at the cook. "Ye said that it wouldn't lay ye up!" Contempt in his eyes, he handled the wheel, favoring the gusts of breeze. "Ellison 'll be th' last aboard!" he muttered, "an' it's a good thing I got him fur this cruise! He's brought in more cod than the whul' danged bunch—a'most!"

Flat calm again, and Johnson turned to the Chinaman. The little pipe had dropped from his mouth, and from its bowl a wisp of smoke still rose straight and thin.

"He's done for some hours now, dodgast it! I shouldn't ha' let him smoke!"

Then a draught blew the smoke towards the skipper, the sweet fumes reaching to his brain. He took firm hold of the wheel, staring towards the dories.

"Muchee longee pleasure!" he muttered, in a curious whisper.

He was tired out with long days of handling the schooner, alone with the cook, while the dories were away hauling cod. From morning till night it was tack and 'bout ship, with sheets to be dragged at aft, while Wong, chanting in minor key, hauled on the jib-tackle. Then there was single reefing to do when the wind came suddenly, he having the hard work, the cook handling the wheel.

For many days this had gone on, and he was worn with the strain; his body resting gratefully now, in the heat and calm of the afternoon.

The cook talked to himself in his own language, the words muffled, coming from far down in his throat. His eyes were closed, and the slim body lay relaxed on the hot deck.

Motionless then the schooner drifted. Johnson's eyes were on the little pipe that smoked on. No slightest breath of wind on the great wilderness of waters; only the huge rollers moved, their breasts mirrorlike.

No sound save for the dry creak of sheet-blocks as the main-boom fetched up hard, and the dripping sw-i-ish when the ropes dragged out of water. Sailing free she had been; now that the breeze was gone, the big stick wavered in short heaves, as though hesitating whether to rush across the schooner and jibe her. The sun was high above the water-line in the distance yet, its rays beaming with great heat on the surging ocean.

"Nobody 'll know," the skipper whispered. "I'm dead tired, an' it's a long time afore th' dories 'll be aboard. It 'll keep me awake, if I take jest a whiff or two!" He let go of the wheel, went over and picked up the pipe. "Nobody 'll know!" he muttered again, watching the dories far away. With a deep inhalation, as he would smoke his own pipe, Johnson drew in the fumes. He waited, fingering the tiny, slender bowl. Nothing happened! He was as tired as ever, and the waters rolled in the same way to the creaks and bangings of blocks and halyards.

"Such stuff!" he snorted, taking a deeper pull on the little pipe.

He waited again, doubtfully. Then his eyes opened wide; a new strength came over him.

"It's great!" he said, aloud. "I'll have one more puff to keep good an' lively," sucking hard.

Silence for some minutes, the swells passing under the schooner with squirts of foam as they struck her freeboard.

The Chinaman talked on, his voice sounding eerily in the stillness of the waters.

"Look, man, look at those mountains!" Johnson murmured, leaning on the wheel. "Look at 'em!" he growled, "ain't they fine? See the snow on th' tops of 'em, an' down alow th' green of trees, wi' valleys atween! Can't you hear the brooks a-gurglin', same's they used to in ol' Vermont whar I was born; cain't you hear them birds a-singin' same as they did in th' apple-trees ter home?"

Eyes agleam he listened. No answer but the sodden murmur of the sea against the schooner's sides.

"One more, an' I'll be strong!" he gurgled.

The pipe dropped to the deck when it left his lips.

"'Tis a band I hear a-playin' 'Home, Sweet Home!' I see women dancin'." His voice rose shrilly. "See the flowers, man, smell em—ain't they sweet?" His nostrils dilated. "Thar," he whispered, eyes open still, "thar's fields o' flowers, man—cain't ye see 'em? I kin! An' yonder, *look yonder* to them hills a-glistenin' wi' th' sun on 'em! Oh, 'tis beau'ful!"

Johnson slipped to the deck, his figure sprawling inertly. The little pipe was

out; no smoke came from its tiny black-mouthed bowl.

The schooner, left to her own devices, swung erratically. A breeze came. The main-boom shivered across the deck, dragging the wet sheet-ropes across Johnson's face.

Bang! It fetched up with a smash, and the bows crowded into the breeze.

The skipper lay quiet, muttering to himself, and the cook kept up his weird monologue.

"T' schooner's a-comen, Bim!" Ellison pierced a half-herring with the great hook as he spoke. "T'ere's heaps o' light yet," he added, watching the bait vanish under the surface, the line whizzing softly through his fingers.

The dory drifted slowly along, lifting easily to the long swells from the northeast. Far away, rising out of the sea as a cloud of white, the schooner shone in the sunlight, her hull invisible, only her canvas gleaming.

Sharkey swore as he pricked his finger against a cod's teeth. "Fish-hooks an' tar!" he grumbled, "it's hot 'nough ter boil a lobster on th' rail in a dry bucket!"

"Fushin's good, zure," the big Labradorian answered, with a smile.

Bim looked at him. "Ay, an' it's always good fishin' wi' ye!" he growled. "Damn me if I don't think yer in wi' th' Devil o' th' Sea!"

Ellison's face was grave instantly. "You zhut up, Bim, a-talkin' o' t' Bad 'Un! Ef t' luck be wi' uns, be satisfy, and no talk 'bout t' Bad 'Un!"

The other pulled in and hove a great cod on the dory's bottom. "A' right, Jack; no o'fence, lad, no o'fence!"

He baited, and cast the lead, his eyes on the schooner. Nearer now she was, standing in hazed outline against the heat-blurred horizon.

"Great skipper, to hold on, lettin' his boom thrash that-a-way!" Bim was ugly. "Look at them other dories," he grumbled, "away off thar t' th' west'ard; we'll be picked up last, as oosual!"

"Vhy for not?"—Ellison jerked a cod aboard—"vhy for not? We-uns get more cod t'an de rest o' de dories! De skipper leavin' us out longer; good thought, him!"

"What we got ter-day?" Sharkey

looked meditatively at the heap of cod on the low ballast.

"Mabbe couple hundred; most of 'em 'll go seven, nine pound an' more."

The other sneered. "We oughter got—Say, Jack, what ails the schooner?" he shouted, interrupting himself.

In the faint breeze the *Lucky* slid ahead uncontrolled; when a stronger puff came, she promptly hove to, and fell off as the wind decreased. Time and again she did this, her evolutions becoming frequent as the wind strengthened.

Ellison looked long and sharply. "Zomethin' wrong on un, Bim! Un's not actin' right!"

"Oh, stow yerself!" The other knocked a huge cod on the head. "Th' Cappen's aboard, an' Wong; that's a fine crew, if ye like! They'll take care o' us, don't worry yerself!"

"Ah'm no worryint—on'ee t'inken!"

Something in Ellison's voice made the other take his fingers from a cod's gills quickly. He too straightened up and watched the schooner.

The breeze was freshening fast; the long distance between the dory and the *Lucky* was crinkled, the little rippling spurs running merrily on their sullen foundations, moving much faster than they. The sun seemed to lift away and became a sickly, pale circle of yellow. The schooner behaved more curiously than ever in the strong wind. She would come up into it with a good way and go about, then run free for a moment and jibe, heeling over when the boom brought up taut on the sheets.

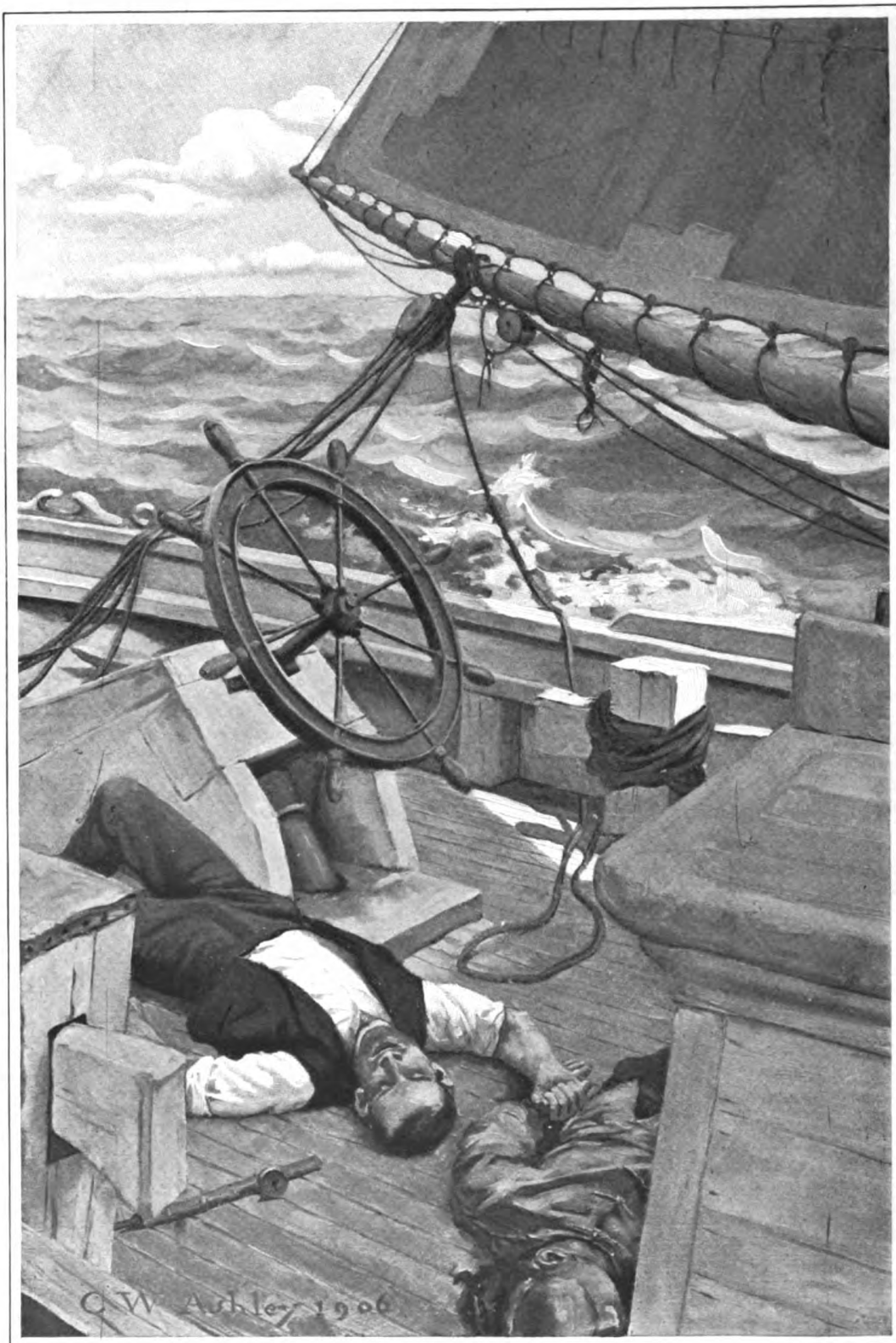
Bim stared without speaking. "They must be asleep below, a-lettin' her strain everythin' that way!" He took a chew as he spoke.

Ellison, leaning in the stern, a line in each hand, watched, anxiety in his eyes. The nearest dory to them was a quarter of a mile away; Burberry and Larz Ansen worked it. Their figures, as mere specks, could be seen whenever one of them, or both, stood up to haul a heavy fish.

"'Tis strange th' mate do'na notice!" Jack said.

Sharkey hitched his oilskin trousers a bit higher. "Too busy tryin' ter git more fish 'n we do! I hearn th' skipper laffin' at 'im t'other watch by night."

"Zay, Bim, uns should go t' th' ship,"



Drawn by C. W. Ashley

THE SKIPPER LAY QUIET, MUTTERING TO HIMSELF

Jack said, suddenly, as the schooner jibed and careened heavily.

"What for?"—the other jerked a line. "What for? We're doin' good bizness whar he be; let well 'nough alone! They'll make up p'utty quick."

The two men fished steadily, while the breeze grew, the waves lifting till their crests broke over the dory's bows from time to time.

"We're movin' too danged fast," Sharkey began, making the four oars fast to the long painter.

"Uns oughter go t' th' ship!" Ellison was in earnest now.

"Stow yer gab, ye Labrodor galoot; git to work an' fish!" Sharkey flung the drag-anchor overboard.

Ellison gave one look to windward. The blow came hard, driving spray over them. Seeing what was coming, he sprang on the other.

"What ye doin'?" Bim shrieked as Jack grabbed him.

"Will un go t' th' ship?" He was mad with fear that something had happened to the Cap'en.

"Quit yer foolin'!" his burly companion grunted; "this ain't no thaxter!" He tried to loosen Ellison's hold on his wrists.

"Will un go?" the gaunt Labradorian growled.

"Not much! When we're 'high boat' an' fish's a-comin' the way they be! Le' go, Jack; what ails ye?"

Ellison took his great hands from the other and hauled in on the painter.

The seas broke solidly aboard now, his weight in the bows. To windward was a weird white-yellow wall that came on rapidly.

"Drop it!" Bim yelled, understanding the other's plan. "Drop it!"

Ellison hauled away powerfully. Sharkey leaped at him, letting his lines drag over till they brought up to their fastenings on the cleats.

"What ye think yer doin'?" he snarled, making a grab at the painter.

"Uns 'll go t' the ship!" Ellison said, slowly, his mate's hand reaching past him, clutching the rope.

"Go to the schooner—nothin'!" the other cursed then, the oaths whirled away to the wind. "Th' schooner 'll come ter us."

This, on top of his dread for the Cap'en, made Ellison forget himself entirely. The oath and his fear let loose his savage anger (that lurks deeply in rough natures, and, because of its depth, tumultuous when roused, unrestrained then).

"Blast un!" He turned with the lithe-ness of a wild beast, seized the other by the throat and forced him backwards across the bow-thwart. Sharkey was very powerful. He writhed from Ellison's grip and twined his arms about the Labradorian's chest.

"Ye devil, ye!" he screamed, fighting hard, crushing Jack's breath.

Ellison sank his great fingers into the other's bicep muscles, working them to and fro against the bone.

"Le' go, damn ye, le' go!" Bim screamed with pain.

The seas curled in over them, soaking their struggling bodies, and the wind fell before the white wall that advanced, reaching to the heavens in dense mass.

"Will un go t' th' ship *now*?"

"Ay; le' go, ye murderin' fool!"

Ellison stood up, panting, watching the other rise slowly. Sharkey's face was out of shape with rage. Jack laughed at him, and turned to haul in on the painter again.

He heard a creak, swung like lightning, and met the heavy blow Sharkey struck on his arm.

Then his savagery took shape. He threw himself against him, knocking him into the stern-sheets by his weight.

He felt a sickening pain in his left hand. Sharkey's teeth sank in deeply, chewing at the flesh. Ellison tried to drag his hand away, but the other's teeth held. A dash of salt came, the stinging drift passing up his nose. The dory labored heavily in the seas, tugging at her drag with jerks and tremblings. Out of his mind with pain and fury, Ellison felt round with his other hand for a weapon. The bait-knife was under his fingers. He clutched it, felt the other's throat, and raised to strike.

"No! t' God no let un!" he groaned, dropping the steel and feeling further, all the while the awful agony of his hand in Sharkey's jaws. He couldn't get at the other because of the thwarts and tangle of lines. The knock-out stick for

the cod came next. He grabbed it, shortening it in his right hand.

"Will un let me go?"

The other didn't answer.

With all the strength in his body, Ellison brought the tough wood down on Sharkey's head, grunting with the impact. The hold loosened; his left hand was free. Again and again he struck furiously, the blows sounding muffled and dull in the stillness.

The wind had gone. Over everything, hanging on the rolling seas, the fog clung, damp and chill.

Ellison stood up, blood dripping from his hand, mingling with the fish slime at his feet. Sharkey lay still, doubled up against the thwart, his feet twitching.

Jack breathed fast, his lungs working with great heavings under his ribs. Painfully, slowly, he got the drag alongside and hauled in the oars; then he listened.

Silence everywhere, but for the squash and splash of the dory as it rose and fell over the rapidly calming swells. He got two blades between the thole-pins and rowed, one hand causing him excruciating pain.

"T' rest 'll be lost thiss foag!" he murmured, pulling on, taking his course by instinct for where he had last seen the schooner.

"T' Cap'en? Hope un t' God be no hurt!" he groaned, pulling ahead slowly, the dory rising buoyantly to the diminishing seas.

The weight of the unconscious man forward pulled her bows down too far; Ellison doubled the feet that stuck up, under the thwart, and dragged Sharkey's body aft, till it rested under his own seat, sprawled in the salt and slime, the man's head on a big cod. Jack rowed slower and slower, listening for some sound of the *Lucky*.

"Zure t' Cap'en *must* be on deck by t' now!" he muttered, hoarsely.

Nothing but the swash and run of the ocean answered him, and the fog settled oppressive and dead on its surface. His hand ached badly; it was greatly swollen, so that he had difficulty in keeping hold of the oar. Sweat streamed from him, dropping off his eyebrows and chin. He looked at the man beneath.

"I be zorry t' hav' smashed un so hard!" he said, "but I'll no take back-

water f'om any man when t' Cap'en's in danger or wantin' zomethin' to be did!"

He pulled on, the strokes farther and farther apart.

"T' God!" he moaned, looking at his hand. "I'm t'inken un's pisened me!"

The whole palm was distended many times, the fingers standing from it like green bits of putty. Clotted blood hid the wounds on the back and lower edge, but at the ends teeth-marks were apparent. It was a nasty, ragged tear. The big-boned wrist was beginning to inflame as he watched, and he felt deep throbbings to his shoulder.

"Hear uns zay az zalt be good." Ellison thrust his hand into the water. He stiffened all over, his heels kicking a tattoo on the bottom when the brine ate into the raw flesh, cleansing it. He held it there, his face set, and white as the fog about him, his eyes shining with the pain.

"Un 'll do—oh God!"

Tears flowed, and he rocked himself to and fro, the wounded hand clutched to his chest. It became numb then; he sighed at the relief.

"T' schoon'r's no far." He took up the oars and struggled ahead, forcing the dory over the long mountains of dirty green by slow, heart-breaking labor.

"Ah-o-y!"

His voice quavered in its strength and broke on the last note.

Silence—liquid silence. Only the soft hiss and gurgle of the dory as it swung up and down. He pulled for more agonizing minutes; then drifted again.

"Ah-o-o-o-y!"

The sound of his call was taken up instantly by the mists, made useless by their sodden mass. His left arm was nearly powerless; the dory's bow veered to port when he rowed; he could *not* balance the strength of his arms.

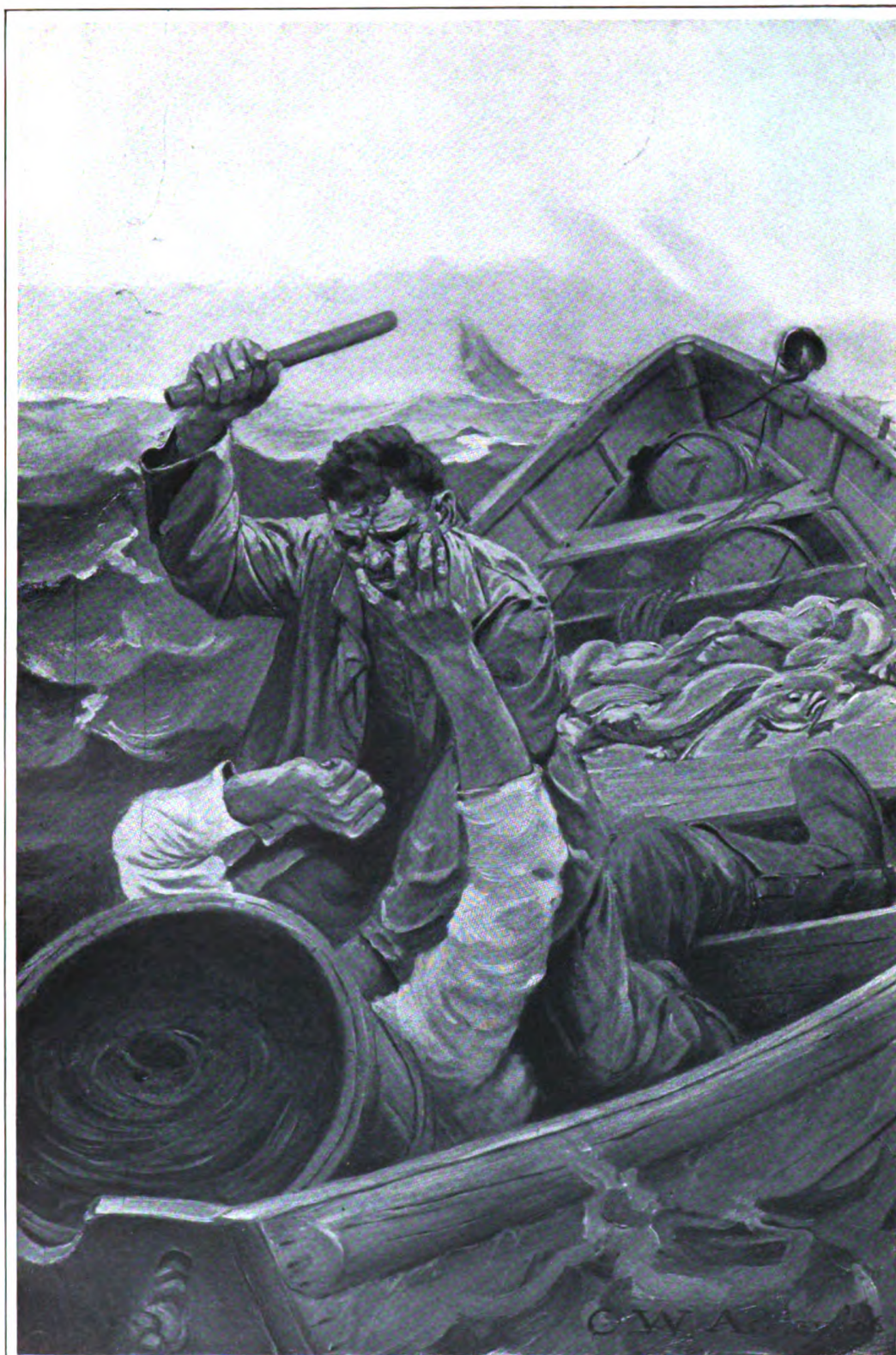
A whiff of air struck his hot face. He sniffed quickly.

"T're's a blow comen! T' sea's got me zure." He paused.

"Ah-o-o-oy on de *Luck-e-e-ee!*"

The breeze dimpled the shrouded waters. He blew a blast on his little horn then. The noise pierced but scant yards.

"T' Cap'en, t' Cap'en! Zome'at be wrong wi' un!" he whispered, taking up his oars once more. "T' schooner wass no far f'om—"



Drawn by C. W. Ashley

"WILL UN LET ME GO?"

A huge shape grew out of the fog above him, towering into nothingness, as the schooner ran up into the growing wind, slatting and quivering.

Ellison, the dory just under her bows, stared in unbelief for an instant; then he made a quick grab at the main-sheets that trailed past him when the schooner slid ahead by her impetus.

"Ah-oy, Cap'en!" No answer.

Her bows fell off; the *Lucky* moved away, he holding on to the sheet-ropes. There was not enough wind yet to draw them taut, and he hauled himself along-side, slashed the painter free from the other pair of oars, took the end in his mouth, and clambered on board, dragging himself up by one hand as well as he could, before the weight of the dory should bring up against his head. He made fast on a belaying-pin; then looked aft.

The skipper's body was close to the rail, and the Chinaman sprawled in the port-scuppers.

"Be they hav' a fight?" Ellison started towards them. A quick, heavy puff of wind came; he ducked as the boom rushed across the deck with a rattle of cordage and blocks. When she careened the skipper rolled against the wheel-box, limp and helpless. The cook slid a few inches.

"For'ard!" the fisherman shouted, scarcely crediting that there was no one aboard. The sound of his voice came back to him hollowly in the fog and growing darkness. He stared about wonderingly. The seas were gaining in height as he watched, and the wind whined stronger each moment in the rigging. A dash of spray came full in his face, its coldness startling him.

That the hurt hand might not be bruised, he tucked it between the second and third button of his oilskin, pushing it in to the wrist. The schooner flatted into the wind again, hesitated, shivered, her spars cracking, and came about.

"What me to do?" he gasped, his position and responsibility awing him.

The dory soused along behind, towing now on one angle, then on the other, dipping badly.

Ellison saw the little pipe then, picked it up, smelled of it—and hurled it overboard. "Th' Chinay's pisened un an'

hissself!" he muttered. "T'ey be no good, t'em Chinay!"

The wind shrieked a sturdy blast; the schooner answered it by falling off for an instant, then running into the breeze again, pitching. He saw his chance, dashed to the main-sheet and hauled in as much as he could, taking a half-turn on the bits when the schooner fell away. He paid out the rope till he could reach the wheel, then put his foot on it and spun a few spokes with his one hand. She came up quickly; he got in several feet this time. Again he did his trick, and again, each time gaining, till he had the mainsail close-hauled. Then he half-hitched the wheel, so that she could not gyrate as before, and ran forward.

"Ah-oy!"

The fo'castle was dark; no sound answered him but the noise of the seas and the yelling of the wind. Night was on him, blacker because of the fog, made very cold by the wind. By dint of heart-breaking tugs that racked the muscles of his back, he close-hauled the stay-sail, too. Panting, he leaned against the rail.

"T' foag wo' no last long wi' t' wind."

He crawled below and found the big horn. Blowing a mighty *po-o-op* into the night, the sound reaching out over the waves mysteriously, he listened.

A rain of brine wind-driven in his face, the *Lucky* lifting easily, he stood waiting.

"T' Cap'en must be zick bad or *zom'-thin'*!"

He turned quickly at—"Luck-e-e, ahoy!" A voice, from somewhere came the tones.

Po-o-op! He put all the strength of his lungs in the blast.

Spray hurtling over her in sheets, the schooner hove to, fell off a point, hove to again, making but slight way.

"Aho-oy!"

Po-o-op! he answered. A dory grated alongside; he watched it half-heartedly, the pain in his hand and arm dazing him.

Burberry and the Swede got to the deck, their dory hanging to windward.

"W're's th' Cap'en?" the mate bel-
lowed. Ellison weakly pointed aft, sway-
ing unsteadily. Burberry saw the China-
man by the same glance and sized up the
situation instantly. "He been smokin'

th' cook's dope-pipe!" His roar sounded but faintly for the noises of the freshening gale. "Why didn't ye run down to us, 'stead o' heavin' to? What ye and Bim been doin', annyhow?" His quick eyes saw the boom drooping.

"Come up on yer lifts!" He swayed at one, Ansen took in on the other. "Bear a hand, Jack, lively now an' git this— Say!"—he swung on his heel, the water dripping from his mustache—"w're's Bim, the lazy divvil? Hev ye both quit workin' for to-day?" His voice, such of it as could be heard, was sarcastic, when Ellison, his legs trembling under him, relaxed between the hal-yards to lee'ard. As he spoke, Burberry caught sight of the dory bobbing and lurching aft.

His anger flared. "Say! what d'ye think this craft is, eh? Go leavin' yer dory jerkin' an' strainin' her planks out thar!" He strode across the slanting deck, reaching out to grab Ellison.

"Well, holy lobsters!" as the Labradorian's head fell forward, his body sagging to the deck. "Ansen!" the mate thundered. He pulled Ellison flat by his left arm. The wounded hand slipped out of the oilskin. "Lord!" Burberry muttered, seeing. "The pore sucker; no wonder he couldn't do anythin'; 'tis a wonder he got her hove to at all, only him and Bim to work her! Lug him for'ard, git him in his bunk!"

He and the Swede took Ellison into the fo'castle and placed him with rough care between his blankets. The smelly interior was dark.

"Bim, ye scouse, come out o'— *He ain't here!*"

The mate felt Sharkey's bunk all over, then tried the others. He sprang up the ladder, Ansen at his heels. They stared at each other.

"What's happened?" Burberry felt that something was very wrong.

"Maybe da' fool es below aft," Larz suggested. They hurried through the skipper's quarters, even hunting through the mate's cabin in the blackness. "Guess he's gone b'-t'-board!" the Swede said, with a gruff softness.

On deck again.

The night was clear, stars in sight here and there between rifts of the clouds; and once, when the great masses split widely,

the moonsheen streamed over the wild seas, its light topping the crests pure white and gleaming. The gale was freshening steadily.

"Git yer lights hung, lad; God knows where th' rest of the boys be; we'll try to run down a ways ef it don't git too dusty."

The Swede vanished towards the bows.

"Ye fool!" the mate grumbled, looking down at the skipper. "God, an' ye'll stay there till a bit o' wet brings ye to!" He got hold of the painter of Ellison's dory. "Poor ol' Bim!" he whispered, heaving in on it hand over hand. "Ye was always kind o' sulky, but a fust-rate doryman. Ain't it hell?" he asked himself, resting for a moment, his eyes roving into the half-light reaching away over the tumultuous seas. "Another good man gone into the jaws o' *that!*"—he spat fiercely on the heaving, curling waters—"whar many a lad has gone afore, God bless 'em!"

He pulled away lustily at the painter. The dory's bow bumped the short overhang, scratched along, and came under him. He made fast. The moon broke through the clouds again and shone full on the man's face on the bottom. The mate gasped.

"Bim Sharkey or yer ghost!" he yelled, starting back at the weird sight of a green-white face tossing and falling in the light of the moon. He almost crept to the rail—and believed his eyes. Watching his chance, he swung himself over.

Bim was warm, and when the mate touched him he moved.

"Le' go, ye murderin' fool!" Sharkey breathed, but the wind drowned the words.

The mate thrust his great arms under the half-conscious man, waited till a sea lifted the dory nearly on a level with the rail, and literally threw him on the schooner's deck, clambering after.

A comber struck the *Lucky* fairly on her beam, its frother lashing across her decks viciously. Forward the port and starboard lights twinkled strangely into the screeching night, and far away, above, a big white gleam showed that the sailing-light was burning well. The wind flung itself mightily at the schooner's canvas, forcing her scuppers deeply awash now and then. The Swede came aft.

"There's Bim!" the mate shrieked.

"Been a row o' some kind! I—" *Sw-ss-sht—th-w-an-ng!* The *Lucky* pounded and labored, rising to the dark mountains of water, darting into the valleys between with tremors from mast-head to keel. "We'll have to run from this!" Burberry had his mouth close to the Swede's ear. The two dories thrashed and cracked alongside.

"—oy!" Like a far-away scream the voice came to them. Ansen seized the fog-horn and sent a long blast to leeward. Another dory slid out of the darkness.

McCloud and Nickerson came on board. They were exhausted, wet to the bone, hungry, and cold.

"What th'—" the Nova-Scotian began.

"Turn to an' git these dories on deck! *Move*, ye sons o' sea-cooks!" The mate tailed on to the first one.

By dint of long-drawn yo—heave—y-o! yo—heave—och—hai-y's, the three were hauled to the deck and made fast. Through the long hours of the whirling night the four men watched and waited, sometimes slacking away and running on compass course for where ten dories should be, somewhere on the driving, leaping seas.

And one by one they found them, their little drag-anchors out, the men huddled in the stern-sheets almost freezing; cursing in thankfulness when they saw the schooner and the schooner saw the light they made.

Nine dories were nested and lashed down; eighteen men swore at the cook because there was no fire or food, and growled at the skipper lying under a tarpaulin for smoking dope and keeping them out on a driving sea. They damned him for having risked the schooner *first*, their lives afterwards. Somebody "goes" nearly every trip, but if the schooner "goes" all hands are crossed from the lists at home, and some cottages have great misery and loneliness on the Gloucester beach.

"One hand t' th' fort'pm'st-head ter keep a lookout fer the French kid an' 'Slats'!"

Ansen swarmed up stiffly to the mate's order. He reached the jerking, swinging height and curled his legs about the rigging, twining his arms securely in the ratlines. At one moment he hung over the hissing waters to port, then with a

yank that strained his muscles the schooner lurched to starboard, the mast quivering, rigging trembling under him. He had one hand on the staysail-guy; it was taut as a bar of steel, the wind making it hum with a dull note, shrilling through the hooks that held the canvas. His keen, though tired, eyes strained away into the interminable distances of heaving waters, dull gray and dirty in the daylight that came so slowly out of the east. The jerkings were more violent then.

He heard a faint shout; peering at the deck, he saw the mate beckoning to him to come down. His limbs ached when he loosened them, and he crawled below step by step.

"Got ter reef her!" Burberry shouted.

"Ready at t' wheel?"

The man nodded, bracing his feet.

"Bring her into it an' *hold* her!"

Amid the crashings of canvas, banging and clattering of blocks, swishing of sheet-ropes and the nasty *sissss-s* of frothing spray, the mate's booming voice rose powerfully.

"Slack away mains'l peak an' throat!"

He leaned against the wind, watching the gaff and throat drop, the stick slashing badly.

"*That's well!*"

Six men clung to the boom, gathering in the billowing, stiff canvas. The work warmed them, loosened their cold joints; in scant minutes they had finished.

"H'ist aw-a-y!"

"Double on th' stays'l!"

McCloud and Nickerson crawled out on the bowsprit, clinging for their lives. The sail, though sheeted down hard, flapped in their faces with stunning force; McCloud's nose was bleeding from a blow from it.

"Hold hard, lad!" he bellowed, as the schooner rose to a terrifying height on a sea. The valley beyond seemed bottomless to the two. They gripped with all their might.

Down—down with a sickening drop the bows rushed towards the oncoming mountain of water. It was up to their armpits, dragging at them.

They got two reefs by awful labor, breathing in panting gasps, and crawled to the deck, squatting there, exhausted.

"Cain't wait no longer!" Burberry

thundered; "th' dory 'll hav' to take its chance: I dassent risk holding on here!"

The men looked at one another.

"They'll never live through it!" one whispered, sorrowfully. "Poor fellers!"

"An' de Kid was yolly boy, too!" The Swede's eyes were moist with salt, but not the salt of the sea, as he stared over the hurtling crests. A silence among all hands, a grim, ugly silence, for well they knew what it meant to leave a dory in a gale like this. No one dared responsibility. The mate was in command; the skipper, soaked and inert yet, aft and the cook half awash in the scuppers.

"Keep her off to port an' slack away yer stays'l an' mains'l!"

Alec Douglas at the wheel hesitated to obey.

"Blast ye, man, do 's yer told!" Burberry growled, leaping at the other.

In his rush his foot struck the skipper hard. The blow on top of the wet and cold brought Johnson to his senses. He staggered to his feet, clawing at Douglas's shoulder. The mate stepped back.

"Wha's this?" the skipper muttered, dragging himself upright, "wha's this?"

Silence among the men. The flying crest of a sea struck him viciously. He started as though hit with a lash.

"Wha's this?" His wits gathered fast; the chill enlivened him as he stood, coatless, hatless, in the full force of the gale. "I know!" His voice grew stronger. "Bad blow, eh, Burb'rry? Bad blow, eh?"

The mate nodded. Johnson realized that the schooner was running beam to the wind.

"Got yer hands all 'board, Burberry?"

The mate paused as the words were coming. Johnson saw the look on his face.

"Dang ye, *answer!*" he screamed, his mind keen now.

Still the mate was silent, the men grouped behind him, gaunt and forlorn in the full daylight.

"Line up, lads, till I see for myself!"

Weak in his body, the skipper's legs shook when the seas pounded at the schooner. He counted and called by name each man. He came to—

"Frenchy!" No answer.

"Is he for'ard?"

One head shook negatively.

"Slats!" No answer. Then he remembered that these two had started in

the same dory that morning. Slowly, shade by shade, the skipper's face grew white, livid, as he understood. Then, with an awful curse, he let loose his anger.

"The wrath of — be on ye, ye cowards, cowards, cowards," his voice rising to a shriek. "Ter go an' leave a dory, *leave a dory* in this sea! I'm sick o' ye an' hope that— It's easy 'nough when yer on th' schooner to feel bad; how 'bout them two, a-hopin', a-prayin' for us to come, a-fightin' the gale all alone an' freezin', waitin' for us? How 'bout it, ye low-lived curs? How 'bout it? —God!" his voice thrilled strangely, "an' I said I'd never leave a dory! Sam Johnson ain't never left a dory yet, God damn ye, an' he ain't a-goin' ter begin now! Burberry, ye suckered fool, I thought better'n of ye! Stand by!" he roared, fury gleaming in his eyes, strength growing in his body with the stimulus of danger. "Stand by, ye poor babies ter come about, an' *back* fur that dory!"

Not a man moved. The mate coughed. "It's too—"

"Hard down!" Johnson ordered.

Alec Douglas was undecided. The gale was very strong and the skipper not too responsible, he thought to himself.

Like a tiger Johnson flung himself at the man, hitting him an awful blow with his fist. Alec collapsed, the wheel spinning instantly. The skipper grabbed it and brought the schooner into the wind.

"Ain't there a man thet wants ter go back fur two lads that 'll be crossed out sure if th' wind gets wusser?" He leaned against the tugging wheel, the schooner's canvas thundering and pounding.

The fishermen moved uneasily, watching Burberry; he made no sign.

"Ain't there a *man* among ye, then, that 'll *hold this wheel* while I meself sheets her?" The skipper's voice was bitter with disappointment.

A figure rose behind him.

"Me holdee wheel, Capping!" Wong was ready.

"God bless ye, man! Thar!" shaking his fist at the men, "thar, keelhaul ye! Here's a poor Chinese a-showin' *white* men that they be cowards. Jest a yaller man he is, but, by God, he's got a whiter heart than the whul' blamed lot o' ye!"

Keep her into it, Wong, till I sheets for'ard!"

"Me keepee!" the cook answered, drawing a long knife from under his shirt and putting it between his teeth, "*me keepee!*"

Johnson plunged at the group of men, striking right and left. He got to the staysail-sheet and began hauling.

"I'll help!" the Swede murmured. "I be goin' to help!"

Like sheep the others followed.

The schooner was close-hauled then, lifting, falling, singing over the seas. Hour after hour they watched, trimming the wind, the skipper himself at the wheel, while Wong got food for the men.

"Dory in sight!" McCloud yelled, dancing up and down with excitement.

"Where away?" Johnson hugged the spokes.

"To lee'ard two p'int's!"

He saw the spot then, lurching on the combers.

"Slack, ye babies—slack away!"

The *Lucky* roared towards the dory.

"I'm a-goin' to jibe—*Mate!*"

"Stan' by to jibe!" Burberry shouted through his hands. "Over she goes!"

A thundering crash and rattle; the schooner was headed for the dory. Johnson handled his wheel keenly.

"For'ard—have a line ready!"

Nearer and nearer to the dory. The two men could be seen crouching aft and bailing. With a swift turn the skipper brought the schooner beside it, her sails cracking and slatting.

One man caught the line painfully and made fast. They were hauled alongside and helped to the deck. Their dory, fish and all, was got aboard, and the *Lucky* ran before the gale again. Johnson called all hands.

"Now, ye poor irts, ye see what ye wanted to do, 'cause ye were 'fraid! Jack Ellison fo'ard, wi' only one arm, saved th' schooner yes-ter-day; me an' Wong saved you two," looking at Deranges and "Slats" Furby. "Now, then, ye suckers, remember that life's worth savin' always, an' thet Sam Johnson's a-goin' ter do it every chance he gets. I'm ashamed o' ye, Gloucester men that ye profess ter be; ye'll have to work dang hard to git back yer reputation wi' me!"

Cowed and sorry, the men got forward, while the spray and salt fume lathered over the schooner's deck.

"You, *Mister Burberry*" — Johnson's voice was like acid in its tones—"keep her running till the wind lets up an' call me then! Sam Johnson never leaves a dory, *an' don't you forgit it!*"

"Aye-aye, Cap'en." The mate saluted, humbly.

The Vagrant

BY MARGARET BELLE HOUSTON

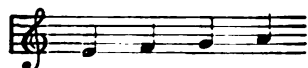
IT was the shine and shower time o' year.
 A tap upon my lattice—and behold!
 His laughing face with curls of jonquil gold,
 Sun-bright against my peach-blooms! "Nay, not here!"
 I laughed him back, and nodding in good cheer,
 He flew away across the daisied wold.
 Then came the white-winged Winter breathing cold,
 And on my path across the frozen mere,
 I found him tangled in the ice-capt thorn.
 His broken rainbow wings drooped helplessly,
 Snow-fringed his yellow curls and all forlorn.
 Lo! I, who scorned him, knelt to set him free,
 And wrapt him on my heart that now is torn
 With Love's profound, o'ermastering agony!

Music of Man and Bird

BY HENRY OLDYS

UNTIL recently we have viewed the history of human music from an egocentric standpoint. We believed we were able to follow the entire development of the art from its earliest beginnings; and though we were acquainted with some fragments of aboriginal music that had no visible connection with our own, we were disposed to look upon these as unimportant vagaries of barbarism.

The earliest traces of our musical system, which we have regarded as the sole musical system of the world, are found among the Greeks of the fifteenth century B.C. A brief glimpse of a rude beginning is all that we have, but during the succeeding centuries a stringed instrument of four notes, which was known as the tetrachord, was developed. The four notes sounded by this primitive instrument are believed to have been e, f, g, and a:



Other tetrachords subsequently came into use that combined whole and half tones differently, though still confined to their four notes. These various tetrachords took their names—Lydian, Dorian, and Phrygian—from the different peoples of Greece among whom, respectively, they originated. In the seventh century B.C. the scale was extended to seven notes by Terpander, who combined two tetrachords of different pitch, but having the highest note of one identical with the lowest note of the other. Finally, Pythagoras (600 B.C.) combined two tetrachords so as to leave a whole note between the upper and the lower, thus completing the octave. Pythagoras, by means of experiments with a single string—monochord—also determined the ratio of the octave, the fifth, the fourth, and other intervals of the scale. He found that

half the string would sound the octave of the note sounded by the whole string, two-thirds would sound the fifth, three-fourths the fourth, four-fifths the third, and that other intervals bore a similar mathematical relation to the whole string. These and other important discoveries have won for him the title of "Father of Music," an honor which has seemed eminently due to the inventor of the complete scale, which is the fundamental basis of all modern music.

With a full scale much more varied and extensive melodies were possible than formerly, but as yet, and for many subsequent centuries, no sense of tonality, such as governs modern music, was present in the mind of composer or listener, to insist on a definite key-note on which the melody should finally rest; nor had an even metrical rhythm yet become a requirement to the musical ear. The melodies, therefore, that were relished by the assemblages in Greek amphitheatres and temples and in the Christian churches of a later period were such as would be meaningless to us. A few of the ancient masterpieces have been preserved, and their irregular metre and peculiar intervals show how little musicians of the twentieth century have in common with those of these early days. Here is the beginning of a hymn to Calliope, a composition of the third or fourth century A.D.:

HYMN TO CALLIOPE

(Phrygian Mode—3d or 4th century.)
As quoted by FÉLIX.



The following hymn is an example of the music of the early Church:

CHURCH HYMN

(Dorian Mode.) From GEVAERT.



It is needless to say that no modern musical ear would derive any pleasure from either of these compositions.

Various modes were used, produced by combining different tetrachords, and given names corresponding with those of the tetrachords thus combined. All of these but two, which correspond with the modern major and minor, have been abandoned after having persisted as late as the eighteenth century.

Modern harmony, with its rich and varied modulations, had its origin in a crude accompaniment of fourths, fifths, and octaves. This was replaced by counterpoint—a weaving together of different melodies—which arose about six hundred years ago, and was developed to a high degree, particularly by the Netherlands, who led the world in music for a century and a half. From this time, harmony, freed from successive fifths and octaves, and gradually emancipating itself from the limitations of counterpoint, has made steady progress to the present day. As it has advanced, musical taste has grown broader and broader, and many combinations of tones once harsh and intolerable have become pleasing harmonies, while rules of composition formerly inflexible have been relaxed or abandoned. Even in modern music instances of minor compositions closing with a major chord, such as Schubert's *Serenade*, link us to the time when it was unsatisfying to the musical sense to end a piece with an imperfect chord.

This brief sketch will serve to show

how our music has grown from a very simple and primitive beginning to the present elaborate and intricate system, and also how the taste of those among whom its development has been accomplished has correspondingly changed. With the same spirit that causes us to regard our zenith as the highest point in the sky, we have accepted this as the history of all music; and as the development we here find has seemed to follow such impulses as it has happened to receive, a belief has found current acceptance that the evolution of music is fortuitous, and that musical taste has no better foundation than custom; that is, that any form of music to which we have become accustomed will please us and touch responsive chords.

But recent research has brought to light numerous facts that overthrow completely our self-important belief and the theories to which it has given rise. One of these bits of evidence is in itself sufficient to accomplish this destruction. Benjamin Ives Gilman has discovered a hymn which was in use in the temples of China long before Pythagoras "invented" the diatonic scale, and probably long before that barren period when the music from which ours has descended was confined within the narrow limits of the tetrachord of ancient Greece.

I quote the first part of this hymn:

ANCIENT CHINESE HYMN

(First 16 measures only.)

From GILMAN.



This piece of Chinese music, which readily lends itself to very attractive harmonization, could be sung in our churches of to-day without attracting attention as being noticeably different from modern music. In its venerable presence our notion that in the history of our music we have the history of all music slinks away, to lose itself among the shades of discredited and forgotten traditions. The Chinese, who discovered the

art of printing long before the period of Gutenberg, and whose astronomers were calculating eclipses two or three thousand years before the birth of Hipparchus, the "Father" of our astronomy, again in music emphasize our youth and egotism. It appears, in fact, from recent discoveries, that this ancient people, who may call our ancient children, were well acquainted with the full scale and its intervals, and used both the heptatonic form (of seven notes) that we use at present, and the pentatonic form (of five notes—the fourth and seventh being omitted), that finds its latest place in old Scotch songs, but has also been in use in other parts of the world. We have likewise come into the knowledge that the literature of India contained evidences of a complete musical system several centuries before Pythagoras—a system in which the full diatonic scale was recognized, several modes were used, and fourths and fifths were named and well understood; and that the octave was well known to the Babylonians, Phœnicians, Assyrians, and Chaldeans. And in 1891 there were brought from Egypt and placed in the British Museum flutes nearly five thousand years old, which, when played, gave the full diatonic scale.

Not alone from the Old World, however, have there come evidences of independent knowledge of music similar to our own: the "schalmei" of ancient Mexico had the first five notes of our major scale; ancient flutes of the Iroquois Indians have been discovered which give the first five or six tones of our minor scale; and in every quarter of the globe we find savages singing or playing music that differs from our own only in the degree of complexity. There are two important ways by which we may reach barbarism—we may go backward along our own track down the centuries, or we may make lateral excursions among contemporaneous savages. Thus to find the stone age of our ancestors we must seek prehistoric times, but Dr. Kane found it in Greenland only fifty-three years ago. Hence such music as is in vogue among the Eskimos or South Sea Islanders, or in other unploughed fields of savagery, may be said to be practically contemporaneous with that of the peoples

among whom our music and that of the Orient originated.

Here are two examples of Papuan music from Schelling:

PAPUAN MUSIC

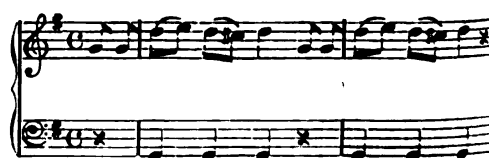
FROM SCHELLING.



It will be observed that the first of these uses the first, minor third, fifth, and octave of the modern scale, is regular in its metre, and is marked by a certain dignity of movement that is not without attractiveness. The second uses the first, second, third, fifth, and sixth, and shows acquaintance with at least the pentatonic scale. It is also regular in metre and attractive in theme. The melody is graceful, and is composed of rhythmically arranged phrases. Both melodies close with the key-note. While they are simpler than the early examples of our music just quoted, they are more intelligible to the modern musical ear than those unattractive combinations of notes.

The Bushman of Australia seemed, when first we knew him, the lowest type of the human kind, yet in the following example of Bushman music we find the expression of a sense of harmony as we know it to-day, an appreciation of regular rhythm, and a slight knowledge of the chromatic scale:

BUSHMAN MUSIC





Observe, too, the taste manifested in the avoidance of too great monotony by the omission of the *g*'s in the third measure of the treble part. Primitive as this example seems when we reflect that it is the whole composition, yet it could readily be incorporated in a modern piece of music. Its harmony is far more modern than the Greek accompaniment in fourths and fifths.

In estimating the weight to be given these examples, however, allowance must be made for the fact that they are unchecked records, dependent for their value on the unknown degree of trustworthiness of their transcribers. Still, in the absence of specific knowledge of their unreliability they may be safely regarded as probably substantially correct, and so may be received as evidence tending to show that the music of the Papuans and Bushmen was governed in its construction by rules similar to those that govern ours.

The securing of exact examples of pure aboriginal music, unalloyed by Aryan influence, is a matter of the highest importance to the student of the history and philosophy of music, and of the origin and nature of the esthetic sense in man; and it is gratifying to know that the French are at present systematically obtaining phonographic records of such music—a method originally employed by Dr. J. Walter Fewkes, of our own country, in his ethnological study of the Zuni Indians. This means, although not absolutely faultless, is in many respects more satisfactory than one dependent on the accuracy of the observer. Were both methods used as independent checks on each other, the resultant records, if agreeing, would have the highest degree of scientific value.

The element of doubt in the case of phonographic records arises mainly from the mechanical imperfections of the instrument, the more or less constrained poise of the performer, and, when a song is recorded, the singer's lack of experience necessary to insure a faithful re-

production. I have listened to phonographic records, secured by Dr. Fewkes, of songs sung by Hopi (popularly known as Moki) Indians which were practically impossible of transcription because of the almost constant blare of the instrument due to the singer's mouth being too close to the mouth-piece. On the other hand, however, a song by a Winnebago Indian girl, recorded at the same time, came out very clearly:

WINNEBAGO INDIAN LOVE-SONG

From phonograph record taken by
Dr. J. WALTER FEWKES.

J. = 88.



This is not the whole song, but enough is quoted to show the general character of the music, which is quite comparable with ours. It is possible that it derives resemblance from influences due to the singer's having received her education among the whites. Still, it may be utterly free from Aryan influence, and the fact reported by Dr. Fewkes that it was greatly enjoyed and constantly requested by the Hopi Indians at least shows some degree of appreciation on their part of music following our rules of construction.

The Zuni records, which have been transcribed by Dr. Benjamin Ives Gilman, are probably perfectly accurate reproductions of pure aboriginal music. A long song entitled "*Kor-Kök-Shi*" is characterized by use of the intervals of our scale, a fairly rhythmical construction, and a high grade of melodiousness, and shows correspondence with the modern sense of tonality.

Finally I may add that I have frequently listened to a cylinder record of the singing of a native song by an Eskimo. This record, which was made on one of Lieutenant Peary's expeditions, and is now in the possession of Mr. R. J. Meigs, of Washington, D. C., also uses

the diatonic intervals, especially the first, third, and fifth, is quite rhythmical, and, while not very melodious, as we understand melody, closes its phrases with the key-note, of the value of which it shows a marked appreciation.

Here, then, we have several independent musical evolutions in progress, all of which, if we may trust the best evidence in each case, use the same scale and are governed by practically identical requirements of rhythm and melodic construction. In one of these—our own—we are acquainted with the gradual growth and know that its changes have been the result of internal development, uninfluenced by the already well-advanced systems of China, India, Egypt, and other countries, however much these may owe to each other.

With satisfactory evidence before us that many independent evolutions have followed practically the same course, we are compelled to abandon the haphazard theory that had its root in the exploded idea that ours has been the sole musical evolution on earth, and substitute therefor the belief that some unknown law holds the progress of music to a certain channel, along which it proceeds toward a fixed ideal. This law, like all other evolutionary laws, is flexible, as is shown by the known use of other scales and other melodic principles than those that govern us. The vast number of diverse influences pressing on every general principle makes uniform progress impossible in any evolutionary line. But the general course is so distinctly marked that these inconsistencies may be regarded as merely variations that sooner or later pass away.

The idea of a fixed ideal standard in music, though rejected by most students of the evolution of music, has been consciously or unconsciously accepted by musicians, who have not hesitated to assert positively that a Beethoven symphony is of a higher standard than a ragtime march—that is, nearer to an assumed ideal—and that the fact that the ragtime march is preferred by the majority shows the prevalence of a musical taste not merely different because more accustomed to music of the ragtime order, but distinctly *inferior* to that which finds greater pleasure in Beethoven.

If the discovery of independent evolutions of human music all tending in the same direction indicates the existence of an ideal standard toward which progress leads, how much stronger is the evidence afforded by the fact that bird music is developing along the same lines! It seems a far cry from a Beethoven symphony or a Wagnerian opera to the simple lay of a sparrow, but as we trace the course of the mighty river of music back toward its source, the stream becomes narrower and narrower, until it is contracted to a point where it is no broader than the little rill of bird music. Nor does the decrease stop there; for, remarkable as it may seem, there was a time when the music from which ours has been evolved was inferior to some of that which floats to our ears from the woods of spring. This is not to say merely that the songs of certain of the birds involve more intervals and greater variety, but that they are of a higher order judged by our own modern standards. Compare with the Greek hymn to Caliope the following song sung over and over in strict time by a wood-pewee, which I took down note for note as it was uttered:

WOOD PEWEE



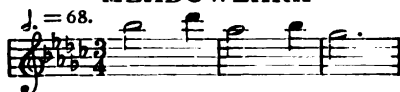
Were the two melodies here compared to be played before a twentieth-century audience, which would most completely satisfy the ear of the hearer? The Greek hymn, composed at least as late as the third century A.D., uses intervals which do not appeal to our present sense of the beautiful, and lacks the rhythmical arrangement of notes and phrases which our musical sense demands. The wood-pewee song, on the other hand, uses intervals attractive to us, is divisible into regular bars, after the style of modern music, and exhibits a rhythm in construction which, as I have elsewhere pointed out, is the same as that governing many of our ballads and hymns. This song is not unusual, but may probably be heard by any one who listens for it in the twilight hours of a summer morning or evening. It is not always sung exactly as

here noted, but may always be distinguished from the ordinary utterances of the wood-pewee by its continuity and the regularity of its construction, and by the fact that it is a twilight song.

Similar comparison would result favorably to the birds in many cases, though in few to so notable a degree. Simple as are some of the melodies heard from song sparrow, chewink, Carolina wren, meadowlark, and their associates, they are yet closer to the modern idea of melody than any theme to be found in the music of ancient Greeks or early Christians. Let me not be misunderstood. The human music referred to was more elaborate in construction, and in its harmonization, crude though such harmony may have been, was far in advance of the musical achievement of any bird; but the rules of construction by which much of the bird music is governed produce a far closer resemblance to our own music.

How much more intelligible to our ears, for instance, is this bit of regular melody I hear occasionally from a meadowlark that has its home not far from my own!

MEADOWLARK



Or this song-sparrow song—

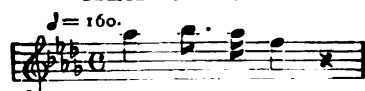
SONG SPARROW



—which came in my open window at the Department of Agriculture many times daily through one summer a few years ago!

Sometimes the identity of melodic construction is emphasized by accidental coincidence with bits of our music, as in this fragment from the Toreador's Song in *Carmen* that in two successive summers were flung across the field to my ears by a meadowlark:

MEADOWLARK



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This resemblance must be regarded as purely accidental. It is quite certain that Bizet had not heard this meadowlark when he wrote his opera; and it may be predicted with almost equal certainty that the meadowlark, which does not belong to a species commonly caged for its song, was never taught the theme by any human being; nor is it at all likely that it picked up the strain from a human whistler or singer. Sometimes, though extremely rarely, bits actually appropriated may be heard from wild birds. Thus a writer in *The Emu* (an Australian quarterly) for April, 1906, tells of a magpie near Melbourne, Australia, which, while a captive, had been taught to whistle "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife, merrily danced the Quaker," and passed the song on to its young, through whom, in a more or less fragmentary way, it was transmitted to subsequent generations, so that "there are many now in the forest who still conclude their beautiful wild notes with the ascending notes which terminate the old air."

These notations of bird music are a few representative examples out of hundreds I have secured in my own observations, which have been confined almost entirely to the vicinity of Washington.

If the generally accepted theory of gradual development of higher from lower forms of life be correct, then the modern avian musical status has been attained by development from primal ejaculations. How gradual has that development been? Unless it has been marked by unusual rapidity, there was a time when the music of some birds was superior to most, perhaps all, of the music of mankind. To those who have been accustomed to regard bird songs as a mere twittering, devoid of coherence or melody, this will seem a startling assumption. Yet, judged by our present standard, the songs of some birds must be ranked above the best music of many primitive races of to-day; and if we may assume that bird music has developed even a shade more slowly than human music, retracing the centuries would constantly increase the proportion of inferior human musicians, and at last bring us to a point where the best musicians were in the tree-tops.

The Last Visit to a Scholar

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

TURKEY RIDGE was risen. Above the little farms the winter's sky was changed to blue. Across the lanes the pastures called to each other with the voices of their young lambs. Along the old red road the grass was green. Even about Lemuel Potter's potato-land the rail fence was touched with youth, almost as though again within it the sap stirred.

Yet the row of old men on the rails sat soberly like a line of crows under the sky as it faded toward evening. It was not yet the season for the similarity of their summer jeans. But they had on new straw hats which settled down stylishly upon their ears, the brims blossoming out around their clean faces. Otherwise they were garbed in the motley of their every-day clothing of winter. The minister had on a cast-off clerical suit having a dejected religiousness in its elbows and knees. The forked tails of the coat fell darkly from him over the fence, waving in the air like shabby tail-feathers. Kerenhappuch Green was in brown, patched most sensibly with blue. Timothy Bayne was kaleidoscopically clad in a coat which did not match his trousers, but yet matched them better than his trousers matched his vest. Davie Bascom was faded to an indistinguishable hue of melancholy—the straining eyes of no seer could have told what he once had been. Georgie Todd—he was not so old as the rest, but he was bowed to the estate of age, for he was sending his son to college—wore clothes which had evidently lasted much longer than any of the old men could ever hope to exist. Lemuel Potter, had he been able to be out, would have had on his careless corduroys and his knitted shirt, the latter a garment of wifely manufacture which would have sullied the good looks of a far handsomer man than he.

But Lemuel Potter was not able to be out. Up in his house, within the parlor,

he lay in his coffin, in his Sunday suit. It was the well-known stiffness of parlor visiting which kept his friends outside on the rails without him. They had dropped in at his farm, one by one, after their day's work was done. In the past weeks they had been frequently at his house. They had taken turns sitting through the nights with him as he tossed on his wide bed. Then, when the fever left him, Kerenhappuch Green and Davie Bascom had put on him his Sunday clothes. And yesterday, together, all of them, had laid him in his coffin, and had borne him into the parlor—he who had always said of his good black clothes, his women nagging him, "*I ain't agoin' to put 'em on!*"; he who had wittily remarked of his wife's front room, "*Ye needn't tell me nothin' 'bout a parlor—I'd ruther set in a hen-coop.*" Yet, although they had seen him so lately, they came again for a last visit. To-morrow they would go with him past the farms, through the green spring woods, and out along the lonely hill, and, coming back, would go to their own doors, having one friend the less.

Since the March thaw he had ailed. He had gone to town in the noise of a windy rain, apparently in his accustomed health. Unsuspectingly he had splashed home through the clay mud, absorbed in his reflections. Unhitching his horses, wet and weary, there had come upon him a strange chill. Confidently, in the beginning of his sickness, he had taken his own panacea for all earthly ills. He had invented it subtly out of his knowledge, being a very learned man. "*Jest eat an onion,*" he had long said to all ailing men. But even after the onion he had not rallied as well as other invalids would have done had they taken his scholarly advice. Reluctantly he had been reduced to trying the town doctor and his medicine—never before, in his own estimation, had he fallen so low. "*What'd the fool gimme?*" he inquired, disdainfully,

after the doctor had gone, shaking his head as he closed his bag. All his life he had argued brilliantly against the medical profession. "Don't never hev doctors. They ain't nothin' in 'em. What'd the Lord give ye onions for, ef every time ye got a leetle out of fix, He'd hev expected ye to run to town for the doctor? The Lord knowed med'cine's jest a pizen to ye."

Anxiously his blind wife Rachel and his daughter Panthea administered the doctor's pills. He was not surprised as an immediate result of them to be quite unable to rise out of his chair and, stumping weakly to the front door, prove in the raw wind how well and strong he was. For a little while only he managed to still sit stubbornly by the window, looking out upon his fields, where never yet for him had the grasshoppers grown a burden. Then he failed in his chair. "Them pills!" he ejaculated. He lay scathingly in his bed, underneath the nine-patch quilt. Valiantly he fought against the further and yet more insidious poison to his system of the doctor's daily visit. Not until his stolen night's journey to the kitchen did he realize that his struggle was not to avail him.

In the middle of the night the bright thought came to him that if he could have a drink of water from the gourd in the kitchen, his consuming thirst would be appeased, and he could get outdoors the next day and start the furrows in his west field. The gourd, grown in his garden, had always spilled so well. Coupled with the humiliation of the doctor was the ignominy of being obliged to drink water tidily from a glass, like any poor-spirited and henpecked creature. With Timothy Bayne nodded tiredly to sleep by his bedside, he crept cautiously from the covers. The excitement of his theory gave him strength. Holding on to the walls, he tottered to the kitchen with his candle. With eager old hands he dipped the yellow gourd into the water-pail and put it to his lips. But the water, spilled deeply upon him from it as he drank, did not slake his thirst. Silently he stood in the illumination of one of the swift flashes of light which had ever been his. He staggered back through the sitting-room, letting the candle-grease fall where it would.

Grimly he turned his head to see the old things in the room with which he had lived. There was his clock with the bird on its face, that had told him, year after year, when to get up, when to take his nooning-hour, and when to go to bed. There was his armchair where he had thought so deeply. And there was his beloved scholar's library, his one volume on *The Hottentots*.

When Timothy Bayne roused, he found him as before beneath the nine patch, but much dampened and curiously smeared with the candle, and wearing a considering look in place of his late look of scorn.

But, losing the fight against medicine, he did not lose his faculties. He kept them to the end. When the day came that they by the bedside bowed their heads, his fist had come out argumentatively for a second from the quilt. "Ye needn't tell me," he said,—“ye needn't tell *me*.” Once more only did he speak. "They ain't nothin' in it!" he concluded, smartly. Straightway he lapsed into a lofty silence.

The old men on the fence hitched and rehitched their heels quietly into the second rail. At first they could not talk, having but one scholar left among them. The minister had never been as talkative in the possession of his wisdom as Lemuel Potter. Lemuel Potter could not have endured such a silence among friends sitting together in bereavement. Long before Davie Bascom spoke, his old voice would have risen on the air in words suitable to the occasion. He was never at a loss for something to say.

Davie Bascom spoke, looking at Kerenhappuch Green. "I reckon," he said, "it's ready."

Kerenhappuch Green nodded. That morning he had drawn the Turkey Ridge hearse from beneath his hay-loft. The hen within its body had cackled out crossly. He had laid her warm egg on a beam. With the barn broom he had dusted the vehicle outside and in, dwelling with especial tenderness on the dark urns at the head.

Timothy Bayne bent his sallow face on the group.

"I dun'no' when I ever seen," he said, magnificently, "a hearse wear better'n our'n."

The row assented in a quick loyalty. Although it had been abandoned by townsmen as not shining enough for their last journeys—an act which could only be construed as a snobbish self-esteem,—to the countrymen their hearse was a chariot of a changeless grandeur. It had altered a homely method of translation. Before its advent the great men and women of Turkey Ridge and the little children in their innocence had been carried to the graveyard in wagon bodies.

"I ricollect," continued Timothy, "what a store *he* set by it—said them urns was wonderful an' them glass sides was turrible fine, an' 'twas jest good 'nough for *anybody*."

Before them the old red road was fallen into a great loneliness. In life, Lemuel Potter had sometimes tried them. With the instincts of a scholar he had wrapped himself about with a crust of stubbornness and contrariness. But now his outer shell had dropped away.

After a while Kerenhappuch Green spoke.

"He was sech a honer'ble man," he said. Hitherto he had often used, without excessive contradiction, another word to do credit to the scholar's parts. Yet now he did not remember ever to have said, "Lemuel Potter's sech an *ornery* man."

"An' he was always so cheerful," said Davie Bascom, "an' chucklin' over things."

Next to him Georgie Tood, of a reticent nature, moved his heels in a sad praise of agreement.

The minister's eyes were on the sycamore-trees beside the road. They were brightly relieved.

"His faith was all right in the end," he said.

Beforetimes the simple shepherd of the hilltop, seeking a flock while he farmed, had had some trouble with failures of vision. Timothy Bayne, by virtue of his stomach trouble, had often doubted his fitness for the kingdom of heaven, his wife Hitty candidly doubting it with him. David Bascom's holy sight usually dimmed in the haying season, for he was unable in his dulness to understand the justice of it that when he cut his hay under a clear sky, rain was sent in torrents upon it; but when, reasoning log-

ically from this, he let it stand with clouds along the horizon, no rain came, and it thereby ripened overmuch, and his neighbors' barns were astutely filled before his. Georgie Todd was now irritable with Providence, so great was his struggle. Others had come to sit disturbed in his plain room, to go away comforted. But it had remained for Lemuel Potter to have really scandalous misgivings. More than once the minister had sat, white and shaken, while before him Lemuel had beamed happily with his doubts.

"Over and over," the pleased voice went on, "he has said to me: 'I dun'no' as I want to be a Presbyterian no more. Dun'no' as I feel any perticular leanin's toward it, now, 't *all*.' But last week he says to me, 'Well, I guess bein' one won't hurt me none!'—an' he kind o' smiled."

The near-sighted eyes were tinged charitably with the glory of remembrance. On the sick-bed the scholar's countenance had been momentarily overspread by a quizzical grin, and there had gone a faint chuckle in the minister's direction.

"I heerd," said Davie Bascom, tactlessly, in the hushed tone with which a friend alludes to the black soul crises of a friend, "that he thought onct o' becomin' an *Episcopal*!"

The minister colored sensitively.

Kerenhappuch Green interjected a word of comfort. "But it didn't last long! I ricollect he says to me that after thinkin' Episcopal once, he didn't think much of 'em. Said he was awful glad he never seen one."

"He was *always* a-arguin' 'bout religion 'n' things in the Bible," pursued Davie, fearfully. "I ricollect his sayin' they was some things in the Bible he didn't see no sense to. 'The idee,' he says, 'o' takin' no thought for the morrer—why, if a man follered that out, he couldn't even raise a pertato fit to throw at a dog.' Said he'd hev said, 'Git up airly an' sort your seed to-day, so's ye won't git a mortgage on your farm to-morrer.'"

Davie was not without his notions of delicacy. He, with the other members of the flock on the rails, looked away from the minister, as though to spare him any misery of remorse. Again he winced. He had so long been held re-



Drawn by R. Strader

THEY SAT SOBERLY LIKE A LINE OF CROWS

Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

sponsible by his congregation for any slips in the Scripture, he could not help feeling guilty of them.

Down by the road the green sycamore fringes tossed and changed in the spring wind.

"He was an awful smart man," said Timothy Bayne, presently. The remark filtered through the air as the final cry of praise. It was what Lemuel Potter, with his sure judgment of men and things, had always said of himself.

"Wa'n't he?" cried little, dull Davie Bascom, warmly.

"I never seen sech a man for a newspaper," said Kerenhappuch Green. "He knowed the whole thing from beginnin' to end."

"An' thought 'bout everything he read!" said Davie.

Timothy Bayne's heel scraped reminiscently on the rail. "He was always thinkin' 'bout things," he began. "I ricollect—"

The row of old backs settled. Only the minister's eyes, still brightly set, were unheeding.

"—the last time I seen him out. He was talkin' 'bout the statesmen in Washington. Said they wasn't no deep thinkers 'mong 'em. Said a man ort to think a good deal to be a statesman. They'd jest been a-passin' a bill he didn't think much of. 'Them chuckleheads!' he says. An' I dun'no' how 'twas, but he got to talkin' bime-by 'bout the royal fam'lies o' Europe. An' he said he was gittin' real worried 'bout 'em, for if they kept on marryin' their own folks, they'd regenerate sure. Said mebbe 'twas dreadful lowerin' to marry anybody 'ceptin' your own relatives—as fur as he was concerned, he hadn't keered perticular 'bout marryin' none o' his,—but 'twas bettern regeneratin'."

"'Tis, too!" said Davie.

"I should say so!" agreed Timothy Bayne, seriously. "More'n likely bime-by, as *he* said, the royal fam'lies o' Europe 'll all be *nincompoops*."

A grave foreboding, raised by the scholar who had gone in body from them, ran along the fence.

Kerenhappuch Green's gray jaw moved. "I ricollect the last time I seen him out," he said, "he was talkin' 'bout the Pyramids—he'd read a long article on

'em. He said he'd never *heerd* o' any-thing so foolish. An' the time afore that he was talkin' 'bout the Mound-builders, an' he'd come to the conclusion after thinkin' 'em over that they wasn't no sech things. 'Why, the idee o' 'em!' he says."

Davie Bascom leaned forward. "It don't seem no more'n yisterday," he said, "that he was talkin' to me 'bout folks livin' up in some o' these here stars—"

"Mars?" suggested the minister, abruptly.

"Yep," said Davie. "An' he says: 'Ye needn't tell *me* any sech yarn as that. O' course they ain't no folks livin' there!' An' then he got switched off on to people bein' descended from monkeys, an' he said as fur as looks went he b'lieved *he'd* stick to the Potters. Said he guessed them sci'ntists must hev been turribly homely men."

"He didn't b'lieve in no the'ries," asserted Timothy Bayne, proudly. "Onct he was readin' in the paper 'bout somebody inventin' a machine that could see right through a man, clothes an' skin an' bone, an' find a bullet in him, an' he thought a while, an' then he says, 'Pooh!' An' onct I ast him ef he b'lieved in air-ships, an' he jest says, 'Gosh, no!'"

Kerenhappuch Green, stooping over, corrected slightly. "No the'ries 'ceptin' them 'bout sea-serpents. Said he knowed they air sea-serpents. 'O' course they air!' he says."

"He was a good man," said the minister, gently. While living, Lemuel Potter had once or twice thought he noticed a little tinge of jealousy—it had been but human and unavoidable—towards him on the part of the other scholar on the hill.

A sigh for a vanished friendship wavered through the row.

Davie Bascom shook his head. "Interested in everything," he mourned. "Onct I met him drivin' by in a snow-storm to town, an' he says, 'Noo York's a-gittin' wickeder!' Said he knowed what 'twas comin' to long ago."

"Never seen sech a man," grieved Timothy Bayne. "Onct I met him haulin' corn, an' he hollered down from the top o' the pile, an' says to me, 'They's a reg'ment o' Zouvyys in Boston!'"

There was a pause.

Then Davie Bascom revealed himself.

"Zouvys?" he questioned, timidly.

"Zouvys," said Timothy Bayne, positively.

Davie hesitated. "What's them?" he asked, not without shame.

Timothy Bayne squirmed. No better answer occurred to him than Lemuel Potter's, shouted down luminously from the pile of yellow corn.

"Why, don't you know?" he answered, with a borrowed patronage, "Z-o-u-a-v-e-s, Zouvys!"

"They're a kind of foreigners," explained the minister, somewhat vaguely.

"O' course," said Timothy Bayne, witheringly.

"O' course," echoed Kerenhappuch Green.

Georgie Todd's crossed eyes looked off superiorly behind his ears.

Almost it seemed there sounded above them in the air a scholarly and contemptuous, "O' course!"

Put to confusion, Davie Bascom made an effort to defend his mental equipment. "Oh, *furriners*," he said, with a hint of learning,—“most of 'em 'd steal sheep.” He changed the subject.

"I ricollect," he said, "a-comin' down here onct to borrow a plough-point, an' afore I got through the gate Lemuel called out from the porch, 'England's a-goin' to war with Germany!' 'Ye don't say!' I says. 'Yes,' he says, 'they air a-goin' to fight this time sure. I never seen sech critters—they ort to be 'shamed o' theirselves.'"

"Jest the way 'twas," broke in Kerenhappuch Green, "when he come up to my house to git some sheep-dip. I seen he was dreadful excited when he was comin' up the lane. 'They's an ep'demic o' cholery in Chiny!' he says, right off, as he seen me, 'thout waitin' to tell what 'twas he wanted."

The minister's eyes swerved from the sycamores. "And Panthea says," he said, "the last time she read the newspaper to him, he was interested as could be in the President's Western trip."

"An' was afeerd he'd git plumb tucked out," added Timothy Bayne. "He was always a-talkin' 'bout how hard Western trips was on a feller, ever since he went over to Little Corner to see his uncle Ezry."

"How fur was it?" asked Kerenhappuch Green.

Timothy Bayne considered. "'Bout thirty miles by the road," he said.

"I ricollect," storied Davie Bascom, "how he said when he come back that his uncle Ezry was gittin' awful old an' his prop'rty was sech a burden to him to see to. Said he didn't keer 'bout mon-ey none himself."

Kerenhappuch Green straightened his back, with its stoop of poverty. "Money is sech an evil," he said.

The minister's back and Timothy Bayne's and Davie Bascom's and Georgie Todd's, similarly stooped, straightened as bravely.

"That's jest what Lemuel Potter said," said Davie, "when his uncle Ezry's will was read. Said they wasn't nothin' in bein' rich. 'Millionaires,' he says, 'air jest objects o' pity.'"

The evening sun behind the sycamores threw about the shabby figures the brightness of its setting.

"He was an awful smart man," repeated Timothy Bayne, by and by. "'Twasn't jest book-learnin'—there was horses."

The old faces looked reverently into the sunset.

"I ricollect," Timothy related, "the time that town feller come out to sell him a horse. He was all dressed up in store clothes an' had on a gold ring—"

"The idee!" sniffed Kerenhappuch Green and Davie Bascom together.

"—an' when he seen Lemuel a-leanin' over the fence in his overalls, he says, 'Why, how de *do*?' An' Lemuel looks at him a while, an' then he says, 'Well, I'm fair to middlin'—how air you?' An' the feller began to tell him 'bout the horse, how 'twas a remarkable an'mal—he'd never seen sech a horse before. It didn't hev no bad habits 't all. 'Twas gentle 'n' willin' an' kind, an' wouldn't run off with nobody. Ye couldn't make it run off, he says. He was sure 'twas jest the horse fur Lemuel. He'd seen him on the road, an' the minute he set eyes on him he knowed 'twas jest the horse fur him. 'Ye don't say!' says Lemuel, lookin' at the horse. An' bime-by he says, thinkin' the matter over for some time, 'How much 's it wuth?'"

"'Eighty-five dollars,' says the young

man, as though he was jest makin' him a present of it.

"'An' 'tain't got no bad habits 't all?"

"'Never seen sech a horse before!' says the young man agin.

"'An' you're sure 'twon't run off with me?"

"'No, sir!"

"An' Lemuel begun to chuckle.

"'Well,' he says, 'I guess 'twon't! Fur while eighty dollars ain't none too high fur sech character, five dollars 's a leetle more'n I keer to give fur the horse. I ain't never seen sech a horse afore, either. An' I hope,' he says 'it 'll be some time afore I come across another sech hammer-headed, whopper-jawed, cow-hocked, no-'count old critter agin.'"

A solemn smile irradiated the group.

"An' I ricollect," smiled Davie Bascom, "what he said 'bout a colt. Said the way to tell a good colt was by its legs. Ef they was as tall as the house, the colt was all right. But ef they was only as tall as your wood-shed, 'twouldn't ever 'mount to much."

Kerenhappuch Green grinned regretfully. "An' I ricollect," he said, "what he said 'bout a mule. Said a mule 'd hev been fine—ef it had only been diff'rent."

"And I remember," said the minister, "what he said 'bout driving a horse. 'When ye drive a horse,' he says, 'don't never flap the lines 'n' say, "*Git up, git up.*" Ye want to set up peart an' hold the lines firm, an' holler, "*Now g'long there!*" Ye've got to take some pains to keep a horse from lookin' down on ye.'"

"Ye hev, too!" cried out Timothy Bayne.

"You have," said the minister, sadly.

In the fence corners the birds of the field began to chirp sleepily, flying low to their night havens over Lemuel Potter's potato-land. The old men shifted on the rail, glancing over their shoulders at the house. But on Timothy Bayne's speaking again, they settled once more lingeringly.

"I ricollect," he said, "a-tellin' him onct that he knowed a lot 'bout horses. An' he says he guessed, on the subjects o' horses an' wimmen, he *was* 'bout ready fur a diplomacy."

George Todd, who, in his reserve, had not yet spoken, opened his mouth. "A diplomacy—" he began, intimately. He did

not finish. But his face, aged and wearied by the long struggle of sending his son to college, was lightened with a sudden splendor of hopefulness.

Timothy Bayne waited a few moments. Then he resumed his speech.

"He says to me that after thinkin' wimmen over 'n' over, he'd come to the conclusion they was turrible cur'us. 'An' the worst of 'tis,' he says, 'ye can't tell 'em nothin'—their conceit stands in the way o' their learnin'. All my life I've been a-tryin' to give 'em a few p'inters—but what good 's it done?"

"'My advice to a man is,' he says,—'Don't never stick a pink into your buttonhole. Fur when you're married, wimmen 'll expect ye to be as neat 'bout the house as a corpse, an' to hev 'bout the same p'int o' view on things in gin'ral as a Leghorn hen. An' they'll sew up your clothes so tight, mendin' 'em, that ye can't find your way into 'em agin 'thout a map—an' they'll always leave the top button o' your undershirt off. An' gossip 'll always be vittles to 'em.'"

"He was an awful smart man," sighed Kerenhappuch Green.

"Turrible smart," sighed Timothy Bayne.

"Did ye ever hear," piped up Davie Bascom, "the story 'bout him 'n' Rachel?"

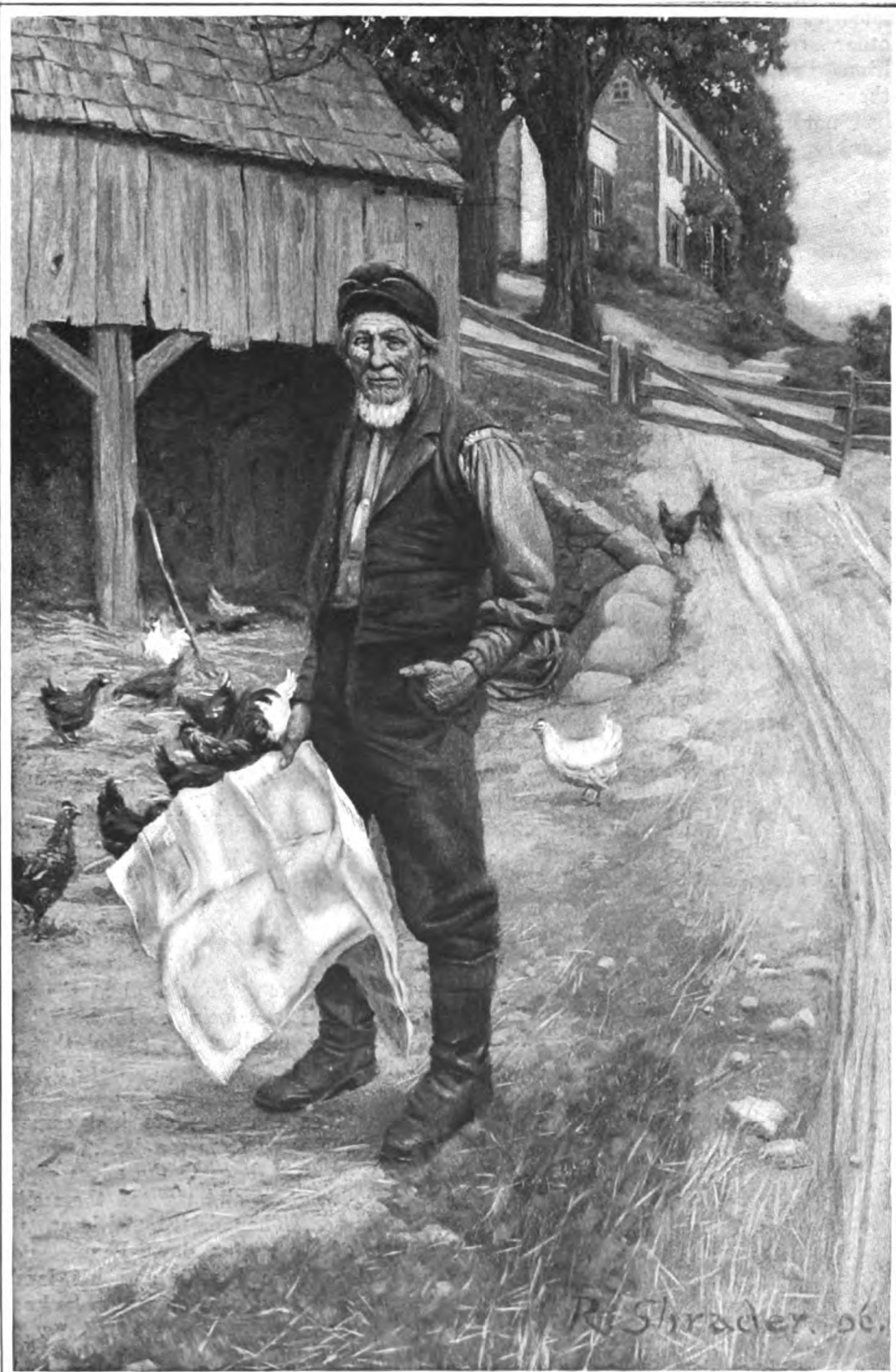
The row indicated a negative of decided interest.

"Well," said Davie, "I heered it. Onct Rachel says to him, 'Lemuel, I don't b'lieve ye keer nothin' 'bout my feelin's—ye act so.' He was readin' the newspaper. 'Don't keer nothin' 'bout your feelin's?' he said. 'Why, I keer a turrible lot 'bout 'em. Now jest shet up an' lemme read the paper.'"

Again the old men smiled solemnly.

"It 'll seem strange—" said the minister. He paused.

They stared down sadly at the old road. There, up and down, had gone the man of learning who was their friend. There, in winters' snows and spring thaws, through summers' dust and autumns' dropping leaves, he had stooped in his rattling cart, shrewd and eager and loving life. There he had looked excitedly into the changing drama of the world. There, no less than in his arm-chair or trailing after his plough in his fields, he had penetrated with such as-



Drawn by R. Shrader

"I NEVER SEEN SECH A MAN FOR A NEWSPAPER"

VOL. CXIV.—No 683.—98

tonishing ease Life's mysteries. Problems which for all ages it had vexed other scholars to solve had not harrowed him. Brilliantly he had driven through them. Even in the matter of women he had not sunk to the diffidence of other thinking men. And seeing all things clearly, there, of all those of Turkey Ridge he had been most truly gay. On the old clay way his chuckle had been solitary. Others, limping slightly in their wisdom, had only smiled and sometimes laughed.

"Maybe," the minister finished, when the sunset was quite gone, "we'd better go up to the house."

The five figures went slowly across the potato-land, never again to be so thoughtfully or so gayly ploughed. Reaching the door-yard, the spring swallows, circling toward the scholar's chimney, darted above them with no cries.

Rachel Potter, her cheeks flushed with her grief, opened the door. Behind her was Panthea Potter, capable in the midst of affliction.

"Do you want to see pa?" said Panthea.

"We came to see him again," said the minister, simply.

The old blind woman put her apron up to her eyes. "I bothered him so 'bout wipin' his feet on the mat," she sobbed. From her, too, the scholar's outer shell had dropped away.

For a moment the minister turned his face to the spring. "I know," he said, gently. With a touch of Lemuel Potter's breadth he swept human life with his speech.

Panthea opened the parlor door. "Walk right in," she said, "an' set down an' make yourselves at home."

The old men sat more awkwardly on the hair-cloth chairs than on the rails. They fumbled with their straw hats. Lemuel Potter was in the corner. Over him had gone his sea change. Before him in their shabby every-day garments, they were still body-servants of the cattle and the swine. But he had left his service. He lay with his rough hands politely clasped, at peace with his Sunday suit.

For a long time no one spoke. It had always been very difficult—the minister himself experienced the feeling—to think of much to say in a parlor call. A chill

from the prim walls struck one's tongue. There was on record the day that Davie Bascom in a strange parlor thought of but two remarks to make in an hour. One was, "Ma died of a bone-fever," and the other, "Pa died of a cancer." Lemuel Potter had been the most successful at sustained parlor conversation.

The minister pulled himself together.

"It's been a warm day," he faltered.

Once Lemuel Potter would have been the first to cry out critically in answer, "Turrible hot fur this time o' year."

Kerenhappuch Green swallowed. "I b'lieve," he said, covering his silence, "it's a weather-brooder."

Georgie Todd opened his lips unexpectedly. He tried to speak twice and failed. Then he spoke for the second time that day.

"I wonder," he said, "ef it 'll rain to-morrer?"

By chance his eyes rested on Davie Bascom, sitting with his boots squared conventionally on a blue carpet rose.

"I dun'no'," he answered, forlornly.

There was a prolonged parlor pause. Every one knew the miserable feature of parlor pauses, that unless one broke them in the beginning they went on forever.

Timothy Bayne's dimmed gaze fell on the wall above Lemuel Potter. Upon it was hung a crayon portrait.

"Ain't that," he asked, lamely, "a picter of his pa?"

Kerenhappuch Green's glance followed his. "No," he said, sadly, "'tain't. I dun'no' *who* 'tis."

Davie Bascom, too, stared at the portrait. "It's a cousin o' Rachel's," he gulped. "I ricollect his sayin' that he didn't think much of him. Said he was a turrible old skin."

It was as though there had come a voice resurrected from the dead.

They slipped down to the edges of the hair-cloth chairs and righted themselves in sorrow. They heard, without, the sounds of the ending day. Lemuel Potter's cows were lowing and his lambs called. But now, lying elegantly, he knew not his flocks nor his herds.

Davie Bascom fixedly beheld the pink paper roses on the mantelpiece. He tried to think of something else to say. His gleam came from the swallows twittering down from the sky into the chimney.

"Swallers," he said, "air plentiful this year."

"They air," said Timothy Bayne, heavily.

"More of 'em 'n usual," labored Kerenhappuch Green.

Georgie Todd made a last tremendous effort at light parlor ease.

"Swallers—" he said. He stopped.

If it was hard to go into a parlor, it was equally hard to leave it. Always one sat futilely on and on, his words dying on his lips as soon as he had uttered them.

"I reckon," suggested Kerenhappuch Green, dully, in the end, "it's time to go an' put the critters up."

The minister rose from his chair near-

est Lemuel Potter. His face was uplifted. One sheep of his hill flock was safely gathered for the night.

Davie Bascom closed the door upon the scholar. They went without his clever words at the end of a visit to him: "Thunder! ye ain't a-goin' to go so soon!"

Silently they scattered to their farms. An early star stood over them in the sky, still faintly blue. Upon the old road was a deep solemnity. Still were they left to go to and fro upon it. Yet no man knew—even Lemuel Potter in his knowledge had not been infallible—who next, touched by the invisible summons, would unhitch his horses and go into his parlor.

The Unknown Use

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE music of the zither.
It trembles, and it dies—
Dies where? Ah, tell me whither
The vibrant spirit flies!

The leaping, laughing fire
Goes out—goes where, past trace?
What goal may it aspire
In empyrean space?

And Life?—man's all of being.
Compact of soul and sense—
Oh, whither, whither fleeing.
Each moment, called from hence?

Each moment, partial dying
Foreshadows but the last;
Even our lightest sighing
Goes, freighted, to the Vast!

Fugitive Life, say whither,
With Beauty and with Power;
What Is It calling "Hither!"
That draws you, hour by hour?

Past hearing, past beholding.
Into Itself deflects?
By Unknown Law remoulding,
To Unknown Use directs?

First Glimpses of Diplomatic Society

BY MADAME DE BUNSEN, *née* WADDINGTON

I.—TURIN

MY husband, Carl von Bunsen, was born in the Palazzo Cafferelli, the Prussian Legation at Rome, and was the third son of Baron Bunsen, at that time accredited to the Holy See. At the age of twelve years Carl was sent to Germany for his education; he entered the diplomatic career, and after being secretary to his father in London, served under Count Albert de Pourtales at Constantinople. He was moved to Turin in 1855 under Count Brassier de St-Simon. We met soon after in London and became engaged. I was Mary Isabella Waddington, and had been brought up in France, chiefly in the country near Rouen, and was very unsophisticated. Indeed, except for a few short stays in Paris and London and a trip to the Highlands with my eldest brother, William Henry Waddington (later Prime Minister in France, and French ambassador in London for ten years), I might have been said to know nothing of the world. Carl and I were married in Paris in January, 1857, and afterwards went to Germany, where I was to be made acquainted with my new family, most of whom I had never seen. We stayed with my brother-in-law George near Bonn, and then went on to Heidelberg, where my father-in-law had settled

after leaving his post in London. His villa was beautifully situated on the banks of the Neckar, in full view of the ruined Schloss and the old town. It was my first visit to Germany, and I was intensely interested in all I saw; but it was only when we reached Nice, which at that time still belonged to the kingdom of Sardinia, that I began to see some of my husband's colleagues and get some glimpses of what my future life was to be like.

It was all very new to me, and my letters to my family were a sort of journal, conveying to them almost day by day the impressions of what was passing so rapidly and vividly before me. At Nice we were the guests of Sir Edward and Lady Buxton in a charming Villa Bosco, which has long since disappeared amongst the new buildings of the growing town.

"NICE, March 5, 1857.

"C.* is here incognito, as he does not wish to take up his social and official duties till he gets back to Turin. It is very amusing, as the Prussian consul and all the people here write him little notes, beginning, 'tout en respectant votre incognito,' etc., and he lives in terror of meeting the Dowager Empress of Russia, the sister of our

*C. in this correspondence always refers to my husband, Carl von Bunsen.



MME. C. DE BUNSEN, *née* WADDINGTON
From a portrait of fifty years ago

King of Prussia, who is at Nice at present, and who drives about a great deal. Another dangerous person is Count Stackelberg, the Russian minister at Turin, who is here just now with his wife on account of the Empress."

" March 8.

"We went to a musical party the other day where there was some good singing, and Mendelssohn's wedding march was played in our honor. A Prussian there who was introduced to C. bothered him with an account of a violent article against Prussia in the *Avenir de Nice*, which paper he thought ought to be prosecuted. C. thanked him very much for his valuable information, agreed in his views, and got rid of him as soon as he could. I must say that there is an alarming degree of humbug about my 'Gemahl.'

"Yesterday we all drove to Villa Franca, a little neighboring seaport in a lovely bay. There were two Russian men-of-war in the harbor which created great excitement, and the whole quay of the little town was crowded with carriages and donkeys that had brought parties from Nice. We went on board one Russian which was very like any other ship, rather dirtier than some perhaps. The Russian sailors have round, stupid, good-humored faces, and were biting into oranges through the rind like an apple, the juice, of course, squirting about in all directions. A little midshipman who could speak some French and English took us about. Villa Franca is much more Italian-looking than Nice, very picturesque, particularly with all the Russian boats moving about in the bay. There were Sardinian soldiers, with the Crimean medal on their gray uniforms, gazing very peacefully at the Russians from the shore, in apparent oblivion of the recent war.

"This morning C. had a letter from our 'liebenswürdige Chef,'* as M. Uebel systematically calls him in all his letters.† M. Brassier says he is 'geguält'‡ to give a ball, and that as Madame Uebel, for family reasons, will not be able to be

present, he thinks I should be there to represent the female part of the legation. I don't particularly enjoy the idea, but C. seems pleased, and says it will give a great éclat to our arrival, and that I shall at once see and be introduced to the whole Turin world.

"Meantime I have seen one member of the society there in the person of Count Stackelberg, the Russian minister, who was at Pilatte's* church this morning, and came up to C. with the usual 'Ich gratulire' which has greeted us everywhere till now. He was afterwards presented to me and made me a very stiff bow. He is tall and spare and distinguished-looking. He was talking very amiably with Pilatte, and is, it seems, a Protestant, coming from the Russian-German provinces. Several of the Russian Empress's ladies were also at the French church. I was so glad to see Pilatte, who reminded me of old times, and to hear a French sermon again, that I could have hugged him! C. is in a great state about his incog. He must call on Stackelberg, and thinks that I ought to call on the Countess, too; then he has been seen by the ladies of honor, and has, moreover, various commissions for some of them and for aides-de-camp, so that evidently every one must end by knowing that he is here, although he imposed the utmost secrecy on the unfortunate Prussian at the party.

"Just now a tremendous official despatch was brought to C., which I thought must be his nomination as 'ministre plénipotentiaire' at the very least. When opened, however, it turned out to be a letter from the King of Prussia to his sister the Empress, announcing the birth of a little Prussian princess, enclosed in a copy of the same, with an official letter from Brassier in the third person, stating that as C. was on the spot he would ask him to deliver the letter and so save himself the long journey from Turin to Nice. The whole was enclosed in a note from Avigdor, the Prussian consul. Poor C. was 'in fits,' to use one of his own expressions. He has no uniform with him, and has been carefully avoiding all the Russians! He is going to-morrow to Stackelberg to consult."

* M. Pilatte, a very well-known French clergyman at Nice and an old friend.

* Amiable Chief.

† M. Uebel was my husband's colleague at the Prussian Legation at Turin.

‡ Plagued.



M. CARL DE BUNSEN
First secretary of the Prussian Legation in Turin



M. UEBEL
Second secretary of the Prussian Legation in Turin

" March 10.

"Of course now C.'s incog. is at an end! He went to-day to Stackelberg, who sent him to the Empress's aide-de-camp. He delivered the important letter into his hands, and explained that, having no uniform, he could not present himself before the Empress. The aide-de-camp said the uniform was of no importance, 'Nous sommes à la campagne ici,' so now poor C. is awaiting her orders. Moreover, he heard to-day of the arrival here of Prince Charles of Prussia, a brother of the Empress, who comes incog. He has telegraphed to Brassier about it."

" March 12.

"We did some business in town to-day, and I tried on my new hat. It is a present from Sir Edward Buxton, who told me to choose the best and most expensive one I could find at Nice! It is a sort of wide-awake in brown straw, with two long black feathers that meet behind.

There is also a deep fall of imitation black lace all round, which I do not like, but it is useful with the high winds here, as it serves for the purpose of a veil. I told Sir Edward I hoped it wouldn't quite ruin him, but it was very expensive. He said he hoped it *was* expensive, and was most kind about it.

"The next day was Mrs. J.'s birthday, and we were all to dine with her. Things did not go smoothly, however, for just as we were setting out to join the party, C. received his orders to go to the Empress at one. We set off immediately to try and secure a carriage, but it was the King of Sardinia's birthday as well as Mrs. J.'s, and he could only get a cab, all the carriages being engaged for the Te Deum. As he had no idea when he would be at liberty again, we parted, and R.* and I went on to the Buxtons'. The audience went off very well, it seems. The Empress was very

* My brother Richard Waddington, who had joined us.

gracious, and only kept C. waiting five minutes. He stood and talked to her three-quarters of an hour on all sorts of subjects. She called in her daughter Olga,* who was in the next room, 'Ollie, Ollie!' The Grand Duchess, who is extremely handsome, came in, and altogether it was quite pleasant.

"On Sunday we went to hear Pilatte preach in his pretty church, and then took a boat to go to Villa Franca, where R. wanted to see the Russian frigates. We got back just in time to dress for the dinner at Avigdor's, the Prussian consul. It was only a small party. Madame Avigdor, who is extremely handsome, looked superb in black velvet. There was also a friend of hers, a young French girl who is said to be the beauty of Nice, and whom Avigdor told me he had asked especially for C.'s benefit, as he knew he was fond of pretty people! I must say that this attention struck me as rather superfluous under existing circumstances, but the dinner was very pleasant and the wines, I was told, quite exquisite."

"GENOA, March 17.

"Our last day at Nice was rather hurried. C.'s friend, Mr. Kolochine, of the Russian legation at Turin, came to breakfast, having previously paid a visit to a hair-dresser—'*à fin de faire une meilleure impression à Madame,*' as he told C. He has a regular Slav face, is very clever and agreeable, and speaks French beautifully. After breakfast I looked over some lovely old lace with Madame Avigdor, and invested in a piece of point d'Espagne with C.'s full approbation, who admires it quite as much as I do. We paid farewell visits, packed, etc. We had a charming passage, and arrived next morning at Genoa. Our hotel was an old palace with marble stairs and a magnificent vaulted hall for the table d'hôte. From our rooms the view of the port crowded with shipping and the picturesque street was charming."

"HOTEL FEDER, TURIN, March 20.

"We are here at last, and very glad to have arrived—at least *I* am! I have had so much novelty of all kinds in these last two months that I am well-nigh tired. Repose, however, is by no means

* Afterwards Queen of Württemberg.

likely to be our lot for some time to come. To-morrow we go to look for apartments, and then our troubles begin."

"March 22.

"I have at last seen our chief, M. Brassier, and feel happier now that that important interview is off my mind. He came late yesterday afternoon, after we had again been out to look for lodgings. The servant announced in a loud voice, 'Monsieur Brassier de St.-Simon, Ministre de Prusse.' He came in, shook hands with me, and was most gracious. He looked very hard at me, talked for some time, and when he got up took my hand again, held it, and said there soon would be an occasion on which he would require my help, that he was going to give a little dance, and that without a lady he should be lost. C. accompanied him to the top of the staircase, as in duty bound, and I felt much relieved. He speaks French well, but with a German accent. In the evening he came to see me again in the box at the opera.

"We have already paid several visits, one to the Duchesse de Gramont at the French legation, who asked us to her reception next Wednesday evening. We went also to the Portuguese legation to



COMTE DE STACKELBERG
Russian Minister in Turin

thank Madame d'Alte for the box. She is English, and took a 'passion' for the entire Bunsen family in London. There was a whole circle of people at her house, and I was introduced to all, but do not



M. BRASSIER DE ST.-SIMON
Minister of Prussia at Turin

remember much about them. She was very oddly dressed, receiving her company in a white bonnet and a linsey-woolsey gown with a velvet cloak. We also called on the Comtesse Robilant. She is a German, the daughter of a former Prussian minister at Turin, very agreeable, and speaking French very well. She was first lady to the late Queen of Sardinia, and receives in a beautiful old-fashioned boudoir in an old house. She seems a great friend of C.'s, was very kind to me, and seemed pleased at our going to her at once.

"M. Uebel was there also. There is a sort of queer family feeling in meeting in other houses a member of the same legation. Altogether I am beginning to have some notion of things now, and like it very much so far.

"The weather has been very bad since our arrival here, and we have not been able to go about much. We get through a certain number of visits every day, and have already a very respectable heap of cards on the table. We have very nearly fixed on an apartment—a very pretty one. It was arranged for a young married couple in the Sardinian diplomacy—Marquis and Marquise Spinola, who have been sent off as attachés to Rome. At present it is let to some English people, who only leave it in about a fortnight. All the other lodgings we saw were positively disgusting, and everybody says we ought to be too thankful to get these. The drawing-room is really charming; all the furniture in palissandre and dark-blue velvet, étagères full of pretty trifles, and a piano d'Erard. There is a second drawing-room, two bedrooms, a large dining-room very devoid of furniture, a smoky kitchen, two servants' rooms, and no cupboards! Such is what in all likelihood will be our future abode."

It was at a most interesting time that I happened to arrive at Turin. Just nine years before, in 1848, the late King Carlo Alberto had given a constitution, called "Statuto Fundamentale," to his people and thrown in his lot with the cause of Italian liberty and independence. He and his sons had made two campaigns against the Austrian forces occupying the Lombardo-Venetian territory, but although they had met with success on the battlefields of Pastrengo and Goïto, and Peschiera, one of the fortresses of the famous Quadrilateral,* had fallen into their hands, they were ultimately obliged to return across the Mincio, and sustained a crushing defeat at Novara on March 23, 1849. Carlo Alberto, broken-hearted at this disaster, abdicated on the battlefield in favor of his son Victor Emmanuel II., and left his country for exile, where he soon died.

Never perhaps did a young king begin his reign under more depressing conditions—a difficult peace to negotiate with Austria, a defeated army, ruined finances,

* So called from a sort of square formed by the fortresses of Peschiera, Verona, Mantua, and Legnago, and supposed to be one of the most important strongholds in Italy.

for the war had cost 300,000,000 francs, or about 12,000,000 sterling (an overwhelming sum for a small state), and the whole country in a disturbed and agitated condition. Soon, however, the Piedmontese began to realize that God had given them a king quite different from all the other rulers of the peninsula. While these all profited by the reaction which followed the revolutionary times of 1848 to tear up the constitutions they had given, to break all the oaths they had taken, and to govern under the protection of Austrian garrisons, Victor Emmanuel upheld the "Statuto" his father had granted, resisted all Austrian attempts at interference, and went his own independent way, doing his best to heal the wounds of his country.

Then a new figure soon appeared on the scene, destined not only to guide to prosperity the little state of Piedmont, but to be the future maker of the kingdom of Italy. Like most of Victor Emmanuel's advisers, Count Camillo di Cavour came of a noble Piedmontese family, but he was distinguished from the others by broader and more advanced views and by the gift of genius. After rapidly coming to the front in Parliament, Cavour became Prime Minister for the first time in 1852, and thenceforth directed the destinies of his native country.

" March 23

"C. is at present at the legation on quite a solemn occasion. Count Paar, the Austrian minister, is giving up all the papers of his legation to the care of the Prussians, as the Austrians leave Turin on Friday. Diplomatic relations between Italy and Austria have been broken off. Count Paar is delighted; it is sure promotion for him, for if he did not get a better post, it would look as if he were disavowed. C. is *not* delighted. They will have much more work, as they take charge in part of the Austrian affairs, and will gain nothing by it."

" HOTEL FEDER, TURIN. March 24. 1857.

"Yesterday I was alone, as C. was at the chancellerie taking over the Austrian papers, when Bentz announced the Marquise d'Arvilar. She is one of the greatest ladies here, and was Grande Maitresse

to the late Queen. We had called on her the day before without finding her at home, so that I had not seen her. I felt much dismayed. In she came, however, with her daughter, Mlle. d'Arvilar. She said she had hoped to find Mr. Bunsen at home; I devoutly wished she had, but explained about the Austrians, and by degrees we got on better. She said she would be very glad to be of use to me, and was very polite. The manners here often remind me of reading St.-Simon.

"In the evening we went to Mme. de Gramont's; that was another ordeal to go through, but it went off better than I expected. I had on my green velvet with the point d'Argentan. C. said it was *very neat*, which from him means the highest approbation; at least he never says anything stronger. On entering I was introduced to the Duke, who is exceedingly tall and majestic; he waved us on to the Duchess, who is quiet and agreeable-looking, but shy. She was very kind, spoke English, asked what people I had seen as yet, and introduced me to some ladies. Nearly all the gentlemen of the corps diplomatique asked to be presented, and C. brought them up at intervals throughout the evening. Then the Duke came and conversed a little; he has just been at Nice, and told me he had first heard of C.'s arrival in these parts from the Empress."

" March 27.

"Yesterday I had another visit from people I had not yet seen—a Count and Countess Sclopis. They are great friends of my father-in-law's. They were most kind, and after the first embarrassment I liked them particularly. They begged that we would make use of them in any way, and the Count said we must have had offers of that kind already. 'Mais comme amis de la famille, nous vous prions de nous donner la préférence, comme disent les marchands.' They don't go out much, which I am sorry for, but receive at home. I hope we shall go there. Soon after they had gone, C. came in, and we paid various visits. To the Marquise Palavicini, who is very handsome and very clever. We found the chief there and M. Uebel, so that she had the entire legation at her reception. The whole corps diplomatique here seems very

intimate, but the members of one legation are almost relations. After the Palavicini we went to see Mme. La Marmora, wife of the General; she is an Englishwoman.

"In the evening we went to M. de Castro's, the Spanish minister. It was not a large party. I had seen Mme. de Castro at the Duchess's, and as she is a new arrival, I had to present C., which was rather amusing. Mlle. de Castro, her stepdaughter, is a very pretty girl, and looked charming in one of those coiffures one used to see at Laure's; a great plait of black velvet all up one side of the head, and a bunch of red roses stuck at the other; she had a white dress. Mme. de Castro can hardly speak a word of French; otherwise she receives very well, and they have a new house perfectly got up. M. de Castro—tall, and much decorated with broad ribbons and orders—proved almost a rival for the Duke. By the way, the Duke was most gracious, apologized for not having called yet, and finally begged that C. and I would dine with them on Sunday, 'en petit comité.' All the people here shake hands just as in England, young ladies and all. The Comtesse Collobiano was covered with diamonds and magnificent lace; she called C., just as we were going away, to tell him we must come to her evening receptions. My friend the Marquise d'Arvilars was there, and the Comtesse Robilant, who was complimentary about my toilette. I had on the blue gown with the black lace and the dear little bows, and the coiffure from Laure. Altogether I amused myself very well—the worst is over; I know a few people now, and they certainly are all very kind. At present, as it is all new, I think it rather fun, but C. says I shall get dreadfully tired of always seeing the same people by and by. C. has not yet made his appearance at the Club, to the amazement of Kolochine. Prince Charles of Prussia arrives here to-day; M. Uebel went yesterday to Genoa to meet him. M. Kolochine gives a farewell repast to his friends this evening, and to-morrow it is not unlikely the Chief may give a breakfast to the Prince, in which case I should have to go alone to Mme. d'Arvilars's reception, which I by no means wish. Diplomacy is decidedly a wonderful career for 'l'imprévu.'"

" March 29.

"Yesterday I got a note from C. saying that the Chief would receive the Prince and the corps diplomatique that evening, and that I was to prepare my dress. C. came in late, having been very busy, the Chief with the Prince all day, and everything left to him. We went out immediately to call on Mme. de Castro after her party, as we should most likely meet her in the evening; then we drove to the railway for C. to shake hands with Count Paar, the Austrian minister, who was departing. 'Chemin faisant' C. gave me my instructions; I was to receive. When the Prince arrived (he was to dine with the King) all the gentlemen of the legation were to meet him at the foot of the stairs. I was to be forthcoming at once, in order that M. Brassier might present me, and I was not to forget the 'altesse royale,' or we should all be undone! If the Prince spoke to me in German, I was to say, 'Aufzuwarten Euer Königliche Hoheit.' I felt decidedly alarmed, but it was no use being nervous, and although I devoutly wished the Prince had put off his journey for a week or two, I tried to take things quietly. We found Mme. de Castro looking most charming in a black mantilla; she is twenty-two, only four years older than her stepdaughter, has only been married fifteen months, and has only just arrived here; we sympathize together, and although we can't talk much, as her French is very deficient, we look kindly at each other and are great friends. After dinner I put on the embroidered dress W. brought from Broussa, and the red roses, and we drove to the legation quite early, so as to be there before any arrivals. Son Excellence begged me de m'installer and to consider myself quite at home. The Duc and Duchesse de Gramont were the first to arrive, and I almost hoped Mme. de Gramont would undertake some part of the receiving, as she has promised to do, I believe, for the ball; however, it was not so. We all went into a second drawing-room, and there M. Brassier brought all the ladies to me—'Voilà la maîtresse de maison!' It must be said that the Chief does not do things by halves, and yesterday I had all the honors. C. brought up the young ladies in the rear. The company was very se-

lect, only 'les chefs de mission'—no secretaries or attachés were admitted—and the tiptop people here. There was a false alarm of the Prince arriving, and a vain rush of M. Brassier and his two secretaries to the stairs. Finally he came, however, and C. fetched me alone into the first drawing-room. The Prince was standing before the fire, red-faced and military-looking. Brassier presented me; I curtsied as low as I could. He made a stiff little bow, and said in a short, abrupt way, 'Vous êtes Française?' 'Oui, votre Altesse Royale.' 'Et mariée depuis peu de temps?' 'Depuis deux mois, votre A. R.' Brassier presented C. 'Vous êtes beaucoup de frères, je crois?' in the same tone. I did not stop to hear more, for the Chief told me that was all and I might go back to the ladies. I cannot say I felt much flattered, but C. was extremely pleased with the whole affair, and assured me it was a great honor to be presented first and all alone, and that all the other ladies envied me.

"The gentlemen of the corps diplomatique were then presented, and the Prince came into the second drawing-room. We all stood up, and M. Brassier took him round, beginning by the Duchesse de Gramont, and named all the ladies. He shook hands with Mme. de Robilant and one or two others—old acquaintances, I suppose—and began to chat very amicably with some of the dowagers. The dresses were very splendid. M. Brassier had written to the Marquise Palavicini to put on all her

diamonds, and she really was ablaze. She had a yellow gown covered with old lace and diamonds, a scarlet scarf, Turkish, embroidered in gold, a necklace of the biggest pearls I ever saw, row upon row, and a coronet of diamonds. Any one else would have been crushed by such a dress, but it would take a great deal to

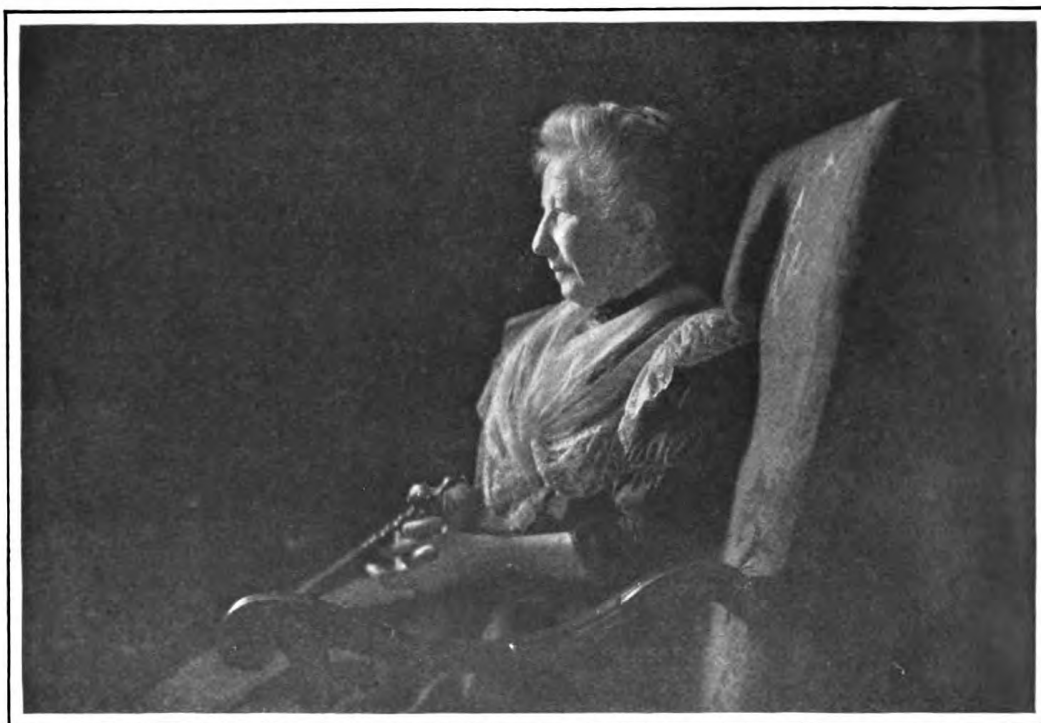
crush the Palavicini, and she went about, handsome and dashing, carrying it all as if it were a feather's weight. I can fancy people admiring her extremely. She keeps her daughter, who is rather a nice-looking girl and very simply dressed, in great order. The Prince stayed a tremendous time, which was in so far satisfactory that I suppose he would have gone away if he had not been amused. According to etiquette, nobody could leave before him, and it was getting very slow, when at last he got up, asked M.

Brassier's per-

mission to retire, and making a short bow to the company in general, walked out of the room, followed by his aide-de-camp. The latter is rather nice, and I am very proud of having presented him to Mlle. d'Arvillers, entirely on my own responsibility. He certainly seemed very anxious to make her acquaintance, but as I had not the slightest idea of his name, I think it was plucky of me to volunteer the introduction. I made the acquaintance of several ladies, who have since called on me without waiting for my previous visit. In short, the Prince's coming and my receiving him seem to have made a great effect. C. says it is dreadful humbug, but



DUC DE GRAMONT
Minister of France at Turin



MADAME DE BUNSEN
In her drawing-room at Castletownshend. From a recent portrait

that nothing could have happened better for us on my arrival here. I rather like getting the cards without the trouble of calling; there are heaps of them, but C. says it is not polite to let them pay the first visit. The other evening I also saw Sir James Hudson, the English minister; he is very intimate with our cousins the Ashleys and Baillies, and seemed quite pleased to talk about them. He said repeatedly that he felt as if we were old friends, and we shook hands most warmly at parting. I was the more pleased because C. had quite laughed at me for wishing to see Sir James, assuring me it would be no earthly use; that he was charming in men's society, but never went out, or had anything to do with ladies. He is a very handsome man, 'et représente' more than any one here. Finally I was dead tired, and we departed, the Chief accompanying and thanking me most courteously for all the trouble I had taken.

"The next day, though Sunday, was almost as fatiguing. Various important ladies here receive on Sundays, and we had agreed it was better to go round and

see them at once and get it over. C. was 'de service' to take the Prince to the Vaudois Church (M. Brassier is a Catholic). He first went to bid M. Kolochine good-by at the railway, and then set off, provided with three 'cantiques'—one for the Prince, one for the aide-de-camp, and one for himself. I went to church with vague hopes that perhaps C. might return with me; but after the service, which was long, as there was a réception de catéchumènes, I had the pleasure of seeing him and M. Uebel get into the Prince's carriage and drive off. Various people called, and I then prepared, very unwillingly, to set forth on my first expedition alone. I drove first to the Comtesse Robilant, as I had been there once already, and at least knew my way. She had few people, and was very gracious. I afterwards went to the Marquise d'Arvillers, whom I found holding a small court. She made me sit by her in the midst of the circle, and inquired politely 'si j'étais remise de toutes mes fatigues de réception,' but I did not feel happy, and did not stay long. C. did not return till near six, having seen the Prince

off and telegraphed his departure. He had dined with the Prince from three to four, and had just time to dress for another dinner at the Duc de Gramont's at six! To do him justice he got through his second meal wonderfully well, all things considered. He was much pleased with the Prince, who had been extremely gracious, inquired after me, given him cigars, remembered having seen him as a child at Rome, asked him where he had got his dark hair, etc., etc.

"The party at the Duke's was very small—the two attachés, Musurus, an English attaché, and ourselves. After dinner the gentlemen went to smoke, and I had a long tête-à-tête with Mme. de Gramont. She is a really lovable person, quiet, kind, and always the same. We talked of Scotland; the Duke had informed me at dinner 'que son beau père était le chef du clan des MacKinnon.' He, the Duke, was partly brought up in Scotland, and has shot grouse. The little Duc de Guiche and his sister were in the drawing-room—nice, clever children, but much spoilt by the attachés, who pay them assiduous court. At nine we left to end our duties at the Comtesse Collo-

biano's. There we found all the usual set—Mme. d'Arvillers, Mme. de Robilant, under whose protection I established myself, the Palavicini, who was repeating to everybody what the Chief had rather imprudently told her—'que si on lui envoyait un Prince tous les jours il donnerait sa démission.' There were charades going on, and it would have been amusing enough, only it was all I could do not to go to sleep. C., after his two dinners, was somewhat in the same condition. He, however, presented Lord de Burgh. He is decidedly amusing, with a strong accent. Irish, I suppose. He was much shocked at discovering that he had never inquired for Mme. Uebel, and asked if I thought if he were to call twice in one day to ask how she was, that would make up for the neglect!

"To-night we are revelling in a quiet evening. To-morrow, alas! The Salmour receives, and on Wednesday Mme. de Gramont. To-day I have been stupid and tired all day; I am not used to such doings, and then the effort to talk to strangers, and try and remember the different people, amongst the crowd of strange faces, I find dreadfully fatiguing."

What Lies Beyond?

BY MARY THACHER HIGGINSON

HER voice was tranquil, but her words a moan,
And in her eyes lurked half-forbidden fears:

"We hasten onward to the dark unknown.

I dread the sweep of the relentless years!

"Could I in these accustomed paths still stray!

Or, if I must plunge on into the night,

Could see one step of the mysterious way!

O comrade soul, lend me thy keener sight!"

Then he, whose rich eventful life now flows

Like some full, singing brook to meet the sea:

"Until the riddle's solved, the interest grows.

One more surprise is still in store for thee."

A Portrait by Collyer

BY CLARE BENEDICT

"I DO not say that he is not a great painter; I merely say that he is not inspiring as a companion."

Susan smiled. "That is unworthy of you, Randall. I mean, it is rather stupid; one might draw inferences."

The two cousins were seated comfortably in the fine old library; it was October, and the shades were already falling.

"It has nothing to do with looks," he said, a little inconsequently; "the fellow is handsome enough."

"I like that 'enough,'" she replied, still smiling.

Randall Ridgeway frowned. This new note in Susan jarred on his finely tuned perceptions; he had so counted on her perfect understanding, on her ability to resume without a hitch their former close comradeship—a comradeship in which there could be, however, no room at all for Collyer.

"I am amazed," he went on, "that you, with all your subtle refinements, can admire a man so infinitely beneath you. The thing is quite beyond me."

His tone, this time, was distinctly tinged with sharpness, and Susan looked at him for an instant without replying; it was a look like that which she had given him when he had told her he was about to marry Marianne.

"There are a few things in this world, Randall, which are, as you say, beyond you—women, for instance; although you make a point of judging them."

"Nonsense!" he said. "I understand women better than you do; what I do not understand is why you pretend to like Collyer."

Susan Ridgeway turned a little sideways and glanced rather aimlessly out of the window; then she straightened herself. She possessed to the full the family grace of outline. Her eyes rested on her with all the old pleasure in fine proportions.

"My dear, you have not improved during your absence. I had hoped that the year abroad would have made you a little more reasonable."

"It has; but seeing you has brought back the old contradictions."

She laughed, and he joined her. It was good to laugh again with Susan; the last two years had been without such senseless laughter. He found himself forgetting that there had been two years without Susan.

"In the first place," Miss Ridgeway began, checking each point on her fingers, "I like Stuart Collyer because he is a genius; in the second place, because he is handsome; in the third place, because he is nice to me."

"How you put things!" he cried. "The man is elated to be allowed to speak to you."

"How you detest him!" she said, but her voice was gentle. "I wish you would tell me your reasons."

"In the first place, because he is a Bohemian; in the second place, because he is conceited; in the third place, because he is so confoundedly impertinent with women."

"Nonsense! You take things too seriously. He is an artist; he can't help making love. In reality, he does it largely by way of business; he hopes for orders."

"He won't get another from me. I am disappointed in the portrait; to me the thing is commonplace."

Susan hesitated; when she spoke it was in a different tone altogether.

"It is not finished; besides, it depends somewhat on the sitter. Marianne is hard to read; you should have given him a few hints."

"It is his affair to find things out, not mine to tell him."

They exchanged a rapid glance; then Ridgeway returned to his grievance.

"Collyer is notorious for his adven-

tures," he remarked, in a tone of impartial criticism.

Susan smiled broadly. "Don't be a bore, Randall. The man is amusing; it has been an interesting experience."

"You would have been dull here without it?" he asked, quickly.

Susan's eyes flashed. He saw the family temper—that temper which he both loved and distrusted; which, indeed, together with the first-cousinship, had put the final veto to his wishes.

"You know how I feel about Mount Ridgeway," she said, and her voice shook with sudden anger. "I was brought up here as much as you were; it was my home just as much as yours; I love every stick and stone of it, and you know it. You know that I only came here now because I was pining to see it. If you wanted to hear me say this, you have heard it!"

"Susan," he cried, "it was nothing but my abominable selfishness! I was provoked about Collyer; I didn't want to share you with any one—your friendship, I mean."

"No; you never wanted to share things, and you always wanted to manage people; but, really, Randall, in this case your point of view is rather one-sided; nor have you the least authority over me; you are merely my first cousin."

She looked at him with studied insolence, but he met the look gravely.

"I thought I was your best friend; is that nothing?" he asked.

"Yes, it is much; but, you see, Collyer can make me immortal. He will paint a famous portrait; I shall go down to posterity as 'Collyer's Miss Ridgeway'!"

Randall Ridgeway's expression darkened.

"You shall not do it while you are in my house," he said. "I disapprove most emphatically of your being thrown in that way with Stuart Collyer; it is bad enough that he has been here during your visit. You ought not to associate with such people."

"Ah," murmured the girl, with an impatient movement of her shoulders, "that is the same old spirit! Why don't you object, then, in the case of Marianne? She has sat to him continually ever since my arrival."

"That is different," he said. "Marianne is not that kind; besides, she knows her position."

Susan smiled in spite of herself.

"And I have no position?" she asked.

He put out his hand and touched hers, as if to emphasize his next statement.

"These are evasions, Susan; but I am in earnest; you ought to pay attention. The man is impossible. If you insist on the portrait—on Collyer's painting it, that is—then I wash my hands of the whole affair, and of you, too, while you are in it. It is the old reckless obstinacy, the old thirst for excitement; but in the case of Collyer, I repeat, I will not countenance it."

The cousins faced each other, both prepared for combat, but at the same moment they both became aware that some one was standing in the open door. Ridgeway rose and peered sharply through the dimness. It was Marianne, and behind her came a footman carrying a large tray. Placing a chair for his wife beside the low tea-table, Randall Ridgeway resumed his seat in silence. A sense of awkward uncertainty made conversation difficult. At last he spoke.

"We were talking of Collyer," he began.

"Yes, we were quarrelling as usual," put in Susan, as she noticed his evident embarrassment. This inscrutable, brown-eyed schoolgirl had a paralyzing effect, at times, even on Ridgeways.

"Randall is prejudiced against artists," she went on, addressing her hostess. "It is the fault, I suppose, of our Puritan ancestor."

Randall laughed. "I can't say that I have observed much Puritanism in my make-up."

"Ah, but it's there all the same," she replied; "otherwise you wouldn't object so to poor Stuart Collyer."

"I did not know that you objected to Mr. Collyer, Randall? You never told me that you did," Marianne said, slowly.

"That was probably because you were too wise to praise him; if you had, Randall would have shown his true colors."

Susan looked at Marianne, but her words were directed at her cousin; she hoped he understood that this subject should be avoided. When Marianne



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hutchcock

Halt-tone plate engraved by G. M. Lewis

"IT'S A MASTERPIECE!" SHE CRIED

spoke again, it was, however, on the same general topic.

"I think that Mr. Collyer is rather glad that the last sitting will be to-morrow," she said. "It must be rather stupid for him here in the country without any of his own friends or amusements."

There was a blank silence, after which Susan rallied.

"People have usually been glad to come to Mount Ridgeway. Don't you think they have, Randall?" Her glance told him that the impertinence had seemed to her almost ludicrous.

"I suppose so," he answered, slowly; "at least they came willingly enough in grandfather's time; but then, grandfather had the gift of entertaining."

"Still, the place is the place; there are not many like it in America. I dare say Stuart Collyer has never seen anything half so good."

"He has seen Windsor," Marianne remarked, as she handed Miss Ridgeway her tea.

"Did he tell you that interesting fact to-day?" asked her husband, ironically.

"I don't remember; he has told me so many things."

"I have never found him at all communicative," he rejoined; "though I have wandered in and out of the studio most conscientiously every day."

Marianne was silent, but Susan met his eyes half quizzically.

"Good heavens! Randall," she exclaimed, "you didn't suppose that a man like Collyer would waste his good things on you?"

Then she turned to her hostess with a sudden access of friendliness.

"I envy you so, Marianne, that I can scarcely bear to look at you!"

She did look, though, and so intently that she caught a sudden flash in Marianne's eyes.

"I mean I envy you the portrait," she added, in slight confusion.

"Why don't you have him paint you, then?" Mrs. Ridgeway inquired, without enthusiasm.

"Chiefly because Randall thinks me too uninteresting as a sitter."

"I said I distrusted you as a sitter," he corrected, for the old idea had regained possession of him.

"It would be prettier if you had said that you distrusted him as a companion," she suggested.

"I do distrust him in every way," he said.

"Has Mr. Collyer a bad reputation, Randall?"

He started.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, lightly; "not worse than other artists, but for Susan all artists are dangerous. She invests them with such striking characteristics. She fabricates for them every desirable quality—wit, charm, strength, and, above all, perfect distinction—whereupon she proceeds to fall in love with her own creation. In your case, now, there would be no such danger. You do not live on fictions."

He smiled at her, but she did not return the smile.

In a moment she rose and crossed the room. "I must go now, if you will excuse me," she said, with a touch of awkwardness. "I have some things to do before dinner."

"Why must you go, dear; you are not so busy as all that?"

He had risen, too, and now stood close beside his wife.

"You will come down again?" he asked kindly, laying a detaining hand on her shoulder.

"I am afraid not; there will not be time," she murmured, as she slipped from his hold and through the door.

Susan frowned to herself behind the fire-screen. She could not dismiss the idea from her mind that Marianne had overheard that last speech about Collyer.

Randall Ridgeway resumed his seat by his cousin.

"Poor little girl," he said. "Sometimes I think that she is homesick."

Up-stairs, in her own little boudoir, Marianne was seated before a large oval mirror, staring at the reflection that confronted her. She remained thus, motionless, with set lips and contracted brows, her young face almost haggard in its intentness. At last she rose and walked to the window, where she stood for a while lost in meditation; when she turned again, her expression had altered. She went to the bell and rang twice, which was the signal for her maid.

Less than twenty-four hours later, as

Randall Ridgeway was making his way in some haste to the studio—an improvised one on the top floor,—he ran across his wife, who was descending the stairs with equal precipitancy. She started, on perceiving her husband; then she addressed him rather breathlessly.

"You are late; the sitting is over."

"I was delayed by Phillips, but I thought I should be in time for the finish."

"It was earlier to-day, you forgot, on account of Mr. Collyer's departure."

"Has he gone?"

"Yes; he was sorry not to see you. He left his regards and regrets."

He looked at her a little blankly.

"What queer people these artists are!" he said. "One would have supposed that he would have taken leave of me in person?"

"Ah, but you were not here; he could not wait any longer, his engagements called him to town. He has requested that you will not look at the picture until to-morrow. He prefers morning light. Even I have not seen it."

He surveyed her in growing curiosity. She looked different, somehow; perhaps it was the costume. He laid his hand lightly on her shoulder; as he did so he reflected that his wife had handsome shoulders, quite as handsome as those of her predecessors, those earlier Mrs. Ridgeways of the mellow portraits, whose likenesses in the famous long gallery did so much to make the old house charming.

"You are very pretty," he said; "I wish he had done you justice."

To his surprise, the compliment did not seem to please her. There had been so little between them that even such faint things might have served as landmarks, if, indeed, landmarks were necessary in such an open country.

"I must go now," she murmured; "there are people arriving to-night."

"Nonsense," he said; "I want to look at you. I like that frock. Please wear it for dinner."

"This dress is only meant for the portrait. I could not wear it on ordinary occasions."

"Not even if I asked you?"

"Not even if you asked me," she replied, with a faint smile. She reached her hand out towards the baluster; he saw that her fingers trembled.

"You are tired, little girl; that fellow has overworked you. I should have forbidden such lengthy sittings at the outset."

"It would have been wiser, but now it is too late; they are all over."

She spoke calmly, almost indifferently; but he fancied that he detected a note of triumph in her voice.

"At least we are rid of Collyer," he said.

"Yes," she assented. "You won't forget about not looking until to-morrow? Mr. Collyer was very urgent in his request."

"Bother 'Mr.' Collyer!" he cried, patting her cheek half playfully. "Who cares what he thinks or wishes? The picture is mine, and so is the dear little original; I shall do as I please with both of them!"

She lowered her eyes suddenly, and pulled a key from her pocket.

"Here is the key, then," she said, as she offered it to him. "I have just been up to lock the door."

He took her hand and drew her close to him, so that he could feel her rapid breathing. Then he stooped and kissed her.

"I was joking, dear," he murmured. "Of course I won't look at it. I have something far better to look at!"

She gave him a questioning glance, which puzzled him by its intensity; then she withdrew herself from his embrace and hastened down the stairs in evident agitation.

He watched her in some perplexity. Hitherto she had been quite free from contradictions—so free, indeed, that he had often wished for some; unvarying acquiescence palls in the long run. To-day, however, her manner had suggested hidden reserves; though what struck him most was the fact that his wife had never before looked so charming.

The next morning Randall Ridgeway and his cousin mounted the stairs to the studio; they were alone, for Marianne had excused herself from accompanying them. They were, therefore, free to dissect the portrait at their pleasure; in Marianne's presence there were, of course, reservations. They could not tell her, for instance, that the picture was a failure, and yet that was their own undoubt-

ed opinion, though Susan, in her heart, declined to impute the whole blame to Collyer.

They entered the room engaged in an argument about Susan's future, for they were fond of plunging into such questions at ten o'clock in the morning. Two chairs had been placed as if for their reception; they seated themselves, and their eyes at once sought the portrait. Neither spoke, for what they beheld was, in fact, quite unspeakable—unthinkable—unfathomable—utterly and completely bewildering.

It was Marianne, but a Marianne one might have dreamed of—tender, passionate, transfigured, with the love-light shining in her eyes, and on her lips a nameless smile of triumph—a Marianne, in short, of Collyer's creation, and yet withal a living, breathing woman, rejoicing in her own transcendent charm.

Susan was the first to recover her self-possession.

"It is a masterpiece," she cried; "it will make them immortal!"

She glanced sideways at her companion; she thought it might be possible that men would not see such things.

"It does not look like Marianne," he said, and his voice startled her by its hardness. "The man has improvised for the sake of strong effects."

"But it is magnificent," Susan exclaimed, carried away in spite of herself. "Surely you see it?"

"It is another woman," he retorted. "I shall have it altered."

"If you do, you are a barbarian," she said; then, as she caught his expression, "Randall, the man is a genius."

"He may be that, but he is also confoundedly impertinent."

They were silent for a moment, and in the silence Susan indulged in bitter musings. All her tact, her cultivation, her artistic feeling, were nothing against a girl of twenty, with stupid brown eyes and a pair of handsome shoulders. Randall's thoughts were less complex; he was wondering what had occurred at the final sitting. The next moment he was on his feet. Some instinct prompted him to attempt dissimulation with Susan.

"Marianne must see it," he said; "I will go down to fetch her. We will see if she agrees with us."

"But we haven't agreed," she objected; then she put her hand cautiously on his arm.

"Artists know more than the rest of us, Randall. It would be a pity to take it too literally—the portrait, I mean. For my part, I believe that Collyer has been playing with us; I believe that he has planned this all along—to keep back the great, last touches, so as to surprise us into enthusiasm!"

She threw him an anxious glance.

"Suppose we go down now?" he suggested, and she saw that he longed to get away from the portrait, which, indeed, in its superb unconsciousness, seemed to mock at them for their petty perturbation. It followed them with its eyes as they retreated—those strange eyes that no one had seen excepting Collyer.

The following week was passed in a round of country amusements, for the host had insisted on a variety of added recreations, in honor, apparently, of the newly arrived guests, but in reality, as Susan suspected, to protect himself from undesired encounters. She saw her cousin, therefore, but seldom except in company, and even there she detected his repressed anxiety. He was restless, irritable, and when alone with her scarcely even civil, though now and then he would assume a kind of forced hilarity. The effect of this on Susan was to arouse a fierce anger in her against Marianne. What right had this insignificant little nobody, this girl who owed everything to Randall, what right had she to stir up this miserable turmoil? Randall's attitude was, of course, most perplexing to one who knew his failings as well as Susan did—his obstinacy, his temper, his high idea of what was due to him. She could not grasp why he had not instantly used pressure; the girl was a sphinx, no doubt, still Randall was so obviously the master. She had warned him against overhaste that morning in the studio, but she had hoped, nevertheless, that he would act with severity; for, besides the family pride to be avenged, there was her own secret rage against Collyer; she had looked to her cousin to right both wrongs at one stroke. Instead of which, here was Randall worrying himself ill over the matter, and

Marianne, pale and inscrutable, following him about with her eyes, like some furtive gazelle; only Susan could not help suspecting that the gazelle had rebelled against her keeper, and that for once the power was hers and she was using it.

Miss Ridgeway decided to cut short her visit; she was, in fact, returning to town that very afternoon, but before doing so she resolved to speak to Marianne. She told herself repeatedly that it was on behalf of Randall, but in her heart she knew that it was largely on behalf of her own temper.

She sought her hostess, therefore, while the mood was fierce for battle; so fierce, indeed, that she declined to regard Marianne as being in the least degree her hostess: Mount Ridgeway belonged to her—Susan—and to Randall; no one else had any right to play at ownership, not even Randall's wife.

"I have come to say good-by, Marianne," she began; "down-stairs it will be before the others, and I have a word to say in private."

She paused, and Marianne looked at her rather coldly.

"I hope you have enjoyed your visit," she said, with a touch of formality. "You are so fond of the place."

"Yes, I am fond of the place, as you say, and I am fond of Randall. He is my nearest relative, the only relative with whom I have much in common; it is about him that I wish to speak."

"About my husband?" Marianne inquired, and for an instant Susan saw a gleam in her eyes, the same gleam she had seen once before—that day, a week ago, in the library.

"Yes, about Randall. I hope you won't think it impertinent; coming from me, perhaps you will not? It is this, Marianne—of course I know about the portrait; I saw it and I saw Randall; I am also acquainted with Stuart Collyer—the only person, in fact, in the little drama who is quite unknown to me is yourself; that is why I have come to you to-day. I want you to tell me your side of the affair, for you have a side, I am convinced, and a good one; but Randall is hasty—no one knows that better than I do—nor has he been used to contradiction. He is difficult to deal with when once aroused "

Susan broke off with a gasp; then she plunged headlong into confused generalities.

"Men are queer sometimes, and when you think they will surely understand you they suddenly turn about and accuse you of impossible offences; and then, of course, you resort to open defiance, unless, indeed, you love the man or owe him deep obligations."

She threw a keen glance at her companion, but Marianne's head was lowered; she was clasping and unclasping her slender hands. Susan's spirits rose; she would risk closer quarters; she was trusting to intuition for her facts, but intuition, in her case, had never proved itself a bad ally.

"To bring this down to ourselves," she went on, "of course it is plain to every one that you will have won three great victories: the first over the world by means of the portrait; the second over Stuart Collyer, a man not easy to please; the third and greatest over your own husband, whom you have succeeded in making very wretched. I am speaking plainly, you see; I hate evasions as much as Randall does."

Susan paused, excited at her own easy eloquence; then she spoke in another tone, one in which each syllable was sharply emphasized.

"All the same, I am bound to say that, in my opinion, ingratitude is not wholly absent from the affair."

Susan's temper had risen in fierce gusts. She had ceased to think of anything now but Randall; his face haunted her; she longed to hurt this tiresome, ungrateful schoolgirl, who dared to torment him with her mysteries.

"It goes without the saying that all this is none of my business," she said, "but I cannot help seeing things; I know him so well. In your place I should tell him the whole story; he may be severe, but I have never known him to be unjust; there is only one thing that he will not pardon, and that is prevarication!"

The taunt brought Marianne to her feet; with flashing eyes and trembling lips, she faced her confident accuser.

"Perhaps you have finished?" she panted. "I have listened because you are my guest, and also because you

are my husband's cousin; but now I should like to speak. The matter in which you take so deep an interest is one which concerns no one except my husband. Your theories are clever and interesting, but, as it happens, they are quite without foundation. Randall's relations with me are such that a misunderstanding between us is not possible. I dare say it is hard for you to grasp this, but you will when you have a husband of your own, one whom you love, and who loves you," she added steadily. "And now, if you please, we will let the subject drop. It is not a pleasant one for either of us. Only I must ask you to state plainly to me, in justice to both Randall and myself, that none of your remarks have been suggested to you by him; that he has not even alluded to the matter in your presence?"

Marianne's face was drawn as she put this question, but her eyes demanded an answer, and Susan gave it.

"No, he has not mentioned it."

Marianne turned away, but her companion saw that at last her composure was broken. A wave of sudden remorse swept over the older woman, and with the remorse was mingled admiration.

She half held out her hand; then she withdrew it.

"I am not overhappy myself, Marianne," she said, in a low voice, "and it plays all sorts of tricks with one—unhappiness does, I mean. Perhaps you will think of that sometimes—you and Randall?"

With that Susan left the room.

She went straight to the library, where she found her cousin awaiting her.

"Where have you been?" he said. "There is very little time left before your train."

"I have been with Marianne. I have something to tell you."

Her tone alarmed him by its breathlessness.

"What is it?" he asked.

"Only that I have behaved like an ill-bred busybody."

"What do you mean?" he asked again, this time with sharp impatience.

"I mean that I have meddled in a private matter; that I have found fault with her for her conduct; that I have

lost my temper altogether, and that I have come to you to be upbraided for it. That is what it amounts to."

He surveyed her for a moment in silence.

"I don't understand," he said, slowly. "What could you say? You knew nothing from me."

"Have words ever been necessary, Randall, between you and me?"

"No; but in this case the thing is not between you and me."

She winced.

"I told you that I had no ground to stand on; you need not push me farther into the swamp!"

"Did you speak to her of the portrait?"

"Yes—of that and of other things."

"Well?"

"I thought I might do some good; it was a delusion; but then, I did not know Marianne."

"Do you know her now?" he asked, quickly.

"I know at least what she tells me—that you and she understand each other on all points; that there has been no shadow of difference between you; that no trouble exists except in my imagination; that I, myself, in short, have invented the whole difficulty!"

"Did she tell you that in so many words?"

"Have I ever told you a falsehood?"

He was gazing absently into space; she saw that he was not heeding her; she waited with quivering nerves. At last she could bear it no longer.

"Why don't you say what you are going to say, and have done with it?"

He turned towards her with eyes full of anger.

"I don't intend to say anything. We have always spoken plainly, but our quarrels have usually been even ones—in this case the thing is not even."

"It must be glorious to feel oneself so surely in the right," she retorted, bitterly. "I would give much to see but one side, and that my own; it must conduce so to one's general comfort."

"Don't be sharp, Susan; it never helps matters. You know that you are in the wrong, and there is an end of it."

"Yes, I am in the wrong, but you are not the one to remind me of it. How-

ever," she added, with an effort, "I shall soon be gone, and then you and Marianne can make merry over me as much as you please. I shall not mind, for I shall have Collyer. I have written to ask him to paint me."

"You have asked that man to paint you, in spite of everything?" he cried, roused from his thoughts by the obnoxious name.

"Yes; after seeing Marianne's portrait I could not resist a moment longer."

She looked at him in suspense. It was a test remark, and he knew it.

"Just as you please," he said, turning away from her.

The retort was so obvious that Susan did not make it; instead, she slipped her hand into his, and looked up in his face half wistfully.

"Is it worth while, Randall, for us to quarrel about Collyer?"

In his heart he felt that it was the only thing in the world that *was* worth quarrelling about; but he kept his thought to himself, and pressed her hand without speaking.

"Good-by," she said. "I should be glad to know that you are not angry?"

"You know it now," he said. "Send me a line, please, when you reach town; and, Susan," he added, with a faint attempt at pleasantry, "don't overdo it about Collyer!"

When the remaining guests had dispersed that evening, soon after eleven, Mrs. Ridgeway followed her husband back into the library.

"Now I am ready to speak, Randall; I am ready to tell you whatever you wish to hear."

She spoke quietly, almost indifferently, but he saw that her face was very pale.

"Sit here, Marianne," he said, as he drew a large easy chair towards her. It was the one which Susan had occupied that afternoon a week ago at tea-time. Marianne declined it, seating herself, instead, on a low couch near the fire.

"As regards Mr. Collyer—"

"Stop!" he cried, with a nervous gesture. "I prefer not to hear it. Just say that it was a joke—a few light words exchanged in play, and that the rest was the man's confounded genius."

"Why didn't you dictate my story to

me, then, in the beginning?" she asked, tonelessly. "It would have saved so much discomfort. It has been a very trying week for us both."

"Trying!" he cried. "Discomfort! What words you use, Marianne! Have you no sense of proportion? The week has been diabolical!"

Her mouth drooped.

"If you would let me tell you, Randall—if you would listen."

He sank back in his chair.

"Tell me what you please," he said.

"I didn't mean any harm," she began, hurriedly; "it was only once—at the very last sitting. I—I—brought it about myself."

Randall Ridgeway flushed a deep red.

"And you say that to my face?" he asked, in a low voice.

"Did you wish me to tell you a falsehood?"

He started forward.

"What else has there been?"

"There has been nothing else," she faltered.

It occurred to him that he might have frightened her; she had always seemed to him a timid little schoolgirl; he was eager to retain this view of her.

"You need not be afraid to tell me," he said, with sudden gentleness.

Marianne merely looked at him, but her brown eyes maddened him by their elusiveness.

"Go on," he said, curtly. "I wish to hear the whole."

Again her mouth drooped. He surveyed her in growing anxiety. Her very childishness appalled him.

"I am very sorry, Randall; I am afraid I have displeased you very much; but there had been nothing, you see, at all the other sittings, though I gathered from what you said that Mr. Collyer made love to every one, and from what Miss Ridgeway said I gathered that people might amuse themselves in that way without discredit—that people always did, in fact, if they had the opportunity; that it was one of the things that made life agreeable. I did not see why I should be the only one excluded, for from your remarks at various times to your cousin I gathered that you did not object on general principles."

She paused, and he stared at her in blank amazement.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME THE WHOLE TRUTH?"

"Marianne," he exclaimed, "your reasoning is impossible! The world is one thing, but you are quite another. For you such things simply do not exist."

"What does exist for me, Randall?" she cried; then she caught herself up abruptly. "Oh, I know that I owe you everything; I was nothing, you made me what I am. In return I gave you little excepting blind obedience, which was, I dare say, a very stupid thing to give you. I have tried to please you in everything, but it is too overwhelming—I mean the sense of obligation; you don't realize how it paralyzes one. Why, even the house, which I love beyond expression—beyond even Miss Ridgeway's expression—even Mount Ridgeway depresses me by its magnificence; I can't live up to it; I am tongue-tied before your guests, and then people think me stupid. But I can bear that—I can bear anything if only I am not called ungrateful." Her tone had suddenly become passionate.

"Have I called you ungrateful?" he asked.

"No, but your cousin has; she says I have behaved very badly to you about Mr. Collyer."

His mouth hardened. "You have, but it's not her affair to tell you so."

"So I told her; and I told her more than that—I told her a falsehood, Randall; I said that there had been no trouble between us, that there could be none because we loved each other. I think she believed me; I hope she did. I suppose you will disapprove—she said that you never forgave a falsehood—but I could not do anything else; and what is more, I am afraid I should do it again under the same provocation."

She did not raise her eyes; he found himself longing to have seen her under provocation.

He shifted his position uneasily.

"Keep to the main point, Marianne. There is only one thing that matters, and that is the portrait."

"To you perhaps, just at this moment, but to me other things matter. I—I am lonely, Randall—you must let me have a few diversions. Your friends don't care for me; I can't talk as they do; I feel left out, though you yourself have always been very good to me—you have been more than that."

He cast a keen glance at her, but she did not return the look.

"I am not complaining," she went on, and her voice had regained its gentle calmness; "I have no right to complain. You have been perfectly frank with me from the beginning. But I did not understand—I did not see what it all meant."

She hesitated, and he felt strangely like the accused instead of the accuser, and the accusation was the more terrible because it was not intended. He longed to take her in his arms, to make her close her eyes and relax her tightly clenched fingers; there was something almost tragic in her resolute attempt at calmness. Then he thought of the portrait, and his impulse died within him.

"It was that day when I found you and Miss Ridgeway here alone in the library that it all rushed over me in a great wave—my failure, that is, my utter lack of charm. I realized that even Mr. Collyer had not thought it worth while to make himself agreeable to me—that no one had thought it worth while. And then I rebelled against everything, most of all against myself and my miserable dumbness—for that is really the cause of all my troubles. You and Miss Ridgeway can't even imagine how it hurts to be so without words when one needs them."

"Why do you continually refer to Susan?" he inquired, with suppressed impatience. "Why don't you finish your story?"

"You know the rest," she said.

"I do not know it," he cried. "Are you deliberately proposing that I should let you while away your loneliness with Stuart Collyer? What am I to understand by diversions? Please look at me!"

She colored painfully under his scrutiny, but she met his eyes without flinching.

"Stuart Collyer is nothing to me," she said, almost fiercely.

There was a pause.

"And the portrait?" he asked.

"Ah, I have not seen it; you have not let me see it. You said it was bad enough that it existed and that I was not ashamed of it."

Something in her face made him spring from his chair.

"You shall see it now," he said, un-

steadily. "Come with me, Marianne; we will go up together."

They mounted the broad stairs in silence. When they reached the studio Ridgeway unlocked the door, and preceding his wife into the room, he turned on the light and looked about him; the next moment his eyes fixed themselves upon the portrait.

There it was, insulting in its radiance, while the man and woman whom it most concerned stood before it in speechless agitation—at least the man did; the woman had placed herself behind him, so that his figure shielded her from the glowing canvas.

Presently he turned and drew her to him.

"Look at it, Marianne," he said, and her gaze riveted itself upon the picture.

At first an uncontrollable sense of elation took possession of her; this was the great triumph; they had all felt it, and she—she herself had produced it. Then a kind of terror stole over her, a terror of Stuart Collyer and his genius, and with the terror came a sharp pang. This, then, was the end of it—Randall's anger; for now she knew that he must be very angry. She closed her eyes, and her head fell back against his shoulder; her attitude suggested that of one who awaited condemnation.

"What have you to say, Marianne?"

"Nothing. You are right to be angry."

Her husband looked down at her for a moment; then suddenly he caught her to his heart.

"Marianne, why do you torture me? Why don't you tell me the whole truth? This last week had been a hideous nightmare. I have imagined such horrible things!"

He pressed her closer; his clasp was firm and warm.

"I don't deserve you," he went on, vehemently. "You have much to forgive—I know that—I let you slip away from me. I never even tried to understand. But that is all over, dear. Can't you forgive me? Can't you try to love me, little girl? Oh, I don't mean as a duty!"

She pulled away from him feebly, but he did not relax his hold.

"I love you," he murmured, insistently, as he kissed her soft, dark hair. "I want you to love me, my darling—I want it more than anything in all the world!"

He felt the quiver that passed through her; then he himself gave a great start—for there in his arms, as if awakened from a long and weary trance, lay the woman of Collyer's portrait—radiant, tremulous, triumphant, with a light of passionate happiness in her eyes!

At first he could not speak; then the desire to know overwhelmed him. Lifting her a little away from him, he continued to gaze in her face.

"What does it mean, my child?" For she seemed to him exquisite in her youthfulness.

She threw out her arms to him with a gesture of beautiful self-surrender.

"It means everything, Randall—it has always meant everything. I let Stuart Collyer see!"

He gave an exclamation, but she continued breathlessly.

"I began it myself, you see. I tried to talk in Susan's way, but I suppose I must have overdone it, for the first thing I knew he was making love to me. Of course I was very angry, and I told him what I thought; he pretended not to believe me; then I told him how I felt about—you. While I was speaking he sprang to his easel and began to paint like mad—he didn't seem to hear me. That made me still more angry; so I repeated it over and over; then I walked out the door; but he didn't notice me at all. Afterwards he sent me a note—apologizing, and asking me to forget, and urging that no one should see the portrait until the following morning. That was all there was, Randall. I know I should have told you at once, but you doubted me, and I loved you so—and—and—Susan was there!"

He bent over her, their lips met; the picture smiled at them serenely, as if to say that all this might have been foreseen from the beginning, and that the only thing of real importance in the affair was still to come—the appearance, namely, at the next great exhibition of a portrait by Stuart Collyer!

Editor's Easy Chair

BOOKS of behavior or of etiquette are seldom as charming as they make their readers. They are, in fact, written with a sort of authoritative self-sacrifice, which at once compels and smooths the way to social success. They deign to bore the reader, that he may rise from them incapable of boring others. By their formlessness they form the unformed, and artlessly snatch a grace beyond the reach of art in behalf of the student. In our civilization they perform some such office toward society as our dictionaries perform toward culture. It is said that in England the lexicon is almost unknown in private houses, usage fixing the pronunciation and instinct the spelling of words, while with us our English discoverers (they are constantly discovering us) note that there is always an unabridged dictionary at hand to save us from wrong-doing in such matters. In like manner we put our faith in grammarians, and say, "It is I," and, "It is he," while the English boldly say, "It is me," and, "It is him," having no grammar by them to rebuke them in their solecism. They contend that it is no solecism, but that custom rightly governs in this as it does in their calling Mr. St. John, *Sinjon*, but calling the evangelist St. John, as we call both. Similarly, being contented in the station to which God is pleased to call them, if it is a comfortable and honorable station, they are born, as it were, with a polite knowledge of what is required in any social exigency. They have an innate sense of reciprocal state and can no more fail in demanding or according the just measure of taffy appropriate in addresses and superscriptions and precedences than in syntax or orthoepy; while we poor republicans, living in a vast unvaried world of Mr. and Mrs., with a chief magistrate who has not even so much as Esq. to his name, must pore, and often pore in vain, upon the difficult pages of Whitaker or Burke for the information

which shall keep us from insulting alien dignitaries in speaking or writing to them, or going in or out of doors with them. The only place in our untutored commonwealth where this instruction can be practically obtained is in the national capital. There ambassadors and ministers, chargés and attachés, from all foreign countries abound, to say nothing of a president and vice-president of our own, with cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, justices, generals, and admirals, each to be considered in fixed forms which one may not err in without lasting shame.

But even there some preliminary coaching is so desirable as to be almost indispensable, and Mrs. Florence Howe Hall presently comes to supply this long-felt want, this growing need, with her manual *Social Usages at Washington*, which is as unlike the other books of behavior or etiquette we began by imagining, as intelligence, self-respect, and kindness for our universal innocence could very well make it. Further, however, than to commend it to all who would invite for themselves an experience from which we should recoil with horror, the unreviewing Easy Chair may not go in praise of it. The Easy Chair may only note that if offences must come, this is as light a one as we can ever hope to have. The author has known how to make it light with her good sense, her occasional humor, and her constant regard for those who do not know and who wish to learn, but who, she thinks, need not therefore be browbeaten or bored. Yet not all the merit is hers; much, very much, of it is due to the extremely simplified formalities of our functionaries and dignitaries, who, whatever rigidities support or entrench the foreign diplomatics, can always relax the rules in behalf of those good souls who may not know them, but mean so well by them.

Perhaps the time may come when this can no longer be done, but that will be

the time when Washington, the city, will have settled into shape, and become the national capital of our pride as it is now of our love. Meantime we are so fond of it that we are apt to attribute to it beauties and excellences which it cannot always rightfully claim. When we visit it, we see these with the eye of impassioned fancy, and a glory, largely potential, haunts our vision after we have come away, quite as if it were already substantial and actual. From certain points in which Major l'Enfant's noble design for the national capital has been realized, we behold it in a glowing retrospect of full completion. Yet if we really take stock of our impressions we must allow that these points are so few that Major l'Enfant is likely to reach an immortal maturity before the fact will crown his dream with a splendor as sensible to the touch as to the sight. Critical reserves, of which we were unconscious at the moment, begin to make themselves felt, and we have to own, however much against our will, that there is something, here, there, and elsewhere, which is not quite as perfect as it appeared in the altogether.

A friend of the Easy Chair who was lately in Washington has confided some of his reserves concerning it, under a pledge of secrecy which we will ask our readers to help us guard. He remembers how, when he arrived a half-hour late on one of those wonderful trains of ours which always arrive exactly on time, he was mortified by the shabbiness, the wornness of the station within, and when he came out of it, he was put to shame by the squalor of the cabs and hacks of the clamorous negro drivers who contended for his custom. As he drove to his hotel, which, being the only best hotel, was too full to receive him, he was aware of something in the streets which was like a town losing itself and then finding itself, so often did the personable edifices sink away in the meaner shops and houses, and then struggle up from them in something of the superior presence of far inferior cities. The great avenue of state and commerce recalled the avenue of forty years before, of twenty years before, so distinctly that if he had been the sort of wayfaring man he hoped he was not, he could not have

erred in it. In fact, if he had indulged the hope of getting out of it, he could hardly have escaped, with its immense length and breadth against him, in the little time he had allowed himself; but this was a conviction that forced itself upon him later. There was the Capitol at one end and the White House at the other, landmarks as inexorable as ineffaceable, and between went a dream of the first time he had seen it, with indeterminate troops of foot, horse, and artillery trailing through, and the general, whom we then prophetically acclaimed the Young Napoleon, at their head, on their various ways to death in the great Civil War. That dream vanished, and a dream of a quarter-century later succeeded, with indolent horse-cars tinkling up and down, and lazy traffic, and grotesque public vehicles and elegant private carriages. The horse-cars, too, passed, and now tempered trolleys outcoursed them, in the measure they could not have helped doing, but otherwise the second quarter-century had not changed the avenue. There was still the chaos of equipages, and still the rise and fall of the disorderly edifices on either side, and still the Third Avenue drinking-shops on the corners. Probably they were not the same drinking-shops, not the same business blocks, tall and short, but in temperament and in effect they were the same. Only by keeping the Capitol and the White House vividly in mind could the visitor escape from a sense of the prevalent tumult of shapes, sizes, and designs on what should be the noblest street in the world.

Even when the visitor could escape from the avenue, and climb the steps of the Capitol, it seemed to him that his memory had played him false, and that he had been keeping in mind, all those long intervals, a grandeur in this edifice which was out of proportion to the fact. He could not say but it would have grown again to that measure if he had given it time, but for the moment he beheld it dwindled in that sort of diminution which the home roof takes when the boy returns to it after his earliest absence. It had not lost so much in beauty as in bulk, but it was no longer the perfectly beautiful thing which he had remembered, too proudly, too willingly remem-

bered. He tried to console himself with the feeling that it was really a home-returning for him to come back to that centre of the national life, which is the home of each and every one of us, and he recalled his earlier affection for official Washington, in the sudden intimacy of a young fellow citizen from Louisiana whom he joined in viewing the Library of Congress for their first time. Together they wandered through it, and admired it and loved it, loving it perhaps the more for a feeling that spectacularly it was not, either without or within, a Congressional Library which would have made the sense of satisfaction ache in the cultivated patriot. If the interior was overdone in decoration as he had often heard say, the exterior was underdone in structure so much as to be of inadequate and hesitating effect. But when it came to the practical uses of a library, then indeed his pride fed full, as wonder after wonder of its operation was unfolded to him. The moments required for understanding these were moments of unalloyed delight in being of the nation which could imagine an institution so exactly fitted to its purpose; that, he said to himself, was being American with a meaning such as the word often too vaguely had.

The Library afforded another glad sensation, which, however, did not bear analysis so bravely. This was the inspection of a plan, practically realized, in which the Washington of the future was shown, with all the public buildings on the spots they were to occupy, and with the gardened, and wooded, and watered spaces between. These at least would dwarf to insignificance the business aspects of the city, and would not minify the charm of those many squares and circles in which people live in Washington, and the mighty dead stand about on foot or on horseback in bronze or marble. But he saw by this plan that with all their multitude and magnitude the national edifices would not suffice to pull the place together, and give it the dignified unity which was undoubtedly the dream of the designer, until the whole commercial architecture of the city was overridden and trampled under foot, and erased and extirpated. Till then Washington would never be the capital

of a great nation on the terms of the original forecast.

"But we suppose," we of the Easy Chair ventured to suggest, "Washington is very much like other cities in its business features and complexion."

"Yes, that is just what I am saying," our friend returned. "And that is just what it oughtn't to be."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that in the imagination of its designer it was a city of superb intention, and that in the realization of its citizens it is a city of more or less squalid accidents. I do not mind the little errors of private judgment shown in the squares and circles, where the houses record the erring architectural fancies of the hour they were built, or the infirmity of the personal judgments which ordained them. For the present they are more or less secluded by the trees that hide them, and presently they will be torn down and rebuilt in a better taste. But it is the business streets and avenues which ought immediately to be taken under government control and rebuilt in conformity with the beautiful design of the man who imagined the capital of the United States."

But here we interrupted. "Don't you know that you are preaching pure socialism, and that a socialist is an anarchist in the meaning of a late Secretary of the Navy, and that you ought to be whipped?"

"I am not consciously a socialist, and I should object very much to being whipped for an anarchist," our friend returned.

"Well, then, if that is the case," we relented, "go on and say why and how Washington can so easily be realized on the terms of Major l'Enfant's vision."

"It can be so realized because it is a dominion at once local and national. Congress is omnipotent in the District of Columbia, and under the law of eminent domain it can seize and devote to beauty every bit of ugliness in the town and pay for it out of the popular pocket, with little or no popular objection. It could begin to-morrow, tearing down all those business blocks and lining the noble avenue they deface with official edifices of magnificent presence. It could banish the trolleys to side streets, and planting the ample spaces with groves and gardens, could realize a more

than Champs Elysées, with smooth-gliding private and public electric motor-cars. All traffic could be driven from it, and the grotesque cabs with their grotesque black drivers could be driven from it, along with the trucks and drays and express-wagons. Congress could lay a controlling hand on every individual enterprise which menaced the tastes and sensibilities of the most fastidious. It could make Washington the norm of all our State capitals, and of the cities, large and small, that felt or began to feel the stirring of a public spirit. It could become really sovereign, in the interest of the republic, and afford in the national capital on far more magnificent lines some such object-lesson in the arts as the White City of the Columbian Fair was during its brief existence."

"How do you know that all this was in the prophetic eye of Major l'Enfant?"

Our friend did not deign a categorical reply. He said, "It is not only the right, but it is the duty of Congress to take over the whole economy of the national capital, and from an accidental city create an intentional city, a scientific city, an exemplary city."

"You are repeating yourself," we reminded him. "And how can you expect a body like Congress, in which every human particle is an accident, to create a scientific city? Do you suppose that there is one single member of Congress who scientifically designed himself from the beginning for the statesman which every Congressman sooner or later becomes? On the contrary, each is the product of circumstances and fortuities eventuating in a political personality no more scientific than the national capital is in its structural vagaries, hesitations, and shortcomings. Here and there in the man is an effect of forethought, but the general effect is of something which, if we may not call it haphazard, is visibly no more the fulfilment of a carefully studied design. This is a pipe-dream you have been indulging, and under its baleful influence you have been longing for beauty, which you never can have in our civilization, and denying yourself the pleasure of picturesqueness, which you can always have for the ask-

ing, or without it. The structure of Washington is responsive to the accidental character of its controlling spirits. These spirits, you must allow, are for the most part very picturesque, and they are continually boiling up from the vasty deep of our American life. When they come into authority at Washington, and find themselves confronted with the exigencies of an alien formalism, they, and yet more their wives and daughters, feel the need of some instruction in the usages of a society such as they have not known before. They can never be rebuilt in a structural knowledge of these, but they can be more or less made over, gradually and piecemeal; and so can the city which figures their quality and condition in its material phases. Perhaps," and here we confessed for our friend a reasonable hope, "when our Congressmen, through their wives and daughters, are disciplined in the beautiful social forms of the Old World, they will begin to feel something of your discomfort in the physical aspects of the capital, and wish to make it over in the likeness of Major l'Enfant's vision as you have been imagining it. Then, with tender regard for that individualism which now allows every man to make himself architecturally offensive and destructive to any and all other men in our commonwealth, they will begin softly and slowly to pull down some of the worst edifices on the Avenue, and rebuild them in the likeness of the best business blocks in New York or Boston. But this is always supposing that their constituents do not get wind of their extravagance, and invite them to stay at home just when they have become accomplished connoisseurs and men of the world as well as statesmen. It is barely possible that when the material structure of Washington becomes of that classic beauty which you long for, its social structure will respond to a Greek ideal of simplicity, after passing over a Jacksonian, a Jeffersonian, rudeness of intention as unworthy of a nation which wishes to be nice, and only seeks to know how."

To this reasoning our friend had nothing to say, and we ourselves had nothing to add.

Editor's Study

IN considering the relation of American men of letters to periodical literature we are dealing with a theme the general aspects of which are familiar to our readers. All that is of importance in American literature, if we except the novels of Charles Brockden Brown, has been produced within the lifetime of Donald G. Mitchell, who is still living. Many Americans cherish a grudge against Sydney Smith, who in the *Edinburgh Review* in 1818 asked, "Who reads an American book?" He put this challenging question incidentally in an article dealing with the statistics of American progress. The interrogation conveyed simply the statement of a fact, and had not the satirical intent which might be imputed to an earlier expression of opinion made by Joseph Dennie, who said that "to study with a view of becoming an author by profession in America is a prospect of no more flattering promise than to publish among the Eskimos an essay on delicacy of taste or to found an academy of sciences in Lapland."

It may be presumed that Dennie in those first years of the century thought of himself with some pride as the only man of letters in America, but he soon had the pleasure of meeting another in Charles Brockden Brown, who established the *Literary Magazine*, which continued in existence for five years. The *Portfolio*, which Dennie had previously established (in 1801), lasted till 1827. To its pages John Quincy Adams contributed his impressions of European travel.

One American book, Irving's *Knickerbocker's History of New York*, published in 1809, had certainly escaped the notice of Sydney Smith. Irving and his literary friend, J. K. Paulding, seem to have assisted Moses Thomas in his *Analectic Magazine* (1813-20), started in Philadelphia as a rival of the *Portfolio*. Irving edited it for a time, and Wilson, the ornithologist, was a contributor. If Dennie had visited Boston in 1803, he

would have found a small group of respectable men of letters in the Anthology Club, founded by Phineas Adams "for the cultivation of literature and the discussion of philosophy," chiefly distinguished, however, because out of its *Anthology Magazine* grew the *North American Review* in 1815.

It is unnecessary for our purpose here to consider any of the short-lived periodicals of a previous period, though it is interesting to note that before the middle of the eighteenth century Benjamin Franklin had been moved by the success of the *Gentlemen's Magazine* to start in Philadelphia the *General Magazine*, which ran through six months. We are not writing a history of periodical literature, and shall not attempt to trace the origin, growth, or extinction of the vast number of publications which have come into being since the establishment of the *North American Review*, which marks the beginning of American literature and has the unique distinction of numbering among its contributors nearly every great American writer, apart from its claim to the most distinguished succession of editors, among whom were such eminent men of letters as the elder R. H. Dana, Edward Everett, James Russell Lowell, and Charles Eliot Norton. It is significant that the first great imaginative poem written by an American, Bryant's "Thanatopsis," first appeared in this review, in 1817, followed a year later by the same writer's characteristic lyric "To a Water-fowl." Dana's equally remarkable poem, "The Buccaneer," was not published till 1827.

American men of letters at that time devoted their attention more to periodicals than to the writing of books. Philadelphia in the twenties and thirties, though she had no great individual author like Bryant or Cooper or Irving, could justly claim preeminence as the great literary magazine centre. Even as late as 1843 Hawthorne, Whittier, and

Lowell seem to have been attracted to that centre. *Graham's Magazine* was then the most popular miscellany in America.

The first important literary periodical published in New York was the *Atlantic Magazine* (1824), which soon became the *New York Monthly Review*, of which R. S. Sands and William C. Bryant were the chief supporters. Bryant, before he came to New York in 1825, had been a contributor to the *Literary Gazette* of Boston, and, like Hawthorne, had found favor with "Peter Parley," the pseudonym of S. G. Goodrich, the Hartford publisher, who issued an annual, called the *Token*, and in many ways gave encouragement to young New England authors. Bryant began his work on the *New York Evening Post* in 1827.

Poe's "Raven" was first published in the *New York Mirror* in 1845. This publication was, by permission, in advance of the regular issue of the poem in the *American Whig Review*, to which it was originally contributed. Poe was for a time editor of the *Southern Literary Messenger*, and then of the *Gentlemen's Magazine*—afterward *Graham's*. Later he was associated with Charles F. Briggs on the *Broadway Journal*.

In the early thirties Oliver Wendell Holmes contributed to the *New England Magazine* two papers under the caption of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table." Thus it happened that when in 1857 he resumed the series in the *Atlantic Monthly*, he did so with the connective remark, "I was just going to say."

N. P. Willis, the most picturesque figure in ante-war periodical literature, was in 1829 editor of "Peter Parley's" *Token* and, about the same time, of the *Mirror*, having among his contributors Hawthorne, Motley, Hildreth, Albert Pike, and Park Benjamin. His most striking venture in this line was the establishment in 1839 of the *New York Corsair*: "A Gazette of Literature, Art, Dramatic Criticism, Fashion, and Novelty." Thackeray wrote for it letters from London, Paris, Peking, and St. Petersburg, which afterward made up his *Paris Sketch Book*. In his later years Willis was closely associated with the *Home Journal*, to which Thomas Bailey Aldrich was a contributor.

In 1843 James Russell Lowell started

a magazine called *The Pioneer*, which ran for only three months, but numbered among its contributors Hawthorne, Poe, Whittier, and Elizabeth Barrett, afterward Mrs. Browning. At about the same time Emerson, Margaret Fuller, and George Ripley were conducting the *Dial*, the organ of the Transcendentalists at Brook Farm.

Charles Fenno Hoffman, the novelist and poet, was the first editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, which had been established in New York in 1833. Hawthorne, Irving, and nearly every important writer of the country contributed to this entertaining magazine during the first twenty years of its existence.

It was in the last half of the century that the American magazine for the first time ceased to be a miscellany and became a thoroughly well-organized complement of a for the first time well-organized American literature. The national expansion westward, especially after the acquisition of the Pacific coast, had developed a literary need which magazines like *Graham's* and the *Knickerbocker* could not meet; and it was in the natural course of things that the publishing house which, in its book publications, was most intimately associated with this continental growth in the line of already developed or newly awakened intellectual tastes and demands, should establish a magazine like *Harper's*. It was equally inevitable, not because of the relation of any special publishing house to the people, but because of the existence of a group of remarkable writers like Lowell, Longfellow, Hawthorne, Holmes, Whittier, Emerson, and Thoreau, all living in the vicinity of Boston, that the New England movement of that time should have found its expression in the *Atlantic Monthly*. These two were the original types, repeated, with important variations, in the other great magazines which have sprung up and endured to the present time. With scarcely an exception every distinguished writer of books during this period has been also a contributor to magazines.

Periodical literature has done more for the American people than for any other. It had a considerable development before there was an American literature, meeting the intellectual needs of a sturdy race

which, while its energies were engaged in the solution of difficult practical problems rather than in the writing of books, was yet intelligent and keenly curious. After that period, which in eighteenth-century America as well as in England was characterized by "common sense," and of which Benjamin Franklin was the typical representative, had been broken up by the war for independence, the reawakened thought found political rather than literary expression, yet in the new generation there were doubtless more readers of Scott and Byron than in the previous one there had been of Dr. Johnson, or, in the one before that, of Addison. While orators like Fisher Ames, John Randolph, and William Wirt were being developed instead of writers like Coleridge and Wordsworth, yet, even in the conservative *Portfolio* extracts were given from the most recent English books and periodicals and from the new English poets. We may call it colonialism, a confession of dependence, but this eclecticism in periodical literature furnished a necessary complement of American culture, and the fact that it was demanded and eagerly accepted by readers shows that there existed the sensibility to imaginative literature, though the literary faculty was inevitably diverted to every other than its own distinctive field.

In the first year of the fifties, when this Magazine began its career, there were no really great contemporary American writers of fiction. We had had our Cooper and Irving and, far in the retrospect, our Charles Brockden Brown. Poe had already finished his career in this field. But, in England, Scott and Ainsworth, Maria Edgeworth and Jane Austen, had been succeeded by Lever and Bulwer, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. Outside of our large cities, and especially in the new West, this great fiction was not readily accessible in book form, and a vast majority of the people were absolutely dependent upon a magazine which should undertake to meet its need by the publication serially, but in their entirety, of the best current novels of the day. The magazine which did effectively undertake this publication, through communications already established with English authors and publishers, was accomplishing for American literature what the

free importation of foreign pictures and statues might have all along been doing for American art. Who can estimate the influence of the Victorian novelists upon American writers?

The short-story writers, who were to displace T. S. Arthur and the sentimental contributors to *Graham's Magazine* and other miscellanies of that order, were stimulated to do their best by reading the best, and the powers thus evoked produced works in this field of fiction which was not only original in structure and quality, but far surpassed all English models. Not less effective was the stimulation of artists through the use of illustrations, until the original work of Abbey and Rhinehart and Pyle was as far above that of "Porte Crayon" as the short stories of Miss Wilkins and Owen Wister surpassed Fitz James O'Brien's.

The intimate blending of a magazine with the thought and life of a whole people, whose intellectual and emotional sensibility was so quickly responsive to its imaginative literature, and whose curiosity was so fully met by its articles of travel and exploration and by others of an informing character, making it for them a Real Encyclopedia of the living world, was never so fully realized as in the career of the periodical which was the first example of its type—that of a popular illustrated magazine. It had the exclusive advantage of this intimacy for fully twenty years before others of the same type and class entered the field, amicably sharing its popularity, promoting its excellence by friendly rivalry, and each, through its distinctive features, diversifying as well as magnifying the offices of illustrated periodical literature.

Equally illustrious, within its deliberately chosen limitations, has been that other type of magazine established by the *Atlantic Monthly*—a type consistently maintained for half a century, and of which it has been the single successful example. It began its career at the most propitious moment, when every individual member of the most distinguished galaxy of writers which this country has ever produced—even outrivalling in stability of literary character the celebrated Edinburgh group in the first quarter of the century—was at his best. It was edited from the beginning by such emi-

nent men of letters as Lowell, Howells, and Aldrich; and, after the brilliant constellation of writers who gave it its earliest distinction had vanished and the peculiar literary supremacy of Boston with it, the course of empire inevitably tending to New York, the *Atlantic* remained unrivalled in its own field.

Each of the two types which we have been considering is remarkable for its flexibility, which has been shown not only in such changes as occur in progressive development, but in such as are of an evolutionary character. The *Atlantic*, standing especially for the individual expression of its writers, was too catholic in its selection to depend entirely upon a single group of authors, and the passing of that most distinguished group was simultaneous with the emergence elsewhere, in a broader field, of writers worthy to take their place. So, in the other type, when, in the general progress of the country, the people ceased to depend upon the illustrated periodical for either elementary information or supplementary education, the field of imaginative literature in fiction and the short story and in the higher order of creative essay and sketch was enlarged and diversified as if by new species. Fresh disclosures in science and in history took the place of the elementary lesson.

The last half of the century may be called the age of Criticism, in the large sense of that term, as used by Matthew Arnold when he defined poetry as "the criticism of life." Fiction, in its higher function, is the critical interpretation of life; and it was when fiction came into its own that a fresh and mighty impulse was given to periodical literature, as a means of psychological excitement, entertainment, and inspiration, repudiating the formally didactic scheme of its early development. The texture, otherwise, of periodical literature has been transformed as to its character and purpose, serving, as truly as fiction, but in a different way, for the imaginative interpretation of life and Nature.

The course of periodical and of general literature, since magazines came into existence, has been very much the same, often identical. All that we most admire of De Quincey's work was published in

periodicals. Macaulay's essays in the *Edinburgh Review* were as brilliant as his History. The great writer is himself, in his complete individuality, whether he is writing books or contributing to a magazine or even to a newspaper. The fact that Lowell's first series of "Biglow Papers" was published in the *Boston Courier*, that Howells's "Venetian Days" originally appeared in the *Boston Advertiser* and Charles Dudley Warner's "My Summer in a Garden" in the *Hartford Courant*, does not detract from the excellence of these productions. It has been the rule rather than the exception that the greatest fiction of the last sixty years has been issued serially before book publication. The best volumes of verse in our day are collections of magazine poems.

What is more significant is the fact that those changes which have marked the successive stages in the evolution of literature for two centuries—that is, since the appearance of the *Tatler* and *Spectator*—have been first registered in the periodical. As we have seen, the authors who have originated "new species" have often been foremost in the initiation of periodicals. The genesis of the *Brook Farm Dial* is only a typical instance. Other writers, the necessary organ of new creative or interpretative genius having been established, found in it an opportunity for expression not otherwise open.

The few eminent writers of books who, like Browning, have not been closely associated with periodical literature have been stimulated by the conditions which it has created. There is still, as there always will be, the exalted place for the book which, by reason of its theme and scope rather than its quality, lies beyond the range of any magazine; but in purely imaginative creations such instances are rare and ever becoming rarer. Poets now seldom undertakes the longer flights of an older time. The novel holds its own, but it is an exceptional case that, through some peculiarity, it escapes the magazine field. The short story, in its infinite diversification, the brief essay or sketch, the poem which conforms to Poe's rule that it must be read at one sitting, are more and more to the writer's taste and the reader's liking, in the natural course of evolution—a course promoted by periodical literature.

Editor's Drawer

Light Farming

BY GEORGE T. WESTON

"JOHN," said Mrs. Bibby one night, "let us move to the country."

Now when John was surprised his eye-glasses always fell off, and when he was greatly surprised (this must be told) his mouth invariably opened, so it will be clearly understood just what an astonished man John was when it is mentioned that (simultaneously with Mrs. Bibby's suggestion of moving to the country) John almost swallowed his eye-glasses.

"To the country?" said John; "move to the country?"

"Yes!" cried Jane.

"But what for?" said John.

"Well—to be farmers," said Jane, with a catch in her voice.

"Farmers?" said John, with a rising inflection and speaking like a man who can hardly believe his own ears. "Farmers?"

"Well," said Jane, "light farmers."

"Light farmers?" cried John again. "Light farmers?"

"Yes," she said; "like light housekeepers, you know. Just go in for a few small things at first."

"And what would you like to go in for at first?" asked John.

"A shepherd-dog and a canary-bird?" cried Jane in the tone of a happy little woman who has thought the whole thing out.

And so it happened that Mr. Bibby became a commuter, and that Mrs. Bibby began to pursue agriculture (with the help of her shepherd-dog, her canary-bird, and a little back garden about as big as a quilt), and was altogether as contented a little woman as ever wore a sunbonnet, until that eventful Saturday noon in March when

John came home and found his lunch was late.

"Oh dear!" she said, bringing in the cold roast at last, and "Oh dear!" she said again as she brought in the gravy.

"What's the matter?" asked John. "Farm all right?"

Jane helped John to a spoonful of gravy and sighed in a despairing sort of way.

"No," she said, "it isn't the farm."

"Dog all right?" asked John.

"No," she said, "it isn't the dog."

"Bird all right?" asked John.

"No," she said, "it isn't the bird."

And (John coming to the end of his resources) she continued:



"MOVE TO THE COUNTRY?" SAID JOHN

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"John, this morning I went to that auction sale up on the Garrabrant farm."

John nodded.

"You know, John, I thought I might get a few hints for light farming. Of course I've got the shepherd-dog and the canary-bird, but—"

She made a wistful little gesture with her hands.

"But they don't crowd you much," suggested John.

"No, they don't!" she heartily cried. "So I just put on my things and went to that sale. And (oh, John!) I got such a bargain!"

"You did?" said John (just to encourage her).

"I did!" cried Jane.

"You did?" cried John again.

"Ah, that I did!" cried Jane. "Guess, John. You must guess what it is."

"I give it up," said John at once.

And just at that identical moment when Jane (pleased beyond measure at so completely mystifying John) was about to tell him what she had bought, the bell rang and Jane ran to see who it was.

Now, as John sat there all alone (and helping himself to another spoonful of potato-chips on the sly), he suddenly turned his head around to the right and listened. Then he suddenly turned his head around to the left and listened. Putting down his knife and fork, he bent his head down towards the floor and listened. A deep humming noise sounded from somewhere—apparently from the cellar. John went to the cellar door. Yes, the noise clearly came

from the cellar. He opened the door a few inches, and had no more than put his head in, when he quickly withdrew it with a bee on the end of his nose. He sat down in a chair (ever so gently, so that the bee might not be jarred into pernicious activity), and had just focussed both his eyes on the end of his nose when Jane came running in.

"Hush!" motioned John.

"Can't you knock it off?" whispered Jane.

"No," motioned John. "That's how people get stung—knocking bees off. It will fly away presently."

They sat in silence for a time.

"I think it has gone to sleep," whispered Jane.

"What makes you think so?" whispered John.

"It looks like a drone—the drones are the big ones, you know—and they're always sleeping around."

"It's a drone, then, all right," said John, keeping both his eyes on it; "I never saw such a big one!"

"Wait!" whispered Jane.

She ran for a tumbler, put a little sugar in it and held it to John's nose. The bee at once went into the glass after the sugar; whereupon Jane clapped a piece of cardboard over the top of the glass.

"It's looking for the others," said Jane, intently watching the bee as it walked around the inside of the glass.

"What?" said John; "are there others?"

"Yes, I've got a hive full down in the cellar. Bought them at the auction, John. I got a hive of bees and an empty hive all



HE HAD FOCUSED BOTH EYES ON THE END OF HIS NOSE

for two dollars and forty-five cents, and I put them down in the cellar to keep them warm till spring."

"Good for you," said John, going back to his lunch. "Good for you!" And after eating thoughtfully for a few minutes, he remarked, "I'll keep the bees."

"No, John, please. I'll keep them."

"No," said John; "you've got the dog and the bird, and I want the bees."

"No," said Jane, "I want the bees, John. You can have the—"

She paused, for down in the cellar there grew a buzzing, and the buzzing grew into a humming, and the humming grew into a booming, until Jane (with a shout of inspiration) cried, "They're swarming, and we both can have a hive!"

And with a glad cry she tied a mosquito-netting around John's face, gave him a tin pan and a stick of wood, tied another piece of mosquito-netting around her own face, donned a pair of gloves, and led the way down into the cellar, with John sounding the timbals until it almost sounded martial.

"Quick!" cried Jane, "they're in the corner!"

But in his anxiety to make haste, John slipped, fell, lost his mosquito-netting mask, felt a bee on his nose, shuddered, felt another bee on the soft part of the back of his neck, shrieked, "They're swarming on me, Jane!" and ran up the cellar steps into the open air, with all the bees in hot pursuit. "No more bees for me," said John (in the sitting-room) that night; "no more bees for me."



"HUSH! I'M FEEDING THE BEE!"

Jane (in the kitchen) looked very smug to herself.

"John," she said, "how much honey do you suppose one bee would give?"

"Not much," said John.

"But some?" insisted Jane.

"Oh yes, some," agreed John.

Jane bustled into the sitting-room, patted the dog, chirped at the bird, cut off a petal from the hyacinth in the window, and bustled back into the kitchen, all with such an air of contentment and satisfaction that John followed, and found her bending over a tumbler that was covered by a piece of cardboard.

"What are you doing?" asked John.

She held up her finger as one who says that baby sleeps and whispered—

"Hush! I'm feeding the bee!"

Where it Came From

DURING the course of a geography lesson recently, the teacher asked the following question:

"Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

"Whalebone," promptly replied a boy.

"Right. Now, who knows what we get from the seal?"

"Sealing-wax!" shouted a little girl.

Experience

IT was Sunday afternoon, and the infant-class teacher was trying to impress the children with the beauties of the Garden of Eden. "But, children," she said, "there was one thing in the garden that Adam and Eve might not touch."

"I know," said a little boy, who had evidently had some previous knowledge of beautiful gardens; "it was poison-ivy."

Ignorance

PHILIP had set his heart on a bicycle this last Christmas, and after sundry hints to his father and mother and daily letters to Santa Claus, he added a petition to his prayers, asking the Lord to take a hand in the matter and see that the bicycle was forthcoming. His parents were seriously perplexed, for he was only four years old, and not big enough to ride a bicycle, even if one his size could be found. They hoped, however, that he really meant a velocipede, as all of his playmates had velocipedes which they called bicycles.

They bought the velocipede, but awaited Christmas morning with some misgivings, fearing the child would be bitterly disappointed. What was their astonishment when Philip discovered his gifts to hear a burst of merry laughter.

"What are you laughing at, Philip?" asked his father.

"Oh, father," exclaimed the youngster. "If I haven't got the best joke on the Lord! He don't know the difference 'tween a bicycle and a v'locipede!"

One Way

AREVEREND gentleman was addressing a Sunday-school class not long ago, and was trying to enforce the doctrine that when people's hearts were sinful they needed regulating. Taking out his watch, and holding it up, he said:

"Now, here is my watch; suppose it doesn't keep good time—now goes too fast, and now too slow—what shall I do with it?"

"Sell it," promptly replied a boy.

A Preliminary

A NEWLY imported Norwegian girl who had been sent upstairs to inform the master of the house that dinner was waiting, discovered that gentleman in the act of brushing his teeth.

"How soon will Mr. — be down?" the mistress inquired, when Karen returned to the dining-room.

"Right away," answered Karen; "he is joost sharpening his tooth's."

How Harwood was Compromised

YOUNG Harwood's Cousin Evelyn had invited him down to her country-place to stop over the holidays. He arrived just before dinner, to find that he had left his golf-clubs behind him. It was most exasperating; but his cousin comforted him somewhat by promptly offering the use of her clubs.

The next day he started early for the links with Evelyn's husband, but in an hour he was back again.

"Were the clubs so bad?" she inquired; "couldn't you finish the game?"

He answered shortly that he had not cared to finish the game—of course there was nothing the matter with the clubs.

When Evelyn's husband came home for luncheon at noon she questioned him.

"What's wrong with Bob, Henry?" she asked; "didn't the game go smoothly?"

Her husband chuckled.

"It was your clubs," he explained. "I don't wonder he isn't happy. He was preparing to 'tee off' at the hole in front of the club-house, with a lot of girls on the veranda watching him. He picked up your bag of clubs to take out the 'driver,' but it was caught in some way, and he turned the bag upside down to shake it loose. The driver tumbled out then, and with it came your false fringe, your powder-puff, your green veil, and that little ivory hand-glass you carry around. Do you wonder his feelings are somewhat bruised?"

Contradictory

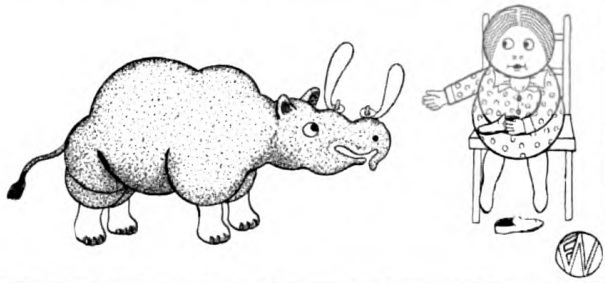
"OH, mamma, come quick!" exclaimed little John, breathlessly. "Hannah is taking all the feathers off the pretty duck papa shot."

"That is right, John," answered his mother. "Hannah is dressing the ducks for dinner."

John was thoughtful for a moment, and then asked, "Didn't you mean to say, mamma, that she is undressing them?"

THE SHOE-HORNED WAYNOSE.

THE SHOE-HORNED WAYNOSE, YOU CAN GUESS,
IS SIMPLY KEPT TO HELP YOU DRESS.
WITHOUT THIS CREATURE, KIND AND NEAT,
NO MODERN DWELLING IS COMPLETE.
EACH MORNING BRIGHT AND EARLY, HE
KNOCKS AT YOUR DOOR PERSISTENTLY
AND WHEN YOU ANSWER SAYS, "THANK YOU,"
AND OFFERS YOU A SHOE-HORN TOO.





A Novelty

MRS. SIMIAN. "Yes, it's the latest fad. Waitress and sugar-tongs combined."

Little Melinda Brown—Her Book

BY CELIA MYROVER ROBINSON

TORN and battered and smeared with
paint,

Ladies in purple and knights in blue;—
Cinderella of gentle plaint

Decked in a gown of gorgeous hue;
Hop-o'-my-thumb and Goody Two-shoe;

A fairy green and a yellow spook,—
These are the playmates once she knew;
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

Here is the fabled and fair Geraint;

Here is the giant Bolgharhoo;

Here is the soft-voiced, lovely saint
Of the falling diamonds and pearls; and,
too,

This is the terrible Bluebeard who
Spoke so loud that his wives all shook!

Do you remember? I know you do:
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

Apples of Sodom have left their taint;
In the ambrosia is taste of rue;
Try as we may, alas! we mayn't
Summon them now, as we used to do;
Spirits of life when life was new,
Or ever our errant way we took:
These are the stories that once were true,
"Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

ENVOY

Friends of my childhood, fair and quaint,
Forgive, forgive, that my heart forsook!
My love I send in this rhythmic plaint
To "Little Melinda Brown—Her Book."

Practical Religion

A WELL-KNOWN Bishop relates that while on a recent visit to the South he was in a small country town where, owing to the scarcity of good servants, most of the ladies preferred to do their own work.

At breakfast he spoke to her about it, and told her how pleased he was.

Thrift

Learning

"Did you say, missus," she said in an awed voice, "that you were going to eat that?"

"Yes, Jane," was the reply, "that is what I intended to do. But you seem surprised. Have you never seen macaroni cooked before?"

"No, ma'am," answered the cook, "I ain't. The last place I was at they always used them things to light the gas with."

Willing

LITTLE John is not allowed to play with the bellows that hang beside the big fire-place, although he often covets them as a toy.

One morning as his mother was using them to blow a lazy fire into flame, John stood by, eager to get his little hands on the bellows, and finally said, in his most obliging tone, "Mamma, if you are tired, I will do your *bellowing* for you."

A WELL-KNOWN Westerner, of pork-packing fame, was always known as a very generous man. At one time he wished to show his appreciation of the work done by his employees, and gave each an order for a suit of clothes, leaving to their good sense the matter of price.

In due season the bills were presented, and all passed by the packer, with the exception of one which he thought excessive. The young man whose name was attached was called in and asked if it was correct. He replied that it was.

"Young man," said the packer, "I have in my day bought and sold many hogs, but this is the first time I have ever dressed one."

Naturally Expensive

RECENTLY a lady better versed in the realms of philosophy than in kitchen lore accompanied a friend on a marketing expedition. Miss Ph.D. expressed her amazement when the butcher gave the price of lamb chops as twenty-five cents a pound.

"Why," she insisted, "I should think chops would be very expensive, since each animal has only two."



"Do you know, he puts me in mind of an ocean liner."

"Why?"

"Because he is always toed in."

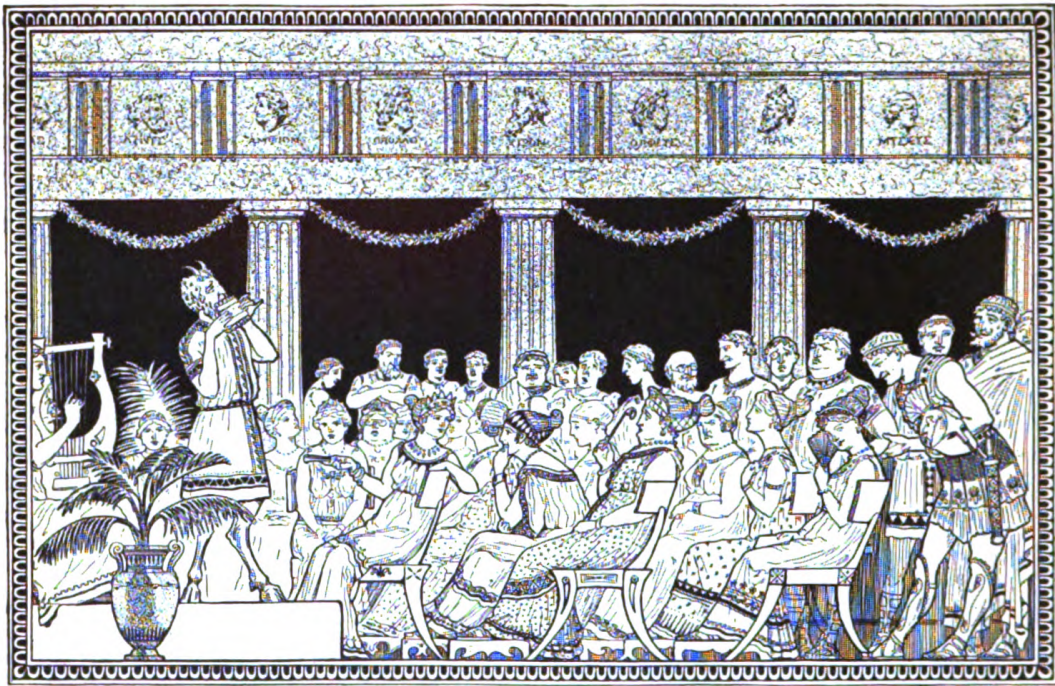


The Fairy Ring

THE fairies have had a party:
Last night while I slept they danced;
The glowworms lighted their ball-room,
The moon thro' its windows glanced.

They all ran off when the sun rose,
But maybe they're hiding near;
And I hope they'll think to invite me
When next they are dancing here.

ELIZABETH HOWLAND RICHARDS.



The First Society Musicales—Herr Pan on the Syrinx

The Eccentric

LIFE is not a thing all humdrum,
That is not, unless we choose—
You may own a park and forest;
I have trees within my shoes.

Yours may be a house and stable,
On the usual plan, of course;
I avoid all things so common—
In my kitchen there's a horse.

P'raps you have a mighty income,
Servants at your calls and becks;
I own stocks to wrap my neck in,
My work-apron's made of checks.

Life is not a thing so humdrum,
Many strange things come to pass—
You wear sweeping robes of ermine;
I have mantles on the gas.

ALINE MAY LEWIS.

Efficacy

"HOW do you like the new minister?"
asked Mrs. Beacon Streeter.
"I think he is magnificent," answered her
literary friend, "and just the man we need.
Why, his closing prayer this morning was
really the most eloquent one I ever heard
addressed to a Boston audience."

The Other Side

ROBBIE is very fond of scraping ac-
quaintances with the newsboys in the
street, although his mother, knowing that
their knowledge of the world is beyond
Robbie's tender years, has forbidden these
associations.

One day, hearing some loud, rough lan-
guage in front of the house, she went to the
door and rescued Robbie from the midst of
a noisy game. "Don't you know," asked his
mother, "that those rough boys are not good
associates for you to play with?"

"But, mamma," answered Robbie,
thoughtfully, "I's a good 'sociate for them
to play with."

Familiar Birds

MY father calls me little goose,
But why I cannot see,
As all the geese I know about
Don't look a bit like me.

A ROOSTER is quite vain, I think,
He acts too much at home;
And though he has no hair at all,
He always wears a comb.

LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for 'In the Second April'

"THE BASTILE IS NOT A VERY HEALTHY PLACE"

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIV

MAY, 1907

No. DCLXXXIV

The Conquest of Mount McKinley

BY FREDERICK A. COOK, M.D.

AFTER a long siege, during which we were compelled to acknowledge several disheartening defeats, we have at last conquered the highest mountain of our continent. In the prolonged expenditure of energy at high pressure this siege of Mount McKinley proved more difficult than most of the arctic projects. We were not days or weeks, but months, in desperate positions, fording icy glacial streams, pushing through thick underbrush, crossing life-sapping marshes and tundras, enduring the tortures of mosquitoes, camping on the top of wind-swept peaks, and being drenched from above and below with frigid waters; in snow-storms, on ice, in gloomy canyons and gulches; on ice cornices and precipices, always with torment and death before us. For danger, hardship, and maddening torture this essay of the great mid-Alaskan peak has been my worst experience. For hellish conditions and physical discomforts the north-pole chase is, compared with Mount McKinley, tame adventure.

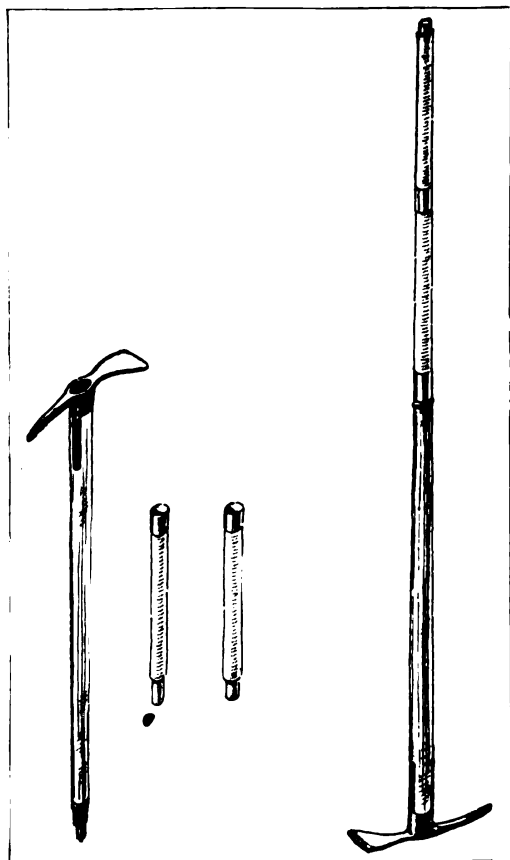
Two expeditions were organized in recent years, at a combined cost of twenty-eight thousand dollars, to explore and climb Mount McKinley. An account of the first venture was published in *Harper's Magazine* of February and March of 1894. The last venture was organized in April, 1906.

Many months were previously spent in perfecting an equipment which would be

light, and efficient under the severe test of exploring difficult lowlands and climbing high slopes in mid-Alaska, so near the arctic circle. To this end we adapted as far as possible the working equipment of polar explorers.

Our success was very largely due to the extreme simplicity and lightness of our climbing outfit and food. Our aim was to make an independent unit of each man, so that the party could be made up of two or more men as the conditions or our numbers warranted. All men were expected to carry an equal weight in their packs, and that weight was to be made up as far as possible of the entire needs for about two weeks, such as food, clothing, and bedding. The things which differed radically from all other alpine enterprises were a new form of silk tent large enough for three men, weighing but three pounds and requiring no pole; a sleeping-bag which could be converted into a coat or robe, weighing five pounds; and all of the usual climbers' food was discarded for pemmican, which is made of equal quantities of beef tallow and dried beef; also erbswurst, tea, sugar, and biscuits. These biscuits were baked and dried before leaving the timber zone. With our mountain needs thus simplified, I could with one or two trustworthy companions make rapid progress up difficult slopes, over mountainous country which in the usual manner of mountaineering would require

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ICE-AXE

TENT-POLE

a long train of porters and helpers, with the inevitable halts, accidents, and failures.

Profiting by the experience of the first venture, I was able to organize a second expedition with better hope of success. Fortunate in the enlistment of ten loyal coworkers, we embarked with our horses, with a motor-boat and a thorough equipment for a prolonged siege, from Seattle on the steamer *Santa Ana*, May 16, 1906. After a delightful voyage of two weeks around and among the beautiful islands of the Alaskan coast, we landed at Tyonok, on the west shore of Cook Inlet. Here, after a journey of five thousand miles, we began the serious task of moving our supplies to the base of Mount McKinley. Troubles began early. Our horses were stampeded by the savage Indian dogs, and despite days of hunting, six were

lost. After giving up our search for them we began the comparatively easy task of transporting our goods by launch up the Susetna River to Susetna station.

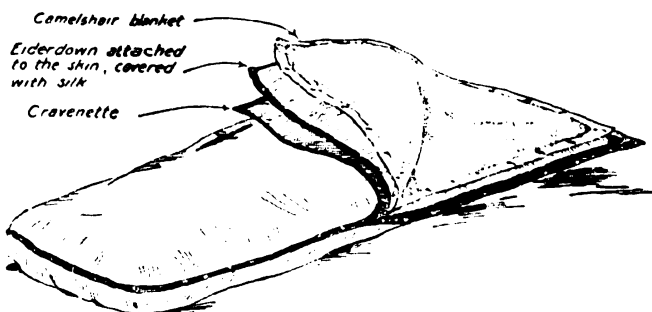
Of the many interesting experiences during the first few months we will have space to give only the general outline.

On the morning of June 4 we started in our specially constructed motor-boat, now christened *Bolshoy*, from Susetna station up the river toward our goal. Printz, Barrille, and Beecher were at this time following overland from Tyonok with the horses to meet us at a point in the foot-hills one hundred and twenty miles from the Inlet. About two miles above the station we turned into the Yentna River, which drains the great area from Mount Spurr to Mount Foraker. The rapids here were somewhat less treacherous than those of the Susetna and our progress more easy.

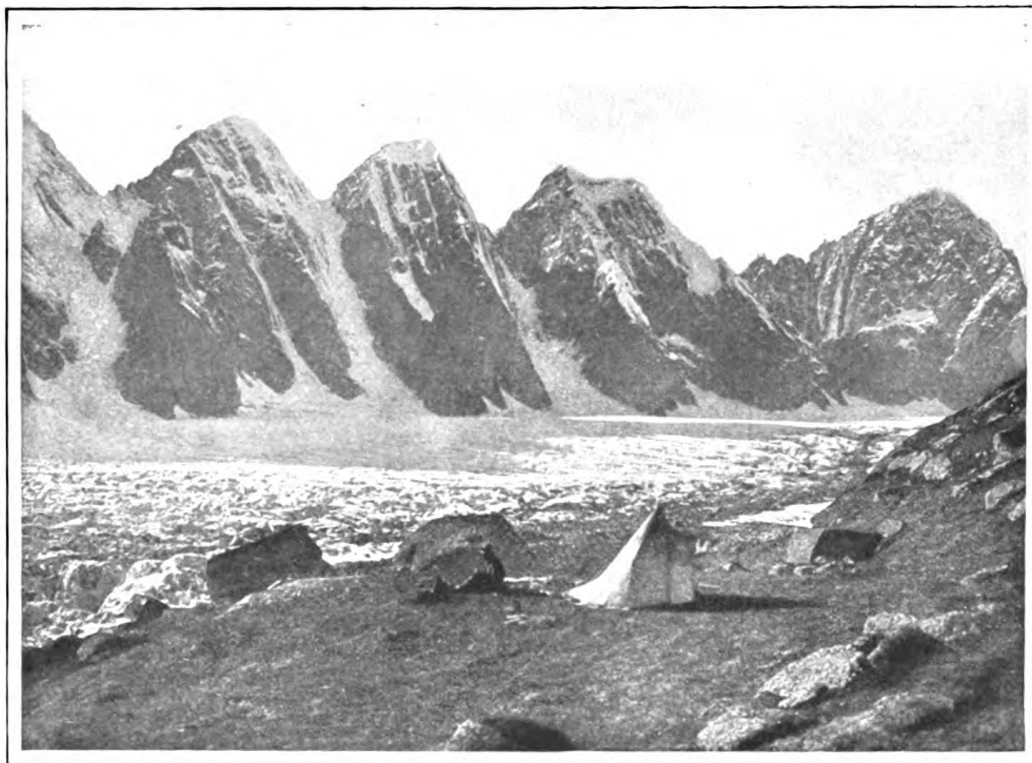
We followed the Yentna in its great sweeps through a wide low country, making camp occasionally, and passing nearly all the large tributaries of the river. After four days the waters became swifter and shallower. By going aground often, jumping snags, and dodging sweepers, we managed to get to a point on the west fork about forty miles from the head waters. Here we secured our launch to a cut bank, built a cache, placing most of our provisions in it. On the bars we erected a big tent.

On our trip heavy clouds had obscured our view of mountains of the Alaska range. As these clouds now drifted away, four notable peaks were visible—Mounts McKinley, Russell, Foraker, and Dall. All were covered with fresh snow.

On June 9 we made our first start for the pass. Preliminary investigation was



ONE OF OUR SLEEPING-BAGS



IN CAMP BY THE GLACIER

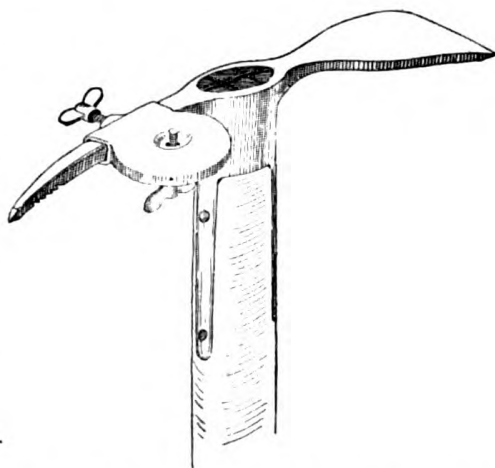
only to ascertain with reasonable care whether the passes near Mount Dall would be practicable for pack-horses. Of this, after some explorations, we felt sure, and we returned to camp confident of our ability to cross the range.

Within a week of our return we heard, one day, the sound of axes cutting trail and the tinkling of the bell-mare's bell, and soon after Printz, the chief packer, with Bar-ille, Beecher, and the horses joined us. We had been separated only three weeks, but of our pack of twenty horses there were only eleven remaining. In addition to the six which had been lost to us by the ferocious chase of

the Indian dogs, three others had been shot after being badly burned. On June 25 we packed the horses with supplies and an outfit for an assault upon Mount McKinley from the slopes towards Mount Foraker. We started, as before, along the Yentna into the pass, but were compelled to return to camp, finding that we

could not get our horses through.

Having failed in our attempt to climb the great mountain from the southwest, we now planned an assault against the south-eastern slopes. In an air-line we were about seventy miles from the base. The route to it was over an unknown rolling country. With our horses packed with



ICE-AXE WITH NEW CAMERA-TRIPOD ATTACHMENT

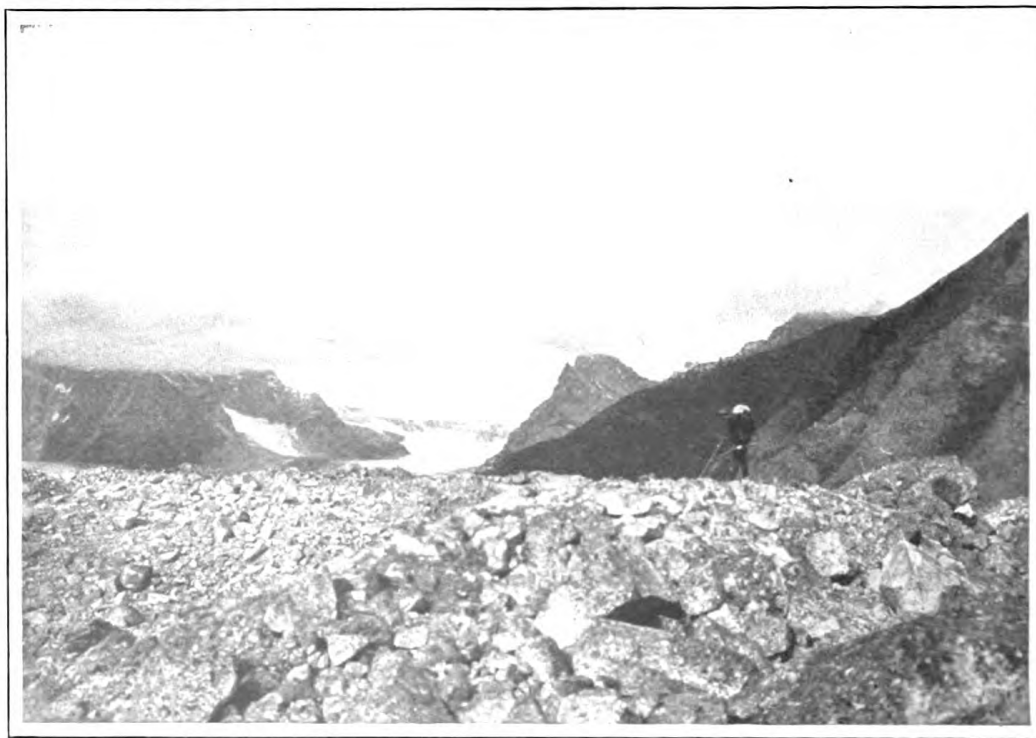
one hundred and fifty pounds each, we started north, and many hardships were encountered. Many discoveries were made here, but the mountain offered us a succession of cliffs impossible of ascent.

Signs of an early winter were now noted by the descent of the snow-line and the early frosts. There was no prospective route which offered a promising climb, and in this hopeless position we practically abandoned the attack on the slopes of Mount McKinley. We had been over two months in the field, fording and swimming glacial streams daily; with an almost continuous cold rain pouring over us, with boots daily filled with water and our garments pasted to the skin, we were not in humor to prolong the torment. There was, however, much other work to take our attention. Browne and Beecher were sent into the Matanuska to collect natural-history specimens; Printz and Miller went into the Kichatno on a similar mission; while Porter and his party remained in the region south of Mount McKinley to make a map of that country. Professor Parker unfortunately was compelled to

leave us to get to his college work in due time.

As a final task for our season's work I now determined to explore the river systems and glaciers to the east of Mount McKinley, and to examine the northern arête for a route to the top of the mountain for a possible future ascent.

As my companions for this work I selected Barrille and Dokkin—the latter joined our ranks in August. We fitted out the *Bolshoy* for the desperate task of climbing the rapids of the tumbling glacial streams, and started for the station early in September. The river was moderately high, but the signs of early winter were noted everywhere. The foliage was waving in flaming red and bright gold. Fresh tracks of bears, moose, and caribou were seen in many places along the sandy banks. The streams were as bad as we had been told, but the launch, with her splendid engines, pushed up the rapids with dignity and ease. The Susetna and Chulitna were conquered; and then we ascended the Tokosetna River to the first glacier, which



ALONG THE MORaine

on the former trip we named Ruth Glacier. Here we were in boiling rapids and among big boulders. The face of Ruth Glacier here seemed within easy reach.

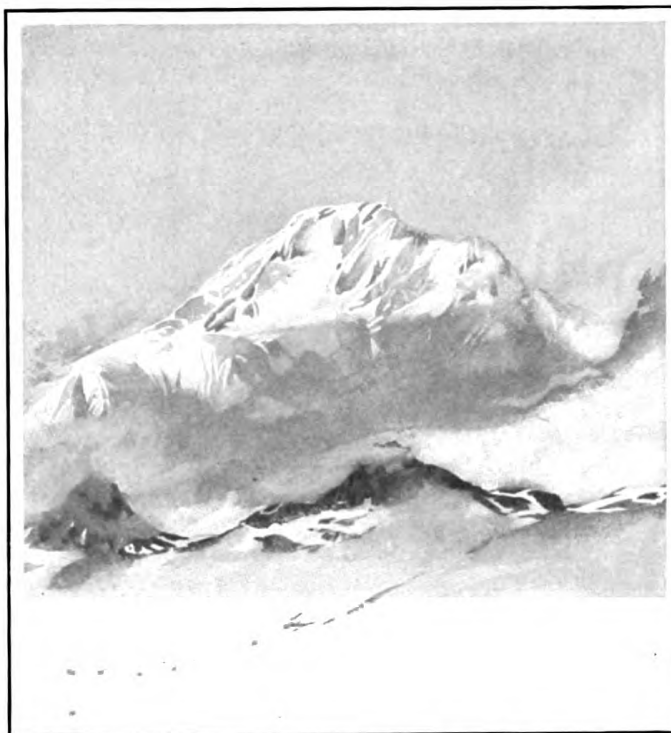
With the *Bolshoy* safely harbored, we began to establish a base camp. Our surroundings here were agreeable. To the east, but a few miles distant, were the bold uplands and the wooded lowlands of the Chulitna and Susetna valleys; to the west, the new gold country, the foot-hills of the Alaskan range, in which we had left our topographer, Mr. Porter. To the northwest, forty miles away, far above the clouds, the summit of Mount McKinley, the top of the continent, the *Ultima Thule* of our ambition, offered a tempting challenge.

In going up the Chulitna we had noted carefully every snow slope. We had already changed our minds as to the impossibility of climbing the mountain. Three promising routes were carefully charted with all possible landmarks. We aimed to tabulate three routes so thoroughly that if we were caught in a storm while climbing we could still travel by a previously noted line of landmarks. The weather during all summer had been the worst ever noted along the eastern side of the range. Continuous cold, drizzling rains made the work of exploration and climbing nearly impossible, but now there was a radical change; the thermometer fell to near the freezing-point in the lowlands, and above two thousand feet the winter snows were beginning to accumulate. There were a dryness and a briskness to the air which aroused anew our abandoned ambitions to climb Mount McKinley.

Our plans, however, were not made to climb to the top. The winter, with its heavy snowfall, its death-dealing avalanches, its storms and awful cold, was too far advanced in the upper world. We hoped only for an opportunity to examine

a route for a future ascent and to explore the big glaciers starting from the northerly slopes, and to this end we prepared our equipment.

Our working plans and our equipment differed from those of all other previous mountaineering expeditions. We employed no guides nor porters nor camp-followers. We did no relay work or double-tripping. We moved no heavy tents nor other cumbersome equipment. Rapid marches, light packs, and but the prime

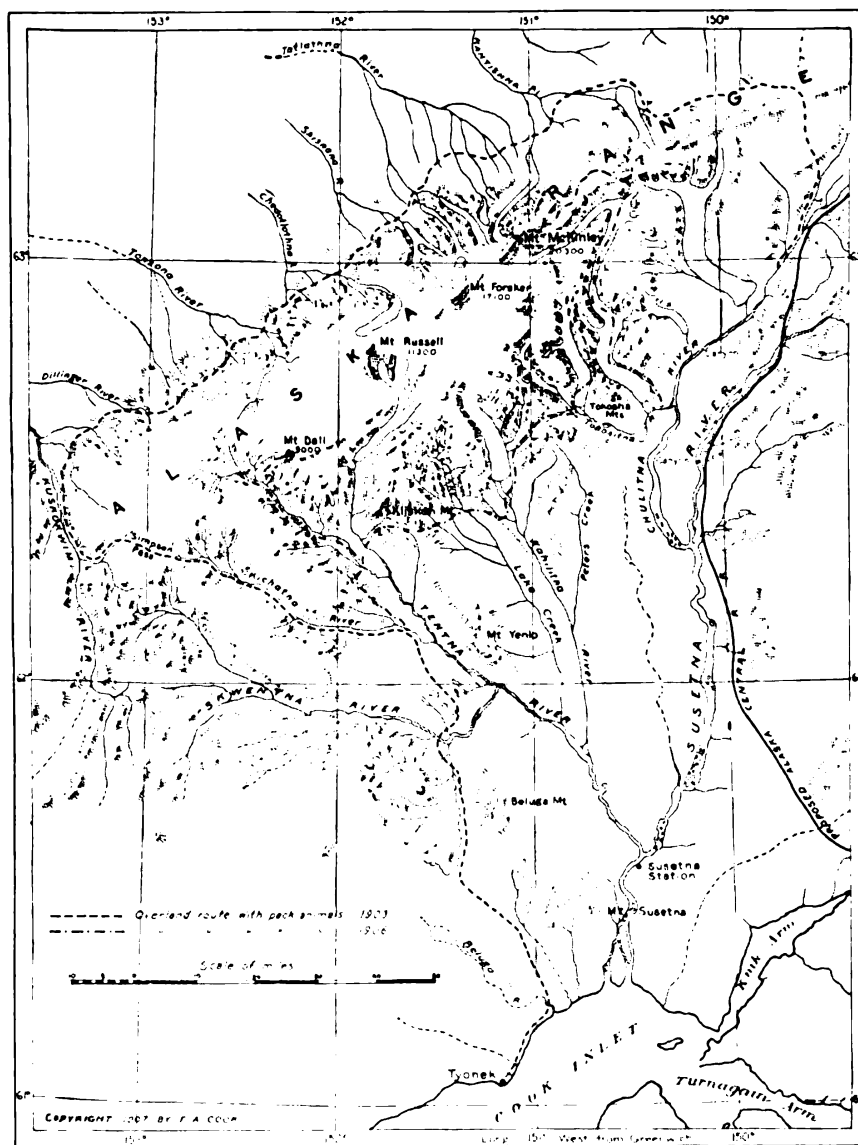


MOUNT MCKINLEY, ALASKA, 1906

Highest mountain on the North-American continent. A sketch by R. W. Porter, showing the side of the mountain up which the ascent was made

necessities of camp life characterized our methods of action. We aimed to carry on our backs about fifty pounds each, and this pack was to contain all our needs for ten days, independent of each other and independent of our base camp or a supporting party.

We spent a day in the preparation of this pack. Our clothing required some mending, and to bake the right kind of bread required a good deal of study. Crackers and all kinds of factory-made biscuits are, in my judgment, not only troublesome to transport, but their nu-



FIRST COMPLETE MAP OF THE MOUNT MCKINLEY REGION
 Drawn from data obtained in the field by Dr. Cook's expeditions and from maps of the United States Geological Survey

tritious value is very doubtful. In our first attempt we were forced to invent some kind of mountain bread, and we then tried to imitate zwieback, which proved very good. In the preparation of any food for a high altitude one has always to keep in mind that such food should not require cooking, nor should it contain a particle of moisture. Ordinary bread would freeze so hard that it would require hours to thaw it out, consuming precious fuel, which must be carried on the back. Our experiment here resulted in the invention of a biscuit which I want

to recommend for any work where the temperature is low and fuel scarce. We mixed the dough in the usual way with baking-powder, but omitting shortening. This dough was divided into little bits not larger than a good-sized marble, and baked in the reflector by a hot fire until quite brown; then the reflector was moved farther from the fire, and by slow heat the biscuits were dried and hardened. No grease was put in the pan nor the dough, for this seemed to prevent the drying process. Ten ounces of this bread was the day's allowance for each man. The daily

ration of other things was—pemmican, one pound; sugar, one-quarter pound; tea, one-half ounce; erbswurst, one-quarter pound; wood-alcohol for fuel, three ounces. Thus the food and fuel consumption was thirty-four ounces daily, but this allowance was so liberal that we were able to subsist nearly thirteen days on what was intended for ten days.

Some of the rucksacks and ice-axes were imported from Switzerland by Professor Parker; others were made in New York.

The instruments were three aneroid barometers, two thermometers, one watch, one prismatic compass, one five-by-seven camera with six film packs.

For camp equipment we had one silk tent, weighing three pounds; one sleeping-bag for each, weighing five pounds; rubber floor-cloth; tent-pegs; alcohol-stove; aluminum pail; aluminum cups and spoons; one pocket-knife; one horsehair lariat.

We carried no extra clothing, except stockings. As we left the boat we wore medium-weight suits of woollen underwear, heavy flannel shirts, and short woollen trousers, puttees, four pairs woollen socks, shoe-packs, and a felt hat.

We did all of our climbing dressed in this manner, adding sections of the sleeping-bag for excessive snow or cold. We had underestimated the arctic effects of even the low altitudes, and had not our bags been made in sections as ponchos—a splendid protection against the awful cold above—we would never have been able to even begin the upper slopes.

With all these things snugly packed from the *Bolshoy* in our rucksacks, we started on the morning of the 8th of September where the altitude was 1000 feet. It was a bright, clear day, with the temperature near the freezing-point. But a few hundred feet from camp we saw fresh moose and bear tracks. We followed these tracks a short distance, and then discovered a blazed trail cut by the gold-seekers. This trail led to Ruth Glacier, and after crossing several icy streams, in which we got wet above our waists, we found to the north side of the glacier an old caribou trail, where travelling was superb. We followed these trails, and on the evening of the second day we crossed a bend in the glacier and its first northerly tributary, camping on a beau-

tiful moss-carpeted point about fifteen miles from Mount McKinley. We had intended to leave a cache here, but the great mountain offered better promises of an ascent as we neared the base, and so we took all our supplies to the main slopes.

As we crossed the glacier and jumped the crevasses, Dokkin developed quite a fear of the bottomless pits, and said that he would prefer not to trust his life to the security of his footing. Barrille and I had been on glaciers before, and did not entertain the same fear. Indeed, we regarded this glacier as one particularly free of danger and hardship. Its surface was unusually smooth. We had about determined that the limit of our effort would be the top of the north arête at 12,000 feet; from there we believed that we could thoroughly outline the glacial drainage and also a route up the mountain for a climb next year. For this purpose Dokkin was not needed; and since he wished to prospect for gold in the lowlands, I sent him back with instructions to read the base barometer, and to place emergency caches along the glacier.

The snow on the glacier was hard and offered a splendid surface for a rapid march, but the advantage of its hardness was offset by the treacherous manner in which it bridged dangerous crevasses. As we advanced, these snow bridges increased, and we held our horsehair rope with more interest.

The sun settled behind Mount McKinley and threw a shivering blue over the mammoth glacial canyons about us. Here our eyes first danced to the dazzling glows and the wild notes of enchantment and despair of a frigid cloud-world. We were making discoveries in every direction. The gates of a new world of arctic glory had opened. In line with the magnetic needle the glacier continued with graceful curves and like a thing of life, its arms reaching up to the easterly outline of the great monarch of mountains. To the west of this snowy bosom of ice our anxious eyes ran from peak to peak of wondrous mountains entwined by gauzy films of gold. With utter amazement we counted twelve cone-shaped peaks in an air-line, all nearly 12,000 feet high, the last a pinnacle in the huge northern arête making a barrier to the conquest of Mount McKinley. To the

east of this wonderful line of frosted and polished cones there was another row of less regular but sharper peaks with sheer walls of yellow granite, down which avalanches plunged for 5000 feet without a shelf.

The scene changed every minute; clouds came and went swiftly. The blue changed to purple, the purple to lilac, and at last a black veil of sadness dropped over this new world of arctic flitter.

With this peep into the frosty splendor of our future camping environment our anticipations were sharpened. We knew that at this camp we would leave behind the last trace of life. We were eager to celebrate this departure from life by a feast with the greatest possible comfort, for feasts and comforts would be impossible in the upper world.

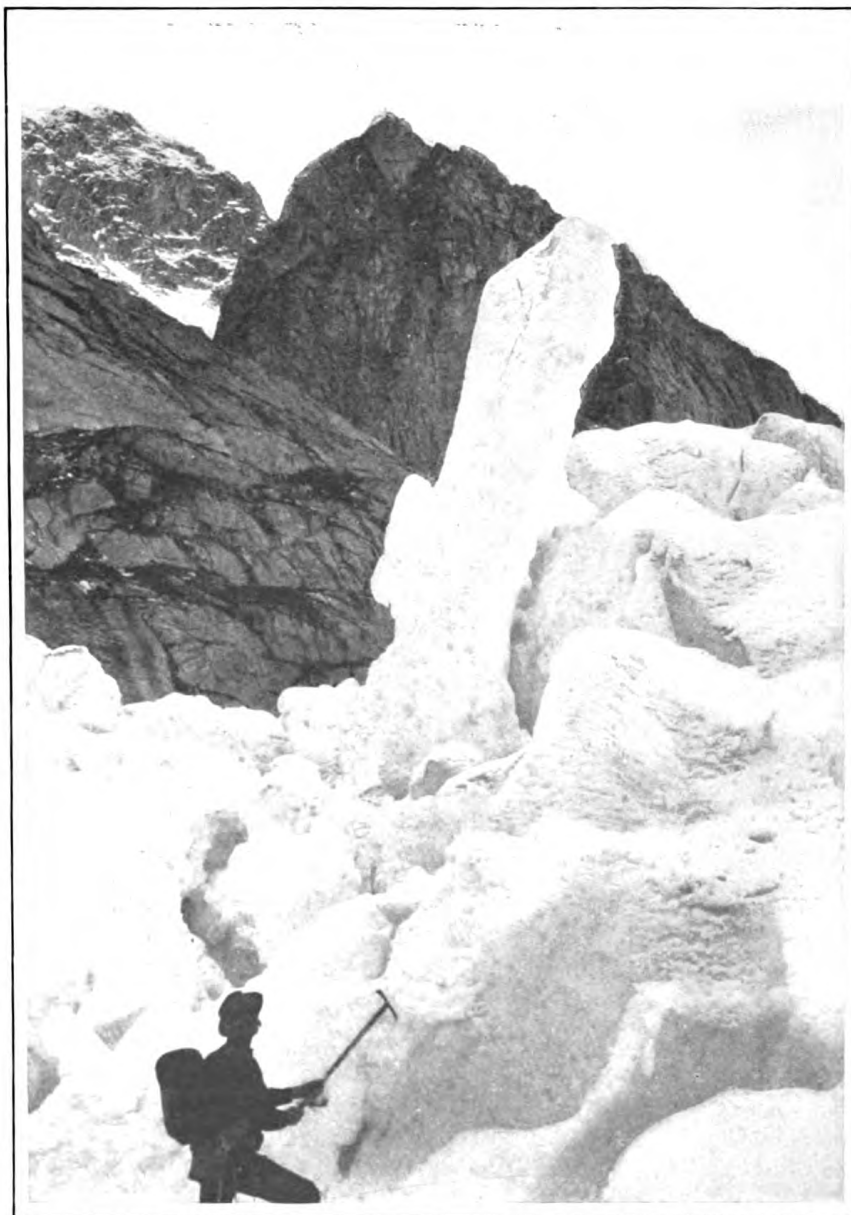
Under the silk tent was a soft carpet of moss in delicate shades of brown and green and red. From this moss we were able to make a cheerful fire, and thus save the precious alcohol which we had carried thirty miles for a fire higher up. Among the lichens of the upper rocks we heard the piercing shrieks of numerous ptarmigan. After some delicate manoeuvres that would do credit to a mountain-goat, Barrille secured five of these with his rifle. To make the birds palatable proved to be a task more difficult than the hunt. With wet moss we could not get fire enough to broil the birds. To cut them and make a kind of soup was our only resource, but we had no salt and no flavoring material, and this thought of a parboiled bird without salt was not pleasant. We filled the aluminum pail with snow, cut the meat in small strips, and as the snow melted we tossed in the meat. We boiled it for about an hour and a half. Barrille tasted the meat, and said it tasted like oysters without lemon. I tasted the soup, and it was impossible. We had carefully eliminated salt from our food because of its tendency to produce thirst. Barrille put in some pemmican, which gave it a sickening sweet flavor. I added some crumbs of bread, which helped a little. Finally Barrille said, "Let's put in the mixture some sugar and tea, and our feast will be complete, and it will save us the wait for the tea after." I yielded to the sugar, and tried it, and to our great surprise this seemingly impossible mixture passed

our palates without protest. A sweet soup with sugared meat, what joys it brought us! but we never repeated the experiment.

The night was dark and gloomy. There was an occasional fall of snow from the low clouds sweeping along the surface of the glacier. From a long distance there came a low-pitched rumbling noise like that of a farm-wagon over a rocky road. There were the premonitory warnings of the avalanches. Sharp winds were piping frosty notes through granite crevasses, but in our silk tent and buttoned in our eider-down bags, with stomachs full of sweet soup and sugared ptarmigan, we were serenely happy.

Dawn came with a weird blue glow from the west. The high frosted foothills to the east brightened and warmed to an orange tint, but there was a long arctic twilight with an oppressive stillness, interrupted by sharp, explosive noises due to the movement of the glacial stream. In this twilight we saw the stars through the silk mesh of the tent as clearly as at night in lower lands. The outlines of the mountains were also clearly seen through the tent while we were resting comfortably.

We made an early start over the moss to the hills of a lateral moraine. Climbing the big boulders, we studied the path through which our course forced us. The ice in the dim morning light looked enticing from a picturesque standpoint; great blue crevasses crossed the glacier, and huge pinnacles of ice rose like the pinnacles of the polar pack. We enjoyed the scene, but as a highway the outlook was discouraging. The hair rope was securely fastened about our waists, and then we descended into the largest and also the worst of the crevasses, picking our way in the blue depths below across the glacier. Rising out of this frigid gap to the main surface of the ice, we found the snow hard and a fairly clear spread of ice for miles ahead. The crevasses were still numerous; those visible were easily evaded, but those invisible were at times unintentionally located by breaking through snow bridges. Big cumulous clouds pressed against the southern slopes of the twelve peaks, but the narrow sky of the big blue canyon into which we were pushing was perfectly clear. A strong wind rolled off of



THE FIRST DIFFICULT CLIMB

the ice of the great mountain, and if pierced us like the blast of an arctic winter. It was not until noon that the sun broke through the narrow gaps of sky-piercing foot-hills, and then we changed our course to the north side of the glacier. The awful frost of the dense blue shadows, combined with the icy head-wind, made advance rather difficult. The bright burning sunbeams falling on the glittering snow of the other side of the glacier were equally uncomfortable, for now there fell from our faces big beads of perspiration, which froze in icy pin-

nacles on our garments. Because of the splendid progress which we had made we allowed ourselves the luxury of a midday lunch. We tried to set our alcohol-lamp in a big grotto, but deflected currents of air so blew the blue flame that the heat was lost. The tent was set up, and in it we brewed a pot of tea, ate pemmican and biscuits, and rested for two hours; and then, as the sun sank behind the big cliffs of the main mountain, we took up the march again into the frosty shadows. Before dark we pitched the tent on the glacier at an

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AN ICE-HUT CAMP IN THE CLOUDS
Drawn by R. W. Porter

altitude of 8000 feet, within a few miles of the northern ridge, the summit of which, 4000 feet above, was at this time our ultimate destination.

We had every reason to be pleased with our rapid progress to this camp. In three days we pushed thirty-five miles into the foot-hills of an unexplored country, and were now in a better position to attack the mountain than at any previous time during a siege of three months.

The main glacier here narrowed, turned sharply to the southeast, sweeping the whole eastern slope of Mount McKinley. Feeders pulled the snows out of numerous amphitheatres, and the main tributary sent prongs on to the great arête. Indeed, the gathering basins of the glacier were arranged like the leaves of a tree, and huge limbs connected them with the parent mass of ice, completing the circulatory system from cloud to sea.

We realized the serious aspect of our next ascent into a region of cloud and storm, but we were now prepared for all contingencies. We had seen the great mountain from every possible side during our various campaigns. Along the west

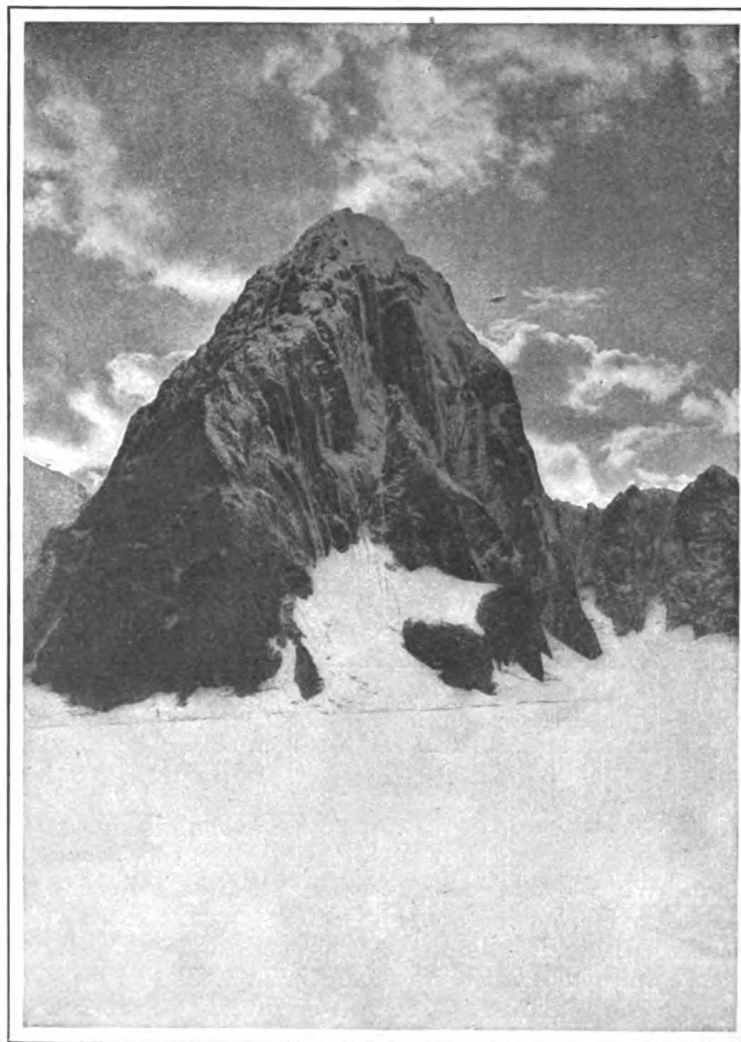
we had followed the face of the mountain for twenty-five miles. Along the east we had circled the base close enough to study carefully the giant slopes. Every glacier, every pinnacle, everything that could possibly be seen as a landmark or a route, had been carefully charted. We knew that we could not carry into the clouds a sufficient supply to permit of halts during storms. We must make progress and climb every day. Cloud obscurity or storms must not delay us, and to be able to be thus independent of weather we must always know exactly where we were, and know also the workable route and the dangers above and below. These points were splendidly met by our arctic equipment and our rapid sketch maps of the slopes of the mountain from every point of view.

The death-dealing spirit of the avalanches created more anxiety here than at any other camp, though we never failed to note this danger. The night was dark, and we were restless, like soldiers on the eve of a battle. Snugly wrapped in our bags, we rested well, but slept little, because of violent thunder of avalanches

and the angry rush of winds. Out of black clouds from the invisible upper world there rushed, with the noise of a thousand cannons and the hiss of a burning volcano, indescribable quantities of rock and ice mixed with snow and wind. The tumble from cliff to cliff, from glacier to glacier, down the seemingly endless fall, was soul-stirring to the verge of desperation. The glacier under us cracked, the whole earth about quivered as from an earthquake, and as we tossed about in our bags the snow squeaked with a metallic ring. That third night we felt as if we were at the gates of Hades. We were about ready to quit and seek a more congenial calling. But dawn brought its usual inspiration. The temperature fell to zero, a heavy fall of snow cleared the gloom out of the sky, and a bright orange glow softened the depressing chaos of cliffs and spires into a sheen of sparkling splendor. While in our bags breakfast was prepared and eaten, and as the sun broke through the granite gap we tumbled out of the tent, rolled up our bags and tent, packed all in our rucksacks, secured the life-line to our waists, and with axes in hand we started over the fresh snow for the cliffs of the north-eastern ridge.

The gaps of the crevasses widened, and the ice became more irregular, but the snow improved as we advanced. We chose the lateral moraine of the cerac of the first glacial tributary as a route into an amphitheatre. Here we found ourselves

rising into the breath of avalanches too numerous and too close for our sense of safety, but there were no other lines of ascent, so we pushed on into the gathering basin and into the clouds. The sunlight and snowy brightness were now obscured by a curious gray-blue mist. The frosty chill of blue shadows, as also the warm glow of sunbeams, was absent, and in its place a humid shiver, which is the usual effect of the cloud-world. With an eye on some rock, we picked our way through mists, over dangerous ceracs, to the frowning cliffs that made the circular rim of the amphitheatre. Here at noon we dropped in the snow, ate some pemmican, and rested long enough to permit the clouds to part and give us a peep at



A SPUR OF MOUNT MCKINLEY

the cliffs above. We were thirsty, but it would take more than an hour to melt snow, and this delay we could not afford at this time. There was no place to camp in the regions above unless we reached the top of the ridge, and we still had

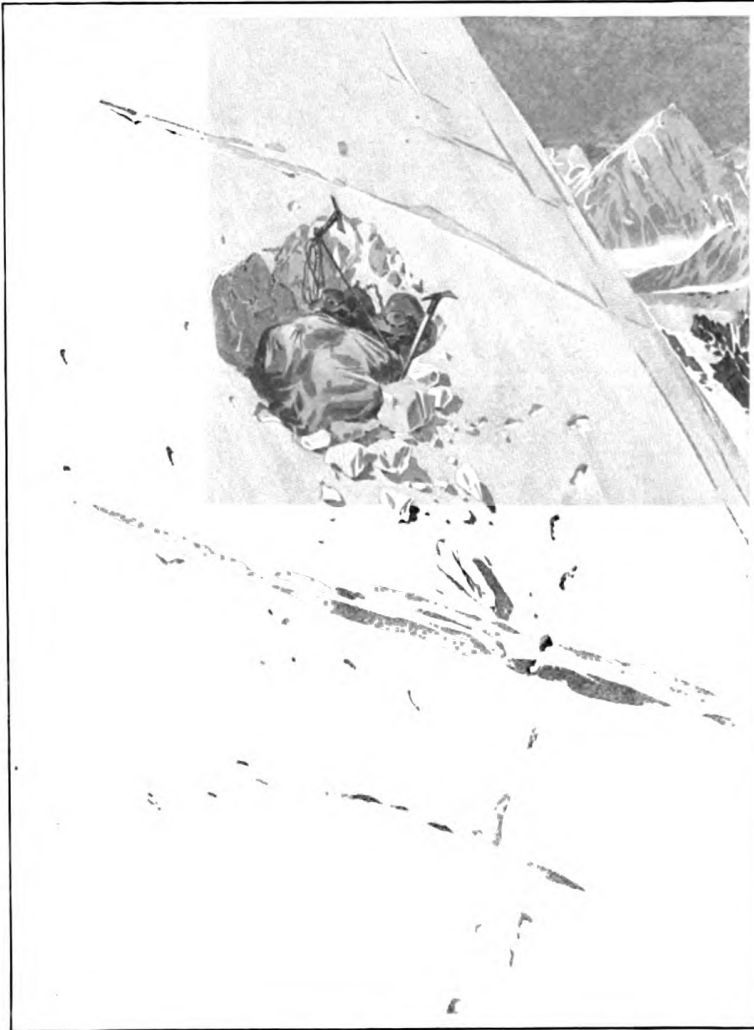
were on the divide, the wall between the Yukon and Susetna.

It did not take us long to discover that we were on the battle-ground and on the firing-line of clouds from the tropic and the arctic. The winds came in gusts now

from the east and then from the west; with each change there were a fall of snow and a rush of drift. This environment did not appeal to us as a camping-ground. In seeking for a sheltered nook we found a place where the snow was hard enough to cut blocks with which to build a snow house. In less than two hours our dome-shaped Eskimo igloo was completed, and thereby shelter and comfort were assured us for the time of our stay here.

The ice-axes were driven into the snow, a rope was stretched, and on this line we hung our wet stockings and puttees. We had previously learned that the best way to dry things out was to allow them to freeze, and on the following morning to shake off the frozen moisture; everything else was taken inside the snow walls, and a block of snow was

pulled in as a door. In the snow house we were splendidly housed from the wind and drifting snows. Even the deafening rush of the avalanches was muffled. The temperature outside was below zero, but we were perfectly comfortable within. Thin sheets of rubber were spread on the floor first, the silk tent and all our outer clothing were put down next. The sleeping-bag was



CAMPING ON A SIXTY-DEGREE SLOPE
 Sketched, from description, by R. W. Porter

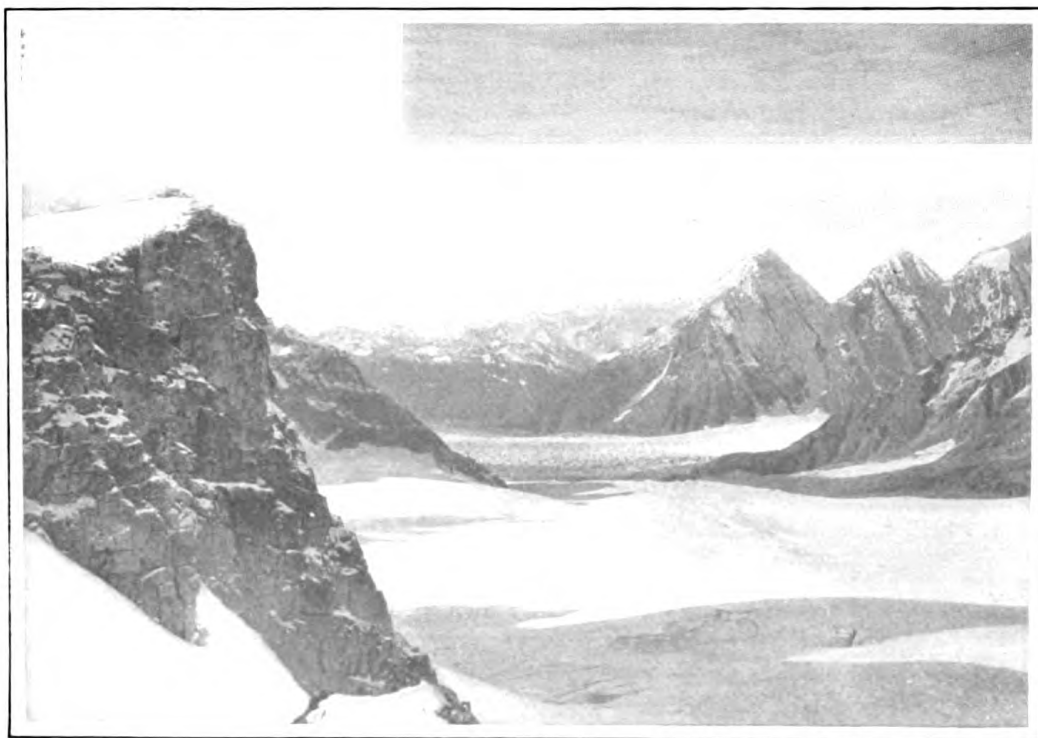
about two thousand feet of unknown trouble above us to a possible resting-place. We rose farther and farther into the ragged edge of quickly drifting clouds. Rising from ridge to ridge and from cornice to cornice, we finally burst through the gloomy mist on to a bright snow-field, upon which fell the parting glow of the sun settling into the great green expanse beyond the Yukon. We

placed on this, and into the bags we crept with the confidence of a warm, restful night. Our shoes and cameras and other bulky things were rolled up in our rucksacks and used as pillows. This done, our snow camp was complete for the culinary process. Barrille packed the aluminum pail with fine snow, while I filled the lamp with wood-alcohol. Soon the happy buzz of the numerous blue jets lowered the snow-line, and more snow was added. During this time we rested comfortably in our bags and braced our teeth to the hard fragments of tallow and dried beef. We had a sickening, empty feeling and a ravenous appetite, and felt like spending the night in filling up. We were not at all particular as to the menu. I have heard mountain-climbers speak of the difficulties of digestion; this was not one of our complaints; anything to fill the gap would have been appreciated. Fortunately, pemmican changes a hungry man's mind very quickly, and this, with tea and biscuits, raised an atmosphere of contentment which could not have been equalled by a course dinner. We lived a simple life indeed.

Little streams of snow drifted through

the cuts between the blocks that night, but we rolled over now and then, shook the snow from the flap about our faces, and renewed our slumber with ever increasing joys. At the end of twelve hours we woke up with a gastric emptiness which called for immediate attention.

As we crawled out of the snow house we noted, to our surprise, that the clouds below had separated and were drifting northerly, leaving unveiled the unexplored mountains and glaciers, the study of which completed our main mission. In about an hour we had completed our observation, and then we turned for a look at the upper slopes for a route to the top. A few stratus films were brushing the snowy crests above, and the sun poured a wealth of golden light over the giant cliffs of the east, illuminating the rushing snow of the plunging avalanches with a wild fire. Along the east, among the seemingly impossible cliffs, there were several promising lines of attack over narrow overhanging glaciers and over steep ice-sheeted ridges. Every possible route, however, from this side was seen, as the eye followed it to the summit, to be crossed somewhere by avalanche tracks. Along



THE VIEW FROM 10,000 FEET

the west there was a similar danger from the sweep of the ceaseless downpouring rock and snow. Our only chance, and that seemed a hopeless one, was along the cornice of the northeastern arête upon which we were camped. For some distance there was a smooth line of crusted snow, with a sheer drop of about 4000 feet to either side. At about 13,000 feet this line was barred by a huge rock, with vertical sides of about 1000 feet. Beyond this rock there were other cliffs of ice and granite, and beyond this was a steep arête, over which we could go from the west to the northern face on to a glacier and into a valley between the two peaks which we now saw made the summit.

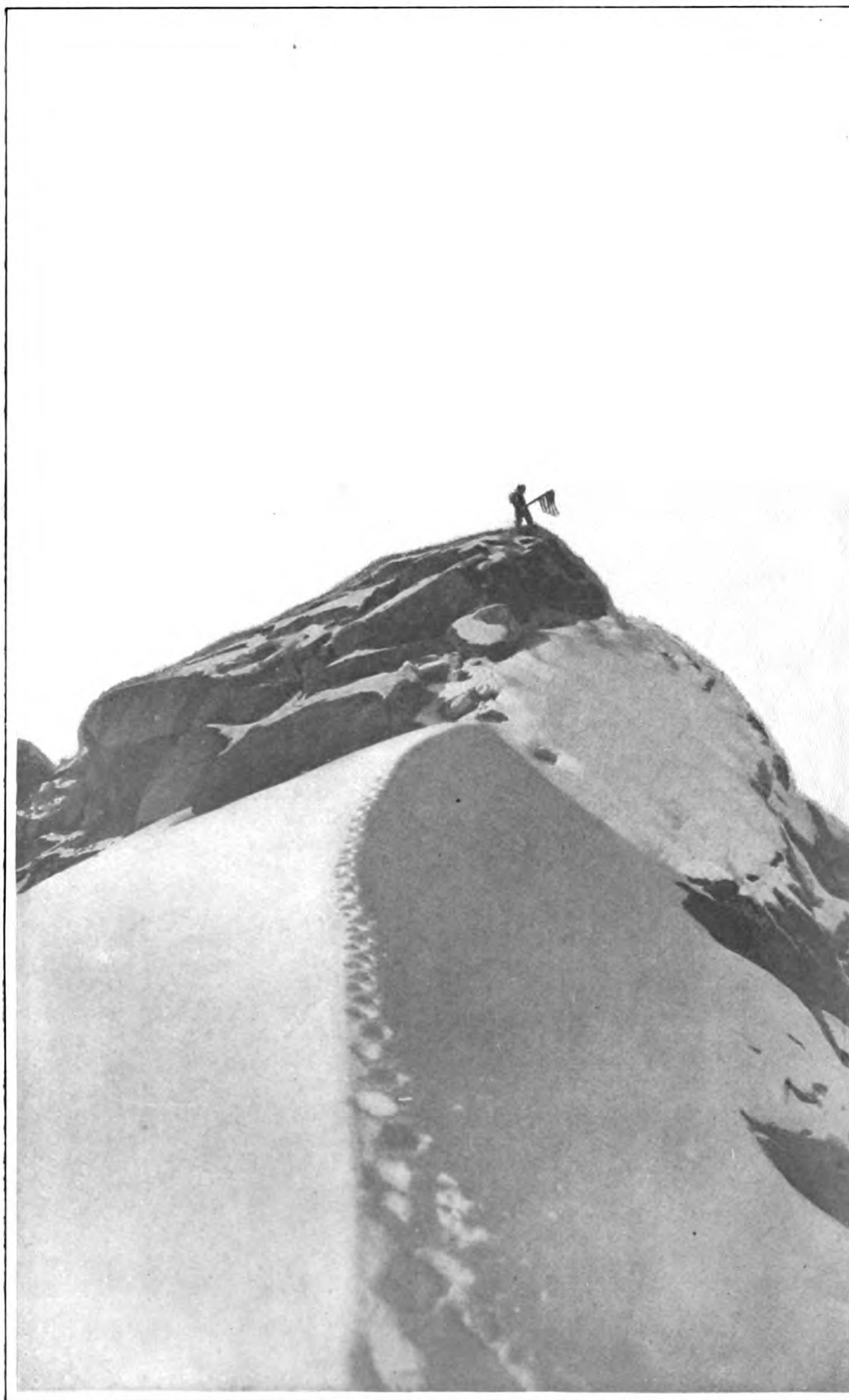
After so many failures along lines of attack that looked good we concluded that to determine the feasibility of this route it would be necessary to pick a way around the big rock and into the median depression of the mountain. If we succeeded, however, in doing this, we might as well prolong our siege and try for the top. We had food and fuel enough for this, but the winter was so far advanced that the venture seemed imprudent. With half a notion to climb to the summit, but with a more determined resolution to pick a route for a future ascent, we adjusted our rucksacks and life-line and started along this cornice. Soon the big southern clouds swept the mountain, and we were left to grope in the misty blue of the cloud-world. We found a way on a narrow cornice around the big rock, and then we dug and scratched for a footing among the ice blocks in the narrow gorges between sharp pinnacles. With the dimness of the light and the limited range of vision we could not determine here the prospective course of avalanches, and this uncertainty gave us a good deal of anxiety. Our course was very irregular, winding around polished granite walls into gloomy grottos, over dangerous snow bridges. Without stopping for lunch, we continued difficult step-cutting all day. Our rise in altitude was very little, but we got beyond this barrier, out of the area of windy cliffs and frigid crags, out on a steep snow-sheeted arête.

We uttered a sigh of relief as we rose on the icy steps of our "Jacob's ladder," out of the gloomy dangers from below

to the upper edge of the cloud zone. We uttered a good many other sighs of despair before the night was spent. The little color which we were able to note between the cloud rifts indicated sunset. It was 7.30 by the watch and 14,200 feet by the aneroid. The mercury stood at eleven below zero, and the compass pointed to the point of a new peak above the clouds twenty-eight degrees east of north. The thin blue haze about us was thickening to a colder blue, ragged outlines of torn cloud filaments were noted, crystals of snow fell as we rested and talked of the chances of camp or shelter on a cloud-swept slope too steep for a seat. The blackness of night was thickening fast, and its chill increased in proportion with the decrease of the light. We knew that we could not descend to a shelter spot, for there was none within the day's climb. The darkness was too far advanced and we were too nearly exhausted to risk a farther ascent into the unknown dangers above. The slope upon which we had cut steps and seats in the ice was nearly sixty degrees, but the ice was secure, the snow firm, and the danger from avalanches small. As a duty to ourselves and to our families we had no alternative but to dig into the icy side of the mountain and hold on for the night.

In this side-hill ditch we fitted ourselves securely with a view to the effects of slumber movements. For if we slipped from the ditch we would plunge thousands of feet through the clouds to the smoky depths of an arctic inferno. We wrapped ourselves in a bundle, with all of our belongings, including the tent, then lashed ourselves to the axes, which were securely driven into the ice. The fine snow drifted down our necks and into the cracks of the dugout, but we did not dare to move for fear the snow would fill the gap, crowd us out, and we would be left to hold on to the axes to stay us from a death plunge.

Avalanches thundered down from both sides at close range. The night was very long and stormy. There were frequent rifts in the clouds, through which we saw clusters of stars framed by silvery films of vapor—beautiful pictures in the retrospect, but we were then not in a humor to appreciate the glories of our outlook. We were interested more in the break of



THE FLAG ON THE SUMMIT OF MT. MCKINLEY, 20,300 FEET ABOVE SEA-LEVEL

day and in the chances of getting to a place of greater security. The thought of going to the top of the mountain was dispelled by the misery of that awful night. We were too tightly bundled to disagree actively, though we spent wakeful hours in mild arguments. We agreed, however, on two points—we must hold on, freeze to the ice, if possible, and with the first light take to the low country. But with the break of day, with its fetching polar glory, all of this disheartening note of abandonment and danger changed. Now our determination to retreat resolved itself into a resolution to go to the top. With the chill of dawn the upper clouds froze to the slopes, while the lower clouds settled lower and lower into the maze of glacial canyons. Through these lower clouds there was a burst of fire, and with it the great glittering spires above blazed with a glow of rose. This glow lasted but a short time, then the normal frost of purple and blue submerged every hope of feeling heat or seeing warmth in color. As we dragged ourselves out of the icy ditch of terrors we were able to see that we had passed the barriers to the ascent. The slopes above were easy, safe, and connected, but the bigness of the mountain was more and more apparent as we rose above the clouds. Instead of our having to climb one mountain, we were forced to deal with peaks upon peaks and mountains within a mountain. The task enlarged with the ascent; rising over crest after crest, we finally reached what seemed to be the top of the mountain. But it was only a spur, and beyond it were many other spurs. The air became clearer and sharper with every step, and our exhaustion, mostly the result of sleeplessness and anxiety of the previous night, was increasingly felt. Soon after noon we swung from the arête easterly to the glacier. Here, owing to fatigue, we were utterly unable to proceed. The snow was such that we were able to build a snow house, and in it we packed ourselves for a long rest.

As the stars were beginning to fade on the following morning, the sixth day of our climb, we kicked out the snow block which made our door, and crawled on to the crackling surface. The temperature was 15° below zero. The light increased rapidly, and an oppressive still-

ness contrasted strongly with the noisy rush of avalanches which we previously noted below. The marvels in this new world of ice were slow in penetrating our frosty senses. Even after we began to appreciate the anomaly of things we questioned our perceptions. We were surely in a land of paradoxes. Here, looking down ever so far below, a sea of clouds whose upper filament waved in the gold of the rising sun, while above these was a dark gray-blue sky, with the stars still visible. The snow and the rocks glittered with a weird brightness seeming to come out of the earth—darkness above, light from below. Things were certainly twisted. This supracloud world is a land of fantasy, of strange other-world illusions. Here summers are winters, and winters are what a polar traveller believes Hades ought to be.

Starting from camp, at 16,300 feet, picking a trail around successive ceracs, our progress was good. We still felt the bad effects of our overworked muscles on the lower climbs; but we hoped to be able to push on to the summit that day. However, the increasing altitude, the very low temperatures, and the lack of reserve energy, all combined to make our ascent extremely difficult. After dragging ourselves up 2000 feet along easy snow slopes we pitched the tent early in the afternoon on the soft snow of a gathering basin within easy reach of the top.

We had seen the summit from various sides, but we were not prepared for the surprise of this great spread of surface. From below, the apex appears like a single peak, with gradual slopes. From the northern foot-hills we had previously discovered two distinct peaks. But now, from the upper slopes, we saw that there were several miniature ranges running up to two main peaks about two miles apart. To the west a ridge with a saddle, to the east a similar ridge, with one main peak to the southeast. This peak was the highest point, and to it we aimed to take our weighty selves at dawn on the following morning.

This last night of the climb was one of great restlessness. We were camped at an altitude above the summit of Mount St. Elias, a point highest in the air so near the north pole. The arctic circle was within sight. The temperature re-

mained uniformly 16° below zero, and an air with a piercing penetration drifted over us. We breathed heavily, and our hearts labored like gas-engines in trouble. The circulation was so depressed that it was impossible to dispel the sense of chilliness. Increased clothing or bed-

our faces we did find ourselves nose-deep in the frost of our own breath.

With numb fingers and teeth chattering we packed our sleeping-bags and a light emergency ration in the rucksack, and then, with grim determination, and with a flag, we started for the culminating

peak. The sun had risen out of the great green lowland beyond Mount Hayes, and was moving toward the ice-blink caused by the extensive glacial sheets north of the St. Elias group. Our route was over a feathery snow-field which cushioned the gap between rows of granite pinnacles. During most of this ascent we were in frosty shadows which pierced to the bone, but when we did rise into the direct sunbeams there was a distinct warm sensation. Ten feet away, however, in another shadow, the air was as cold as during the frigid night. The sunbeams seemed to pass through the air without leaving behind a trace of heat, as does an electric spark through space.

One hundred steps and then a halt, leaning on our ice-axes to rest. Another hundred steps, and another halt to gape for breath,

and so on in our weary efforts to rise. The last few hundred feet of the ascent so reduced our physical powers that we dropped on to the snow, completely exhausted, gasping for breath. We had gone so near the limit of human endurance that we did not appreciate the proud moments of the hard-earned success. Glad enough were we to pull the eider-down robes about us, and allow our thumping, overworked hearts, as well as our lungs laboring in less than half an atmosphere, to catch up. We puffed and puffed, and after a while the sickening thump under the left fifth rib became less noticeable. Breath came and went easier, and then the call of the top was again uppermost. It was an awful task, how-



EDWARD BARRILLE, ALASKA, OCTOBER, 1906
From a sketch by R. W. Porter

covers did not seem to make much difference. The best thing to meet the shivers was hot tea. The alcohol-lamp was not a success at this altitude. But with a good deal of nursing we succeeded in melting snow enough for our drinks. The water boiled at a point so low that the tea was weak and never too hot. Indeed, if we desired the real flavor of the tea, it was necessary to eat the tea-leaves. Though the mercury did not sink low, the cold of this night was to me worse than any arctic temperature 60° below zero at sea-level. Words did not freeze and tumble about us as did the words of Mark Twain's hero at the north pole, who found himself knee-deep in his own eloquence, but as we raised the flap from

ever, to pick ourselves up out of the deep snow and set the unwilling muscles to work pulling up our legs of stone. The mind was fixed on the glitter of the summit, but the motive force was not in harmony with this ambition. I shall never forget, however, the notable moments when the rope became taut with a nervous pull, and we crept impatiently over the heaven-scraped granite toward the top.

We stood up under a black sky so low that we felt as if we could nearly touch it. We had reached the top. What a task! Without the aid of guides we had at last reached our goal. Almost unconsciously our hands were locked, with a look of satisfaction at each other; not a word nor a yell was uttered. We had not the breath to spare. It was September 16, 1906, ten o'clock in the morning, the temperature -16° ; the altitude 20,391 feet. Then followed a long gaze over the cold wide world spread out at our feet. To the south the eye ran over the steaming volcanoes, Redoubt and Iliamna, down Cook Inlet to the point of Kenai Peninsula and the Pacific, two hundred and fifty miles away. Narrow, winding, pearly ribbons marked the courses of the Koskokwim, Yukon, Tanana, and Susetna rivers. Out of the Pacific rose a line of clouds drifting over the Chugach Mountains, to deposit their

snows in the glaciers of the Alaskan Range. A similar train of clouds came out of the Bering Sea and swept the western side of the range. These clouds blotted out most of the mountains near the main range. This lower world of lesser mountains did not impress us so much as the little sky-world about us. Here, under our feet, was the top of the continent, the north pole of our ambitions, probably the coldest spot on earth, and we were the most miserable of men at a time when we should have been elated. Nevertheless, I shall always remember, with a mental focus sharpened by time, the warm friendship of my companion, Edward Barrille, the curious low dark sky, the dazzling brightness of the sky-scraped granite blocks, the neutral gray-blue of space, the frosty dark blue of the shadows, and, above all, the final pictures which I took of Barrille with the flag lashed to his axe as an arctic air froze the impression into a relief which no words can tell.

A record of our conquest was left, with a small flag, in a metallic tube in a protected nook a short distance below the summit. A round of angles was taken with the prismatic compass. The barometers and thermometers were read and hasty notes jotted down in our notebook. The descent was less difficult, but it took us four days to tumble down to our base camp.

That's for Remembrance

BY MILDRED HOWELLS

FOR roses red with rapture,
For lilies pale with pride,
Why should I ask, well knowing
My wish must be denied?

For rosemary I pray, then,
With sorrow's shadow gray,
The memories that others,
More favored, throw away.

Time and the Hour

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

"Time and the hour runs through the roughest day."—*Shakespeare*.

"THE thing has got to be stopped," said Bess, sternly

Her husband looked at her across the breakfast-table with a certain apprehension. Bess was the most plastic of creatures—up to a certain point. It was always a mystery where she hid that point beneath so soft an exterior. She was a creature of softly fluffed hair, mild blue eyes, and the dancing shape of girlhood, in spite of the robust figure of her son, aged three, now patiently reposing beside her in a high chair. But she had spoken in her New England tone, and Comyns recognized it. His six feet two of height, lofty bearing, and strongly chiselled chin went for nothing against Bess's childlike contours *and* the tone. Her face now was as placid as ever, but held no delusions for her husband.

"It is true,—it is hardly ever on time," he said, weakly.

"On time!—it is never on time!" Bess's voice grew in scorn, "but an hour and a half after. What is needed is a little firmness,—you must stand by me."

"Don't I always?" asked Comyns, meekly.

"Not when it means a fuss."

Her husband was silent, guiltily conscious of weak masculine tendencies to let well alone, rather than make it worse; conscious also of his wife's entire superiority to this logic.

The minutes passed. Tony began to be restless, and Bess's eye to glow with a calm but dangerous light.

Then Giuseppina entered with a dish of rolls, a flask of milk, a pat of butter, and the air of a miracle-maker. Comyns, with an involuntary sigh of relief, stretched a hand, to drop it hastily at a look from his wife which said, as plainly as words, "Didn't I tell you so?"

"Send all that back," said Bess, with a lofty wave of her hand.

"But, signora,—it is already late," exclaimed Giuseppina.

"Precisely. *Therefore* send it back."

Giuseppina stared open-mouthed, then moved reluctantly from the room.

"Are you going to starve Tony too?" inquired Comyns, with disinterested cheerfulness.

Bess repaid this with an indignant glance.

"It is better he should go hungry once, to some purpose, than every day. Besides," she added, hastily, as Tony's face began to screw up alarmingly, "of course we are not going hungry. Giuseppina—get what you can at the nearest place;—we must eat."

"Devil!—yes," breathed Giuseppina, vanishing.

Giuseppina was elderly, mild, sweet-faced, low-voiced, a compendium of every known virtue, and she swore with gentle alternation by God and the devil.

"We might call it luncheon," observed Comyns, lightly, when some time had elapsed. He added hurriedly, "Rather hard on the little chap, isn't it?—to face a reformer's fate so early."

"He can never begin *too* early," replied Bess, sternly, but surreptitiously cuddling her victim.

And this was the trivial manner of their entrance upon martyrdom,—or of their being entered by Bess.

Easy was the descent; after the breadman and the milkman went the meatman, and as the superior shops were invariably the most faithless (they could best afford to be), there was an end of their juiciest steaks, their tenderest chickens. Moreover, since in Roman fashion it was not a question of one meatman, but of a different man for every kind of meat, they were soon involved in a series of changes over which Bess herself became bewildered, and of which Comyns lost all count. He could only tell—but he could *always* tell—when they had

changed once more by the sudden promptitude of their meals, or, when a change was imminent, by the increasing variation from the normal schedule. Yes, there was one other way,—he could tell by the slowly decadent quality of the food.

"I judge we have got down to horse-meat by now," he cheerfully observed one day, after wrestling silently with a stringy substance on the platter.

Bess looked worried for a moment. She prided herself on the perfection of her modest table, reflected in the ruddy health of the two male creatures dependent upon her mercy. But there was Spartan material in Bess.

"In that case," she answered, firmly, "we shall soon, by your own showing, have reached the ascending curve of the spiral; nothing *below* horse is sold."

She immolated herself as consistently.

"I have waited six weeks for the *sarta*," she announced, indignantly. "Now I have sent Giuseppina to bring back my coat as it stands."

"You should have said 'with it or inside of it,'" corrected Comyns. "Incidentally—you know you'll wait six weeks to find another *sarta*, who will keep you waiting twelve more."

But when Giuseppina returned it was neither with nor within—but *without* the coat.

"You didn't bring it!" exclaimed Bess, gazing blankly.

Giuseppina shrugged deprecatingly.

"I would have, signora,—O my God, yes!—but she wouldn't let me, that *sarta*, evil be to her! She said it was all done but one sleeve and a collar, and she would send it in a pair of hours."

Bess's eye blazed.

"Get a cab!" she commanded Giuseppina. "Hurry!" she added, turning upon Comyns, while hastily spearing on her own hat. "Get on your coat. Quick! Oh, *please* be quicker,—or *she will finish before we get there!*"

Comyns disappeared into the next room, whence he was heard struggling with his coat and smothered sounds. Bess urged the cab-driver to the last point consistent with a conflicting principle—that of humanity to animals,—and shot from the cab ere it fairly stopped at the dressmaker's door. Com-

yns, chasing breathlessly after, up some hundred and fifty dark steps, came upon her in a dingy room at a dramatic moment. A company of young women stood transfixed, with lifted needles, which had apparently been engaged in the very act of finishing the garment that Bess held by one sleeve, the *sarta* by the other. Both were looking white and determined.

"But you must be mad—*cattiva-pazza!*" the *sarta* was crying out, "when I am finishing it for you as fast as possible!"

"You should have done that six weeks ago. Make out your bill," said Bess, firmly.

"I appeal to the signore!"

Comyns was struggling with emotions, but he preserved a dignified demeanor.

"The garment is the signora's,—make out your bill, as she says."

The *sarta* fell back into her chair with a gasp. Bess seized the released garment and folded it under her arm.

"Make out your bill," she repeated.

The *sarta* rose. Protest, animation, life itself seemed to have oozed out of her; she looked at Bess as if she thought her dangerous, and meekly made out the *conto*, which she handed to Comyns, avoiding Bess by a considerable *détour*. A group of awed faces watching from a window was the last thing he saw as the carriage rolled away.

Bess, however, was oblivious; she was anxiously inspecting the rescued garment.

"Thank goodness!" she exclaimed, lifting her head with an air of indescribable relief, "she *didn't* get it finished; the sleeve is only *basted* in!"

Her countenance was beatific; Comyns took one look at it, and bending double, wept meekly into his handkerchief.

"Well," said Bess, relaxing into a smile, "there was a principle involved."

It was Easter when she first appeared in her winter suit, and as if she must needs go out and look for fresh trouble, at Easter also it was that the fell inspiration of repapering seized her. The wall-paper was a thing of chocolate flowers, ramping on a muddier ground. While it might match, if it did not lighten, the winter gloom, it grew a horrible incongruity with the golden green

of young trees and the flooding tide of sunlight in a Roman spring.

One day Comyns rebelled outright.

"It gets on one's nerves," he declared.

"I have read that the youthful brain soaks up impressions, and is modified by them through life," observed Bess, cheerfully. "I do hope Tony won't soak up that wall-paper and be modified to this pattern."

"Good heavens,—what an idea!" exclaimed Comyns, catching up his son and contemplating him closely.

Bess laughed.

"Oh, I don't think his features are changing yet;—but do let's see what Giuseppina calls an 'artist' about the paper."

There were charming papers, they found, at a few cents a roll, and Giuseppina reported that the "artist" would condescend to hang them for one cent more.

Bess and Comyns looked at each other in silence.

"And to think," said Bess, with slow scorn, "that we have suffered that lentil soup on the walls all winter! Giuseppina, you will have the artist here next Monday."

"Devil!—yes," said Giuseppina, sweetly.

"And, Giuseppina" — Bess's voice grew stern,— "I will not have this house torn up for a month. The artist comes Monday; he papers one room that day, another Tuesday, a third Wednesday—and on Thursday it is finished."

"Dio mio! signora," exclaimed Giuseppina, "artists are not like that! He won't do it."

He promised, however,—he promised everything, and the landlady—"the padrona of the walls"—promised all the rest.

"In a week," said Bess, joyously, "we shall be in perfect order. What did you say?"

"Nothing," said Comyns.

"Then why *don't* you say something?" said Bess, indignantly.

Comyns roared.

He showed but a half-hearted interest in the selection of papers, suspicious, according to his wife, in a person whom colors affected as noises, and shapes as blows.

"Well," he defended himself, weakly, "the first choice is purely formal, anyway. You are bound to change 'artists' half a dozen times; each man will have a different set of patterns (I don't know how they do it, but they seem to run the thing in monopolies); what is the use of setting my affections on something I can't have?"

He did, however, firmly, in the end, and Bess and Giuseppina sacrificed one golden Sunday in dismantling the rooms, that the "artist" might have a clear field.

Monday morning a few rolls of paper appeared; towards noon a boy followed languidly with some planks; towards dusk the artist strolled in to look over the situation, and announced that it was too late to begin that evening.

Bess, from the only uncluttered chair, regarded him speechless.

"And, anyway," said the artist, "there is not paper enough."

"You measured it—and *you* ordered it," said Bess, controlling herself. "And you promised to paper one room to-day."

"But, signora"—the artist held up deprecating hands—"how was I to foresee I should not be able?—and it is very difficult to estimate paper."

"Very well." Bess rose from the chair ominously, but Comyns intervened.

"Now see here, Bess,—you are not going to send those papers out of the house, have six weeks' worry, and end by more lentil soup at last!"

"You prefer a pattern to a principle?" demanded Bess.

"Yes, I do," Comyns answered, unabashed; "if I've got to live with it right along, I do. A principle is nothing but a pattern of conduct, anyhow."

"You have *no* principle," said Bess.

"Never mind," replied Comyns, soothingly, "you have enough for both. Heaven designed us for one another."

Bess turned away to hide her dimples.

"Well, don't blame me if you are homeless for a month. At exactly eight to-morrow you will be here with your son," she said, with dignity, waving the artist out of the room, through which he backed, still smiling and bowing and waving apologies with his hands.

He was there at eight, with the son, and they made a great and hopeful show

of cutting lengths of paper and pasting them over. By nightfall they had a few desolate strips hanging in the smallest room.

On the second day they hung a few more—in another room—and encountered a second deficiency of paper. Bess exhausted her vocabulary of withering speeches, and her spinal column by perching permanently on a step-ladder. The third day the boy appeared alone and cheerfully began upon the third and last room.

"Where is your father?" demanded Bess.

"Coming, signora,—coming," responded the boy, encouragingly,—while Giuseppina, moving back and forth, murmured consolingly: "The *artisti*! Dio mio, the *artisti*!"

On the fourth day nobody came. Comyns, going in with a tale of anemone-fields under sunlight, found Bess sitting on the step-ladder, stonily gazing at three décolleté rooms. To all his seductions she responded with a shrug and a "How can I?—those 'artists' may return."

"They won't,—it's a festa."

"Then *that's* what ails them," exclaimed Bess, springing up. "Oh, for Heaven's sake, let's go!"

The boy turned up cheerfully next morning, and courteously explained that they had overlooked the feast.

"You have only about three a week on an average," said Bess, "five on a good week, and *eight* in the really festal season,—no wonder you get out of practice occasionally."

"The signora has holy reason," assented the boy, nodding.

"But why on earth," asked Bess, "don't you finish *one* room, and then another, instead of getting all three into a half-finished condition together?"

"Signora," said the boy, mildly, "this is the proper way,—the way it is always done."

"It is the way of artists," further elucidated Giuseppina.

"It is an *idiotic way*," said Bess.

"Signora," the boy spoke, still with a patient respect, "if you had three coats to make, you wouldn't take each coat and put on the collars, cuffs, and buttons in turn,—by Bacchus, no!"

"By Bacchus, yes, I would!" declared Bess, with energy. "I should finish them each to the last stitch."

"Oh no, you wouldn't,—with respect, signora," said the boy. "You would sew up all the seams, then you would put in all the sleeves, then you would sew on all the collars,—and then the cuffs,—and last the buttons."

"You would, I don't doubt," retorted Bess, witheringly, "if only for the pleasure of keeping three customers waiting instead of one. Meanwhile"—she pointed a peremptory finger—"you will kindly put the collar on that room at once,—*subito*,—do you understand?"

"Signora," said the boy, as he slowly gathered his tools to do her bidding, "if all my customers were like you, business would be ruined."

It was with a sigh of contentment that Bess and Comyns at last surveyed their recovered territory.

"It has taken only six weeks—instead of one," said Comyns, "but I had so little hope of emerging with the same paper—and the same paper-hangers—that I obliterate the item of time."

"It was not *all* time wasted," replied Bess, pensively. "I *now* understand the national character; it proceeds on different lines from our own. We, for example, should put in our gas-pipes before papering,—thus robbing the gas-man of his natural pleasure in punching holes through the paper. We should paper before waxing the floors,—thus again depriving the paperers of their innocent joy in sprinkling paste. They wax first, then they bring in the heavy trestles and planks and papers and paste and destroy the wax; then the gas-man comes and destroys the paper; then they rewax and bring in the electric man to pull down the paper borders for his wires,—and when every other diversion has been exhausted, the painters come in and give a 'hand of varnish' to the window-frames and the doors. Perhaps you thought our brass knobs were white-enamelled? No; they're merely splashed. And now, having got all our rugs and furniture in, the stove-man is coming to-morrow,—nothing would induce him to come before."

"I see," said Comyns. "It seems a simple system, when you once grasp it."

It was, however, several to-morrows before Giuseppina ushered in a joyous personality, who stood smiling disarmingly and twirling his cap, while Giuseppina announced:

"He is here, signora,—devil! yes—at last!"

Bess surveyed him irresponsively, and he presently appeared embarrassed.

"Signora," he ventured, placatingly, "I have been much occupied."

"Since you are so greatly occupied"—Bess's tone was impersonal—"I will not detain you. Giuseppina,—the door!"

The man stood suddenly erect, transfixed.

"Signora, you have all the reason in the world. I should have come without doubt; you have holy reason; but now that I am here,—*infino*, since I am here—"

"There is no reason that you should be here a moment longer. It is not your fault that my husband and child have not died of *polmonitis*. Giuseppina—"

The man gave Giuseppina one rapid glance, which asked, "Does she really mean it?" and Giuseppina answered with a swift movement of the hands, which said plainly, "Devil! yes!"

"As the signora pleases; she will wait many weeks for another artist,—and meanwhile her husband and child may die many times of *polmonitis*,—but that, too, is as the signora pleases."

Bess shrugged silently, as who should convey, "These things are sent," and the man shrugged also, as who should reply, "So is madness," and departed.

Comyns meanwhile was pensively whistling, "There 'll be a hot time"—a singularly inappropriate choice.

"I do hope the weather won't change!" Bess turned upon him apprehensively.

"Never mind, my dear," her husband soothed her. "If we fall, we fall the martyrs of a great Idea; every missionary runs these risks."

"Yes,—but Tony is too young to have a mission," said Bess, anxiously stuffing her son's plump arms into the sleeves of an outgrown woollen jacket. "And you were cut out for an artist—not a martyr."

"Same thing," said Comyns.

Victory, however, is understood to follow martyrdom as the fish course fol-

lows the soup. From the bonfire to the palm is a natural progression, and all at once Comyns was made almost stunningly aware of a great and seemingly peace pervading his domestic sphere. It overflowed, indeed, the bounds of domesticity and flooded the adjacent cabstand. Coming home from the studio one day, Comyns's ear was saluted by the following speech of one vetturino to another:

"Change it, Gigi, change it," the man was saying, "if it is the small blond signora. It is the small blond signora!—I was sure of it! Change it—*prestissimo*! It is quite true the animal likes it; he is happier as it is,—but what of that? When the signora sends me an order, do I make any words about it? Not I. If she tells me to harness my beast backwards, I shall harness it; it saves time. She is an excellent little signora, and gives a good *per bere*, but *change that rein*, Gigi, if she has said it."

It was not only the cabmen;—tradespeople, artisans, these might lightly flout the native nobility, but they walked humbly before Bess. Breakfast, lunch, dinner, boots, clothing,—even the post—all arrived on time.

"I've a mind to turn you loose upon my studio," said Comyns. "You are a miracle; we are personages; everybody salutes *me* when *you* walk abroad. Life has become a little heaven here below."

"Not quite," replied Bess, with unexpected humility. "There is still Giuseppina—"

"*Still Giuseppina!* What on earth do you mean? I thought she in particular was Heaven's last, best gift,—the only Perfect—the Too-Good-to-Live!"

"She is,—she's everything *but* prompt. And yet she doesn't look as if she slept enough, late as she arrives every morning. I think perhaps she doesn't sleep *because* she has it on her mind, and then oversleeps, so I have bought her a guaranteed American alarm-clock. *Now* you'll get some morning sketching."

Giuseppina's worn face brightened when Bess presented her formally with the glittering gift. Carolina's weasel countenance, at her mother's side, gleamed still more. Carolina was twelve, with a taste for mechanics.

"You see," said Bess, graciously, "it

is so simple that even Carolina can wind it; and you hear"—she let the alarm go at its hideous length—"no one could possibly sleep through that!"

"Devil!—no," breathed Giuseppina, with awe.

"So you can sleep all night comfortably,—and after this I shall not expect to have breakfast late again this winter." Bess's voice took a firm inflection.

"Dio mio! no," sighed Giuseppina. "There could be no reason."

Nothing could have been prompter than the breakfasts which followed. Comyns got a whole week of sketching, and Bess and Tony wore early roses in their cheeks. Then breakfast fell slowly farther and farther from its true estate, and Giuseppina took to arriving at an unseemly double-trot, gasping out vague apologetic phrases. She had slept—she had not slept—she had slept too much—she had overslept.

"What—with *that alarm!*" said Bess.

Giuseppina murmured more apologies, vague formless things; and Bess, glancing at the dark circles under her servant's eyes, concluded she had some secret trouble and forbore to press her. She watched over Giuseppina rather tenderly for some days, but as these went by and she saw the strained dark circles deepen, and breakfast wandered farther into the domains of lunch, she was troubled in spirit.

"Doesn't the clock work?" she asked.

"It works," replied Giuseppina. "Yes, it works, signora."

"And you don't sit up after you go home?"

"I? O devil! no, signora. I go to bed almost with my boots on—with respect, signora"—and Giuseppina sighed.

Bess was completely puzzled.

Then she caught Giuseppina yawning in broad daylight.

"Really—she looks just fit to be put to bed now; I can't imagine what ails her!" declared Bess in despair.

"I can't imagine what ails that guaranteed clock," replied Comyns, with some exasperation, casting down his now useless sketching outfit. "Do you suppose they run it backwards?"

"I'll find out," said Bess.

She summoned Giuseppina, and when that handmaid stood meekly before them,

Bess began, in a voice stern enough for her Revolutionary great-grandfather.

"Now, Giuseppina, this cannot go on. The signora has lost a whole morning's work again. I must have the truth—the *whole* truth. What is the reason you cannot get here promptly?"

Giuseppina, heavy-eyed and pale, but imperturbably respectful, looked meekly at the bar of justice.

"I will tell the whole truth, signora."

"Well, then—is the clock broken?" said Bess, encouragingly. "I will get you another."

"Oh, signora, no! there is no need of another," exclaimed Giuseppina, agitatedly. "This one suffices—it suffices, and it runs—*how* it runs! It is a devil of a clock."

"Doesn't it ring?"

"It rings—it rings, signora. There is nothing the matter with the little clock; it is a good machine."

"Well, then—"

"Signora, I am going to tell you the whole truth."

"Go on, Giuseppina."

She seemed in no hurry, however, but began slowly.

"Signora—signora—it is a house of poor people where we others live—there are many of us, and we all work. First"—she began counting, Italian fashion, with her thumb—"there is Beppino. He is the husband of the little sarta, and he is a night-watchman; the poor man goes on duty at two"—Giuseppina sighed a little.

"Well?"

"Then there is the carabinieri—the signora has seen him in my kitchen—such a good boy, signore, and the support of eight—his mother and the seven little ones—he goes out at three. Then there are the children themselves—they go out at four. Will the signora think of that?" broke off Giuseppina,—"they go out at four, those children, while the signori are sleeping—to earn a piece of bread—and the mornings like ice! And the littlest not greatly bigger than our own signorino!"

Instinctively the three pairs of eyes fell upon the "signorino" in his high chair, and Giuseppina resumed with a sigh.

"Well—there is also the little sarta herself—she must go out at six, and her son

a quarter before; the poor boy works in the country, very remote, and what does he get?—half a franc a day, *signori miei*, at most!"

Giuseppina drew another deep sigh. "I am fortunate—*felice*—*felicissima*," she continued; "a good place—a good signora—twenty-five francs a month, and only Carolina to feed!" She paused to contemplate her felicity. "But it was not always so, not even—with respect to the souls of the dead!—when my poor husband was alive (*Benedetta sia!*). I have known tribulation!—yes—and I remember." She drew the deepest sigh yet, and continued:

"There I lie in my warm bed with Carolina, and listen to all that poor people going out into the cold for a piece of bread. But the worst of all is the little children—and God has made us all neighbors—we have all one heart—" Here Giuseppina began to speak rapidly, with a visible effect of getting her defences together.

"We have also but one clock," she said, and stopped.

Comyns looked up with sudden intelligence.

"But one clock," repeated Giuseppina, her faltering eye on Bess. "It does not run too well either, and all that *povera gente* must go out early. So when Beppino, seeing the beautiful clock of the signori, came to me first of all and asked if I would ring the little bell for him, I did it *willingly*, signori—Beppino does not eat too much bread. And when the carabinieri came to me and asked if I would ring for him, I did that also *di cuore*. A carabinieri is a soldier; he must be at his post—and the boy helps feed seven. And when Carlotta asked if I would ring for the bambani, that they might sleep as late as possible—would *any one* refuse to do that, signori? And after that the sarta—and the sarta's son—"

"Giuseppina!" Bess gasped, "you have kept that bell ringing all night, and had no sleep whatever!"

"I would not say *no* sleep, signora—and it is not so much the little bell as that when it is not ringing one or the other comes to my door and knocks to say, 'Giuseppina, are you sure the little bell has not rung without your hearing

it?' And as that might happen (for now Nina no longer hears it—it has ceased to divert her and she sleeps), why, I do not sleep much myself, for fear of letting some of those poor people oversleep; and then, when every one is gone and the house is still, alas! I sleep *too* much, and that makes the signora's coffee late and disturbs the good signora, and so, and so—" She looked contritely from one to the other, adding, with sudden hopefulness, "*Però*, after to-day it will all be different. Blessed be the Madonna—we have had a misfortune!"

"Carolina!" exclaimed Bess.

"No, no—devil! no, signora,—it is the little clock. Being late, in my fury of haste this morning I knocked it from the table, and now, *signori miei*, it does not run any more!"

"Hallelujah!" Comyns ejaculated, devoutly.

"So, then," said Bess, hastily, with a glance at her husband, "you will have nothing to wake you up mornings any more—nor nights, either?"

"Nothing; but also, signora," Giuseppina replied even more hastily, "there will be no need. The mornings being longer—and the summer near, and the sun no longer in a shirt—I shall be on time—yes. The signora will see, she will never again have a late breakfast," she wound up with reassuring fervor.

There was a silence, during which Bess's eye rested with a strange softness on Giuseppina.

"Then you don't want me to buy you another clock?" she asked, soberly.

Giuseppina's answer came with almost frantic haste and emphasis.

"*Devil!—no.*" Her distraught glance, seeking escape, encountered Comyns's, and encountered something kindred in it. Her lips relaxed; she began to smile discreetly, while Bess and Comyns gave way simultaneously, and Tony, with one comprehensive glance at his companions, broke into the delirious laughter of childhood, laughing at it knows not what, but bent upon outlaughing all the rest.

"Giuseppina," said Bess at last, wiping away what she hoped might pass for tears of unadulterated mirth, "go home and go to sleep."

"Dio mio—*willingly!*" answered Giuseppina.



ARTIST'S SKETCH SHOWING THE ARRANGEMENT OF THE LARGER DECORATIONS IN THE MAIN ENTRANCE-HALL

THE NEW MURAL DECORATIONS OF JOHN W. ALEXANDER.



Comment By
CHARLES H. CAFFIN

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CURTIS BELL

THE largest commission for mural decoration ever received by a single painter in this country was awarded some two years ago to John W. Alexander by the trustees of the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh. When these words reach the reader, a portion of the paintings will have been set in place and become, as everything else in the institution, "free to the people."

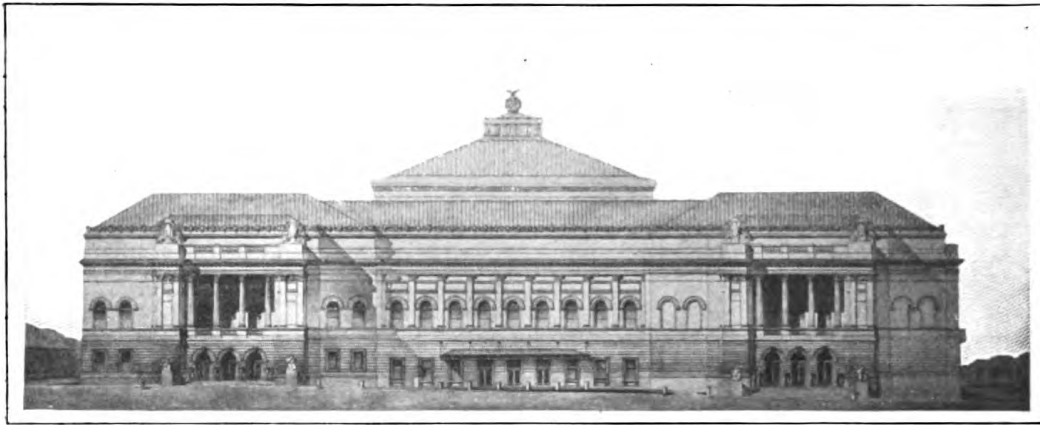
Things grow pretty rapidly in this country, but not always under conditions so favorable and in response to needs so enlightened as those which have promoted the development of the Carnegie Institute. The Institute, in its inception, was to be a library, the nucleus of a system of branches throughout the city, for the disseminating of information among the people by the circulation of books. But already while it was in process of construction a wider scope of usefulness was unfolding itself. To

enhance the interest of the inauguration ceremonies, a loan exhibition of pictures had been organized and a fine orchestra engaged, and, following the logic of events, the founder, on the opening day, presented to the trustees a sum of money, the income of which was to maintain, as additions to the library, a museum of natural history, a department of fine arts, and a school of music. It has been in this fourfold capacity, and especially, to outsiders at any rate, in connection with the last two branches, that the Institute during the last ten years has ranked among the greatest centres of cultivation in America.

But the real test of such an institution lay neither in the ability of the handful of men who are shaping the departments nor in the widely felt approval of persons already interested in their special lines of work, but in its capacity to secure and hold the interest of the people of

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FACADE OF THE CARNEGIE INSTITUTE, PITTSBURG
 Photograph from architect's drawing

its own community. That it has done so the yearly average of attendance proves. While the population of Pittsburg, according to the census of 1900, was 321,616, and that of Allegheny, a year later, 129,896—a total of 451,512,—the yearly average of visitors to the Carnegie Institute has been 500,000! In fact, under the pressure of popular interest, the original departments were found to be already inadequate, while the appetite for instruction demanded still wider satisfaction. Once more the logic of events has been accepted by the founder; the original building has been remodelled, the space allotted to the departments increased, and new schools of technical instruction have been added. These schools have been in operation about two years, and are attended by nearly one thousand pupils. But already there is a waiting-list of nearly ten thousand young men and women, and for these it is hoped to provide additional facilities in the near future. By that time the buildings of

this colossus of public instruction will cover thirty-two acres.

The mind fails to grasp the significance of all this; it may realize the motive and trace the steps, but loses itself in the attempt to fathom the limitlessness of the continuing and accumulating results that will flow from it. One falls back on one's imagination, which sometimes brings one nearer to understanding than will any process of thinking. And to me the spirit of it all was revealed one dull November evening, as I stood on the rolling hills of Schenley Park, within which the Institute is situated.

Immediately about one it is drear—the grass colorless and thin in the grip of winter; twilight laying a chill, damp hand upon one's face; intermittent lights pricking the gloom that closes round one, creeping up, as it seems, from a murky pit below the hills. Down there is the city, metropolis of mines and rolling-mills, of factories and warehouses, the heart of a huge arterial system of com-





merce throbbing through the lives of countless men and women. And spread low above them is a pall. It is the breath of their nostrils, mingled with the murk and grime from the bowels of the earth and smoke from the fire of their furnaces. One shudders; it is appalling, the reek of foulness suffocating the souls of men; one's eyes turn from it involuntarily and seek the cleanliness of the sky. But, lo! a marvel! The reek is lifting, pouring up as from a volcano's mouth, drawing to itself in its ascent a reflection of the setting sun. The light upon it is at first a faint glow, waking it into life; becoming warmer and more varied in its iridescence as the column of vapor rises, and still warmer and more iridescent, until it trembles softly with color, like the neck of some beautiful bird, far above one. Gradually the vapor expands into a volume of body, dappled with the plumage of little clouds, dyed as with molten colors, while higher still spread innumerable pinions, floating, sweeping, eddying in a slow surge of movement,

changing as they move to violet, saffron, rose, and golden glory. All the sky is occupied with glory, tumultuous, serene, superb, and tender. Then sight is lost in sound, and the sky seems full of singing—swelling, dying away, and swelling again, until it rises in an ocean of triumphant sound as from a thousand times ten thousand hearts.

Some such vision as this, to be seen in Pittsburg often by any one with eyes in his soul, prompted, one may believe, Mr. Alexander's decoration. This work adorns the great entrance-hall of the enlarged building. Enter this hall in imagination. It is some sixty-six feet square; half-way across the pavement there mounts a central flight of stairs that, turning to right and left, communicate with a gallery; the whole interior constructed of grayish yellow-buff marble. Along the lower part of the walls, at a height of ten feet from the floor, runs a series of oblong panels; higher up, beginning at a line some four feet above the level of the gallery floor, is another series of panels,

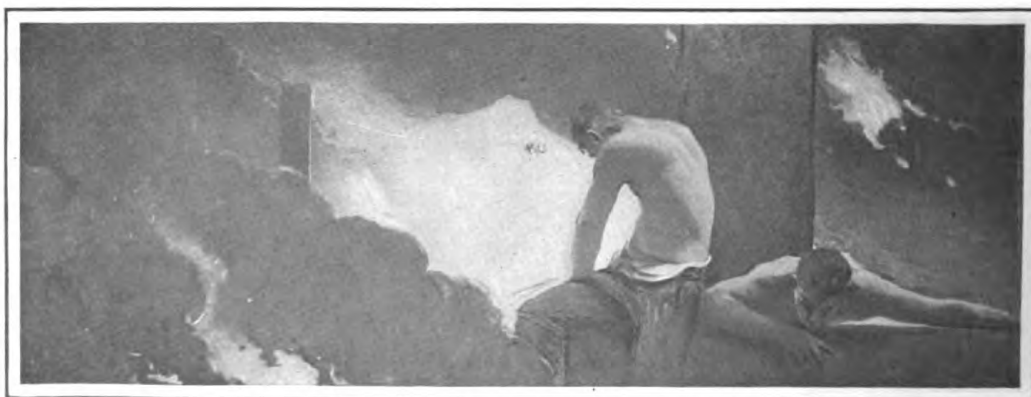


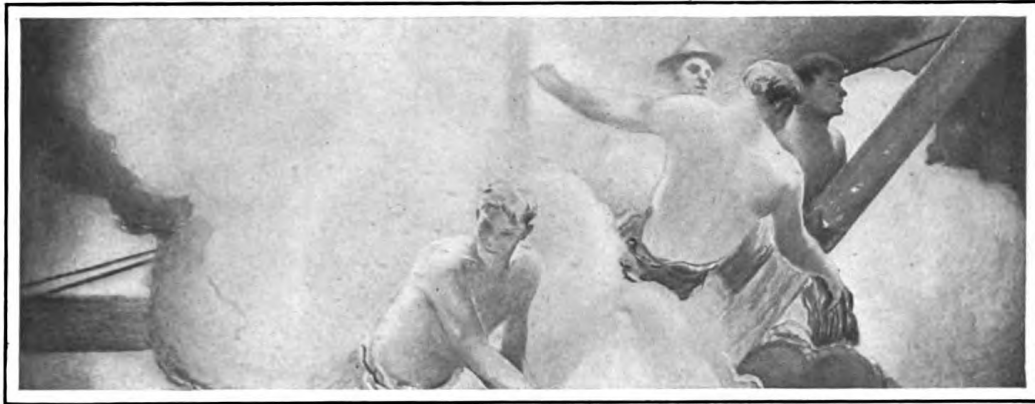


broad and tall, above which once more is a third tier of lunette-shaped spaces. The panels in the lowest range, fifteen in all, are filled with paintings typifying the labor of the city, while an allegory of her triumph occupies the five big spaces over the staircase that front you upon entrance. This represents what is so far completed of the scheme. Later, the remaining panels on the second tier will commemorate the means of approach to the city by river and rail, and the lunettes above will typify the arts and sciences of which the building itself is the home.

In his treatment of the Labor panels Mr. Alexander has avoided any direct illustrations of actual processes of work, yet the various scenes are suggestive of the particular kind of labor identified with the industries of Pittsburgh. Himself a native of the city and in his boyhood familiar with the spectacle of labor in the mills and foundries and around the coke-ovens, the painter has realized a quantity of impressions locally charac-

istic and powerfully suggestive. For it is Labor, as the foundation of the city's material greatness and as the base on which she builds her efforts toward the ideal, that he set out to commemorate. Nor did he view it, either mentally or artistically, in its crudity of contrasts, as a lurid drama of Cyclopean energy. He saw it rather as a union of mind and muscle, and has sought to bring out the controlling element of intelligence in the conflict of humanity with matter. While, almost without exception, the men he has represented are physically powerful, with backs and chests on which the muscles lie in firm slabs, and with arms that are strong with cords of steel, they have heads expressive of more than average intelligence. For he has not been betrayed into the foolishness of overdoing this suggestion. The heads are not fantastically ennobled; still less do they indicate any self-consciousness of superiority, or any pose of playing a great rôle. Their demeanor, like their movements, seems to be a natural product of, as well





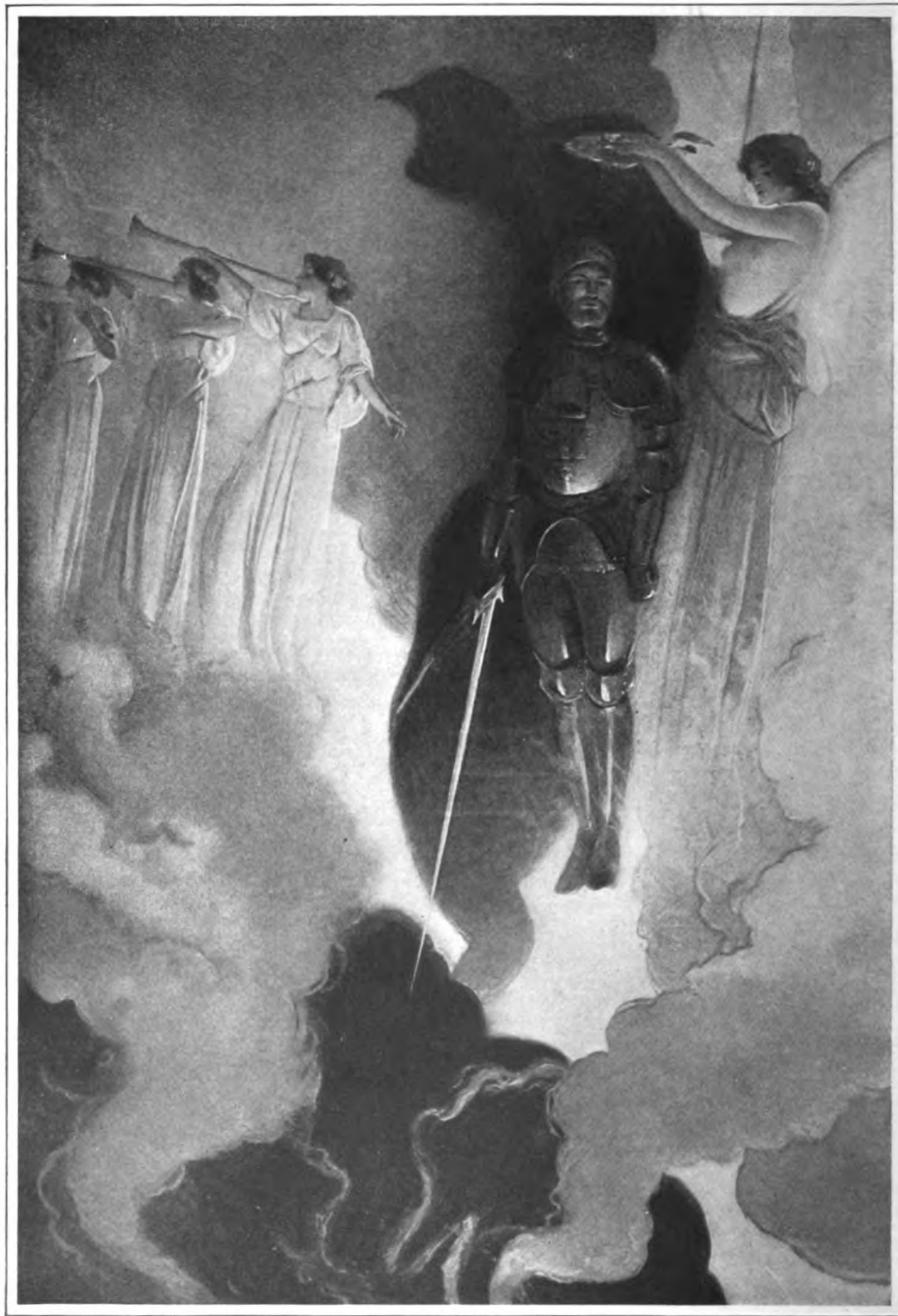
as a controlling factor in, the character of their labor.

So with studied moderation and yet with an appearance of inevitable and irresistible impetus the action of the figures is carried through the sequence of panels; a rhythm of movement, rising and falling like the swell of Atlantic rollers. And as the latter may be seen looming out of a fog and into fog retreating, so these figures appear and disappear, are seen in part or whole, clearly or vaguely, through the steam and smoke in which their labor is enveloped. As color-spots the forms are vibrant and decisive. Brown tones of flesh, ruddier hue in many of the faces, and in the clothes dull blue, or blackish blue, and drabs and tawny buffs, break clearly against the gray swirls of atmosphere that is mellowed with rose and yellow and murky brown glows from unseen fires. From out the smoke-wreaths looms here and there some hint of mechanical contrivance—girder, crane, wheels, a hanging-tackle; sometimes the men are laboring on the

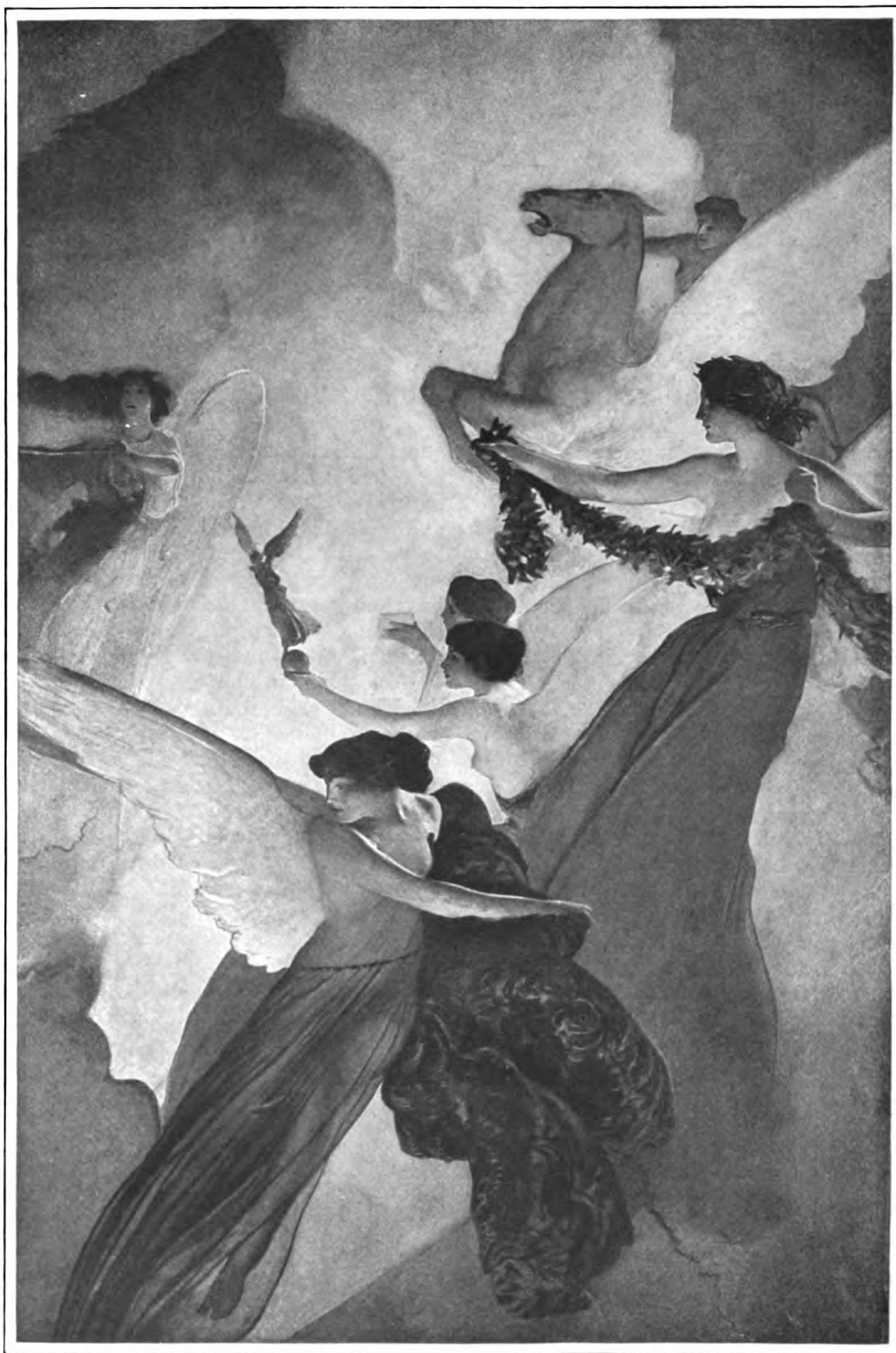
workshop floor, other times suspended in mid-air; one gets a notion of the strenuousness and the hazard of their lives, of the putting forth of might and the power of mental poise. And while the movement of the figures proceeds around the lower part of the hall, the steam and smoke ascend, carrying one's thought up to the representation of the City's Triumph.

Of the five panels in which the triumph is celebrated, the end ones are shadowed by the architecture. In these, therefore, the artist has mainly suggested the ascending vapor, which, in one part forming into globular masses with fantastic faces, spreads from the sides and fills the three central panels. Thus to the upturned eyes the effect is of gazing up into the sky, where one of Pittsburgh's atmospheric pageants has taken shape in semblance of an allegory. Poised on the left in mid-air is a figure typifying the city. It is a man clad from head to heels in black armor, that reflects the glare of furnaces far below. The face shows





LEFT PANEL OF MAIN DÉCORATION



CENTRE PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION



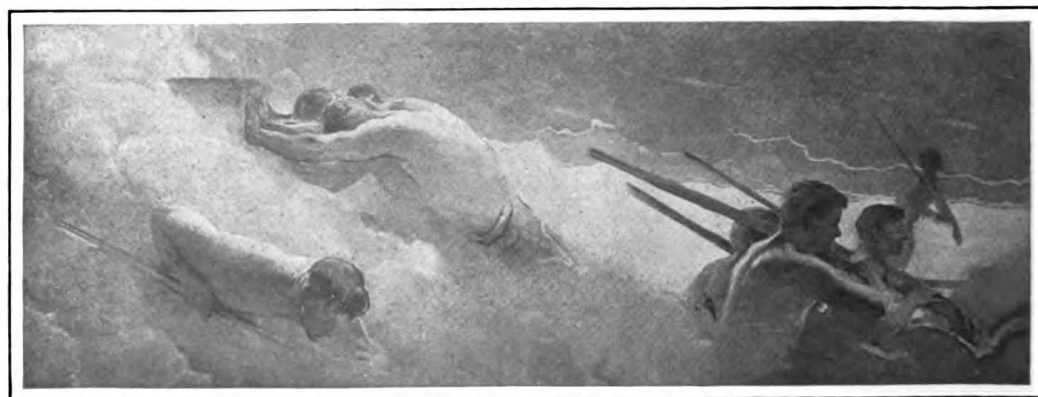
squarely above the short curly beard; it has no majesty of mien, but steady and dauntless resolution; it is the workaday face of one who acts quickly and surely and never flinches, with a fixed deliberation in his gaze.

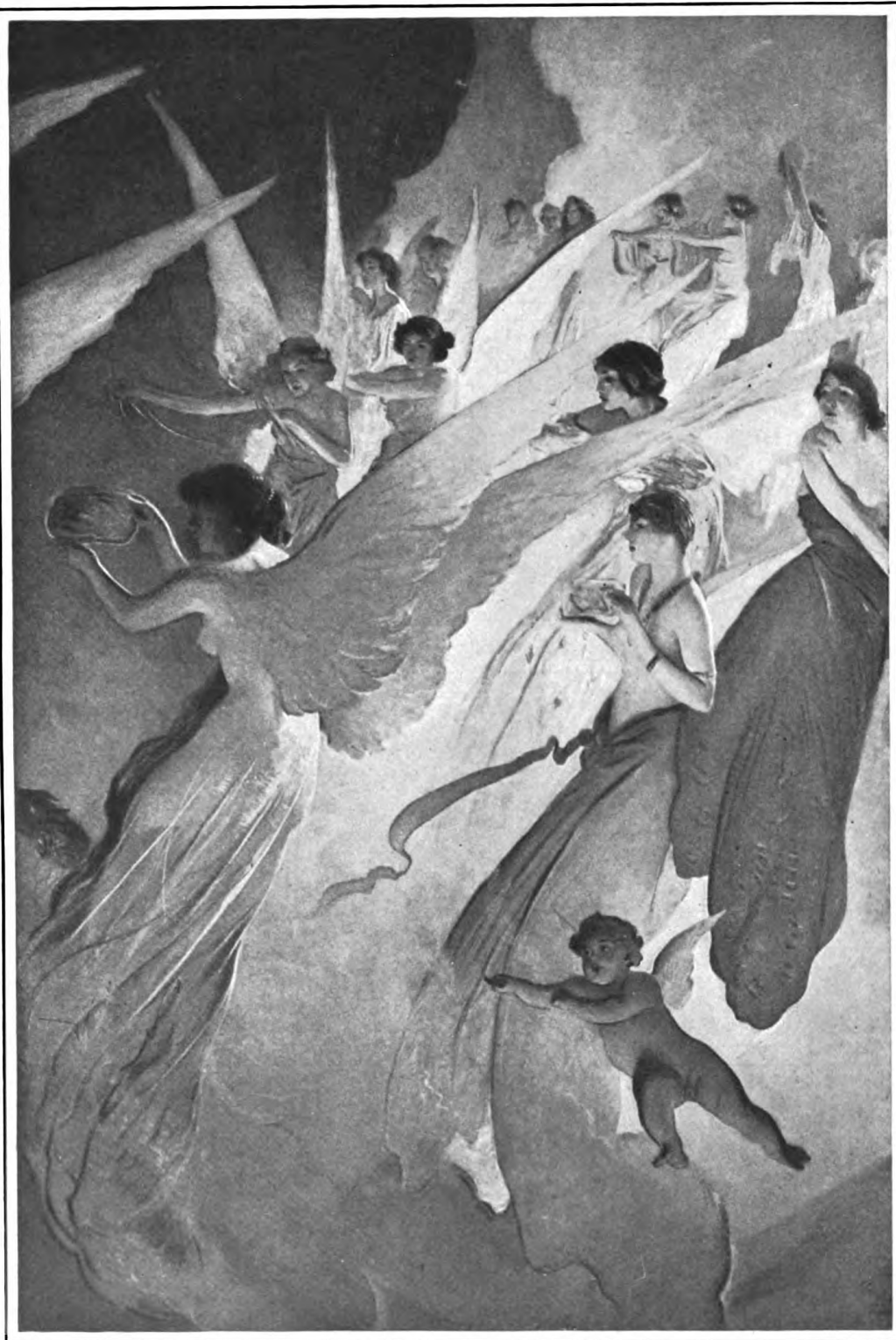
What I am trying to express is that here again Mr. Alexander has kept clear of heroics. There is no parade of sentiment, no pose of pomp and affectation. Moreover, he has had the courage and discretion to get away from the traditional device of embodying the city as a woman, recognizing that the labor of Pittsburg is man's labor and typifying it by a man. But why in armor? you may ask. I cannot say. However, for my own part, the anachronism does not jar; I am conscious of no suggestion of medievalism, but rather of the constant type of the warrior, handed on from days when it was the man-to-man fight that counted; until, with the thought that life is as much as ever a fight, and remembering also what is Pittsburg's chief product, I find myself regarding as

quite natural the city's embodiment as a knight in steel.

But while the application of mental and physical labor to material results is typified by a man, the reward of labor in wealth of resources and in the grace and heightening of life is symbolized by beautiful maiden forms. These creatures of the upper air come trooping in from near and far with gifts of cunning craftsmanship from the looms, the workshops, and the studios of the world. Like swallows homing at twilight, they skim the air, and poise, and wheel. The smoke-wreaths have taken shape in draperies that cling to their lovely forms and stream below their feet in buoyant volumes.

One grows pardonably enthusiastic over the beauty of these forms and their grace of rapid movement, and perhaps even more over the subtlety with which the intense eagerness of movement is tempered with a certain plastic immobility. The artist, in fact, has kept the feeling of the figures nicely poised be-





RIGHT PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION



A GROUP OF THE SMALLER PANELS

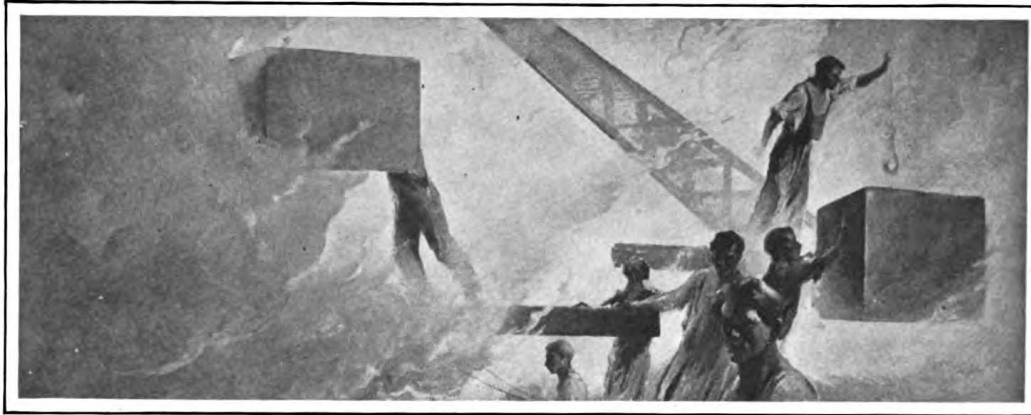


DETAIL FROM THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL OF MAIN DECORATION

tween reality and imagination; and this more than anything, perhaps, is the secret of the truly decorative character of the composition. For something more than handsome patterning of full and empty spaces and harmonious bloom of color is necessary before the discerning mind will accept a painting on a wall as indeed a mural decoration. And that something, I feel assured, is the direction given to the mind, not obviously, but imperceptibly, that the thing is not real to sense but an appeal to the imagination. When the painting exhibits real figures doing real things, we may easily mistake it for an illustration on a grandiose scale; when its figures seem

real but are engaged in unreal attitudes and occupations, it is not difficult to feel the whole an affectation, trite and tedious. For in both there is an obviousness; in the one case of reality, in the other of unreality. On the other hand, the impression that architecture produces on the mind is the reverse of obvious; it is abstract, indefinable, an appeal to pure imagination. Such subtlety, then, must be represented in the painting, if it is to accord with the feeling of the architecture and be characteristically mural.

It remains to say something of the spirit of these decorations. I think it likely that many share my notion that hitherto very few decorations have been



produced in this country which might not quite as appropriately adorn some edifice in Europe. The most part have nothing of the American spirit, or, for that matter, of the spirit of modern progress. They are workings-over of old motives, worn threadbare with much imitation, and from our standpoint of to-day seem like rather puerile affectations. While musicians, poets, and novelists are expected to respond to the modern spirit, the mural painter too frequently is satisfied to glean from the musty granary of the past.

This charge cannot be brought against Mr. Alexander's decorations. They are unequivocally modern. It is not only that the male types represent a conception of the rights and possibilities of labor that is a part of our present-day understanding of democracy, nor that the girl types are drawn from such as we can

see around us. These are but contributory touches. The real reason is that just as Strauss has invented new forms of harmonic structure, so the painter has here cut clean away from the old method of piled-up, obviously balanced composition, and flung on the canvas in the freedom of apparent unrestraint a distribution of forms the secret of whose rhythm and balance is evasive. Mannerism disappears and spontaneity is suggested.

To this allegory, besides arraying it in a grace characteristically modern, Mr. Alexander has given an import that is partly American in its ideal and partly local to Pittsburg. We welcome the decorations, therefore, not only for the charm of their appeal to imagination and eye, but as marking a new departure in the embellishment of buildings dedicated to the people.



The Dream of the Morning

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

THE old Walnut Woods house was built, from bricks made on the place, in the days when slaves were as thick as blackberries and labor-saving devices were neither a personal profit nor a philanthropy. The walls were two feet thick, with every other brick a tie, and the joists, the laths even, were of hard ash. The white woodwork was hand-cut and carved, and was brought over the mountains from what is still Virginia into the present Kentucky, which was then Virginia, too.

The Sutcliffes builded, but now in the fifth generation the only Sutcliffes resident at Walnut Woods were those in the old graveyard by the garden, the deed to which was never transferred, and two sisters, twenty-odd years apart, who still owned a former overseer's cottage on the edge of the place, together with a few acres, and an old darky of incredible antiquity who insisted that he had never gone free.

The war stripped the last Sutcliffe even of his life. It was told of his wife that in their golden days she never left the house except to drive, and then always by way of a crimson carpet unrolled across the porch and down the steps to her carriage. When the artistic effect of crimson way and black Sambo laying it became impossible, she never left the house at all; never again until they carried her down the walk to the little Campo Santo, in a state hardly less vital, though more enviable, than that in which she had lived for the preceding five or six years.

Whether her daughters were of her temper seems not to have been considered. They left the house shortly and with equal finality. And Miss Felicia, already a woman, set about hedging and screening with thickets and vines the little foothold left them on earth—a foothold which to her was simply a private waiting-room for death and the end of the Sutcliffes.

The man-destroying war rendered an inestimable benefit to the old maids of the South. It gave them the benefit of a doubt, and of a doubt most creditable to their sentiments. The protection was worth more then than now, when every one knows that to be or not to be married is an individual option.

Concerning Miss Felicia, there was talk of a lover given to the lost cause. But if Miss Felicia had ever been young no one would have suspected it nor accused her of it as she neared sixty. And yet then she was not a shade older than as the younger Surprise had always known her. She was absolutely unchanged, even to the black false front that matched her ungrayed hair, the old-style basque, tight-fitting and coming well down over the hips outside the skirt, the short skimpy skirt that left her activity unimpeded. She never sat down without a piece of knitting in hand, and never did she condescend to the familiarity of touching backs with a chair.

Probably the consecrated-lover myth was only a variant of the lost-father anecdote, with no more foundation than the tradition of a buried treasure of silver and jewelry hidden for safety by the departing master and never found by the survivors. Of that story the only proof was the neighborhood answer: "Well, then, what became of all the stuff they had? They *had* it. And not a personal article was sold with the house and furniture. And you certainly don't imagine those two girls have gone on starving all these years with no need!"

The younger sister was born at the close of the war, her very existence undreamed of by her father. And her mother, with an interesting blend of candor and poetry, named her Dolores Surprise. "My Dolores," she called her. But after she was gone, Miss Felicia softened one at least of the contrasts between them, by calling her Surprise.

They lived alone, but for Old Uncle Jerry, who was already *Old Uncle Jerry* when Surprise first remembered him, and who continued to grow older every year—older and smaller, as if his method of transfiguration were to gradually dwindle until he went out altogether.

They had no other servant, and the neighborhood said that, from the first, little as Surprise then was, the girls got up alternate mornings to serve each other coffee in bed, so that they might be ladies at least half the time!

So for twenty-five years they lived, hedged in by a bristling reserve. Those of the neighborhood who attempted their enchantment did not know the magic password of their own speech. And within their enclosure life dreamed itself away, one brooding over the past, the other over the future.

Meantime Walnut Woods passed through several hands before the Paisley Lockards bought it, changed the name to Buena Vista, enlarged the lawn, built a porte-cochère, put in steam-heat and their own gas, water, and refrigerating works—turned it, in short, from a farm to a place.

"She never uses the spring-house at all!" Miss Felicia reported local gossip to Surprise as she rubbed out the towels after the breakfast dish-washing. "It's going to ruins. The finest spring in the county! And she has filled the house with the kind of old mahogany stuff mother sent to the servants' quarters when she got her new rosewood and black walnut." There were both indignation and pitying contempt in Miss Felicia's tone. "And at what she called her house-warming, the other night, she didn't use the gas, after all. Had the whole place lighted with candles. Candles, mind you! Colored candles. As if their being red made them anything but candles. It's like a darky dressed up." Candles, too, Miss Felicia had seen discarded. It was in her plastic age that oil had become a luxury. With gas or electricity she had no experience in her isolated life. She would have been afraid of them. And for candles she had, in her own phrase, "no respect." "Oh, they say I wouldn't know the old place!" Miss Felicia sounded exasperated and tantalized. Though the house was a

scant mile away, Miss Felicia had not seen the outside of it since she turned her back on it twenty-five years before. She went to town, when she went, by a longer route, to avoid it. But Surprise secretly passed it at every opportunity. She could have contributed to her sister's intelligence now, had she chosen or dared.

As it was, she sat silent in the kitchen doorway, her hands listless in her lap. The large head with its weight of coiled braids was heavy on the slight neck. Surprise had passed thirty, but the tall body was undeveloped, and she had the look of suspended youth of those to whom the years have meant time, not experience. The droop of the body and the curve of the full lips were wistful. If to her sister their retreat was the waiting-room to another world (and a surreptitious peep-hole on this), Surprise had always expected it to prove the vestibule to life. But lately she had begun to wonder if life would ever come, if things did come to those who only waited.

"And they say she's paying the most ridiculous prices for things through the country." Miss Felicia gathered up the wet cloths and stepped out to the sun. "Bellows, and bed-warmers, and three-legged stands, and brass preserving-kettles. And there's a spinning-wheel in the front hall. In the front hall, of all places! Might as well put an ice-cream freezer or a bicycle there."

Surprise looked up—and justified her name. The eyes lighted the face, vitalized it, glorified it. "But if she admires them, sister!" she said, quickly, a trifle breathlessly. "And if she pays for them!" Then the whole mobile face darkened and set. "Why shouldn't we sell her some of ours?" she challenged.

"Dolores Surprise Sutcliffe!" But there was something unconvincing about Miss Felicia's astonishment. Evidently, though they came to speak of it for the first time, it was not the first time Surprise had thought of it or Miss Felicia had it suggested to her.

"Grandfather's snuff-box, now," Surprise pushed on. "To other people it would be General Sutcliffe's snuff-box. And the gold and amethysts in it alone are surely worth twenty-five dollars."

"If people knew we had things like that—" Miss Felicia began.

"Things! One snuff-box. And I might get a quarter's painting-lessons out of it—"

"Those painting-lessons again!"

"And then I could sell plates and cards, and make enough, after a while, to go to New York and—"

"And by that time," Miss Felicia cut in, incisively, "you'd be ready to sell the graveyard, I suppose. Well,"—she paused, struck with her own idea,—"I dare say Mrs. Paisley Lockard would jump at the chance to lay in a supply of ancestors. But that," she added with grim satisfaction, not so much in her own having as in the other's lack, "money can't get one."

Surprise looked at her with little pools of laughter brimming slowly in her eyes. Her lashes fell. "But the snuff-box, sister! Do you think that's a very ladylike thing for us to have about? or a very creditable souvenir of grandfather?" She glanced at Miss Felicia under curtaining lids. "You know how stained that old shirt-front of his is. Is it nice to be reminded of him so?"

"How'd you get it to her?" Miss Felicia demanded, abruptly.

"I'll take it."

"You'll do no such thing. I'll go myself." Surprise's eyes flew wide open. "If you will be so stubborn"—Miss Felicia shook out the last cloth with a snap—"at least I'll do the errand." Evidently if Surprise could stoop to sacrifice the family to the personal pride, Miss Felicia could rise to sacrifice the personal to the sisterly. She came back up the step.

Surprise caught at her skirt. "Sister!" In animation; her whole body, like her face, rippled into life. "Are you going now?" Alarm warred with delight. To Miss Felicia, up since four, the day was far spent, but the people at Buena Vista did not keep country hours. "Now, sister?"

Miss Felicia pulled away. "Certainly I'll do it now. Don't I always?"

The girl's hands dropped. She followed her in more quietly. "Can I help you?" softly. "Shall I get it out?"

"No; let it alone."

Surprise turned away meekly, but her mouth looked wise. And as Miss Felicia went up the lane (there was no path through the grass in that direction, as there was toward the road) she leaned

over the gate, looking after the departing shawl and bonnet, her eyes alive with mischief. "Poor old thing!" she mused. "It's been so long! and now all this talk of changes sets her wild! After all, she has come to the same conclusion with me and Mohammed—if things don't come to you, go to them. I will learn to paint—I *will*." The expression of her face was kaleidoscopic. "In the end she always does anything she can for me. Is it so much for me to let her do it her own way and grumble a little?"

Now Miss Felicia was not really old, not so much older than Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "But you would have thought her a bride," she told Surprise afterward, "the way she was dressed. In a baby-blue silk Mother Hubbard at eight o'clock in the morning! And she didn't put it on for me. She came right in from the dining-room. I hadn't a good chance to look around."

She saw one or two things, however. When Mrs. Paisley Lockard paused in the doorway, waiting (Miss Sutcliffe? the man had said, and she had heard of two old sisters still clinging to the fringe of the once royal garment), Miss Felicia turned on her. "So you've taken out even our stairway!" she accused her, with a gesture toward a corner of the room, where, up the wall, under the heavy new paper, the lines of old steps were discernible.

"Why, yes; and we cut doors in the room above. It was a curious arrangement."

"Curious!" said Miss Felicia, as though Mrs. Paisley Lockard had said "criminal." "This room," she condescended to inform her, "was the bedroom of the mistress, the housekeeper, next the dining-room. The girls' room was above, and there was no access to it except by that stairway through the mother's room."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "Dear me! what espionage!"

"Espionage!" Miss Felicia looked at her with pity and wonder. "It was our privacy."

"To be sure. In slave days. Now that is interesting and a side-light on the Orient." Mrs. Paisley Lockard was considering her caller and the hour. "Did you wish to look at the old house, Miss—Sutcliffe, I believe?"

"Thank you, I've seen enough," said Miss Felicia.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard's brows contracted. "But you asked to see me, I believe?" The tone was full of nuances—that went over Miss Felicia's head.

Miss Felicia produced the snuff-box. "They say you buy your heirlooms, and we have so many." Mrs. Paisley Lockard looked at her quickly, but the manner was matter-of-fact as the tone. "And Surprise is so set on painting-lessons. You know how it is with a child."

"I didn't know there was a child at your place!"

"Well, she is about grown now."

"Or a young person, even."

"Well, there's Surprise."

"Oh, I see!" But Mrs. Paisley Lockard didn't sound as if she saw. "But twenty-five dollars? Any collector would give you a hundred. And as General Sutcliffe's it's particularly valuable to me, like the place, because an own cousin of my mother's married his own cousin, you know."

"No, I didn't know," said Miss Felicia, and it sounded as if her ignorance remained unaffected by any such statement. Claiming kin with the Sutcliffes indeed! She got up. "You'll take it, then."

Mrs. Paisley Lockard was still looking at her curiously. She had known great ladies equally brusque. The face, detached from the dress of the woman, was finely chiselled, refined, and sensitive, though its lines were a silent exegesis on the difference between discontent and grief. Mrs. Paisley Lockard herself not only had experience, but that insight which is so large a part of the social gift. She had a flashing glimpse into the other woman's situation. "I'll mail you the check," she said, gently. "And the box sha'n't go out of the family. I'll prize it, too. And if ever you want it back, it's yours for the same price." She laid a manicured and ringed hand on Miss Felicia's shawl, looking at her with humorous deprecation. "And, Miss Sutcliffe, don't blame me because your former luxuries are my inconveniences. It isn't I who make the changes, but the progress of life."

But Miss Felicia had shrunk from the first touch. She answered not one word, but turned and went through the hall

and across the porch—the new porch never dignified by the crimson carpet.

A colored boy in a cart had just driven up with the mail. Mrs. Paisley Lockard stopped him. "John will drive you home, Miss Sutcliffe."

But Miss Felicia was stiff to the very curls of her black false front. "Oh no! I can walk. I'm used to walking." And she started. "You go about your business," she said, imperiously, to the negro, who stirred not an eyelash, until his mistress, with one short gesture, dismissed both him and her visitor.

But as she stepped back into the hall, Mrs. Paisley Lockard began to smile again.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied!" Miss Felicia said when the check came. And Surprise, to whom it had seemed for a moment that the gates of Paradise were opening out through their hedges for her, felt as if they were slammed back in her face.

"Well, I hope you'll get enough out of it to feel that it pays for everything," Miss Felicia said as Surprise started for the cars and the first lesson. Surprise expected to get a great deal out of it, and felt it worth much, but the bloom on the fruit was already spoiled, the apple of her desire subtly depreciated.

"How soon will you be able to do things to sell?" Miss Felicia asked, after a few weeks. "You know she said we could buy it back any time."

"But, sister, I'm just beginning! I didn't know nearly as much as I thought. And nobody will want my things till they are better than other people's. But a hundred dollars will give me nearly a year, even with car fare, and maybe then—"

"You'll want another year."

For a moment Surprise did not answer. She had begun to realize that herself—that her goal was not only remote, but ever fugitive, and she herself slow of foot. "The pearls would give it to me," she said at last, growing white at her own words. "In New York— Now, don't explode, sister. Cleopatra ate pearls for the sake of no higher art than that of hospitality." But she spoke as one who voices a regret, not a plan.

"Well, I hope you enjoy working so hard to accept a charity from Mrs. Pais-



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

MISS FELICIA BROUGHT HER SUPPER

Vol. CXIV.—No 684.—108

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ley Lockard," Miss Felicia said one January day, when afternoon sleet had added to the morning snow through which Surprise had made her way to and from the cars.

Surprise stopped, one wet shoe, just pulled off, in her hand. "I always felt that it came from grandfather," she said. "Anyway, it was a matter of business."

"Your grandfather, General Sutcliffe, would feel complimented at the idea of his pawning himself! And he never accepted a favor in his life that he couldn't repay."

Surprise jumped to her feet. Her eyes blazed. "Very well, sister, I'll take no more lessons and spend no more of the money. I'll find some way of making it. You shall have your snuff-box back."

"Why, Surprise Sutcliffe! You know I wouldn't rob you of your lessons—if you care so much. I just couldn't understand—"

"That's it exactly; you can't understand anything but just what *you* think and like. Oh no, you wouldn't rob me of the lessons, but you'll see that I *pay* for them. I won't have your old lessons! And don't you ever say snuff-box to me again. You'll get it back, in time." She went into the bedroom and shut the door hard.

Miss Felicia sat down abruptly. Her hands trembled. The idea of a lady being short and sharp like that! Surprise had never spoken so before! The child must be ill.

She got up hurriedly and made a pot of tea and insisted that Surprise should go to bed at once and drink it—the walk in the storm had upset her. The girl drank, though grudging the very comfort it gave her, and irritated additionally that her righteous wrath should be slighted as nerves.

Then Miss Felicia brought her supper in bed, toast and eggs, on the old silver tray, laid with pieces of their mother's white gold-rimmed china, rarely used. Miss Felicia boiled the eggs because she knew Surprise preferred them so, though for her part she thought frying the only way to cook an egg. But she boiled them four minutes, though she knew Surprise for herself always took them out at two and a half—couldn't humor the child in too many newfangled cranks!

Surprise, trying to stir the eggs, shook her head over them hopelessly. But, at the very hopelessness, her unfailing humor began to bubble up again. She stooped over the tray to hide the twitching smile.

"Feel better now?" Miss Felicia asked anxiously as she took away the things.

Surprise turned swiftly. Under the cover her whole long body moved in flowing lines. She put a warm hand on the other's. Miss Felicia's slipped, startled, from under hers. Miss Felicia was never emotional or demonstrative. She had never cuddled Surprise in all her life. But Surprise knew her—it was withdrawal, not rebuff; and she knew, perhaps better than Miss Felicia herself, how dependent the older woman was on affection. "Oh, I'm all right," Surprise laughed. "It was mostly that I, too, had found out how silly it all is. I'm too old, and the way is too long." The laughter died. "I'll find something else to take hold of."

Old! and she had never had her youth, and now it was too late for everything.

She *was* tired.

But in the morning she woke early, planning the something she would take hold of next.

The snuff-box and the lessons, to all appearances, dropped completely from their lives.

But Surprise started window-boxes early, and hotbeds. And from the time the first hardy perennials began in the old garden, from daffodils and narcissus, through lilacs, lilies-of-the-valley, and peonies, to the roses, with her own seedlings of pansies, sweet peas, and nasturtiums, day after day, two or even three times, with a basket of wet bunches on her arm, and her face indistinguishable in a cavernous sunbonnet, she walked across the country three miles to a railroad junction, where bad connections, a water-tank, and a lunch-counter made a stopping-place for trains and passengers.

But the roses were nearly gone before the hole eaten in the hundred dollars by her lessons was filled out.

The Paisley Lockards, with some guests, were in the pergola for the sunset.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard noticed a tall woman coming, bareheaded, with long,

free steps, a hobbling dorky following. The woman's skirt clung and fluttered. She wore a kind of shirt-waist, cut round at the neck, English fashion—"the line of decapitation" Paisley Lockard once called it—emphasized in this case by a standing frill of lace, as if to offer the trophy as attractively as possible! The look of the yet dissimilar clothes, and that look of the face which even in persons radically different still makes the family resemblance, Mrs. Paisley Lockard's fine social senses identified at once. The "child"! the "young person"!

With the instinct of courtesy she rose and went to meet her away from the others. As she advanced, Surprise stopped and stood, and Mrs. Paisley Lockard noticed the height and slimness, the stoop of the shoulders and droop of the heavy head, even the slight mustache. If the other was odd, she thought, this one was positively grotesque. Then Surprise looked at her. Grotesque? Why, she was beautiful! And what shimmering sweetness.

She took the girl's outheld hand in both hers.

Dobson Kinnard was leaning forward in his seat. "Whence the Burne-Jones, Paisley?" he asked.

Then Paisley Lockard looked at the newcomer. "Trust the artist to see," he said to the others. "Doesn't that place her exactly? Mopy and drawn all out of proportion."

Kinnard's lips parted, then drew close. He got up. "Paisley," he said, solemnly, "you will never be able to estimate my friendship for a Philistine like you. Why, look at her, boy!" Surprise was moving again, away, toward the house, with Mrs. Paisley Lockard. "What vitality! what joy! what youth! and with it all what refinement!"

Paisley Lockard raised humorous eyebrows at his departure.

When Surprise came out again, Dobson Kinnard was waiting on the porch. With his obvious wish Mrs. Paisley Lockard complied. But Surprise merely recognized the presentation, and, with one final shining look for her hostess, turned to go.

Dobson Kinnard leaned after her. "You're not going so soon?" His manner was intent, like a musician's listening as he tries the string.

Surprise looked at him now with the

shy fearlessness of the creature that has grown up wild in a protected place. "Soon and late, and far and near, are comparative," she answered, simply. Then her whole face lightened with laughter. "My sister, for instance, will be going to bed now. Now!" She spread out her hands to the evening.

Kinnard straightened up, at ease. How often before he had bespoken The Goddess only to see the first breath of a word burst the bubble beauty in which she appeared! "But you're not going alone? It's nearly dark."

Surprise indicated Old Uncle Jerry. But Mrs. Paisley Lockard spoke quickly. "It will take only a minute to order the carriage." If at the beginning of this call she had hesitated even to "cousin" the dead general, now there was nothing but friendliness in her manner.

But Kinnard gave her one thunderous look. "Walking?" he said to Surprise. "Across such country, on such a night! Oh, let me go!"

For a full minute the girl questioned him with the unwavering, uncompromising gaze of childhood. He met it unafraid, waiting, one hand half out, faintly smiling. And gradually her lips parted, a smile broke over her face.

Mrs. Paisley Lockard went back amused to her guests. "Dobson claims every artistic license," she said.

"I didn't know he was an antiquarian," teased her husband.

"Only for the old masters," a girl put in; "Botticelli, say."

"In need of restoration?"

"You none of you spoke to her." Mrs. Paisley Lockard had the justice to be serious. "Never mind her clothes. She's not old, and her personality is the very bouquet of race, all the more for her perfect unconsciousness of it. I suppose it's the tang of race that Miss Felicia has," she reflected, with remembered humor, "because she's afraid other people are too unconscious of it. At any rate, I have lost my snuff-box. They will allow me no claim on the old general, except his ghost (which you can hear snoring in the house any winter morning—when the steam begins to rise), and the site of the undiscoverable buried treasure."

"Who are you?" Dobson Kinnard asked Surprise. "Where did you come from?"

"And there," she answered, "you have said it all. I? I am nobody"—she shook her head lightly—"but the daughter of my ancestors. I came—from the Sutcliffe graveyard." Her hand swept it in passing. "And when I go there I will fill the last space. Nobody will ever boast back to me. My whole life has been an accident. I'm neither a goal in myself nor a link to something else. I have always been going to be an artist, but—"

"You want to *paint*?"

His emphasis arrested her. "Now I wonder," she mused, "if that was the trouble. Did I want to paint, or just to do something? Maybe it was only the means. And art is jealous, they say. Still, I would have loved that means itself. Oh, I would have loved to paint!"

"Why should you?" he protested. "I paint. And I am somebody—in my world; which you may add to your comparatives. I am middle-aged and I have been all over the civilized globe, always trying to find and to give to the world the inner with the outer beauty. With Apollo I have pursued the Dream of the Morning and have captured—a laurel, not a woman. Meantime I have painted—but what else?"

They had come to a turn in the road and a stile. She stopped. "I always cut across here."

"Come on!"

But at the first swish of the deep grass she stopped again. "The dew," she said, "in poetry glistens; in fact, it wets. Hadn't you better turn back? Old Uncle Jerry will catch up in a minute."

"If I'm going to make a path this way," he said, "this is a fine time to begin."

She smiled at him without evasion, and it seemed as if something tangible leaped between the two.

An early moon made the dusk faintly glimmering. The rolling meadows, with here and there a clump of trees, gleamed in a white dimness. The incense of the cooling grass came up sweet to them. Over the two impressionable children Nature easily cast her whole spell.

Surprise drew a deep breath. "It must be true," she said, softly. "There is Beauty. Look. Yes, I know that in that cottage a woman is dying of cancer, and in that farmhouse the family quarrelled

so last winter that one brother killed another. But out here, with us, how lovely it is!"

They turned into the shaded lane. In the darkness he put an instinctive hand of knighthood to her elbow and she drew a little closer to him with the trust of a won child.

He swung open the cottage gate for her. "Don't you bother about painting. I'm going to paint you. Neither as Hope nor Spring, but as Daphne coming swiftly into the dusk void, bringing the glory with her."

"Oh, I should like that," she said, freshly. "And I should like to see some of your work. I think"—she considered him seriously, judgment suspended for a moment, and then smiled out—"yes, I am sure, it is spiritual and sympathetic and inspiring." Quite self-unconscious, her look was confiding, admiring. "But why sad? It need not be sad."

"No," he agreed, "I see that now. It need not be sad. But never mind so much about the painting. That is not the chief thing for either of us. Auch das Leben ist eine Kunst."

"Oh, that's just it!" she sighed. "And I—have done nothing but dream."

Miss Felicia was not in bed, after all. She rose anxiously from the obscurity of the porch.

As Surprise went up the path, she braced herself. She was white when she reached the steps. "I've been to Buena Vista. Here's your snuff-box. And I'm sorry we couldn't have let her keep it. She's lovely."

"So she was kind to you, too," said Miss Felicia.

Surprise looked up. Why not? But, "No," she realized, "she wasn't. She hasn't even the *good* manners of superiority. She's a lady. I suppose it's because she has never lost any of the proofs of it that it never occurs to her to assert it. She doesn't need the snuff-box. But I would love her to have it."

"Well," said Miss Felicia, pushing her chair back against the house wall for the night, "at least we shall not have to give her any further occasions to pity us."

"She didn't pity *me*!" cried Surprise. "And, sister, if she pitied you, it was—not for your circumstances." But Miss



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens

SHE TOOK THE GIRL'S OUTHELD HAND IN BOTH OF HERS

Felicia was rattling the door-knob for her to come and be locked in. "And apart from everything else," said Surprise, entering, "she wanted the snuff-box."

"Are you ready for me to blow out this lamp?" asked Miss Felicia.

Dobson Kinnard hated to wake next morning. He had grown suspicious of his life-mirage. But as he followed last night's trail, now vivid in green and sunlight and blue sky, his spirits soared again. Oh, the world was as good in daylight as under any half-concealing and glorifying moon.

And did one ask the Sistine or the Milo for time to consider?

The figure on the cottage porch in blouse and sun-bonnet was—the old sister?

At the sound of his voice she pushed the bonnet back. Recognition gave him one shock of fear. But, simultaneous as light, the flash of her face reassured him. Oh yes, it was all true, not a dream, a twilight vapor. The beauty of the person was but the visualizing of the Soul of Beauty within; for beauty and goodness and happiness are the three sides of an equilateral triangle—turn it how you will, it is all one and always the same.

Surprise jumped up, shedding her green lapful into a pan beside her with a long free movement full of grace. Her bonnet fell off. She ran toward him delightedly.

But half down the walk she began to slacken. And in the last ten paces, under his widening eyes, she was transformed as strangely and as materially as if from the Wonderland working of one of Alice's astonishing refectations.

She reached him languid and indifferent. "Isn't this early for you?"

"I'm getting old enough," he said, "to begin to be afraid of being too late."

Her answering gleam was almost as swiftly veiled. "And yet, evidently, you have plenty of time on your hands."

The tone nettled him. "Are you busy?"

Leaning over the gate she looked half up at him and laughed—at what? "Well, Old Uncle Jerry isn't exactly a patent reversible servant, 'warranted to be good at anything, from ploughing to fluting a lady's ruffles.' He's a wonderful negro, but wonderful chiefly for eld and faithfulness."

"Then I won't keep you." Kinnard began stiffly and ended good-humoredly: "But this evening, now, you won't be busy, surely. At moonrise?"

He waited.

"No, I won't be busy this evening," she admitted at last.

"And the stile," he suggested, appealingly, "is a kind of turning-point, and a fair enough half-way point, and it isn't crowded, and offers a pleasant outlook."

"Yes," she conceded, with a ripple in her throat, "the prospect is attractive."

"Till to-night, then." He lifted his hat.

"Well—good-by . . ." Her voice lingered.

She had distinctly dismissed him! Why act now as if he might have stayed?

But as he wavered, she turned toward the house.

When she did not come to the stile, though he waited and waited, he explained to himself that he had not been definite. Besides, he had offered to deliver a note from Mrs. Paisley Lockard.

The two sisters were on the porch, the long length of the younger on the steps, the elder upright in her chair, her knitting idle in the uncertain light that was only a suffusion from a lamp indoors.

The girl greeted him without surprise or expectation. She seemed, indeed, a trifle *blasé* as to his visit, though willing to be amused and to be amusing. She talked gayly and simply, but with evasive eyes. Only when he talked, he felt her grave regard searching, weighing him. His quick smile petitioned for a spark of yesterday's spontaneous liking. But her look instantly eluded his. Except for that first fleeting glimpse of her in the morning, the subtle woman of to-day was not the frank, friendly girl of yesterday.

She talked quite as if her sister were one of the bushes. But Kinnard could not so ignore the silent shadow motionless and straight in its chair. He rose earlier than he meant to go, hoping, when Surprise rose, too, to drift her to the gate.

But Surprise did not rise.

He lingered. "You didn't come to the stile."

"No? Did you expect me?" There was a breath of mockery in the intonation. And in the light through the window he saw her eyes, laughing, inviting, daring, forbidding.

Ough! that rigid old gorgon in the chair!

"I have a note to deliver," he said, hastily, "and though I assure you I didn't read it on the way, I'll risk saying that it's an invitation to the garden-party to-morrow night at Buena Vista. Will you come?"

"Will I come!" cried Surprise, rapturously, and gave him another glimpse of the girl of yesterday.

"Then I'll tell Mrs. Paisley Lockard to count on you, too. And come early, do. The party won't really begin till you get there."

"You certainly won't go!" In Miss Felicia's voice horror spoke.

Surprise rose slowly, drawing a heavy breath, lifting both palms. "If Fate will only give me a chance!" she said, deeply.

"Nonsense! What could you wear?" said Miss Felicia, oblivious of any betrayal of inconsistency.

"I'll wear the blue-flowered silk that was in mother's trousseau. With the full skirt and sleeves, it's not so very out of style. And the turquoises and pearls, and the ivory comb, and the mother-of-pearl fan, and the point scarf, and the slippers with the gold buckles—"

"Surprise Sutcliffe! I've told you dozens of times that if it's ever known we have those things—"

"I don't care if they are all stolen that night. I'll get the good of things once, whatever follows. They might as well be really buried. It's no use to say a word, sister. This one time I carry my own way through."

But she did not come, and did not come.

Perhaps she thought they were to meet at the stile.

He reached there, breathless.

A figure rose stiffly. Miss Felicia!

She held out to him a parcel whose mere size and shape Surprise would have recognized. "Take this to Mrs. Paisley Lockard," she said—Miss Felicia never said *please* nor sounded it—"with the compliments of the Misses Sutcliffe, and tell her that if she will call, Miss Felicia will be pleased to have her taste some of her raspberry shrub made from an old

recipe of her mother's, Mrs. Sutcliffe of Walnut Woods."

"But—Surprise?" Kinnard stammered.

Without another word the old woman walked off.

Just as he stepped into the shadow of the lane, Kinnard saw Surprise lean cautiously over the gate, lean gleaming in soft stuff and jewelry, and look, and draw back.

He stopped. He turned himself about face. If it had been another fellow he would have thought it funny. As it was, he raged. And that rage wheeled him around once more face forward. But with the rage came strategy. He advanced on the far side of the lane, in deep shade, until, directly opposite the gate, just as she leaned to peep again, he stepped out and confronted her.

Surprise breathed a soft "Oh!" She seemed gathering herself for flight. Then, her draperies caught to her bosom, she peered in nonchalant inquiry. "Who is it? The light—"

He pushed through the gate. "Why didn't you come? What do you expect a man to care for in you when you are rude and deceitful and capricious, and make a fool of him, and care only for your power of self and sex? Is that being pretty?" But under his indignation he was fascinated by her look. In spite of full sleeves and skirt, the old costume had not, of course, the current lines. Its quaintness accented her. And the flow and color of it and her extra touches in ornament expressed her as the soft iridescence does the dove. "What do you expect a man to care for in you?"

"When, pray, did I ask a man to care?"

"You were waiting. You were beginning to be afraid I wouldn't come."

Her hand, pulling carelessly at the rose-bush, trembled. "Well, he came," she said. "What *did* he care for, then?" The eyes teased, the mouth quivered.

Instinct, older than speech or reason, actuated him. He caught her in his arms, a man, compelling.

And the eternal feminine answered him.

When he emerged, dripping, from ecstasy, he realized it. "You *do* love me!"

She pulled away. "How you spoil things! That isn't the thing for you to

say." Then she faced him with white passion. "Of course I didn't come, not half-way, not one step. Even if I have never had another lover! Oh, for that very reason! Now I'll have the best or nothing. Give all or not at all."

"Never have had another lover. You? Oh! You masterpiece! you treasure! Buried. Here. Well, at least I have unearthed you at last. And for me—the Dream of the Morning has materialized." Her color rose again like flame in an upward draught. "You do love me!" he repeated, with a wonder that never expected to grow old.

She laughed softly, pushing back with her crossed arms against his breast.

"You *will* say the wrong side of the responses! Like Old Uncle Jerry. He was a preacher once, would be nothing but Episcopalian like quality white folks, and always insisted on reading *all* the service himself. Still, since you say *both* sides—"

"Some one has to say yours," Kinnard reminded her. "Will you?"

"What is that hard thing in your pocket? Grandfather's snuff-box! Well, dear old sister! So she and Mrs. Paisley Lockard can meet as equals at last."

"Come with me to give it to her," he said. "Yes, do. I want them to see you as you are to-night."

Joan of Arc at Domrémy

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

LORD CHRIST, if I might serve Thee in my heart
Within some convent close, whose quiet walls
Enfold a garden—there with Thee apart
To walk in holiness, where sunshine falls

And birds sing through the arbors all the day!
Or, if this may not be, then in my room
Warded by angels, might I hide away
And, glad and silent, with my wheel and loom

In toil and meditation, maidenly,
With prayer and fasting, make my soul so white
The Blessed Virgin might reach forth to me
Her arms that cradled Thee! Lord, if I might!

But ah, the Visions and the Voices, Lord!
Thy heaven is all a flashing of white fire
And every angel bears a flaming sword
Calling me forth. . . . Lord, if at Thy desire

I must put by the distaff and the wheel,
I am Thy handmaid. . . . Make me unto France
A heart of adamant and edge of steel
Like Deborah of old. Cry the advance!

Yet be Thou near, in this Thy way I take—
For look, dear God! Across it falls the shame,
The shadow of the scaffold and the stake—
And in my flesh the writhing of the flame!

Our Navy Before the War of Secession

BY CAPTAIN A. T. MAHAN, U.S.N.

OF immense timeliness as a preparative to the War of Secession was the reconstitution of the material of the navy, practically coincident with the regeneration of the personnel, between 1850 and 1860. The causes which led to this are before my time and beyond my contemporary knowledge. They therefore form no part of my theme; but the result, which is more important than the process, was strictly contemporary with me. It marked a definite parting with sails as the motive reliance of a ship of war, but at the same time was characterized by an extreme conservatism, which was probably judicious at the time, and certainly represented general contemporary naval opinion. It must be remembered that the Atlantic was first crossed by a steamer in 1837 (a feat shortly before thought impossible on account of coal consumption), and that the screw propeller was not largely adopted till several years afterwards. In 1855 the transatlantic liners were still paddlers; but the paddle-wheel shaft was far above the water, and so, in necessary consequence, was much of the machinery which transmitted power from the boilers to the wheel. All battle experience avouched the probability of disabling injury under such exposure; not more certain, but probably more fatal, than that to spars and sails of sailing-ships. Despite this drawback, paddle-wheel men-of-war were being built between 1840 and 1850. Our own navy had of these two large and powerful vessels, sisters, the *Missouri* and the *Mississippi*. Singularly enough, both met the same end—by fire; the *Missouri* being burned in the Bay of Gibraltar, in 1843, the *Mississippi* in the river of the same name in the course of Farragut's passage of the batteries at Port Hudson, in

1863. This engagement marked the end of the admiral's achievements in the river, throughout which, beginning with the passage of the forts and the capture of New Orleans, the *Mississippi* had done good work. At the time of her destruction the present Admiral Dewey was her first lieutenant. Besides these two we had the *Susquehanna*, "paddle-wheel steam-frigate," which also served manfully through the war, and was in commission after it. It was she who carried General Sherman on his mission to Mexico in 1866. As usual, the principal European navies had built many more of these vessels—that is, had adopted improvements more readily than we did. During my first cruise after graduation, on the coast of Brazil, 1859-61, the British squadron there was composed chiefly of paddlers, the flag-ship *Leopard* being one. As I remember, there was only one screw steamer, the sloop of war *Curaçao*.

By that time, however, the paddlers were only survivals; but it may be noted, in passing, with reference to the cry of obsolescence so readily raised in our day, that these survivals did yeoman service in the War of Secession. It is possible to be too quick in discarding as well as too slow in adopting. By 1850 the screw had made good its position; and the difficulty which had impeded the progress of steam in men-of-war disappeared when it became possible to place all machinery below water. There were, however, many improvements still to come before it could be frankly and fully accepted as the sole motive power. It is not well to let go with one hand till sure of your grip with the other. So in the early days of electric lighting, prudent steamship companies kept their oil-lamps trimmed and filled in the brackets alongside of the

electric globes. Apart from the difficulty experienced by the average man—and governments are almost always averages—in adjusting his action to novel conditions, the science of steam-enginery was still very backward. Notably the expenditure of coal was excessive; to produce a given result, in miles travelled or speed attained, much more had to be burned than now—a condition to which contributed also the lack of rigidity in the wooden hulls, which still held their ground. Sails were very expensive articles, as I heard said by an accomplished officer of the olden days; but they were less costly than coal. Steam, therefore, was accepted at the first only as an accessory, for emergencies. It was too evident for question, that in battle a vessel independent of the wind would have an unqualified advantage over one dependent; though an early acquaintance of mine, a sailmaker in the navy—a man of unusual intelligence and tried courage—used to maintain that steam would never prevail. Small steamers, he contended, would accompany sailing fleets to tow vessels becalmed or disabled in battle; a most entertaining instance of professional prepossession. What would be his reflections, had he survived till this year of grace, to see only six sailmakers on the active list of the navy, the last appointed in 1888, and not one of them afloat? Likewise, in breasting the continuous headwinds that mark some ocean districts, or traversing the calms of others, there would be gain; but for the most part sailing, it was thought, was sufficiently expeditious, decidedly cheaper, and more generally reliable; for steamers “broke down.” Admiral Baudin, a French veteran of the Napoleonic period, was very sniffy over the uncertainties of action of the steamers accompanying his sailing frigates when he bombarded Vera Cruz in 1839; and since writing these words I have come across the following quotation, of several years later, from the London *Guardian*, which is republishing some of its ancient news under the title “’Tis Sixty Years Since”:

Naval Manœuvres in 1846. The Squadron of Evolution is one of the topics of the present week (June 10, 1846). Its arrival in the Cove of Cork, after a cruise which

has tested by every variety of weather the sailing qualities of the vessels, has furnished the world with a few particulars of its doings, and with some materials for speculating on the problems it was sent out to solve. The result, as far as it goes, is certainly unfavorable to the exclusive prevalence of steam agency in naval warfare. Sailing-ships, it is seen, can do things which steamers, as at present constructed, cannot accomplish. They can keep the sea when steamers cannot. But the screw steamer, which is reported “to have astonished everybody,” is certainly an exception. Perhaps by this contrivance the rapidity and convenience of steam locomotion may be combined with the power and stability of our huge sailing batteries.

Under convictions thus slowly recasting, the first big steam ships of war carried merely “auxiliary” engines; were, in fact, sailing-vessels, of the types in use for over a century, into which machinery was introduced to meet occasional emergencies. In some cases, probably in many, ships already built as sailers were lengthened and engined. As late as 1868 we were station-mates with one such, the *Rodney* of ninety guns, then the flagship of the British China squadron; and we had already met another, the *Princess Royal*, at the Cape of Good Hope, homeward bound. She, however, had been built as a steamer. She was a singularly handsome vessel, of her majestic type; and, as she lay close by us, I remember commenting on her appearance to one of my messmates—poor Stewart, who afterwards went down in the *Oneida*. “Yes,” he replied, “she possesses several elements of the sublime.” They certainly were imposing creations, with their double and treble tiers of guns, thrusting their black muzzles through the successive ports which, to the number of fifteen to twenty, broke through the two broad white bands that from bow to stern traversed the blackness of their hulls; above which rose spars as tall and broad as ever graced the days of Nelson. To make the illusion of the past as complete as possible, and the dissemblance from the sailing-ship as slight, the smoke-stack—or funnel—was telescopic, permitting it to be lowered almost out of sight. For those who can recall these predecessors of the modern battle-ships, the latter can make slight claim to beauty or im-

pressiveness; yet, despite the ugliness of their angular broken sky-line, they have a gracefulness all their own when moving slowly in still water. I remember, a dozen years ago, watching the French Mediterranean fleet of six or eight battle-ships leaving the harbor of Villefranche, near Nice. There was some manœuvring to get their several stations, during which, here and there, a vessel lying quiet waiting her opportunity would glide forward with a dozen slow turns of the screws, not agitating the water beyond a light ripple at the bows. The bay at the moment was quiet as a mill-pond, and it needed little imagination to prompt recognition of the identity of dignified movement with that of a swan making its leisurely way by means equally unseen; no turbulent display of energy, yet suggestive of mysterious power.

Before the War of Secession, and indeed for some twenty years after it, the United States never inclined to the maintenance of squadrons, properly so called. It is true that a dozen ships of the line were built during the sail period, but they never sailed together; and the essence of the battle-ship in all eras is combined action. Our squadrons, till long after I entered the navy, were simply aggregations of vessels, no two of which were necessarily of the same size or class. When a ship of the line went to sea (which never happened in my time) she went without mates—a palpable paradox: a ship of the line which to no line belonged. Ours was a navy of single, isolated cruisers; and under that condition we had received a correct tradition that, whatever the nominal class of an American ship of war, she should be somewhat stronger than the corresponding vessels built by other nations. Each cruiser, therefore, would bring superior force to any field of battle at all possible to her. This was a perfectly just military conception, to which in great measure we owed our successes in 1812. The same rule does not apply to fleets, which to achieve the like superiority rely upon united action, and upon tactical facility obtained by the homogeneous qualities of the several ships, enabling them to combine greater numbers upon a part of the enemy. Therefore Great Britain, which so long ruled the world by fleets, attached less

importance to size in the particular vessel. Class for class her ships were weaker than her enemies', but in fleet action they usually won. At the period of which I am writing, the screw propeller, having fairly established its position, prompted a reconstruction of the navy, with no change of the principles just mentioned. The cruiser idea dictated the classes of vessels ordered, and the idea of relative size prescribed their dimensions. There were to be six steam-frigates of the largest class, six steam-sloops, and six smaller vessels, a precise title for which I do not know. I myself have usually called them by the French name corvette, which has a recognized place in English marine phraseology, and means a sloop of war of the smallest class. A transfer of terms, accompanying a change of system, is apt to be marked by anomalies.

These eighteen vessels were the nucleus of the fighting force with which the government met the War of Secession. In the frigates and sloops steam was purely auxiliary; they had every spar and sail of the sailing-ships to which they corresponded. Four of the larger sloops—the *Hartford*, *Richmond*, *Brooklyn*, and *Pensacola*—constituted the backbone of Farragut's fleet throughout his operations in the Mississippi. The *Lancaster*, one of the finest of these five sisters, was already in the Pacific, and there remained throughout the war; while the *San Jacinto*, being of different type and size, was employed rather as a cruiser than for the important operations of war. It was she that arrested the Confederate commissioners, Slidell and Mason, on board the British mail-steamer *Trent*, in 1861. The corvettes were also employed for the most part as cruisers, being at once less effective in battery, for river work, and swifter. They alone of the vessels built in the fifties were engined for speed, as speed went in those days; but their sail power also was ample, though somewhat reduced. One of them, the *Iroquois*, accompanied Farragut to New Orleans, as did a sister ship to her, the *Oneida*, which was laid down in 1861, after many Southern Senators and Representatives had left their seats in Congress, and the secession movement became ominous of war; when it began to

be admitted that perhaps, after all, for sufficient cause, brothers might shed the 'blood of brothers. The steam-frigates were of too deep draught to be of much use in the shoal waters to which the nature of the hostilities and the character of the Southern coast confined naval operations. Being extremely expensive in up-keep, with enormous crews, and not having speed under steam to make them effective chasers, they were of little avail against an enemy who had not, and could not have, any ships at sea heavy enough to compete with them. The *Wabash* of this class bore the flag of Admiral Dupont at the capture of Port Royal; and after the fight the negroes who had witnessed it from shore reported that when "that checker-sided ship," following the elliptical course prescribed to the squadron for the engagement, came abreast the enemy's works, the gunners after one experience took at once to cover. No barbette or merely embrasured battery of that day could stand up against the twenty or more heavy guns carried on each broadside by the steam-frigates, if these could get near enough. At New Orleans, even the less numerous pieces of the sloops beat down opposition, so long as they remained in front of Fort St. Philip and close to; but when they passed on, so the first lieutenant of one of them told me, the enemy returned to his guns and hammered them severely. This showed that the fort was not seriously injured, nor its armament decisively crippled; but that the personnel was completely dominated by the fire of many heavy guns during the critical period required for the smaller as well as larger vessels to pass. As most of the river work was of this character, the broadsides of the sloops were determinative, and those of the frigates would have been more so could they have been brought to the scene; but they could not. Much labor was expended in the attempt to drag the *Colorado*, sister ship to the *Wabash*, across the bar of the Mississippi; but fruitlessly.

For the reasons named, the screw frigates built in the fifties had little active share in the War of Secession. Were they, then, from a national standpoint, uselessly built? Not unless preparation for war is to be rejected and reliance placed

upon extemporized means. To this resort our people have always been inclined to trust unduly, owing to a false or partial reading of history; but to it they were excusably compelled by the extensive demands of the War of Secession, which could scarcely have been anticipated. At the time these frigates were built they were, by their dimensions and the character of their armaments, much the most formidable ships of their class afloat, or as yet designed. Though correctly styled frigates—having but one covered deck of guns—they were open to the charge, brought against our frigates in 1812 by the British, of being ships of the line in disguise; and being homogeneous in qualities, they would, in acting together, have presented a line of battle extorting very serious consideration from any probable foreign enemy. It was for such purpose they were built; and it was no reproach to their designers that, being adapted to meet a probable contingency, they were too big for one which very few men thought likely. At that moment, when the portentous evolution of naval material which my time has witnessed was but just beginning, they were thoroughly up to date, abreast and rather ahead of the conclusions as yet reached by contemporary opinion. The best of compliments was paid them by the imitation of other navies; for, when the first one was built, we sent her abroad on exhibition, much like a hen cackling over its last performance, with the result that we had not long to congratulate ourselves on the newest and best thing. It is this place in a long series of development which gives them their historical interest. But if the frigates were unfitted to the particular emergency of a civil contest, scarcely to be discerned as imminent in 1855, the advantage of preparation for general service is avouched by the history of the first year of hostilities, even so exceptional as those of 1861 and 1862. Within a year of the first Bull Run, Farragut's squadron had fought its way from the mouth of the Mississippi to Vicksburg. That the extreme position was not held was not the fault of the ships, but of backwardness in other preparations of the nation. Save the *Oneida*, all the naval vessels that subdued New Orleans had been launched and ready before the war,

except the gunboats; and to attribute any determinative effect in such operations to these, with their one heavy gun, is to misunderstand the conditions. Even a year later, at the very important passage of Port Hudson, the fighting work was done by the *Hartford*, *Richmond*, *Mississippi*, and *Monongahela*; of which only the last named and least powerful was built after the war began. It would be difficult to overrate the value, material and moral, of the early successes which led the way to the opening of the great river, due to having the ships and officers ready. So the important advantages obtained by the capture of Port Royal in South Carolina, and of Hatteras Inlet in North Carolina, within the first six months, were the results of readiness; slight and inadequate as that was in reference to anything like a great naval war.

A brief analysis of the composition of the navy at the opening of the War of Secession will bring out still more vividly how vitally important to the issue were the constructions of the decade, 1850-1860. In March, 1861, when Lincoln was inaugurated, the available ships of war at sea or in the yards numbered sixty-one. Of these, thirty-four were sailing-vessels, substantially worthless; although, as the commerce of the world was still chiefly carried on by sailing-ships, they could be of some slight service against these attempting to pass a blockade. For the most part, however, they were but scarecrows, if even respected as such. Of the twenty-seven steamers, only six dated from before 1850; the remainder were being built when I entered the Naval Academy in September, 1856. Their construction, with all that it meant, constituted a principal part of the environment into which I was then brought, of which the recasting of the list of officers was the other most important and significant feature. Both were revolutionary in character, and prophetic of further changes quite beyond the foresight of contemporaries. From this point of view the period in question has the character of an epoch, initiated, made possible, by the invention of the screw propeller; which, in addition to the better nautical qualities associated with it, permitted the defence of the machinery by submersion, and of the sides of the ship by the application of armor.

In this lay the germ of the race between the armor and the gun, involving almost directly the attempt to reach the parts which armor cannot protect—the underwater body—by means of the torpedo. The increases of weight induced by the competition of gun and armor led necessarily to increase of size, which in turn lent itself to increases of speed that have been pushed beyond the strictly necessary, and at all events are neither militarily nor logically involved in the progress made. It has remained to me always a matter of interest and satisfaction that I first knew the navy, was in close personal contact and association with it, in this period of unconscious transition; and that to the fact of its being yet incomplete I have owed the experience of vessels, now wholly extinct, of which it would be less than truth to say that in all essential details they were familiar to the men of two hundred years ago. Nay, in their predecessors of that date, as transmitted to us by contemporary prints, it is easy to trace the development in form of the ships I have known from the medieval galley; and this, were the records equally complete, would doubtless find its rudimentary outlines in the triremes of the ancient world. Of this evolution of structure clear evidences remain also in terminology, even now current; survivals which, if the facts were unknown, would provoke curiosity and inquiry as to their origin, as physiologists seek to reconstruct the past of a race from scanty traces still extant.

I have said that the character of the ships then building constituted a chief part of my environment in entering the navy. The effect was inevitable, and amounted, in fact, simply to making me a man of my period. My most susceptible years were colored by the still lingering traditions of the sail era and of the "marlingspike seaman"; not that I, always clumsy with my fingers, had any promise of ever distinguishing myself with the marlingspike. This expressive phrase, derived from its chief tool, characterized the whole professional equipment of the then mechanic of the sea; of the man who, given the necessary rope-yarns, and the spars shaped by a carpenter, could take a bare hull as she lay for the first time quietly at anchor

from the impetus of her launch and equip her for sea without other assistance; "parbuckle" on board her spars lying alongside her in the stream, fit her rigging, bend her sails, stow her hold, and present her all a-taunt-o to the men who were to sail her. The navigation of a ship thus equipped was a field of seamanship apart from that of the marlingspike; but the men who sailed her to all parts of the earth were expected to be able to do all the preliminary work themselves, often did do it, and considered it quite as truly a part of their business as the handling her at sea. Of course, in equipping ships, as in all other business, specialization had come in with progress; there were ropemakers, there were riggers who took the ropes ready made and fitted them for the ship, and there were stevedores to stow holds, etc.; but the tradition ran that the seaman should be able on a pinch to do all this himself, and the tradition kept alive the practice, which derived from the days, not yet wholly passed away, when he might, and often did have to, refit his vessel in scenes far distant from any assistance other than his own, and often without any resources save those which his ready wit could adapt from materials meant for quite different uses. How to make a jibboom do the work of a topsail-yard, and to utilize spare spars in rigging a jury-rudder, were specimens of the problems then presented to the aspiring seaman. It was somewhere in the thirties, not so very long before my time, that a Captain Rous of the British navy achieved renown—I would say immortal, were I not afraid that most people have forgotten—by bringing his frigate home from Labrador to England after losing her rudder. It is said that he afterwards ran for Parliament, and when on the hustings some doubter asked about his political record, he announced, "I am Captain

Rous who brought the *Pique* across the Atlantic without a rudder." Of course the reply was lustily cheered, and deservedly; for in such seas, with a ship dependent upon sails only, it was a splendid, if somewhat reckless, achievement. Cooper, in his *Homeward Bound*, places the ship dismasted on the coast of Africa. Close at hand, but on the beach, lies a wrecked vessel with her spars standing; and there is no exaggeration in the words he puts in the mouth of Captain Truck: "The seaman who with sticks and ropes and blocks enough cannot rig his ship, might as well stay ashore and publish an hebdomadal."

Such was the marlingspike seaman of the days of Cooper and Marryat, and such was still the able seaman, the "A.B.," of 1855. It was not indeed necessary nor expected that most naval officers should be able to do such things with their own hands; but it was justly required that they should know when a job of marlingspike seamanship was well or ill done, and to supervise when necessary. Napoleon is reported to have said that he could judge personally whether the shoes furnished his soldiers were well or ill made; but he needed not to be a shoemaker. Marryat, commenting on one of his characters, says that he had seldom known an officer who prided himself on his "practical" knowledge who was at the same time a good navigator; and that such too often "lower the respect due to them by assuming the Jack Tar." Oddly enough, lunching once with an old and distinguished British admiral, who had been a midshipman while Marryat still lived, he told me that he remembered him well; his reputation, he added, was that of "an excellent seaman, but not much of an officer"—an expressive phrase, current in our own service, and which doubtless has its equivalent in all maritime languages.



In the Second April

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

II

AS John Bulmer leisurely ascended from the village the birds were waking. Whether day were at hand or no was a matter of twittering debate overhead, but in the west the stars were paling one by one, like candles puffed out by the pretentious little wind that was bustling about the turquoise cupola of heaven; and eastward Bellegarde showed stark, as though scissored from a painting, against a sky of gray and rose. Here was a world of faint ambiguity. Here was the exquisite tension of dawn, curiously achime with his mood, for just now he found the universe too beautiful to put any actual faith in its existence. He had strayed into Faëry, somehow,—into Atlantis, or Avalon, or “a wood near Athens”—a land of opalescence and vapor and delicate color, that would vanish bubblelike at the discreet tap of Pawsey fetching in his shaving-water; and meantime his memory snatched at each loveliness, jealously, as a pug snatches bits of sugar.

Beneath her window he paused and shifted his lute before him. Then he began to sing, exultant in the unreality of everything and of himself in particular.

Sang John Bulmer:

“Speed forth, my song, the sun’s ambassador,
Lest in the east night prove the conqueror,
And day be slain, and darkness triumph,—for
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain.
“And now the sunlight and the night contest
A doubtful battle, and day bides at best
Doubtful, until she waken. ’Tis attest
The sun is single.

“But her eyes are twain,—
And should the light of all the world delay,

And darkness prove victorious? Is it day
Now that the sun alone is risen?

“Nay,
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain,—
Twain firmaments that mock with heavenlier hue
The heavens’ less lordly and less gracious blue,
And lit with sunlier sunlight through and through.

“The sun is single, but her eyes are twain,
And of fair things this side of Paradise
Fairest, of goodly things most goodly.”

He paused here and smote a resonant and louder chord. His voice, too, ascended in dulcet supplication.

“Rise,
And succor the benighted world that cries,
The sun is single, but her eyes are twain!”

“Eh—? So it is you, is it?” Claire was peeping disdainfully from the window. Her throat was bare—a superfluous miracle among so many—and her dusky hair was a shade dishevelled, and in her meditative eyes he caught the flicker of her tardiest dream just as it vanished.

“It is I,” John Bulmer confessed—
“come to awaken you according to the ancient custom of Poictesme.”

“I had much rather have had my sleep out,” said she, resentfully. “In perfect frankness, I find you and your ancient customs a nuisance.”

“You lack romance, my wife.”

“Oh—?” She was a person of many cryptic exclamations, this bride of his. Presently she said: “Indeed, Monsieur Bulmer, I entreat you to leave Poictesme. I have informed Louis of everything and he is rather furious.”

John Bulmer said, “Do you comprehend why I have not already played the emigrant?”

“Yes,” she answered, after a little pause.

"And for the same reason I can never leave you so long as this gross body be at my disposal. You are about to tell me that if I remain here I shall probably be hanged on account of what happened yesterday. There are reasons why I do not consider this likely, but if I knew it to be true—if I had but one hour's start of Jack Ketch—I swear to you I would not budge."

"I am heartily sorry," she replied, "since if I had known you really cared for me—so much—I would never have married you. Oh, it is impossible!" the girl laughed with a trace of hysteria, "you had not laid eyes on me until a week ago yesterday."

"My dear," John Bulmer answered, "I am perhaps inadequately acquainted with the etiquette of such matters, but I make bold to question if love is exclusively regulated by clock-ticks. Observe!" he said, with a sort of fury; "there is a mocking demon in me who twists my tongue into a jest even when I am most serious. I love you; and I dare not tell you so without a grin. Then when you laugh at me I, too, can laugh, and the whole transaction be regarded as a parody. Oh, I am indeed a coward!"

"Not so!" she earnestly replied. "You proved that yesterday."

"Yesterday I shot an unsuspecting man, and afterward fenced with another—in a shirt of Milanese armor! Yes, I was astoundingly heroic yesterday, for the simple reason that all the while I knew myself to be as safe as though I were snug at home snoring under an eider-down quilt. Yet, to do me justice, I am a shade less afraid of physical danger than of ridicule."

She gave him a womanly answer. "You are not ridiculous, and to wear armor was very sensible of you."

"To the contrary, I am extremely ridiculous. For observe: I am an elderly man, quite old enough to be your father; I am fat—no, that is kind of you, but I am not well built, I am merely and unpardonably fat; and I believe I am not possessed of any fatal beauty of feature such as would by ordinary impel young women to pursue me with unsolicited affection: and being all this, I presume to love you. To me, at least, that appears ridiculous."

"Ah, do not laugh!" she said. "Do not laugh, Monsieur Bulmer!"

But John Bulmer persisted in that curious laughter, which somehow was peculiarly unjovial. "Because," he presently stated, "the whole affair is so very, very diverting."

"Believe me," Claire began, "I am sorry that you care—so much. I—do not understand. I am sorry—I am not," the girl said, in a new tone, and you saw her honest face transfigured; "I am glad! Do you comprehend?—I am glad!" And then she swiftly closed the window.

John Bulmer observed, "I am perhaps subject to hallucinations, for otherwise the fact had been previously noted by geographers that Heaven is immediately adjacent to Poictesme."

Presently the old flippancy came back to him, since an ancient custom is not lightly broken, and John Bulmer smiled sleepily and shook his head. "Here am I on my honeymoon, with my wife locked up in the château and me locked out of it. My position savors too much of George Dandin's to be quite acceptable. Let us, then, set about rectifying matters."

He came to the great gate of the castle later and found two sentries there. He thought this odd, but they recognized him as de Soyecourt's guest, and, after a whispered consultation, admitted him. In the courtyard a lackey took charge of Monsieur Bulmer, and he was conducted into the presence of the Marquis de Soyecourt. "What the devil!" he thought, "is Bellegarde in a state of siege?"

The little Marquis sat beside the Duchesse de Puysange to the rear of a long table with a crimson cover. Their attitudes smacked vaguely of the judicial, and before them stood a ragged, dissolute fellow, guarded by four attendants, whom the Marquis was languidly considering.

"My dear man," de Soyecourt was saying as John Bulmer came into the room. "when you brought this extraordinary epistle to Bellegarde, you must have been perfectly aware that thereby you were forfeiting your life. Accordingly, I am in nature compelled to deny your absurd claims to the immunity of a herald, just as I would decline to receive a herald from the cockroaches."

"That is cowardly," the man said. "I come as the representative of an honorable enemy who desires to warn you before he strikes."

"You come as the representative of vermin," de Soyecourt retorted, "and as such I receive you. You will, therefore, permit me to wish you a pleasant journey into eternity. Why, *holà, madame!* here is that vagabond guest of ours returned to observation!" The Marquis rose and stepped forward, all abeam. "Mr. Bulmer," said he, with an intense cordiality, "I can assure you that I was never more delighted to see any one in my entire life."

"Pardon, *monseigneur,*" one of the attendants here put in—"but what shall we do with this Achon?"

The Marquis slightly turned his head, his hand still grasping John Bulmer's. "Why, hang him, of course," he said. "Did I forget to tell you? But yes, take him out and hang him at once." The four men conducted their prisoner from the room.

"You find us in the act of dispensing justice," the Marquis continued, "yet at Bellegarde we temper it with mercy, so that I shall ask no indiscreet questions concerning your absence of last night."

"But I, *monsieur,*" said John Bulmer, "I, too, have come to demand justice."

"*Tête-bleu,* Mr. Bulmer! and what can I have the pleasure of doing for you in that respect?"

"You can restore to me my wife," John Bulmer said.

And now de Soyecourt cast a smile toward the Duchess, though the latter was plainly troubled. "Would you not have known this was an Englishman," he queried, "by the avowed desire for the society of his own wife? They are a mad race. And indeed, Mr. Bulmer, I would very gladly restore to you this hitherto unheard-of spouse, if only I were blest with her acquaintance. As it is—" He waved his hand.

"I married her but yesterday," said John Bulmer, "and I have reason to believe that she is now within Bellegarde."

He saw the eyes of de Soyecourt slowly narrow. "Jacques," said the Marquis, "fetch me the pistol within that cabinet." He resumed his seat to the rear of the table, the weapon lying before him.

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"You may go now, Jacques; this gentleman and I are about to hold a little private conversation." Then, when the door had closed upon the lackey, de Soyecourt said, "Pray draw up a chair within just ten feet of this table, *monsieur,* and oblige me with your wife's maiden name."

"She was formerly known," John Bulmer answered, "as *Mademoiselle Claire de Pysange.*"

The Duchess spoke for the first time. "Oh, the poor man! *Monsieur de Soyecourt,* he is evidently insane."

"I do not know about that," the Marquis said, fretfully, "but in any event I wish that people would not rush into Bellegarde and absolutely compel me to kill them. First there was this Achon, and now you, Mr. Bulmer, come to annoy me. Listen, *monsieur,*" he went on, presently, "last evening *Mademoiselle de Pysange* triumphantly announced both to the Duchess and to me that her impending match with the Duke of Ormskirk must necessarily be broken off, as she was already married. She had, she stated, casually encountered you in the forest, where on the spur of the moment you two had espoused one another; and was quite unable to inform us what had become of you after the ceremony. You can conceive that as a sensible man I did not credit a word of her story. But now, as I understand it, you corroborate this moonstruck narrative?"

John Bulmer bowed his head. "I have that honor, *monsieur.*"

De Soyecourt sounded the gong beside him. "In that event, it is uncommonly convenient to have you in hand. Your return to Bellegarde I regard as opportune, even though I am compelled to attribute it to insanity; personally, I disapprove of this match with Milor Ormskirk, but as Gaston is bent upon it, you will understand that in reason my only course is to make *Claire* a widow as soon as may be possible."

"It is intended, then," John Bulmer queried, "that I am to follow the late and unlamented Achon?"

"I can but trust," said the Marquis, politely, "that your course of life has qualified you for a superior flight, since Achon's departure, I apprehend, was not unakin to a descent."

"No!" the Duchess cried, suddenly; "Monsieur de Soyecourt, can you not see the man is out of his senses? Let Claire be sent for. There is some mistake."

De Soyecourt shrugged. "You know that I can refuse you nothing. Jacques," he called to the appearing lackey, "request Mademoiselle de Puysange to honor us, if it be convenient, with her presence. Nay, I pray you, do not rise, Mr. Bulmer; I am of a nervous disposition, startled by the least movement, and my finger, as you may note, is immediately upon the trigger."

So they sat thus, John Bulmer beginning to feel rather foolish as time wore on, though actually it was not a long while before Claire had appeared in the doorway and had paused there quite unruffled. You saw a great wave of color flood her countenance, and then swiftly ebb and leave it ashen. John Bulmer observed, with a thrill, that she made no sound, but simply waited, composed and alert, almost stolidly, to find out how much de Soyecourt knew before she spoke.

The little Marquis said, "Claire, this gentleman informs us that you married him yesterday."

Tranquilly she inspected her claimant. "I did not see Monsieur Bulmer at all yesterday, so far as I remember. Why, surely, Louis, you did not take my nonsense of last night in earnest?" she demanded, and gave a mellow ripple of laughter. "Yes, you actually believed it; you actually believed that I walked into the forest and married the first unpetticoated person I met there, and that this is he. As it happens, I did not; so please let Monsieur Bulmer go at once and put away that absurd pistol—at once, Louis, do you hear?"

The Duchess shook her head. "She is lying, Monsieur de Soyecourt, and undoubtedly this is the man. Her denial would not be so convincing were it not a lie."

"It is a lie," John Bulmer said; "and I praise God for the nobility which prompted it." He went straight to the girl and took her hand. "You are trying to save me, because you know I must be hanged in order you may wed the Duke of Ormskirk. Yet I warn you that the fate of Ananias was never a synonym for felicity."

"Jean Bulmer! Jean Bulmer!" the girl wailed, and her voice was tender; "why did you return to Bellegarde, Jean Bulmer?"

"I came," he answered, "for the very absurd reason that I cannot live without you."

They stood thus for a while, both her hands clasped in his. "I believe you," she said, at last, "even though I do not understand at all, Jean Bulmer." And then she wheeled upon the Marquis. "Yes, yes!" Claire said; "the man is my husband. And I will not have him harmed. Do you comprehend?—you shall not touch him, because you are not fit to touch him, Louis, and also because I do not wish it."

De Soyecourt looked toward the Duchess for advice. "It is a nuisance, but evidently she cannot marry Milor Ormskirk so long as Mr. Bulmer is alive. I suppose it would be better to hang him out-of-hand?"

"Monsieur de Puysange would prefer it, I imagine," said the Duchess; "nevertheless, it appears a great pity."

"In nature," the Marquis assented. "we deplore the loss of Mr. Bulmer's company. Yet as matters stand—"

"But they are in love with one another," the Duchess pointed out, with a sorry little laugh. "Can you not see that, my friend?"

"Hein?" said the Marquis; "in that event it is doubly important Mr. Bulmer be locked up somewhere overnight and hanged the first thing in the morning." He reached for the gong, but Claire had begun to speak.

"I am *not* in love with him! You do not realize your profound imbecility, Hélène. I think he is a detestable man, because he always looks at you as if he saw something extremely ridiculous but was too polite to notice it. He is invariably making me suspect I have a smut on my nose. But in spite of that, I consider him a very pleasant old gentleman, and I will *not* have him hanged." With which ultimatum she stamped her foot.

"Yes, madame," said the Marquis, critically; "after all, she is in love with him. That is unfortunate, is it not, for Milor Ormskirk—and even for Achille Cazaio," he added, with a listless shrug.

"I fail to see," a dignified young lady stated, "what Cazaio, at least, has to do with your galimatias."

"Simply that I received this morning a letter demanding you be surrendered to Cazaio," de Soyecourt answered, as he sounded the gong. "Otherwise, our amiable friend of the Taunenfels announces he will attack Bellegarde at his convenience. I, of course, hanged his herald and despatched messengers to Gaston, whom I look for to-morrow. If he indeed arrive to-morrow morning, Mr. Bulmer, I shall relinquish you to him; in other circumstances I shall have the melancholy pleasure of summoning a Protestant minister from Manneville, and afterward of hanging you—suppose we say at noon?"

"The hour suits me," said John Bulmer, "as well as another. But no better. And I warn you it will not suit the Duke of Ormskirk, either, whose relative—whose very near relative—" He posed for the astounding revelation.

But little de Soyecourt had drawn closer to him. "Mr. Bulmer," said he, with a certain intensity, "I have somehow omitted to mention that two years ago I was at Aix-la-Chapelle, when the treaty was in progress, and there saw your great kinsman. I cut no particular figure at the convocation, so that it is unlikely he recalls my features; but I remember his quite clearly."

"Indeed?" said John Bulmer, courteously; "it appears, then, that monsieur is a physiognomist?"

"You flatter me," the Marquis returned; "my skill enabled me to deduce the veriest truisms only—such as that the man who for fifteen years had beaten France, had hoodwinked France, would in France be not oversafe could we conceive him fool enough to hazard a trip into this country."

"Especially alone?" said John Bulmer.

"Especially," the Marquis assented, "if he came alone. But, *ma foi!* I am discourteous— You were about to say—?"

"That a comic subject declines to be set forth in tragic verse," John Bulmer answered; "and afterward to inquire the way to my dungeon."

But he escaped a dungeon, after all,

for at parting de Soyecourt had graciously offered to accept Mr. Bulmer's parole, which he gave willingly enough, and thereby obtained the liberty of a tiny enclosed garden, whence a stairway led to his new apartment on the second floor of what had been known as the Constable's Tower, since du Guesclin held it for six weeks against Sir Robert Knollys, when Bellegarde was only a fortress.

The garden, gravel-pathed, was a trim place, all green and white, containing four poplars, and in the centre a fountain where three Nereids contended with a brawny Triton for the possession of a turtle whose nostrils spurted water. A circle of attendant turtles, half submerged, shot inferior jets from their gaping mouths. It was an odd and not unhandsome piece, and John Bulmer inspected it with appreciation, and latterly the garden, and having found all things satisfactory, sat down and chuckled sleepily and waited.

"De Soyecourt has been aware of my identity throughout the entire week! Faith, then, I am a greater fool than even I suspected, since this fop of the Boulevards has been able to trick me so long. He has some card up his sleeve, too, has our good Marquis—eh, well! Gaston comes to-morrow, and thenceforward all is plain sailing. Meantime I suspicion that the poor captive will presently have visitors."

He had dinner first, though, and at this meal gave an excellent account of himself. Shortly afterward, as he sat over his coffee, little de Soyecourt unlocked the high and narrow gate which constituted the one entrance to the garden and sauntered forward, dapper and smiling.

"I entreat your pardon, Monsieur le Duc," de Soyecourt began, "that I have not visited you sooner. But in unsettled times, you comprehend, the master of a beleaguered fortress is kept busy. Cazaio, I now learn, means to attack to-morrow, and I have been fortifying against him. However, I attach no particular importance to the man's threats, as I have despatched three couriers to Gaston, one of whom must in reason get to him; and in that event he will arrive early in the afternoon, and accompanied by the dragoons of Entréchat. And subsequently—eh bien! if Cazaio has

stirred up a hornets' nest he has only himself to thank for it." He snapped his fingers and hummed a merry air, being to all appearances in excellent spirits.

"That is well," said John Bulmer—"for, believe me, I shall be unfeignedly glad to see Gaston once more."

"Decidedly," said the Marquis, sniffing, "they give my prisoners much better coffee than they deign to afford me. I shall make bold to ask you for a cup of it, what time we converse sensibly." He sat down opposite John Bulmer. "Oh, about Gaston!" said the Marquis, as he added the sugar—"it is deplorable that you will not see Gaston again, at least not in this naughty world of ours."

"I am the more grieved," said John Bulmer, gravely, "for I love the man."

"It is necessary, you conceive, that I hang you, at latest, before twelve o'clock to-morrow, since Gaston is a little too fond of you to fall in with my plans. His premature arrival would in effect admit the bull of equity into the china-shop of my intentions. And day-dreams are fragile stuff, Monsieur d'Ormskirk! Indeed, I am giving you this so brief reprieve only because I am unwilling to have upon my conscience the reproach of hanging without due preparation a man whom of all politicians in the universe I most unfeignedly like and respect. The Protestant minister has been sent for, and will, I sincerely trust, be here at dawn. Otherwise—really, I am desolated, Monsieur le Duc, but you surely comprehend that I cannot wait upon his leisure."

John Bulmer cracked a filbert. "So I die to-morrow? I do not presume to dictate, monsieur, but I would appreciate some explanation of your motive."

"Which I freely render," the Marquis replied. "When I recognized you a week ago—as I did at first glance—I was astounded. That you, the man in all the world most cordially hated by Frenchmen, should venture into France quite unattended was a conception to confound belief. Still, here you were, and I realized that such an opportunity would not rap twice upon the door. So I despatched a letter post-haste to Madame de Pompadour at Marly—"

"I begin to comprehend," John Bul-

mer said. "Old Tournehem's daughter hates me as she hates no man alive. Frankly, monsieur, your excellent directress of the Parc-aux-Cerfs has cause to—may I trouble you for the nut-crackers? a thousand thanks—since I have outwitted her more than once both in diplomacy and on the battle-field. With me out of the way, I comprehend that France might attempt to renew the war, and our late treaty would be so much wasted paper. Yes, I comprehend that she would give a deal for me—but what the devil! France has no allies. She dare not provoke England just at present; she has no allies, monsieur, for I can assure you that Prussia is out of the game. Then what is the woman driving at?"

"Far be it from me," said the Marquis, with becoming modesty, "to meddle with affairs of state. Nevertheless, madame is willing to purchase you—at any price."

John Bulmer slapped his thigh. "Kaunitz! behold the key. Eh, eh, I have it now; the Empress despatched o' late a special ambassador to Versailles—one Anton Wenzel Kaunitz, a man I never heard of. Why, this Moravian count is a genius of the first water. He will combine France and Austria, implacable enemies since the Great Cardinal's time. Ah, I have it now, monsieur—Frederick of Prussia has published verses against the Pompadour she can never pardon—eh, against the Czaritza, too! Why, what a thing it is to be a poet! now Russia will join the league. And Sweden, of course, because she wants Pomerania, which the Emperor Frederick claims. Monsieur de Soyecourt, I protest it will be one of the prettiest messes ever stirred up in history! And to think that I am to miss it all!"

"I regret," de Soyecourt said, "to deny you the pleasure of participation. In sober verity I regret it. But unluckily, Monsieur d'Ormskirk, your dissolution is the sole security of my happiness; and in effect"—he shrugged—"you comprehend my unfortunate position."

"One of the prettiest messes ever stirred up in all history!" John Bulmer lamented; "and I to miss it! The policy of centuries shrugged aside, like

a last year's fashion! Decidedly I shall never again cast reflections upon the woman in politics, for this is superb. Why, this coup is worthy of me! And what is Petticoat the Second to give you, pray, for making all this possible?"

"She will give me," the Marquis retorted, "according to advices received from her yesterday, a *lettre-de-cachet* for Gaston de Puitsange. Gaston is a man of ability, but he is also a man of unbridled tongue. He has expressed his opinion concerning the Pompadour, to cite an instance, as freely as the Comte de Maurepas did. You know what happened to him. Ah yes, Gaston is undoubtedly a peer of France, but the Pompadour is Queen of that kingdom. And in consequence—on the day that Madame de Pompadour learns of your death—Gaston goes to the Bastile."

"Naturally," John Bulmer assented, "since it is by ordinary the reward of common sense when manifested by a Frenchman. What the devil, monsieur! Maréchal Richelieu has been there four times and Gaston himself, if I am not mistaken, twice. And neither is one whit the worse for it."

The Marquis sipped his coffee. "The Bastile is not a very healthy place. Besides, I have a friend there—a gaoler. He was formerly a chemist."

John Bulmer elevated the left eyebrow. "Poison?"

"Dieu m'en garde!" The Marquis was appalled. "Nay, monsieur, merely an unforeseen attack of heart-disease."

"Ah! ah!" said John Bulmer, very slowly. He presently resumed: "And afterward the Duchesse de Puitsange will be a widow. And already she is fond of you; but unfortunately the Duchess—with every possible deference—is a trifle prudish. I see it all now, quite plainly; and out of pure friendliness I warn you that in my opinion the Duchess is hopelessly in love with her husband."

"I sometimes fear she has been guilty of that weakness," said the Marquis, gloomily, "yet I shall take my only chance. Believe me, Monsieur le Duc, I profoundly regret that you and Gaston must be sacrificed in order to afford me this same chance."

But John Bulmer was chuckling. "My faith!" he said, and softly chafed

his hands together, "how sincerely you will be horrified when your impetuous error is discovered—just too late. You were merely endeavoring to serve your beloved Gaston and the Duke of Ormskirk when you hanged the rascal who had impudently stolen the woman intended to cement their friendship! The Duke fell a victim to his own folly, and you acted precipitately perhaps, but out of pure zeal. You will probably weep. Meanwhile your *lettre-de-cachet* is on the road, and presently Gaston, too, is trapped and murdered. You weep yet more tears—oh, vociferous tears!—and the Duchess marries you because you were so devotedly attached to her former husband. And England will sit snug while France reconquers Europe. Monsieur, I make you my compliments on one of the tidiest plots ever brooded over."

"It rejoices me," the Marquis returned, "that a conspirator of many years' standing should commend my maiden effort." He rose to his feet. "And now, Monsieur d'Ormskirk," he continued, with extended hand, "matters being thus amicably adjusted, shall we say adieu?"

John Bulmer considered. "Well—no!" said he, at last; "for there are, after all, such things as decency and honor. I commend your cleverness, Monsieur de Soyecourt, but as concerns your hand I must confess to a distaste."

The Marquis had gone white. "Because at the bottom of your heart you despise me," he said. "Ah, believe me, monsieur, your contempt for de Soyecourt is less great than mine." And presently he had left the garden.

John Bulmer sat down to consider more at leisure these revelations. He forerread like a placard Jeanne d'Étoiles' magnificent scheme: it would convulse all Europe, while England would remain supine, simply because Newcastle was a fool and Ormskirk would be dead. He would barter his soul for one hour of liberty, he thought. A riot, now,—ay, a riot in Paris, a blow from within, would temporarily at least stupefy French enterprise and gain England time for preparation. And it was so simple! Meanwhile he was a prisoner, and Newcastle was a fool, and the Pompadour was disastrously remote from being a fool.

"It is easy to announce that I am the Duke of Ormskirk—and to what end? Faith, I had as well proclaim myself the Pope of Rome or the Cazique of Mexico: the jackanapes will affect to regard my confession as the device of a desperate man and hang me just the same; and his infernal comedy will go on without a hitch. Nay, I am fairly trapped, and Monsieur de Soyecourt holds the winning hand—more thanks to my egregious folly! But to be outwitted—and hanged—by a smirking Hop-o'-my-thumb!

"Oh, this is very annoying!" said John Bulmer, in his impotence.

He sat down once more, sulkily, like an overfed cat, and began to read with desperate attention: "'Here may men understand that be of worship, that he was never formed that at every time might stand, but sometimes he was put to the worse by evil fortune. And at sometimes the worse knight putteth the better knight into rebuke.' Behold a niggardly salve rather than a panacea." He skipped. "'And then said Sir Tristram to Sir Lamorake, 'I require you if ye happen to meet with Sir Palomides—'"

Startled, he glanced about the garden.

And later it turned on a sudden into the primal Garden of Paradise. "I came," she loftily explained, "because I considered it my duty to apologize in person for leading you into great danger. Our scouts tell us that already Cazaio is marshalling his men upon the Taunenfels."

"And yet," John Bulmer said, as he rose from his reading—though he was but cloudily cognizant of what he said—"Bellegarde is a strong place. And our good Marquis, whatever else he may be, is neither a fool nor a coward."

Claire shrugged. "Cazaio has ten men to our one. Yet perhaps we can hold out till Gaston comes with his dragoons. And then—I have much influence with Gaston. He will not deny me,—ah, surely he will not deny me if I go down on my knees to him and wear my very prettiest gown. Nay, at bottom Gaston is kind, my friend, and he will spare you."

"To be your husband?" said John Bulmer.

Twice she faltered "No," all one blush. And then she cried with a sudden flare of irritation: "I do not love you. I

cannot help that. Oh, you—you unutterable bully!"

Gravely he shook his head at her.

"You *are* a bully. You are trying to bully me into loving you, and you know it. What else moved you to return to Bellegarde,—and to sit here, a doomed man, tranquilly reading? Yes, you were,—I happened to see you through the key-hole in the gate. And why else were you doing that?"

"Because I adore you," said John Bulmer, "and because in this noble and joyous history of the great conqueror and excellent monarch, King Arthur, I find much diverting matter, and because, to be quite frank, Claire, I consider an existence without you neither alluring nor possible."

She had pinkened. But, "Oh, monsieur," the girl cried, "you are laughing because you are afraid that I will laugh at what you are saying to me. Believe me, I have no desire to laugh. It frightens me, rather. I had not known that nowadays men might love so greatly and with a foolishness so divine. I had thought all that perished with the Lancelot and Palomides of your book. I had thought—that in any event you had no earthly right to call me Claire."

"Superficially, the reproach is just," he assented, "but what was the name your Palomides cried in battle, pray? Was it not *Ysoude* when the searching sword had at last found the joints of the foeman's armor and his casque spouted blood?—*Ysoude* when the line of adverse spears wavered and broke and dissolved into nothingness, and the Saracen was victor? Was it not *Ysoude* he murmured riding over alien hill and dale in pursuit of the Questing Beast?—'the glatisant beast'? Assuredly: and meantime La Beale Ysoude sits snug in Cornwall, with Tristram, who dons his armor once in a while to roll Palomides in the sand *coram populo*. Still, the name was sweet, and I protest the Saracen had a perfect right to mention it whenever he felt so inclined."

"You jest at everything," she lamented—"which is one of the many traits that I dislike in you."

"Knowing your heart to be very tender," he submitted, "I am perhaps endeavoring to present as jovial and indif-

ferent an appearance as may be possible in spite of your rejection of my addresses—to you, whom I love as Palomides loved Ysoude. Otherwise you would be torn with anguish. Yet stay; is there not another similitude? Assuredly, for you love me much as Ysoude loved Palomides. What the deuce is all this lamentation to you? You don't value it the beard of an onion,—while of course grieving that your friendship, your most sincere friendship, should have been so utterly misconstrued, and wrongly interpreted, and trusting, etc., etc. Oh, I know you women!"

"I sometimes wonder," she reflected, "what sort of women you *have* known—before?"

He waved the implied query to the evening breeze. "It is not a matter of particular import. We have fought, you and I, the eternal duel of the sexes. The battle is over, so far as I am concerned, and the other side has won. Well! Pompey was reckoned a very pretty fellow in his day, but he took to his heels at Pharsalia, for all that; and Hannibal, I have heard, did not have matters entirely his own way at Zama. In any event, good men have been beaten before this. So, without stopping to cry over spilt milk—heigho!" he interpolated, with a grimace; "it was uncommonly sweet milk, though,—let's back to our tents and reckon up our wounds."

"I am decidedly of the opinion," she said, "that for all your talk you will find your heart unscratched." Irony bewildered Claire, though she invariably greeted it with a polite smile.

John Bulmer said: "Faith, I do not intend to flatter your vanity by going into a decline on the spot. For in perfect frankness I find no mortal wounds anywhere. We have it on the best authority that while many men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, it was never for love. I am inclined to agree with Rosalind; an aneurism may be fatal, but a broken heart is scarcely so. Lovers have died in divers manners since the antique world was made, but not the most luckless of them was slain by love. Even Palomides, as my book informs me, went abroad with Lancelot and probably died an old man here in France,—peaceably, in his bed, as gen-

teel people should; and I dare assert that long ere this unchronicled demise he had learned to chuckle over his youthful follies, and had assured his wife that La Beale Ysoude squinted, or was freckled, or the like; and had protested laughingly that the best of us must sow our wild oats. And at the last it was his wife who mixed his gruel and smoothed his pillow and sat up with him o' nights, and if he died thinking of Madame Palomides rather than La Beale Ysoude, who shall blame him? Not I, for one," said John Bulmer, stoutly; "if it was not heroic, it was at least respectable, and, above all, natural; and I expect some day to stammer through a twin valedictory. When I set about the process of dying, I may be thinking of you, O fair lost lady! and again I may not. Who can say? A fly, for instance, may have lighted upon my nose and his tickling may have distracted my ultimate thoughts. Meanwhile, I love you consumedly, and you don't care a snap of your fingers for me. Faith, it is very amusing."

"I—I am sorry," she said, inadequately.

"You are the more gracious." And his face sank down into his hands, and even Claire was forgotten, for he was remembering Alison Pleydell and that ancient bankruptcy of his heart in youth. And the man groaned aloud.

A hand, feather-soft, fell upon his shoulder. "And who was your Ysoude, Jean Bulmer?"

"A woman who died twenty years ago, —a woman dead ere you were born, my dear."

Claire gave a little stifled cry. "Oh—oh, I *loathe* her!" she cried.

But when he raised his head she was gone.

He sat long in the twilight, now rising insensibly about him. The garden had become a grave, yet not unfriendly, place; the white straining Nereids were taking on a tinge of violet, the verdure was of a deeper hue, that was all; and the fountain plashed unhurriedly, as though measuring a reasonable interval (he whimsically thought), between the asking of a riddle and its solution given gratis by the asker.

He loved the woman; granted: but did

not love rise the higher above a cornerstone of delusion? And this he could never afford: he considered Claire to be not extravagantly clever, he could have improved upon her ears (to cite one instance), which were rather clumsily modelled; her finger-tips were a thought too thick, a shade too practical, and in fine she was no more the most beautiful woman in the world than she was the tallest: and yet he loved her. Here was no infatuation, no roseate and kindly haze surrounding a goddess, such as that which had by ordinary accompanied Alison Pleydell.

"I am grown older, perhaps. Perhaps it is merely that I am fashioned of baser stuff than—say, Achille Cazaio or de Soyecourt. Or perhaps it is that this overmastering, all-engulfing love is a mere figment of the poet, an age-long superstition as zealously preserved as that of the inscrutability of women, and both by men who don't believe a syllable of either. Ysoudé is dead; and I love my young French wife as thoroughly as Palomides did, with as great a passion as was possible to either of us oldsters. Well! all life is a compromise; I compromise with tradition by loving her unselfishly, by loving her with the very best that remains in John Bulmer. *Soit!* I love her and the die is cast. I mean to have her, and afterward she shall be content.

"True, I may be hanged at noon tomorrow, which would somewhat disconcert my plan. I shall not bother about that. Always there remains the slender chance that, somehow, Gaston may arrive in time; and otherwise—why, otherwise I shall be hanged, and as to what will happen afterward I decline to enter into any discussion even with myself. I have my belief, but it is bolstered by no iota of knowledge. Faith, let us live this life as a gentleman should, and keep our hands and our consciences as clean as may be possible, and after that trust to God's common sense. There are certain people who must divert Him vastly by their frantic efforts to keep out of hell. For my own part, I would not think of wearing a pelisse in the Desert of Sahara merely because I happened to be sailing for Greenland during the ensuing week. I shall trust to His common sense.

"I wish that Reinault would hurry with the supper-trays. I am growing very hungry."

That night he was roused by a tapping at his door. "Jean Bulmer, Jean Bulmer! I have bribed Reinault. I have the keys. Come, and I will set you free."

"To do what?" said John Bulmer.

"To escape—to flee to your foggy England," said the voice without,—“and to your hideous Englishwomen.”

"Do you go with me?" said John Bulmer.

"I do *not*." This was spoken from the turrets of decision.

"In that event," said John Bulmer, "I shall return to my dreams, which I infinitely prefer to the realities of a hollow existence. And besides, now one thinks of it, I have given my parole."

An infuriate voice came through the keyhole. "You *are* a bully," it stated. "I loathe you." Followed silence.

Presently the voice said: "Because if you really loved her you were no better than she was, and so I hate you both."

"'Beautiful as an angel, and headstrong as a devil,'" was John Bulmer's meditation. "And if I slink off to-night I shall never be to her anything more than her husband." Afterward John Bulmer turned over and went back to sleep.

For after all, as he reflected, he had given his parole; and always it pleased the notorious trickster, by some odd quirk of vanity, to have it said of Ormskirk that the formal word of Ormskirk, once given, had never yet been broken.

He was awakened later by a shriek, that was followed by a hubbub of tumult, what time John Bulmer sat erect in bed. Ensued a medley of yelling, of musketry, and of crashes, as the dilapidation of falling battlements. He knew well enough what had happened. Cazaio and his men were making a night attack upon Bellegarde.

John Bulmer arose and, having lighted two candles, dressed himself. He cast aside the first cravat as a failure, knotted the second with scrupulous nicety, and afterward sat down, facing the door to his apartment, and trimmed his finger-nails. Outside was pande-

monium, as the saying is, and the little scrap of sky visible from his one window was now of a sullen red.

"It is very curious I do not suffer more acutely. As a matter of fact, I am not conscious of any particular feeling at all. I believe that most of us, when we are confronted with a situation demanding high joy or agony, find ourselves quite void of emotion. They have evidently taken de Soyecourt by surprise. She is yonder in that hell outside and will probably be captured by its most lustful devil—or else be murdered. I am here like a trapped rat, impotent, waiting to be killed, which Cazaio's men will certainly attend to when they ransack the place and find me. And I feel nothing, absolutely nothing.

"By this she has probably fallen into Cazaio's power—"

And the man went mad. "God, God!" he wailed aloud, like a whipped child. And he dashed upon the locked door, and tore at it with soft white hands, so that presently they were all blood. He beat his face upon the door, cutting open his forehead. He sobbed with odd bestial noises and bit at the air.

He shook his bleeding hands toward heaven. "In my time I have been cruel. I am less cruel than You! Let me go!"

The door opened and she stood upon the threshold. His arms were about her and repeatedly he kissed her, mercilessly, with hard kisses, crushing her in his embrace.

"Jean, Jean!" she sobbed, beneath his lips, and lay quite still in his arms. He saw how white and tender a thing she was, and the fierce embrace relaxed.

"You came to me," he said, stupidly.

"Louis had forgotten you. They had all retreated to the Inner Tower. Cazaio cannot take that, for he has no cannon. Louis can hold out there until Gaston comes with help," Claire rapidly said. "But the thieves are burning Bellegarde. I could bribe no man to set you free. They were afraid to venture."

"And you came," said John Bulmer,—"you left the safe Inner Tower to come to me!"

"I could not let you die, Jean Bulmer."

"No? Then I will live—I will live not unworthily the life which you have

given me. O God!" John Bulmer cried, "what a pitiful creature was that great Duke of Ormskirk! Now make a man of me, O God!"

"Listen, dear madman," she breathed; "we cannot go out into Bellegarde. They are everywhere—Cazaio's men. They are building huge fires about the Inner Tower, but it is all stone, and I think Louis can hold out. But we, Jean Bulmer, can only retreat to the roofing of this place. There is but a trap-door to admit you to the top, and there—there we can at least live until the dawn."

"I am unarmed," John Bulmer said, "and weaponless I cannot hold even a trap-door against armed men."

"I have brought you weapons," Claire said, and waved one hand toward the outer passageway. "Naturally I would not overlook that. There were many dead men on my way hither, and they had no need of weapons. I have a sword here and two pistols."

"You are," said John Bulmer, with supreme conviction, "the most wonderful woman in the universe. By all means let us get to the top of this infernal tower and live there as long as we may find it possible. But first, will you permit me to make myself a thought tidier? For in my recent agitation as to your whereabouts I have, I perceive, somewhat disordered both my person and my apparel."

Claire laughed a little sadly. "You have been sincere for once in your existence, and you are hideously ashamed, is it not? Ah, my friend, I would like you so much better if you were not always playing at life, not always posing as for your portrait."

"For my part," said he, obscurely, from the rear of a wet towel, "I fail to perceive any particular merit in dying with a dirty face. We are about to deal with the most important and, by an ill chance, the final crisis of our lives. So let us do it with decency."

Afterward he changed his cravat, since the one he wore was soiled and crumpled and stained a little with his blood, and they went up the winding stairway to the top of the Constable's Tower. These two passed through the trap-door into moonlight that drenched the world; westward the higher walls of the Hugonet

Wing shut off that part of Bellegarde where men were slaughtering one another, and the turrets of it, black and untenanted, stood in strong relief against a sky of shifting crimson and gold. At their feet was the tiny enclosed garden, half hidden by the poplar boughs. And to the east the tower dropped sheer to the moat; and past that was the curve of the highway leading to the main entrance of the château, and the moonlighted plains of the Duardenez, and one little tributary, a thread of pulsing silver, in passage to the great river that showed as a smear of white, a chalk-mark on the world's rim.

John Bulmer closed the trap-door. They stood with clasped hands, eyes straining toward the east, whence help must arrive if it came at all.

"No sign of Gaston," the girl said. "We must die presently, Jean Bulmer."

"I am sorry," he said,—“oh, I am hideously sorry that we two must die.”

"I am not afraid, Jean Bulmer. But life would be very sweet with you."

"That was my thought, too. . . . I have always bungled this affair of living, you conceive. I had considered the world a healthy and not intolerable prison, where each man must get through his day's work as best he might, soiling his fingers as much as necessity demanded—but no more—so that at the end he might sleep soundly,—or perhaps that he might go to heaven and pluck eternally at a harp, or else to hell and burn eternally, just as divines say we will. I never bothered about it much, so long as there was any work at hand which demanded performance. And in consequence I missed the whole meaning of life."

"Not so!" Claire replied. "No man has played a greater part in our little world."

This was an odd speech. But he answered idly: "Eh, I have done well enough as respectable persons judge these matters. And I went to church on Sunday, and I paid my tithes. Trifles, these, sweetheart; for in every man, as I now see quite plainly, there is a god. And the god must judge, and the man himself be but the temple and the instrument of the god. It is very simple, I think. And whether he go to church or no, is a matter of trivial importance, so long as

the man obey the god which is within him." He was silent now, staring vaguely toward the blank horizon.

"And now that you have discovered this," she murmured, "therefore you wish to live?"

"Why, partly on account of that," he said, "yet perhaps mostly on account of you. . . . But heigho!" said John Bulmer; "I am disfiguring my last hours by inflicting upon a lady my half-baked theology. Let us sit down, my dear, and talk of trifles till they find us. And then I will kill you, sweetheart, and afterward myself. Presently come dawn and death; and my heart, according to the ancient custom of Poictesme, cries '*Oy Dieus! Oy Dieus, de l'alba tantost ve!*' but for all that my mouth will resolutely dis-course of the last Parisian flounces, or of your unfathomable eyes, or of Monsieur de Voltaire's new tragedy of *Oreste*—or, in fine, of any topic you may elect."

He smiled, with a twinging under-current of regret that not even in independent death did he find any stimulus to the heroical. But the girl had given a muffled cry.

"Look, Jean! Already they come for us."

Through the little garden a man was running, doubling like a cornered beast when he found the place had no entrance save the gate through which he had scuttled. It was fat Guiton, the steward of the Duc de Puysange. Presently came Achille Cazaio and harried the unarmed old man with a wet sword, wantonly driving him about the poplars, pricking him in the quivering shoulders, but never killing him. All the while the steward screamed with the monotonous and shrill wail of a mad woman.

After a little he fell at Cazaio's feet, shrieking for mercy.

"Fool!" said the latter, "I am Achille Cazaio. I have no mercy in me."

He kicked the steward in the face two or three times, and Guiton, his countenance all blood, black in the moonlight, embraced his knees and wept. Presently Cazaio slowly drove his sword into the back of the prostrate man, who shrieked, "O Jesu!" and began to cough and choke. Five times Cazaio spitted the writhing thing, and afterward was Guiton's soul released from the tortured body.



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE DEATH OF CAZAIO

"Is it well, think you," said John Bulmer, "that I should die without first killing Achille Cazaio?"

"No!" Claire answered, fiercely.

Then John Bulmer leaned upon the parapet of the Constable's Tower and called aloud: "Friend Achille, your conduct vexes me."

The man started, peered about, and presently stared upward. "Monsieur Bulmaire, this is indeed an unlooked-for pleasure. May I inquire wherein I have been so ill-fated as to offend you?"

"You have an engagement to fight me on Thursday afternoon, friend Achille, so that to all intent I hold a sort of mortgage on your life. I submit that in consequence you have no right to endanger it by besieging castles and wasting the night in horticultural assassinations."

"There is something in what you say, Monsieur Bulmaire," the brigand replied, "and I very heartily apologize for not thinking of it earlier. But in the way of business, you understand— However, may I trust it will please you to release me from this inconvenient obligation?" Cazaio added, with a smile. "My men are waiting for me yonder, you comprehend."

"In fact," said John Bulmer, hospitably, "the moonlight up here is clear as day. We can settle our affair in five minutes."

"I come," said Cazaio, and plunged into the entrance to the Constable's Tower.

"The pistol! quick!" said Claire.

"And for what, pray?" said John Bulmer.

"So that from behind, as he lifts the trap-door, I may shoot him through the head. Do you stand in front as though to receive him. It will be quite simple."

"My dear creature," said John Bulmer, "I am now doubly persuaded that God had entirely run out of what we term a sense of honor when He created the woman. I mean to kill this rascal, but in passing I mean to kill him fairly." He unbolted the trap-door, and immediately Cazaio stood upon the roof, his sword drawn.

Achille Cazaio stared at the tranquil woman, and now his countenance was less that of a satyr than of a demon. "At four in the morning! I congratulate

you, Monsieur Bulmaire," he said,—"oh, decidedly, I congratulate you."

"Thank you," said John Bulmer, sword in hand; "yes, we were married yesterday."

Cazaio, with the agility of a snake, drew a pistol from his girdle and fired full in John Bulmer's face; but more quickly the latter had fallen upon one knee, and the ball sped harmlessly above him.

"You are very careless with firearms," John Bulmer lamented. "Really, friend Achille, if you are not more circumspect you will presently injure somebody and forever afterward be consumed with unavailing regret and that sort of thing. Now let us get down to our affair."

They crossed blades in the moonlight. Cazaio was in vein to-night; John Bulmer's tolerant acceptance of any meanness that a Cazaio might attempt, the vital shame of this new and baser failure before Claire's very eyes, had made of Cazaio a crazed beast. He slobbered little flecks of foam, clinging like hoar frost to the tangled beard, and breathed with shuddering inhalations, like a man in agony, what time he charged with redoubling thrusts. The Englishman appeared to be enjoying himself, but quite discreetly; he chuckled as the other cursed and shifted from tierce to quart, and met the assault with a nice inevitableness; in short, each movement had the comely precision of some finely adjusted clockwork, though at times John Bulmer's face showed a spurt of mild amusement, roused by the brigand's extravagancy of gesture and his contortions as he strove to pass the line of steel that flickered cannily between his sword and John Bulmer's portly bosom.

Then John Bulmer, too, attacked. "For Guiton!" said he, as his point slipped into Cazaio's breast. He recoiled and lodged another thrust in the brigand's throat. "For attempting to assassinate me!" His foot stamped as his sword ran deep into Cazaio's belly. "For insulting my wife by thinking of her obscenely. You are a dead man, friend Achille."

Cazaio had dropped his sword, reeling as drunken against the western battlement. "My comfort," he said, hoarsely, while one hand tore at his jetting throat,

—"my comfort is that I could not die slain by a braver enemy." He moaned and stumbled backward. Momentarily his knees gripped the low embrasure. Then his feet flipped upward, convulsively, so that John Bulmer saw his spurs glitter and twitch in the moonlight, and there was a snapping and crackling and swishing among the poplars, and immediately the slump of his body upon the turf below.

"May he find more mercy than he has merited," said John Bulmer, "for the man had excellent traits. Yes, in him the making of a very good swordsman was spoiled by that abominable Boisrobert."

But Claire had caught him by the shoulder. "Look, Jean!"

He turned and stared toward the Duardenez. A troop of horse was nearing. Now they had swept about the curve in the highway, and at their head was Gaston, laughing terribly. They went by like a tumult in some sick man's dream, and the Hugonet Wing had screened them, swift as thought.

"Then is Bellegarde relieved," said John Bulmer, "and your life, at least, is saved."

The girl stormed. "You—you *thing!*" said she; "you would not be content with the keys of heaven if you had not got them by outwitting somebody! Do you fancy I had never seen the Duke of Ormskirk's portrait? Gaston sent me one six months ago."

"Ah!" said John Bulmer, very quietly. He took up the discarded scabbard and sheathed his sword without speaking.

Presently he said, "You have been cognizant all along that I was the Duke of Ormskirk?"

"Yes," she answered, promptly.

"And you married me, knowing that

I was—God save the mark!—the great Duke of Ormskirk? knowing that you made what we must grossly term a brilliant match?"

"I married you because, in spite of Jean Bulmer, you had betrayed yourself to be a daring and a gallant gentleman,—and because for a moment I thought that I did not dislike the Duke of Ormskirk quite so much as I ought to."

He digested this.

"Oh, Jean Bulmer," the girl said, "they tell me you were ever a fortunate man, but I consider you the unluckiest I know of. For always you are afraid to be yourself. Sometimes you forget, and are just *you*,—and then, ohé! you remember, and are only a sulky, fat old gentleman who is not you at all, somehow; so that at times I detest you, and at times I cannot thoroughly detest you. So that I played out the comedy, Jean Bulmer. I meant in the end to tell Louis who you were, of course, and not let them hang you, but I never quite trusted you; and I never knew whether I detested you or no, at bottom, until last night."

"Last night you left the safe Inner Tower to come to me—to save me at all hazards or else to die with me—" His voice rang like a trumpet. "And for what reason, Claire?"

"You are bullying me!" she wailed.

"And for what reason, Claire?" he repeated, without any change of intonation.

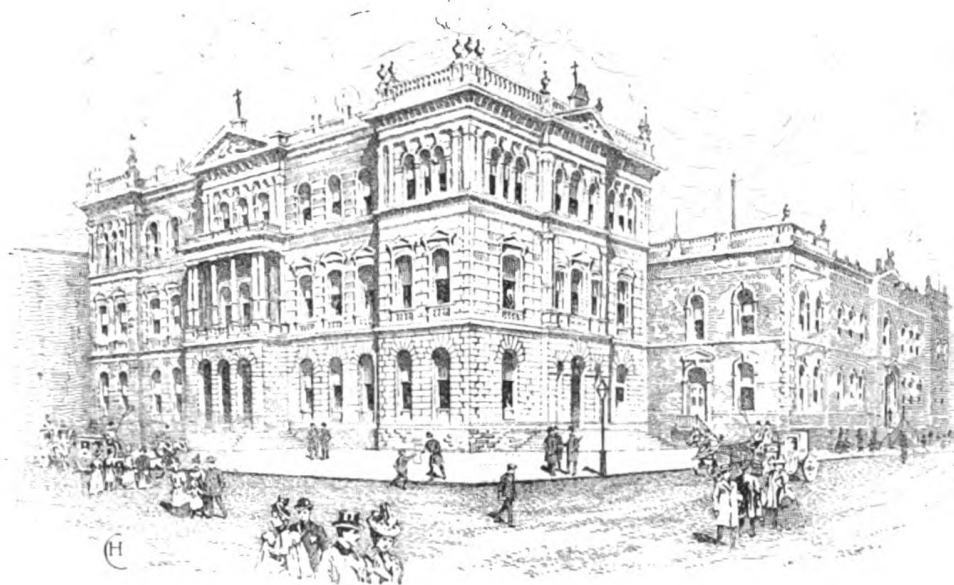
"Can you not guess?" she said. "Oh, because I am a *fool!*" she said, but very happily, for his arms were about her.

"Eh, in that event—" said the Duke of Ormskirk. "Look!" said he, with a deeper thrill of speech, "it is the dawn."

They turned hand in hand; and out of the east the sun came statelily, and a new day was upon them.

[THE END.]





CRIMINAL COURT BUILDING OF COOK COUNTY

Where the trial was held

Redrawn from photograph in the collection of the Chicago Historical Society

Decisive Battles of the Law

THE CHICAGO ANARCHISTS' CASE

BY FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

THE atmosphere of the Criminal Court of Cook County was ominously businesslike on the morning of June 21, 1886. Save for the group of women gathered about the judge behind the judicial desk, no one in the huge, barnlike court-room seemed to be in attendance from mere idle curiosity, and every one, from the judge upon the bench to the bailiffs guarding the doors, looked unmistakably grave. Far larger audiences had frequently assembled in that unpretentious chamber, for the long galleries at either end were closed to the public, and comparatively few of the spectators on the floor were standing; but unusual as this condition of affairs was for the opening of an important murder trial, it did not apparently satisfy the presiding official, whose severe glance

swept disapprovingly over the scene. "Persons who cannot find seats must instantly leave the room," he commanded, sharply. "The bailiffs will immediately enforce this rule."

There was no mistaking the determination of the speaker. Slowly, but without resistance, the unseated spectators were herded from the court and the doors closed behind them. Then the judge turned to the prosecutor's table at the right of the low platform supporting the bench and nodded to an intellectual-looking man, who seemed to be awaiting the signal, for he immediately rose and broke the intense silence by observing that the State was ready in No. 1195.

This conventional announcement, uttered in a quiet, conversational tone, marked the opening of a cause wholly

unprecedented in the United States, and in many respects unparalleled in the history of the world, but those who anticipated something more dramatic were destined to have their expectations realized in a most surprising manner before many minutes had elapsed.

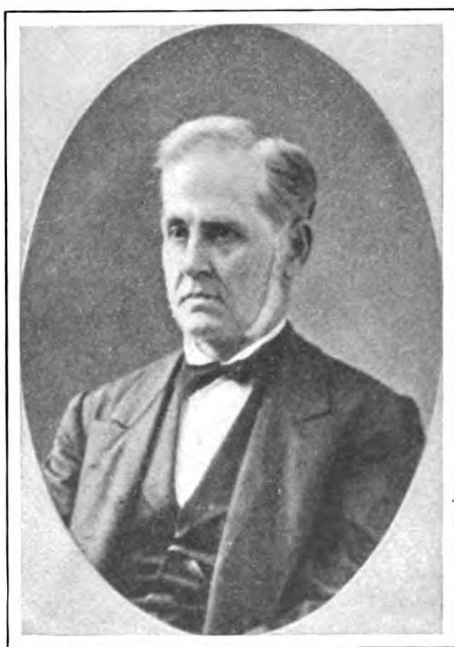
For nearly seven weeks Chicago had been feverishly awaiting judicial action on an outrage which had at first horrified, then frightened, and finally exasperated the community to a point which threatened the due administration of justice. On the night of May 4, 1886, a mass-meeting had been held near Haymarket Square under the auspices of certain anarchist organizations to protest against the action of the police in repressing disorder during a wide-spread strike to enforce the eight-hour labor day. While this meeting was in progress a company of policemen had appeared under the command of Inspector Bonfield, and Captain Ward, one of the subordinate officers, ordered the crowd to disperse. The words had scarcely left his lips when some one hurled a dynamite bomb among the men behind him, killing seven of them and injuring sixty others, and in the excitement and confusion that followed the assassin had easily made his escape.

It did not take long for the citizens of Chicago to realize the menacing nature of this attack upon law and order, but before they fairly recovered from the shock the authorities began an investigation which for thoroughness and intelligence has never been surpassed in the annals of the American police. Within a week almost every prominent anarchist

in the city was under arrest, and the newspapers, teeming with stories of their plots for wholesale murder, roused the public to the point of fury. Execration of such outrages was confined to no particular class of citizens. All sorts and conditions of men—wage-earners and capitalists alike throughout the country—vied with each other in demanding the prompt suppression of anarchy, and although the first burst of popular rage had undoubtedly spent itself before the accused men were arraigned at the bar, the feeling that followed was perhaps even more dangerous to their safety. The wild denunciations of existing social conditions which had been openly uttered in the city for years only to be disregarded or laughed at had suddenly become infamous, and there was no mistaking the popular temper in regard to them. If free speech had been abused, and its abuse encouraged by the indifference of a good-natured people, it was high time that those who had overstepped their privileges learned that they had done so at their peril, and public opinion demanded that the lesson be

so taught that it would never be forgotten.

This was the spirit animating the crowd which hung upon the prosecutor's opening words on the longest day in the year 1886, and a more thoroughly informed audience never assembled in a court of law. Not only was every detail of the police investigations familiar to all newspaper readers, but through the publication of their photographs and records all the principal actors in the impending drama had long been public characters. Probably every man and woman in the court-room recognized the severe, distin-



HON. JOSEPH E. GARY
The presiding judge

guished-looking judge as the Hon. Joseph E. Gary, who had fought his way from the carpenter's to the judicial bench, and whose reputation as jurist and martinet insured dignity and effectiveness to all legal proceedings over which he presided. Similar details concerning other officials and parties in interest were matters of common knowledge. State's Attorney Julius S. Grinnell, the intellectual-looking man with eye-glasses, who had answered the judge's initial nod, was almost a national character, for his duties as public prosecutor had made him one of the most conspicuous officials in the United States, and the young men gathered about him in close consultation—Francis W. Walker and Edmund Furthman, of his official staff, and George C. Ingham, specially retained to supplement their efforts—had already acquired considerable local celebrity. Perfect confidence was reposed in this legal quartet, for Mr. Grinnell, fully realizing that Chicago's reputation for law and order was at stake, and that the opportunity of his life lay before him, had prepared his case in almost record time, and had selected as his subordinates men well fitted for the work at hand.

Their opponents were not so well known, for the press had devoted little space to them, and the state of public opinion in regard to the case made the task of its defence particularly ungrateful. Of the four lawyers representing the accused, two had had very little experience in the courts, for Sigmund Zeisler, though an able man, was a foreigner only recently admitted to the Illinois bar, and his partner, Moses Salomon, was a beardless youth of no recognized standing. William P. Black and William A. Foster, the senior counsel, were, however, experienced advocates, the former being a familiar figure in the local courts, where he had acquired a reputation for pugnacity which boded ill for that swift and unobstructed administration of the law then generally regarded as essential to the public safety. Indeed, it was with no little relief that the overanxious champions of law and order noted his absence when the prisoners were brought into court, and the rumor swiftly spread that he had abandoned the case. Black, however, was planning a very different and far more startling move.

Bitter as was the public feeling against the closely guarded prisoners who sat at the left of their counsels' table, it was generally understood that none of them had personally committed the crime with which they stood charged, and with the



JULIUS S. GRINNELL
State's Attorney

By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

exception of the wild-eyed young degenerate Louis Lingg, there was nothing even suggesting a criminal in their appearance. August Spies, the editor of the anarchist paper *Die Arbeiter Zeitung*, looked like a German student, his little mustache with waxed ends giving him quite a military air. His associate, Michael Schwab, with his long beard and spectacles and intellectual face, might easily have passed for a German professor. Samuel Fielden, the English agitator and anarchist, likewise suggested the student and scholar, and his strong, intelligent face bespoke a man of unusual ability. Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Oscar W. Neebe, the other defendants, were weak rather than vicious looking, and a glance at their faces was sufficient to suggest how dangerous a little knowledge might prove to their minds. All of these men were foreigners, and some of them did not even speak the English language, but there was absolutely no prejudice against them on this account. Indeed, the



FRANCIS W. WALKER
Assistant State's Attorney

public indignation, as far as it was directed against any particular individual, centred upon the only American accused of the crime, and the fact that he was not in court was a bitter disappointment to the police, for of all the anarchist leaders he was the only one who had even attempted to escape. It was not because they had not sought him diligently that Albert R. Parsons was still at large. Never had a fugitive from justice been more systematically hunted, but though the police force of the entire world had been upon his track, they had not run him down. For a time his disappearance was interpreted as a confession of guilt, and it would have surprised no one if he had been indicted as a principal, but the Grand Jury merely named him as an accessory, charged, like the others, with having instigated and encouraged the crime. Meanwhile the search for him continued unabated, for as long as he remained at liberty the record of the police was seriously marred. The day of trial had arrived, however, without the slightest clue to his hiding-place, and not the least damaging circumstance that confronted the seven prisoners on trial was the incriminating flight of the leader who had addressed their meeting only a few minutes before the explosion of the fatal bomb.

Such was the situation when Mr. Grinnell moved his case to trial, but the preliminary examination of talesmen for the jury had scarcely begun before the proceedings were interrupted by the entrance of two men, one of whom was readily identified as Captain Black, the missing counsel for the defence. The other was not, however, immediately recognized, and he had almost reached the bench before the prosecutor sprang excitedly to his feet.

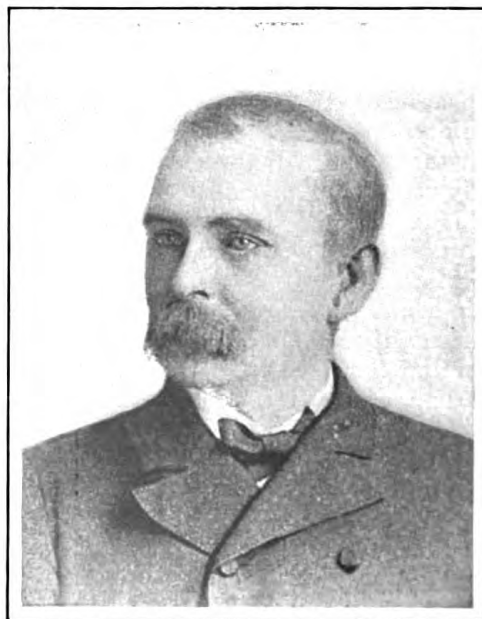
"I see Albert R. Parsons, indicted for murder, in this court, and demand his instant arrest!" he shouted.

Captain Black halted, turning savagely upon the speaker.

"This man is in my charge, and such a demand is not only theatrical clap-trap, but an insult to me!" he retorted, indignantly.

Captain Schaack, Inspector Bonfield, and a dozen other detectives and police officials were instantly upon their feet, but the audience, scarcely believing its eyes or ears, sat in dumb amazement as the two lawyers angrily faced each other. Before another word could be uttered, however, Parsons himself set all doubts at rest.

"I present myself for trial with my



GEORGE C. INGHAM
Special counsel to the State's attorneys
By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

comrades, your Honor," he observed, with perfect calmness.

If Judge Gary did not entirely retain his composure, he at least gave no outward evidence of astonishment.

"You will take a seat with the prisoners, Mr. Parsons," he directed, as though nothing unusual had occurred, and immediately instructed the counsel to prepare the necessary papers, allowing the new defendant to enter a plea and stand trial with the others. An eighth chair was thereupon added to the prisoners' row, and Parsons was soon shaking hands and conversing with his codefendants, while his lawyers complied with the legal formalities, and in a few minutes the great case was again under way.

Whatever may be thought of the strategic expediency of Parsons's move—and there is strong evidence that it was positively disapproved by at least one of his counsel—there can be no question that it displayed courage and unselfishness of a high order. Had he continued in hiding until a jury had been empanelled, he would have secured the immense advantage of a separate trial after the public clamor had been satisfied or diminished, without depriving the other defendants of the benefit of his presence or his testimony. Mr. Foster urged this course, pointing out the danger of a trial with seven other persons, where all sorts of testimony would be admitted, and the innocent be likely to suffer with the guilty, but his advice was disregarded. Parsons deliberately chose to share the hazard of his friends' fortunes, and in so choosing it cannot be denied that he displayed a fortitude and devotion well worthy of respect. Such, however, was not the opinion of Chicago, where his return was interpreted as further evidence of his notorious contempt and defiance of the law, and the fact that he was an American deepened the feeling against him. But if, as has been claimed, he was unaware that the public indifference toward anarchy had given place to detestation of its teachings, the examination of the citizens summoned for jury duty must have completely disillusioned him. Certainly no court record in the United States reveals a deeper or more wide-spread public prejudice than that disclosed by the sworn testimony of the tales-

men in this case. Hour after hour passed without the discovery of even one candidate fitted for dispassionate service, and panel after panel of prospective jurymen was exhausted with like result. Days passed without much better success, and the days stretched into weeks. Every-



EDMUND FURTHMAN
Assistant State's Attorney
By courtesy of the Chicago Historical Society

body seemed to have an opinion—and a decided opinion, too—that the men on trial were guilty, and the few who did not hold such positive views were so convinced that something radical ought to be done to discourage lawlessness that they could not trust themselves to judge the case upon its merits. Finally the defence exhausted all its peremptory challenges, and after twenty-two days of unrelenting labor, *during which no less than 981 persons were examined*, twelve men were sworn into the jury-box who, while not ideal jurors, were perhaps as open-minded as could be expected under the existing condition of public sentiment. No enviable fate awaited those twelve good men and true. From the moment of their acceptance as jurors they were virtual prisoners, confined when out of court in an adjoining hotel, guarded by bailiffs night and day, and cut off from all communication with the outer world.

It was the 15th of July before Mr. Grinnell rose to make his opening address, which, despite the minute information furnished by the press, was a revelation to his audience, and not until they had listened to his bitter, forceful arraignment did the counsel for the defence fully realize the desperate fight that lay before them. Amid breathless silence the prosecutor claimed that he would show that the defendants were not indirectly but directly responsible for the crime, having deliberately planned it and other similar outrages, and that he would produce the man who had done the deed. The sensation created by this announcement was not confined to the outsiders, for in the excitement of the moment Mr. Grinnell had promised more proof than he had in his possession, and under different circumstances his overzealousness in this and other respects might have seriously damaged his case. The details which he gave, however, disposed of the theory that the defendants were to be prosecuted because of their opinions, and that no direct proof of their connection with the crime could be produced—a story which was already beginning to win sympathy for their cause. At the conclusion of this startling address the first witness was called to the stand, and from that moment the trial proceeded rapidly. Without difficulty it was proved that all the defendants were members of an anarchist society known as the International Working Men's Association—some affiliated with one group and some with another. Fischer and Engel belonged to what was known as the Northwest Side group; Schwab, Neebe, and Lingg to the North Side; and Spies, Fielden, and Parsons to the so-called American group. Each of these groups or chapters had a sub-organization of a military character known as the Armed Section, in which all members having weapons were enrolled.

The conditions of the strike which began on May 1 were then developed by the testimony of the witnesses, and it was soon shown that Spies had been present during a riot at the McCormick factory which had occurred on May 3, resulting in a collision with the police and the death of several persons. A few hours after this event, Spies had written and

caused to be distributed an inflammatory circular, headed "Revenge!" calling upon the people to avenge the alleged murder of the strikers who had fallen in the fight with the police. No response of any kind followed the distribution of this handbill, which, though declamatory and denunciatory, called for no particular action. It was then proved that two circulars had been issued announcing a mass-meeting for the night of May 4, one urging working-men to come armed, and the other omitting that direction, the former, prepared by Fischer and Engel, being suppressed in favor of the latter at the dictation of Spies. Two witnesses who had turned State's evidence, and were themselves under indictment for murder, were then called, and revealed a madhouse plan of action.

According to these witnesses a meeting of the Armed Sections had been held on the 3d of May, at which it had been agreed that when the word "Ruhe" appeared in Spies's paper, *Die Arbeiter Zeitung*, the members should assemble, provided with dynamite bombs, and distribute themselves so as to cover the various police stations. "A committee of observation" was then to act with those men, and upon any report of collisions with the police the conspirators were to hurl their bombs into the station-houses, and shoot down all who attempted to escape. This murderous plan, according to the eye-witnesses, originated with Engel, and both he and Fischer were active in arranging the details.

There was much to impeach the story told by the informers, one of whom had apparently made suspicious overtures to the defence. Under skilful cross-examination it was shown that he had confessed and retracted and reconfessed, and very little reliance would have been placed upon his testimony had it not been supported by other proofs. It was, however, most significantly corroborated. The signal "Ruhe" had been anonymously sent to *Die Arbeiter* for publication, and the paper containing it was admitted in evidence, together with Spies's written direction to his compositor to insert it in the column known as "The Post Box."

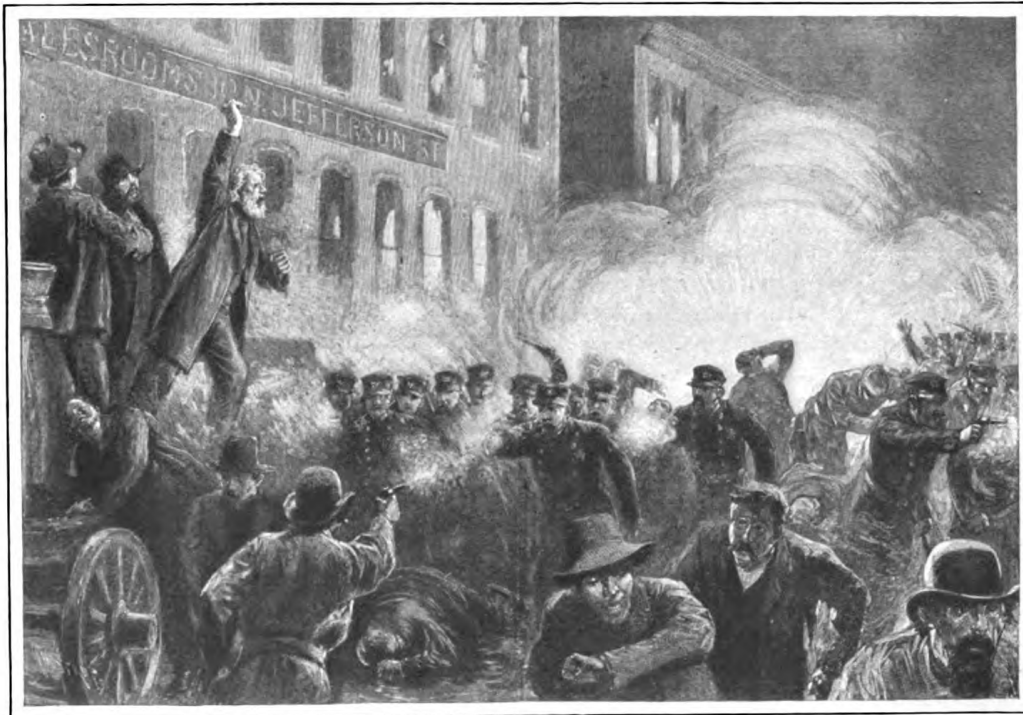
This was the first link in the remarkable chain of exhibits which was to make

this case unique in the annals of criminal law.

Another informer then took the stand, and testified that he had aided the defendant Lingg to manufacture dynamite bombs for the use of the Armed Sections according to the plan previously agreed upon, and that early on the evening of May 4 he and Lingg had carried a satchel full of the deadly missiles to a saloon frequented by their group, de-

confessed that he and Lingg had secreted under a sidewalk where they were located by the police, and a fuse and fulminating cap found in the pocket of Fischer's coat at the time of his arrest.

All the proof up to this point, however, involved only Fischer, Engel, Lingg, and Neebe, and there was very little to connect the last named with the case. Beyond the fact that he was a small stockholder in *Die Arbeiter*, of whose property



THE ANARCHIST RIOT IN CHICAGO—A DYNAMITE BOMB EXPLODING AMONG THE POLICE
Drawn at the time by T. de Thulstrup for *Harper's Weekly* from sketches by H. Jeanneret

positing it in the basement hallway of this resort, where any one who chose to do so could enter and help himself. Neither the appearance of the man who told this tale, nor his record, nor his motives entitled him to credence, but again the exhibits spoke louder than any words, and corroborated him beyond hope of contradiction. These silent witnesses were the materials and apparatus for making bombs discovered in Lingg's rooms, the fragments of the exploded bomb, which conclusively proved that it was the sort which Lingg had manufactured, the bombs which the witness

he assumed charge after the arrest of its editors, and that he had distributed some of the "Revenge" circulars, there was no evidence against him, and nothing further developed as the trial progressed.

Then followed the history of the Haymarket mass-meeting at which Spies, Parsons, and Fielden spoke. All accounts agreed that the meeting was orderly, and the speeches, if intended to inflame the audience, were ill adapted to that end and signally failed of their purpose. Even Fielden's address, which apparently moved the police to interfere, was less violent than the average stump-speaker's ha-

range, and the crowd did not seem to have been excited by it. Finally a witness named Gilmer was produced, who swore that he had seen something that might have been a bomb pass between Spies, Schwab, and a man named Schnaubelt, and that later, when Captain Ward ordered the crowd to disperse, he saw this man draw a bomb from his pocket and hurl it at the police after Spies had lit the fuse.

Formidable as this testimony appeared to be, it was badly shattered under cross-examination. The witness, it appeared, had kept his information to himself for several days after the event, during which time the man Schnaubelt was twice arrested and discharged, and his whole story and his manner of telling it indicated that he was a notoriety-seeker who had concocted the tale in order to attract public attention and gratify his pitiful vanity, if not for mercenary motives. Dozens of witnesses subsequently took the stand and swore that he was a notorious liar who lived by his wits, and the contrary statements of those who were called to support his reputation for veracity were utterly unconvincing. There was some corroboration of this witness in the testimony of a man named Thompson, and the disappearance of Schnaubelt and his relationship to Schwab were suspicious circumstances, but the proof fell far short of the prosecutor's claim that he would produce the actual assassin, whose identity has never been satisfactorily established to this day. Some policemen then attempted to show that Fielden had fired upon them from behind the cart which served as the speaker's platform after the bomb had been thrown, but their assertions partially disproved themselves, and there was an utter absence of convincing confirmation. In fact, none of the oral testimony strongly inculpated either Spies, Schwab, Fielden, or Parsons, but before long telltale exhibits which could not be impeached began to pile up against them.

For some years Spies and Schwab had been conducting *Die Arbeiter Zeitung*, and Parsons had been editing *The Alarm*, and very close relations existed between these two journals. In the offices of the first named the police found dynamite and dynamite bombs, which were pro-

duced and exhibited to the jury. Then red flags and banners inscribed with incendiary mottoes seized in the same office were carried into court, and from the editorial library came Most's *Science of Revolutionary Warfare*. The admission of this last exhibit was bitterly opposed by the defence, but upon proof that the book had been advertised for sale by the editors, and that it had been peddled at anarchist fairs attended by some of the defendants, it was received and its diabolical contents read in full to the jury. This, however, was not the most questionable ruling at the trial, for the court permitted the prosecution to place in evidence several bombs which had been discovered by the police weeks after the crime and miles away from the scene of action, and to exhibit their destructive qualities despite the fact that not one of them was clearly traced into the possession of the defendants. There has never been any satisfactory defence of those extremely dubious rulings, but it is very doubtful if they affected the result, for the most damaging evidence of the whole trial was furnished by the written words of the prisoners themselves.

Copy after copy of the *Arbeiter* and the *Alarm* was produced, and their articles and editorials, as read to the jury, must have convinced any intelligent body of men of the purpose for which they were written. Certainly nothing could have been more injurious to Spies, Schwab, and Parsons than their editorial utterances, which included every possible incitement to the use of dynamite and the commission of wholesale murder. In the issue of November 27, 1885, the editors of the *Arbeiter* made the significant announcement that "*Steel and iron are not on hand, but tin two or three inches in diameter. The price is cheap*"—a virtual advertisement of material for bombs.

On April 8 the same paper observed: "*A number of strikers at Quincy yesterday fired upon their bosses and not at the scabs. This is recommended most emphatically for imitation.*"

On June 27 of the same year Spies wrote a signed essay in the *Alarm*, explaining in detail the preparation of dynamite bombs, and closed it with these words: "*It is necessary for the revolutionist to experiment for himself. Es-*

pecially should he practise the knack of throwing bombs."

Advice of this nature appeared in almost every issue of the *Arbeiter* up to the time of the outrage, and in the copy of March 15, 1886, the editors answered a suggestive communication signed "Seven Lovers of Peace" as follows: "*A dynamite cartridge explodes not through mere concussion when thrown. A concussion-primer is necessary.*"

Indefatigable as Spies and Schwab were in the dissemination of such information and advice, Parsons was even more active. In the columns of the *Alarm* on February 21, 1885, he openly advocated murder as follows: "*Dynamite! Of all good stuff this is the stuff. Stuff several pounds of this sublime stuff into an inch pipe (gas or water), plug up both ends, insert a cap with a fuse attached, place this in the immediate vicinity of a lot of rich loafers who live by the sweat of other men's brows, and light the fuse. A most cheerful and gratifying result will follow.*"

Again he declared: "*Nothing but the uprising of the people and a bursting open of the stores . . . and a free application of dynamite to every one who opposes will relieve the world. . . . Seeing the amount of needless suffering about us, we say a vigorous use of dynamite is both human and economical.*"

Day after day he had reiterated this policy in varying forms, and on April 24, 1886, only a short time before the Haymarket meeting, he had emphasized it in this fashion: "*Working-men to Arms! War to the palace—peace to the cottage, and death to luxurious idleness. . . . One*

pound of dynamite is better than a bushel of bullets. Make your demand for eight hours with weapons in your hands to meet the capitalistic bloodhounds, police and militia, in the proper manner."

Not only did these and similar exhortations reveal the writers' intentions, but their printed and spoken words proved that their only remedy for grievances was terrorism through wholesale murder and violence. With the eight-hour strike or the ballot or any similar effort on the part of workingmen to better their condition they displayed little or no sympathy. In fact, they frankly declared their disbelief in such methods, and it was evident that their only interest in the labor movement was the chance it afforded for collisions with the authorities and the carrying out of their desperate programme.

This sort of evidence accumulated day after day, until the court-room was fairly littered with papers, and when the prosecution closed its case on the 31st of July, the preaching if not the practice of the defendants had been demonstrated beyond any chance of contradiction.

Confronted by this overwhelming proof, the counsel for the defence set valiantly to work directing their efforts to proving that neither Fischer, Engel, Schwab, Lingg, or Neebe was at or near the Haymarket when the crime was committed; that the meeting had been orderly, and that none of the defendants had resisted the police. In all of this they were fairly successful, but the proofs did not meet the issues, for the presence or absence of the defendants was not material in view



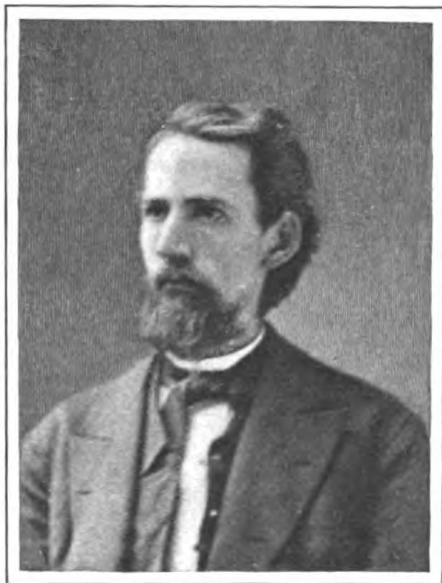
SIGMUND ZEISLER
Of counsel for the defence

of the conspiracy charged. Moreover, in its issue of March 16, 1885, the *Arbeiter* gave specific advice on this very point to those contemplating a "revolutionary deed." "*Whoever is willing to execute a deed,*" wrote the editors, "*has to put the question to himself whether he is able or not to carry out the action by himself. . . . If not, let him look for just as many fellows as he must have. Not one more nor less; with these let him unite himself*

zealously endeavored to commit other less intelligent men to the execution of their mad designs.

For seven days the fight continued on these lines, but on August 11, both sides having rested, Assistant State's-Attorney Walker began to sum up for the prosecution. During the next eight days the lawyers for the defence and the State alternated in addressing the jury, but here again the exhibits spoke louder than any words, for on the table before which Mr. Ingham stood during his summing up lay bombs of all descriptions, fulminating caps, shells, melting-ladles, and other tools of the dynamiter's trade, and in plain sight of the jury were the red banners and flags of the terrorists blazing with mottoes urging defiance of the law.

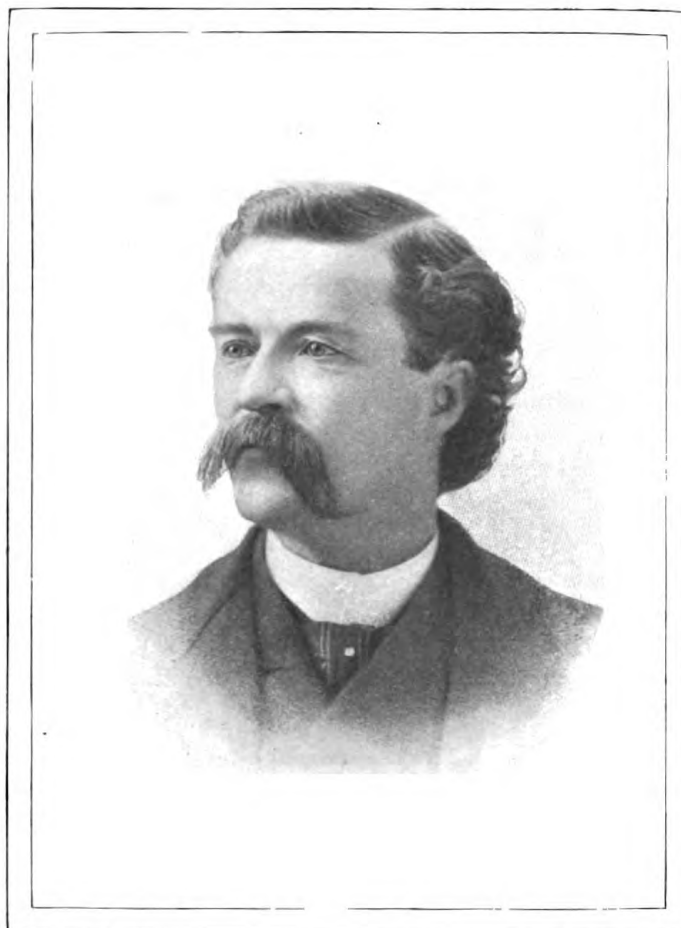
Even with such odds against them the counsel for the defence might still have made some impression upon the jury had they been permitted to follow the tactics adopted by Mr. Foster, who, without attempting any defence of anarchy, made a dispassionate, logical, and lawyerlike argument, admitting the criminal folly of his clients' utterances, but insisting that there was no proof that any word of theirs, written or spoken, had ever reached the bomb-thrower's ears, or that his monstrous deed had in any way been instigated by the defendants. The jury had no right to suppose this was so. The mere fact that the defendants advocated violence was not enough. For years freedom of speech had been flagrantly abused without remonstrance, the license of the press had been permitted to menace true liberty with impunity, and there were other circumstances inculcating the public and inviting mitigation of severity toward the accused. The prisoners themselves, however, some of whom seemed not unanxious to pose as martyrs for the "cause," hotly resented Mr. Foster's plea, which resulted in his withdrawal from the case, and they practically dictated the policy of their other counsel. The public was in no mood, however, for a defence of terrorism, and although Messrs. Zeisler and Black made admirable pleas along lines acceptable to their clients, the audience was visibly unsympathetic, and when Mr. Grinnell replied, declaring that no one in America was afraid of anarchists, the galleries,



W. P. BLACK
Of counsel for the defence

to a fighting group. . . . Has the deed been completed? Then the group of action dissolves at once . . . according to an understanding which must be had beforehand, leaves the place of action, and scatters in all directions."

Finally, Spies, Fielden, Schwab, and Parsons led a forlorn hope by taking the stand and endeavoring to overcome the unfavorable impression which their writings and speeches had created. But though they stoutly asserted their innocence of any specific plot against the police, and denied all knowledge of the perpetrator of the crime, they could not but admit that they had advocated similar deeds for years, and the fact that they disapproved and deprecated the particular violence of the moment was no answer to the charge that they had openly encouraged murderous defiance of the law, and



WILLIAM A. FOSTER
Of counsel for the defence

which had been unwisely opened to spectators, thundered with ominous applause. This outbreak, however, was the only disturbance which marred the dignity of the trial.

The judge then charged the jury, reciting, among many other points, the Illinois statutes defining an accessory as *one who stands by and aids in the commission of a crime, or who, not being present, advises, encourages, aids, or abets in its commission, and declaring that such accessories be considered principals and punished accordingly.* It was late in the afternoon of August 19—almost two months after the opening of the trial—when the jury retired, and a few hours later it was rumored that they had reached an agreement, and would render a sealed verdict the next morning.

Under the Illinois law the jurors were

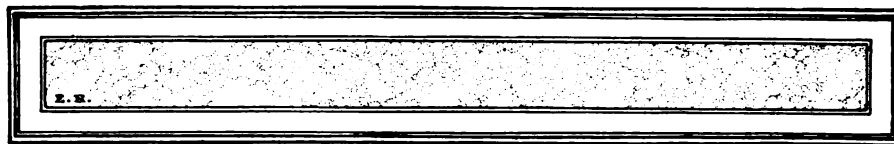
required not only to declare the guilt or innocence of the accused, but to prescribe the penalty in case of conviction. It was therefore in their power to acquit or to demand the death penalty or to punish the defendants with imprisonment for any term of years not less than fourteen. In his closing address Mr. Grinnell had not invoked the extremity of the law against Neebe, but he had declared all the others deserving of death, and the speedy agreement of the jurors was regarded as highly significant. The moment they resumed their places in front of the bench the foreman rose and handed a sealed paper to the clerk, who opened it and read as follows: "We, the jury, find the defendants, August Spies, Michael Schwab, Samuel Fielden, Albert R. Parsons, Adolph Fischer, George Engel, and Louis Lingg, guilty of murder in the

manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at death. We find the defendant Oscar W. Neebe guilty of murder in the manner and form charged in the indictment, and fix the penalty at imprisonment for fifteen years."

No demonstration on the part of the audience greeted this announcement, but a roar of cheers from the crowd gathered before the court-house floated in through the windows, and in the hush that followed the jury was solemnly polled, each juror signifying his individual concurrence in the verdict. Thus ended the first capital case in the United States involving abuse of the liberty of the press.

The fight for the prisoners' lives did not, however, cease with the verdict. At the October term of the court, on a mo-

tion for a new trial, all of the condemned made long and some of them very able speeches, demonstrating that they were right-hearted though wrong-headed men, and a year later, after an elaborate argument, in which Leonard Swett, Lincoln's old associate, appeared for the defence, the Supreme Court affirmed the verdict, one of the judges declaring, however, that the trial had not been free of legal error. Lingg then committed suicide; Spies, Parsons, Fischer, and Engel were executed; the sentences of Schwab and Fielden were commuted to imprisonment for life, and they, together with Neebe, were pardoned, after serving seven years, by Governor Altgeld, whose action, bitterly resented at the time, has come to be regarded as a legitimate exercise of executive discretion.



The Adventurer

BY EDWARD WILBUR MASON

CONTENT I am for evermore
To walk green earth nor run;
The soul of me must soar and soar
An eagle 'gainst the sun!

The paths of quiet suit my mood;
But aye in age and youth,
The soul of me must spill its blood
On every field of truth!

I love the wayside bloom of dew;
The soul of me afar
Forever seeks the rose of blue,
The amaranthine star!

Of loaves and fishes I partake,
One with the multitude;
The soul of me must banquet make
In God's last solitude!

The Substance of Things Hoped For

BY ROSE YOUNG

ALTHOUGH I know that beyond such a place as Twin Oaks people have to hope hard if they are going to hope effectively through the bewilderments of cities and the confusions of commerce, laws, formalities, and indigestion, I doubt that those complex individuals ever hope any harder than we hoped there in the simple Twin Oaks world; and I doubt that they ever face signs set in the heavens with any more shaking consciousness of the coming of things hoped for than that with which we three children, perched on the Eldridges' front fence, faced our sign early one Monday morning. Our sign was not set in the heavens. Being the Eldridges' farm-wagon, hitched to the Eldridges' mules, our sign stood at the Eldridges' front gate.

If you can remember the tremor of an hour when some sign of yours wavered like a wind-blown flame between an old order and a new, its illumination now on what had always been, now on what was about to be, its upleaping recorded by the beating of your heart, you will understand why our voices quivered and our faces twitched as we sat there and faced the wagon and the mules, waiting so passively, meaning so much. Now and again I said to myself, "This is really what we have been hoping for; really, really it is." Once in a way, from some trickery recess of human nature, the echo came back twisted—"Is it?" Whenever that happened I glanced at Brad in order to have the dubiety that the perverse echo roused transmuted into glad assurance. There was no dubiety in Brad's acceptance of the hour and the sign. Brad's lineaments shone.

"Sorry to say that I don't believe that I can get out home frequent' this winter." That was Brad. He let his remark sink in, while he nibbled at a sappy twig

that he held, taking little tastes of it and smacking his lips over its aromatic woodsiness. He did not seem enfeebled by regret when he began again: "Shiloh's a sizable place; no two ways about that; and I calc'late that I'll get some work to do on Saddays. And then there'll be things that a feller 'll like to take in, there, in the city."

"Ye-eh, cirkiss," suggested Than, who had been to town and would have you remember that he knew town ways.

Brad laughed benevolently. It always enraged us for Brad to laugh benevolently, but he was always doing it. This laugh was thirty-five years old. "Yes, oh yes, 'cirkiss,' once in a while, when it comes around. And there's a mill there in Shiloh with some runnin'-gear that I ain't ever got a chanst to invest'gate. And the steam-cars come in both mornin' and evenin'—so I un'stand. And the Academy library has pud' near six hundred books in it. And there's also—well, a plenty other things." He didn't know any better than we did what to expect of a town beyond its court-house square and its post-office. But he knew how to pretend to know. "I'll have the place down pat by the time you and Than are ready to enter. I can show you two gumps from the backwoods how to act in town. And I don't want ever to catch one of you standin' round with your finger in your mouth either—you hear?" Well satisfied with the effect of his balderdash, he spat with merciless accuracy into the eye of a passing rooster.

I was stirred to caustic speech. "Probably you'll get so homesick this first year that you'll have to give up and come back and wait for Than and me."

Again Brad laughed. "Home's all right," he said, loyally—you won't understand how loyally because you never saw his "home"—"but my education is what

I'm sick for just now. Wisht I could snap my fingers and know all I'm going to know in the next three years."

"Oh, I don't. I want to live it. I don't want to snap it." I was greedy for living.

"Yes, but I need the time." There was, indeed, behind Brad and Than an urge of necessity that was ever hurrying them into midstream, where, as Brad said, they would have to paddle their own canoes. "It's goin' to eat up three of my years just at the Academy." He could tell you to the minute his plans for every one of "his years."

"Mr. Squid says I can get through in three myself. Then four more at college," I supplemented, forgetting to be controversial for the moment.

"And after college, two more, at least, for law, for me. Then *I'm* ready."

Being a girl, I couldn't see beyond college with his kind of definity; but I could, and did, lift my head and listen to vague sweet music. "I'll be ready, too," I cried.

"Ready for what?" asked Brad, squinting at me with the banter that was always meant to remind me that girls were expected to sit around and crochet when they grew up.

"Ready for a lot of things that 'll be bigger than any of the things you do," I retorted, prompted to answer like that partly by the desire to get the best of him, and partly by the intuition that life was calling for me, and that in one way or another I was bound to answer the call. I looked at the far-away Camelot Hills. That call of life always seemed to come from beyond Camelot. The world lay waiting over there somewhere. Now and again, on the right sort of day, you could hear the triumphant screech of the steam-cars going toward it. I should go toward it some day, with a triumphant screech, probably. I began to breathe deeply.

"Are you seein' it?" asked Brad, interested in spite of himself. He referred to what we had named the Vision, trying by that word to get a grasp on a fugitive something that we did not see at all, only felt—though what, asks my mother, is feeling but the soul's way of seeing?—something that, trembling out of spirit places, came to us as light, as melody, as color, as glory, thrilling us with the sen-

tient harmony that you often hear ripple from the throat of a shining-eyed, music-mad bird;—the same thing that came to you times without number in childhood; and comes to you yet, I hope, on run-away days, under blue skies, by crystal rivers; and, in spite of all that has gone before and all that may come afterward, makes you take off your hat to the joy of living.

"You bet your boots I'm seeing it," I answered Brad, with proprietary pride.

"Oh, I'm seein' it, too, don't you fret," he chuckled, so blandly that I lost my focus. I felt resentful. For, after all, wasn't it more my vision than his? Hadn't I talked about it more than he had? Wasn't it more my doing than his that we could, in a way, name it as we felt it?

"Oh, goodness, I wish I'd kept it to myself!" I grumbled.

"'Twasn't yours to keep," he said, calmly. "It's any feller's that sees it. Just because you talk so much is no sign of a duck's nest." He began to whistle, and the tune that he selected was "The Conquering Hero Comes."

"D'you reckon"—that was Than, the small-eyed one—"that a feller could make his money first and go to college afterwards? Because, like as not," he continued, tentatively illuminating the secret workings of his soul, "I'll go to clerkin' before I go to college."

"Naw, you got to go to college first. Old Squid says you can't go out into the world and sell a yard of calico as well without a college education as with one." Old Squid, the "man that made the Academy" and brought the college idea into the country, was mighty in the settlement of this, a constantly recurring, argument.

"My father says that, too, about boys," I sang out. The effect of our domineering over Than was to make him slink his shoulders together—as if to shield his heart's desires from our uncongeniality. Brad and I went on seeing visions, boasting of great intentions, puffing with doughty ambitions, not quite knowing when we were lying and when we were not. I suspect that if you had seen us and heard us talking of academy and college and the world like that, gawky little rustics though we were, you would

have been reminded of pointers, we so sniffed with impatience; the impulse of our spirits along the trail of education, which seemed to lead so straightly into Life, was such a visible thing.

"It's cert'nly mighty interestin' to be gettin' grown," breathed Brad, in final summary. He pronounced it *interestin'*, but no matter; his eyes were starlike with the glow of dreams.

"Brad!" interrupted Mr. Eldridge, calling to Brad from the house corner, "your mother has decided for you children to go on across the pasture to Twin Oaks, so as you can tell Colonel and Mrs. Gordon good-by, and be ready to start right on when I come by with the wagon. Come in and tell your mother"—the "good-by" dropped far down into Mr. Eldridge's throat.

"You kids stay where you are," commanded Brad, threateningly. He jumped from the fence and ran into the house.

Left to ourselves, Than and I stared for a moment into a curiously large space. "We've been waitin' a long time for this day. And now it's come," said Than at last. He clasped his hands together. His eyes had a dry glitter in them.

"And it's just as grand as we ever hoped it would be." I brought my own hands together with a noisy smack, and tried to make an assertion, not a question, out of the remark.

"Ye-eh," assented Than. I could not but notice that his voice sounded like the cheep of a sick pewee.

"Shows that you get what you want if you don't forget to keep on wanting it," I hurried on, so inflating my words with cheer that they sailed over our heads as empty as toy balloons. "I'm awf'ly glad that we're beginning to change at last. It's fine that Brad's making the start—"

"Wait a minute," begged Than. I was likely to go too fast for Than. He bent over double and fumbled with his shoelaces. I saw a round, wet, spherical thing roll from his lashes. He slapped his hand to his eyes and said, "Plague take that old guat!" But there were no gnats. There had been one light frost that September.

I stopped trying to talk. As if instinctively, we moved a little nearer together on the fence. I can see us there

now, rigid little child figures, suddenly chilled through and through; trying suddenly to tuck up out of reach of the tide of change; getting suddenly a surprising warmth from the fact that nothing was different yet, that the old child-world was still all around us, with its ways and faces and places. In proof could we not lift our eyes and see it, could we not stretch out our hands and touch it? Wasn't Brad in the house there behind us? Wasn't the house itself there, just as warped, just as little, just as solemn as ever? Wasn't the lean, shrubless, hen-scratched yard there at our backs in its old immutable ugliness? Wasn't there all about the place the old accustomed gloom, intangible as mist, definite as a shadow? And beyond the gloom, miles beyond it, wasn't there the early morning sunshine streaming over the Marigold Knolls, the Twin Oaks meadows, and the Camelot Hills, trailing Indian summer's hyacinth glory in the old September way? Indeed, it was all so recognizable, so insistent that what had always been must always be, small wonder that we were persuaded for a moment that the thing that was about to happen was not about to happen at all; that Brad would presently call to us, and we would roll off the fence and begin to play some hilarious game; that the wagon would by and by creak away toward Shiloh in pursuance of no more disturbing purpose than to get some squawking chickens to market.

But the minutes went by, and Brad did not call to us. The minutes went by, and the wagon did not creak away toward Shiloh; and Than and I, no longer able to tuck up past the tide of change, virtually washed off the fence by it, jumped to the ground and, in spite of our best endeavors to heed Brad's commands, turned toward the house.

Framed in the front doorway stood Mrs. Eldridge, the sadness of her face somehow set in deeper, her lean body, in its scant calico gown, held stiffly, in spite of the boyish arms that encircled it. We could hear what she was saying, and her voice was quite even as she said it:

"Brad, your chance has come. You must make the most of it. Everything, everything, depends on you now, my son."

Brad turned away from her with his head so high that he seemed a foot taller;

and from the gate he called back to her, with what might have passed for a laugh and might have passed for a sob: "I'll be dogged if I don't make every minute count, maw."

And next, he ceased to be the little lad shouting comfort to his mother, and became the youth starting forth the world to conquer, frankly brutal. "Get out of my way, so's I can see if my things are O. K.," he ordered, though nobody was in his way. He climbed into the wagon and straddled the carpetbag that sat on the wagon floor. As he wrestled with the clamps, Than and I hung over the side of the wagon and watched him. "Don't think I can have forgotten anything," he muttered through clenched teeth. It hardly seemed possible that he had, in view of the fact that he had been packing and repacking all summer; but he checked up the contents of one compartment of the carpetbag with a frowning caution—"Wentworth, Maury, Ridpath"—and tapped the back of each of a dozen books jealously. He didn't bother at all about the opposite compartment, in which, as Than and I well knew, were his six handkerchiefs, his three shirts, his four standing collars, his change of underclothes, and his "other" suit. "All safe, I reckon." He closed the carpetbag, swung his arms up and down, and jumped, "flat-footed," to the middle of the road. "Come along, now, and let's step it to Twin Oaks."

But Than took occasion just here to say that he was not going with us. Said he would rather stay with his mother. The parting between the two boys went off in this wise: Brad seized Than by the shoulders and shook him rollickingly. "Don't forget to feed my Brahmas, Bud."

"No." Than did not look up. His lips pulled back in a tight smile.

"Some Sadday, when I'm out home, I'll fix them sled-runners, so's you'll be ready for the winter."

"All right." Than, an easily moved boy, squirmed out of Brad's grasp and fled to the house. Watching him, a sort of blustery paternalism swept over Brad's freckled face. You never in the world would have guessed that there was only one year's difference in their ages.

Mrs. Eldridge, with Than beside her, was still standing in the doorway, as we

crossed the road and climbed the fence into the home pasture; from the top of the fence Brad waved to his mother. We walked, silently, across the home pasture to the sycamore windbreak; and at the windbreak Brad waved to his mother. Just after we had cleared Perch Creek with a running jump each, he waved again; and one last time from the haystack nearest our barn. The haystack was on rising ground, and Brad stood beside it for a moment, looking back at the Eldridge farm. "Good-by, old actin'-pole. Good-by, old cider-press. Good-by, old house." He must have divined that even if he was coming back soon he would never see those things with the same eyes again. Then he turned toward Twin Oaks, which was sparkling with life in the early morning sunshine. With its story of realized effort and ambition, it must have been just the sort of thing for him to turn to at that formative moment. It was as different from the Eldridge-farm sort of thing as one place could be different from another. The Eldridge farm stood for defeat. Twin Oaks stood for success.

Conversation had lagged all the way across the home pasture. But when, there at the haystack, Brad lost sight of his mother and got that Twin Oaks view, he seemed deliberately to set his back to the past and his face to the future and his voice to music. During the rest of our journey, when he was not talking, he was singing, and when he was not singing he was whistling. It became noticeable that he was barely conscious of my presence. If he asked a question, he answered it himself; and if he made an assertion, he didn't care whether I agreed with it or contradicted it. Soon I saw fit to contradict, and sharply, whenever occasion presented.

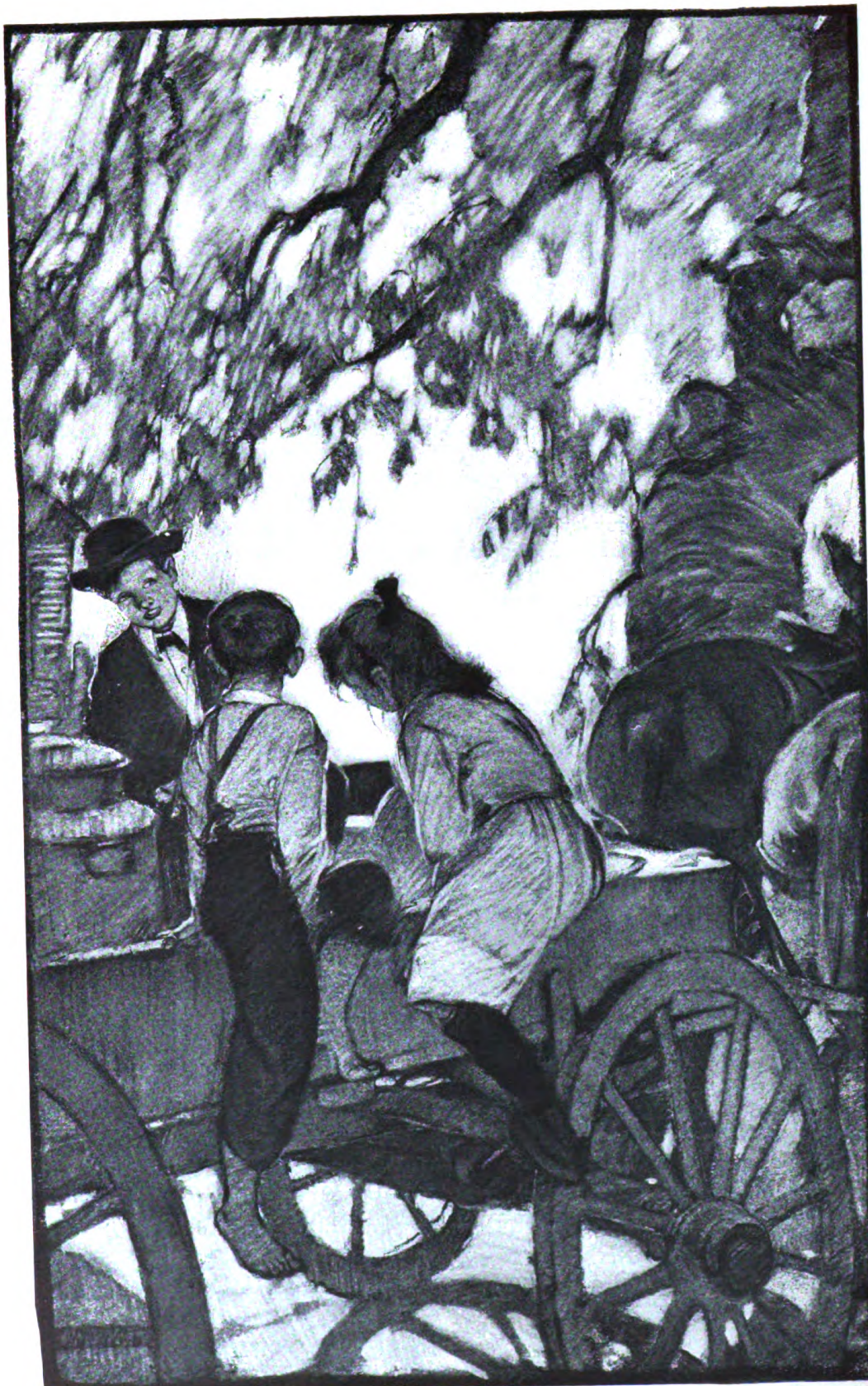
"Paw and I've got such an early start we'll get to Shiloh long before the Academy takes up—*diddledy-dee—daddle dum.*"

"I don't know about that. Sun's getting high."

"Hey! There go Rube and Jake to the fields. No more fodder-stacking for me—*doodledy—daddledy—doo.*"

"I don't know about that. Rube and Jake may die."

At least this showed him that I was



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THAN AND I HUNG OVER THE WAGON AND WATCHED HIM

in the land of the living, for he made a direct answer to it. This was the answer: "Aoh, that you? Well, le' me tell you something: when they're dead I won't be shockin' corn; I'll be governin' Mizzourah."

"Yes, you will; you won't."

"'Jaybird sittin' on a hick'ry limb,

He looked at me and I winked at him.'"

Brad, singing lustily, had not even heard me. Taking counsel with myself, I added another to my numerous private ambitions—to forget all about him some day; forget that he even existed; just become so busy that I would walk miles or work weeks before it would occur to me to hear him calling. Then, finally, turn around and say, "Aoh, you?"

Going across the barn lot, he was in the air most of the time and hard to watch, but for a time I kept my eyes on him questioningly, trying to see, I suppose, what were his various values in the new light of detachment in which he was now moving and having his being. Heretofore he had always been one of "the Eldridge boys," livelier than Than, but to be considered as one half of something that Than was the other half of. Now, curiously, I noticed how brown and hard his hands were, how broad his shoulders were, how freckled his face was—how nearly the freckles had caught even the smile that flashed from the corners of his mouth to the corners of his eyes; how high he cocked up his head; how far he kicked things out of his path. Then I looked away from him at Henway Wood; but the trees over there cocked up their heads. Then I looked up at the sky; but there were freckles on the sky.

"I don't believe that I like the day that a person starts for the Academy, after all," I said. I was very much perplexed, to tell you the truth. I could not quite understand why to-day, here in our hands, slipping through our fingers, did not seem to be made of the same stuff that it had seemed to be made of when it had streamed out like a banner from behind the setting sun of yesterday.

"Wait till you are the person that starts," said Brad, blithely. But I shook my head. I had begun to feel as if a weeping-willow were growing straight up out of the pit of my stomach. Brad whistled all the rest of the way across the

barn lot, and my tree grew as fast as he whistled.

When we reached the well, which stood on high ground in the Twin Oaks yard. Brad leaped up on the well-crib and peaked both hands over his eyes. "Say, there comes paw down the long lane!" He sprang back to the ground, and we walked on toward the side porch. He was whistling again.

"Ugh! The wagon is a-coming," I corroborated, finally. "I hear it." Then a lamentable thing happened. My eyes filled with tears. Now I could stand tumbling head first out of the sour-apple tree, or being pitched into the ice-pond by one of the half-broken colts from the Camelot stud; but I could not stand for anybody to see me cry. "Scoot along!" I shouted. "I got something else to 'tend to. I want to see if there are any eggs in this nest." It was a foolish thing to say in September, but I have said even less timely things than that in September—and in October, too—and, at least, it gave me a chance to stop at the calacanthus bushes and to pretend to be interested in the abandoned little twig house that hung in the top of the highest. Through the interstices of the bushes I observed the backs of Brad's legs marching straight forward. And while I watched, he twisted his head and glanced down, with a dandified concern, at the brass-toed boots, the tops of which were prominently concealed by his shin-length jean breeches.

As he neared the side porch, a gentleman sitting on the porch rail—my uncle Norval, the Wild One—turned and regarded him in a spellbound sort of way. Then a well-manipulated light of recognition passed over Norval's face, and he unwrapped his long legs and jumped from the rail to the ground.

"Why, it's the Governor of Mizzourah!" he cried, and shook hands with Brad like a politician seeking an appointment.

Brad went through the rigmarole seriously. He was used to it. It was as well known among the grown ones as among us children that Brad meant to be the Governor of Missouri as soon as the matter could be conveniently arranged. He could be embarrassed about it, but he had long since shown that he could not be laughed out of it.



Drawn by Charlotte Harding

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

BRAD WAVED TO HIS MOTHER

My father and mother also were on the side porch, and my father broke in upon Norval's gibing with interest: "Well, Brad, you're surely making the start toward Jefferson City this morning. All the straight roads to the high places lead past the Academy."

Listening, I had almost forgotten the wagon; but just then its rumble became distinctly audible. Audible? It was like the roar of cannon. I lost several things that were said next up at the side porch. I put my hands to my eyes and pressed so hard that all the world looked as black as ink.

"Aw shucks!"—that was a boy's voice, close at hand, subdued and troubled—"don't you cry! You know you and Than are comin' next year. And what's one winter? It's got to pass."

I grasped at the chance to stuff the whole matter into the niche that held my desires for an education at the Academy. Taking my hands from my face, I kept my lip steady, and gave him a look that dared him to think that I would cry for anything less than knowledge. "This here waiting business is terrible," I said. "It's no fun to be the one that watches somebody else get to go. You try it once." I had to put my hands back to my eyes. You see, this whole belt of experience was new to me. I knew the ways of trees and books, and what to expect of a bucking horse. I knew hopes. I knew the more quivery feelings of religion, having learned them from Miss Nigger, my black friend. I even knew how to suffer—a little—for my sins. But I did not know at all how to suffer through the comings and goings of Another. "Go away. I'd rather be by myself. Leave me alone."

But he didn't. Instead, he dropped an arm hastily across my shoulders, and something soft and cool and straight, that reminded me of two angleworms side by side, brushed the tip of my right ear. "I *wisht* you were goin', too," he said. And whether it was the words or the angleworms, there was comfort in it. I dried my eyes and wrapped my arms round my body and held it still.

"Do you think you'll come out home next Friday?" It was a prayer.

"D'you want me to?"

"Uh-huh."

"I think I shall." It was a promise:

"Come on, children," called my mother, "Mr. Eldridge is waiting at the gate."

"You are going to have a mighty fine day for your drive," I remarked to Brad, as we went toward the porch. "The roads are good."

My father and mother and Norval came down the porch steps, and walked with Brad and me to the gate. "Of course," said my mother, one of her white hands on Brad's shoulder, but her eyes talking to the smears on my cheeks, I think, "it is not as if Brad were going very far, or to stay away very long at a time. None of us must forget that he will come out every Friday, and, short as a week is, we are all going to be very glad when Friday comes." I was glad that she said it. It was almost exactly what I had meant when I remarked that he would have a fine day for his drive.

"And as for your school work, Brad, we expect nothing but the best of you," declared my father, in that way of his that made his expectations as hard to elude as his commands. I was glad that he said it. It was about what I had meant when I said that the roads were good.

"I'm goin' to do my best," declared Brad, with the downward twist of the head that everybody knew so well. At the gate he shook hands with the grown ones; and while they were exchanging greetings with Mr. Eldridge, he turned to me. "Tell Than to remember my Brahmas." Then he snapped his fingers in my face and said, "I got your nose," and proved it by sticking his thumb forward between the first and second fingers of his left hand.

"I don't care, you can keep it," I answered, with rather histrionic meekness.

Then he climbed into the wagon and sat there, pulling his flexile upper lip down to keep from smiling out his serene satisfaction with the whole course of events. Mr. Eldridge clucked to the mules. The wagon creaked off up the long lane. My father and mother, and Norval and I, lingered at the gate, watching. When the wagon had reached the crest of Sugar Tree Hill, Brad flung himself about, lifted his round felt hat by the peak of the crown as high as he could reach, and let it tumble back upon his head as it listed.

"It is to be remembered," said my father, musingly—the wagon had gone over the hill—"that men high in state and nation to-day set out for the Academy like that in long-ago Septembers." I did not know then what made him thoughtful; but I have seen other boys set out for the Academy since that day, and I understand better now how a slim figure, with its unconscious insistence upon its potentiality, can impress a grown one who watches it go. "I do not believe," continued my father, his mouth grave, but his eyes dancing, "that any of them could have looked any funnier than Brad looks; so maybe none of them has gone any farther than Brad will go."

"Brad is not going any farther than I go," I hastened to say, thinking of my own ambitions.

Norval shook his head and gave a low whistle. "Sounds mighty like a threat," he said; "seems like somebody ought to warn that boy." Now, in spite of the fact that my right ear still tingled a little, and was fated to tingle a little all the rest of my life, I did not understand him.

"What I am hoping for now," I began again, not finding it worth while to puzzle over Norval's words, "is for the day to come—"

"Yesterday," interrupted my father, "you were hoping for this day to come—going to be always hoping for a day that is to come?"

"I am learning to believe that it is the beauty of living," said my mother, softly. "What day are you hoping for now?"

"Why, for the day when I can go over that hill after Brad."

And again Norval whistled.

Amor Creator

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LOVE is enough: were all we fondly cherish
To pass as visions melt at dawn of day;
Were bud and blossom, fruit and leaf, to perish,
Love could rebuild them in his perfect way;
For he, who makes the tides to ebb and flow,
Each secret of creation well doth know.

His warmth illumines the glowworm's fickle spark,
And beams in Aldebaran's steadfast fire:
With him there is no winter and no dark;
The font, the burning font, of pure desire,
All forms of beauty unto him belong,—
The rose, the avalanche, the wild bird's song.

On Latmos' height pale Dian dreams about him,
His voice low echoes in the ocean shell,
The bee could fill no honey-cup without him,
The violet no fragrant secret tell:
Remote yet near, changeful yet still the same,
Love is Creation's breath and vital flame!

The Weavers

A NOVEL

BY GILBERT PARKER

CHAPTER XXIII

THE TENTS OF CUSHAN

*"I saw the tents of Cushan in affliction,
and the curtains of the Land of Midian
did tremble."*

A HURDY-GURDY was standing at the corner, playing with shrill insistence a medley of Scottish airs. Now "Loch Lomond" pleaded for pennies from the upper windows.

"For you'll tak' the high road, and I'll
tak' the low road,
And I'll be in Scotland before ye:
But I and my true love will never meet
again,
On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch
Lomond!"

The hurdy-gurdy was strident and insistent, but for a long time no response came. At last, however, as the strains of "Loch Lomond" ceased, a lady appeared on the balcony of a drawing-room, and leaning over a little forest of flowers and plants, threw a half-crown to the sorry street-musician. She watched the grotesque thing trundle away, then entering the house again, took a 'cello from the corner of the room and tuned the instrument tenderly. It was Hylda.

Something of the peace of Hamley had followed her to London, but the poignant pain of it had come also. Like Melisande, she had looked into the quiet pool of life, and had seen her own face, its story and its foreshadowings. Since then she had been "apart." She had watched life move on rather than had shared in its movement. Things stood still for her. That apathy of soul was upon her which follows the inward struggle which exhausts the throb and fret of inward emotions, leaving the mind dominant, the will in abeyance.

She had become conscious that her

fate and future were suspended over a chasm, as on the trapeze of a balloon an adventurous aeronaut hangs uncertain over the hungry sea, waiting for the coming wind which will either blow the hazardous vessel to its doom or to safe refuge on the earth.

She had not seen David after he left Hamley. Their last words had been spoken at the Meeting-house when he gave Faith to her care. That scene came back to her now, and a flush crept slowly over her face and faded away again. She was recalling, too, the afternoon of that day when she and David had parted in the drawing-room of the Cloistered House, and Eglington had asked her to sing. She thought of the hours with Eglington that followed, first at the piano, and afterwards in the laboratory, where in his long blue smock he made experiments. Had she not been conscious of something enigmatical in his gayety that afternoon, in his cheerful yet cheerless words, she would have been deeply impressed by his appreciation of her playing, and his keen reflections on the merits of the composers; by his still keener attention to his subsequent experiments, and his amusing comments upon them. But, somehow, that very cheerless cheerfulness seemed to proclaim him superficial. Though she had no knowledge of science, she instinctively doubted his earnestness even in this work, which certainly was not pursued for effect. She had put the feeling from her, but it kept returning. She felt that in nothing did he touch the depths. Nothing could possess him wholly; nothing inherent could make him self-effacing.

Yet she wondered, too, if she was right, when she saw his fox-terrier watching him, ever watching him with his big brown eyes as he buoyantly worked,

and saw him stoop to pat its head. Or was this, after all, mere animalism, mere superficial vitality, love of health and being? She shuddered, and shut her eyes, for it came home to her that to him she was just such a being of health, vitality, and comeliness, on a little higher plane. She put the thought from her, but it had had its birth, and it would not down. He had immense vitality, he was tireless, and abundant in work and industry; he went from one thing to another with ease and swiftly changing eagerness. Was it all mere force—mere man and mind? Was there no soul behind it? There in the laboratory she had laid her hand on the terrier, and prayed in her heart that she might understand him—for her own good, her own happiness, and his. Above all else she wanted to love him truly, and to be loved truly, and duty was to her a daily sacrifice, a constant memorial. She realized to the full that there lay before her a long race unilluminated by the sacred lamp which, lighted at the altar, should still be burning beside the grave.

Now, as she thought of him, she kept saying to herself: "We should have worked out his life together. Work together would have brought peace. He shuts me out. He shuts me out."

At last she drew the bow across the instrument, once, twice, and then she began to play, forgetful of the world. She had a contralto voice, and she sang with a depth of feeling and a delicate form worthy of a professional. On the piano she was effective and charming, but in the 'cello she poured her soul.

For quite an hour she played with scarce an interruption. At last, with a sigh, she laid the instrument against her knee and gazed out of the window. As she sat lost in her dream—a dream of the desert, a servant entered with letters. One caught her eye. It was from Egypt—from her cousin Lacey! Her heart throbbed violently, yet she opened the official-looking envelope with steady fingers. She would not admit even to herself that news from the desert could move her so. She began to read slowly, but presently, with a little cry, hastened through the pages. It ran:

"THE SOUDAN, July 2, 18—.

"DEAR LADY COUSIN,—I'm still not certain how I ought to style you, but I thought I'd compromise as per above. Anyway, it's a sure thing that I haven't bothered you much with country-cousin letters. I figure, however, that you've put some money in Egypt, so to speak, and what happens to this sandy-eyed foundling of the Nile you would like to know. So I've studied the only 'complete letter-writer' I could find between the tropic of Capricorn and Khartoum, and this is the contemptible result, as the dagos in Japan say. This is a hot place by reason of the sun that shines above us, and likewise it is hot because of the niggers that swarm around us. I figure, if we get out of this portion of the African continent inside our skins, that we will have put up a pretty good bluff, and pulled off a ticklish proposition. They say that folks have lived charmed lives in this world. I guess that's pretty near right. I remember a horse-dealer in Mexico, that had been potted at by every rifle and shotgun from Monterey to Oaxaca, but they didn't make him stay where he was wanted. They say he used to eat the bullets. He had a lot of luck, and he put up a lot of face. And he was a horse-stealer! They actually had to buy him in—they gave him a government position to coax him into civilization and a quiet life. Well, I don't need any coaxing to slope back to Cairo on the Nile. But I'm not taking the lightning express and a seventy-five-cent dinner *en route*. I'm staying here with my charmed life to cultivate my soul, because I've got to. We didn't come to stay; the visit has got beyond schedule-time.

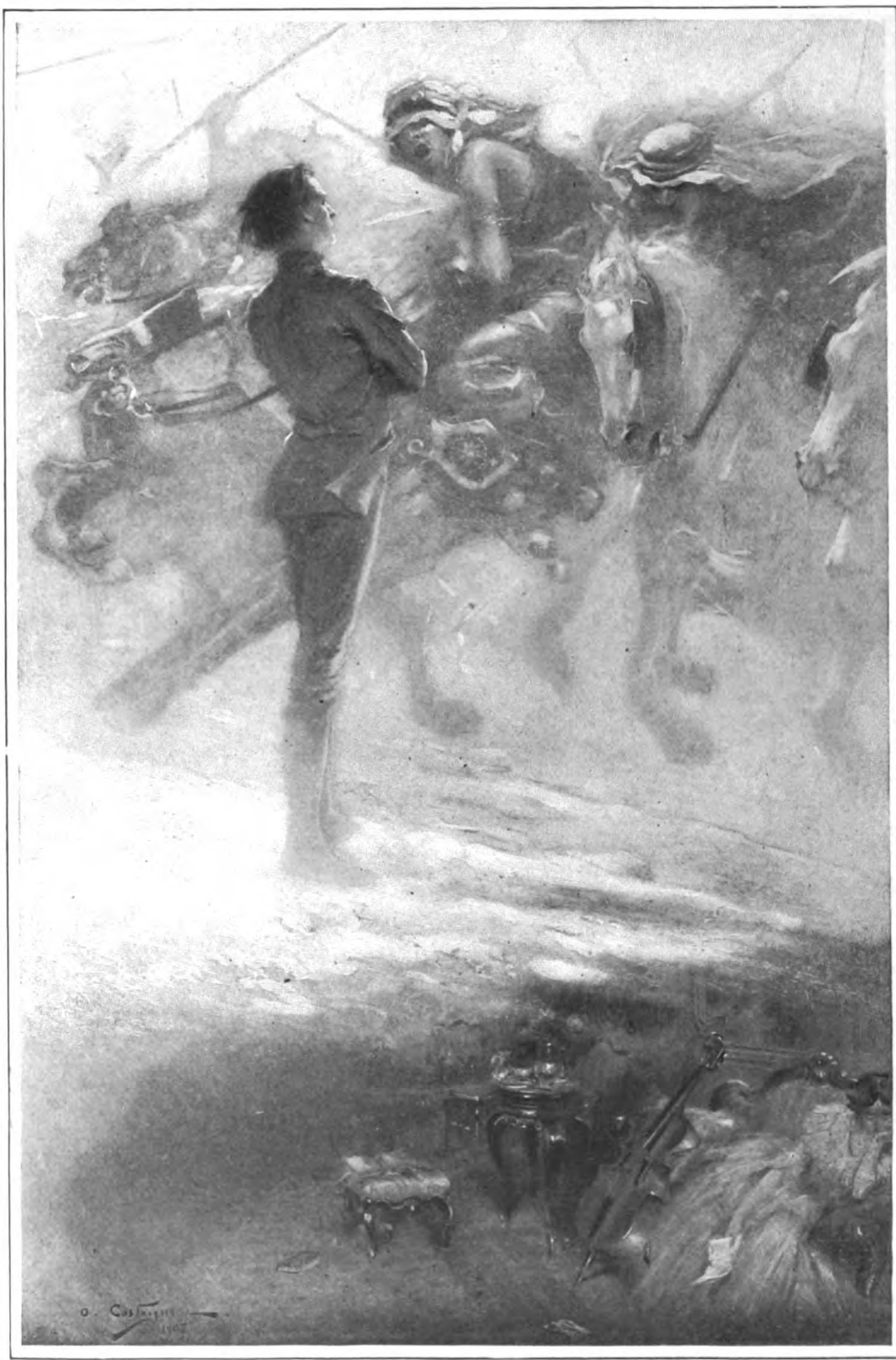
"It's a sort of Christian Science business. You see, David Pasha is great on moral suasion—he's a master of it; and he's never failed yet—not altogether; though there have been minutes by a stop-watch when I've thought it wouldn't stand the strain, like the Mississippi steamboat—it was so weak that when the whistles blew the engines stopped! When those frozen minutes have come to us, I've tried to remember the correct religious etiquette, but I've not had much practice since I stayed with Aunt

Melissa and lived on skim-milk and early piety. When things were looking as bad as they did for Dives, 'Now I lay me down to sleep,' and 'For what we are about to receive,' was all that I could think of. But David Pasha, he's a wonder from Wondertown. He believes in his faith-cure, and with a little stick, or maybe his flute under his arm, he'll smile and jolly these heathen along, when you'd think they weren't waiting for anybody. A spear took off his fez yesterday. He never blinked—he's a jim-dandy at keeping cool; and when a hundred mounted heathens made a rush down on him the other day, spears sticking out like quills on a porcupine—2.5 on the shell-road the chargers were going—did he stir? Say! he watched 'em as if they were playing for his benefit. And sure enough, he was right. They parted either side of him when they were ten feet away, and there he was quite safe, a blessing in the storm, a little rock island in the rapids—but I couldn't remember a proper hymn of praise to say.

"There's no getting away from the fact that he's got a will or something, a sort of force different from most of us, or perhaps any of us. These heathen feel it, and keep their hands off him. They say he's mad, but they've got great respect for mad people, when their madness is consistent; for they think that God has got their souls above with Him, and that what's left behind on earth is sacred. He talks to them, too, like a father in Israel; tells 'em they must stop buying and selling slaves, and that if they don't he will have to punish them! And I sit holding my sides, for we're only two white men and forty 'friendlies' altogether, and two revolvers among us; and I've got the two! And they listen to his jollyng, and say, '*Aiwa, saadat, aiwa, saadat*,' as if he had an army of fifty thousand behind him. Sometimes I've sort of hinted that his canoe was carrying a lot of sail; but my! he believes in it all as if there wasn't a spear or a battle-axe or a rifle within a hundred miles of him. We've been at this for two months now, and a lot of ground we covered till we got here. I've ridden the gentle camel at the rate of sixty and seventy miles a day—sort

of sweeping through the land, making treaties, giving presents, freeing slaves, appointing mudirs and sheikhs-el-beled—doing it as if we owned the continent. He mesmerized 'em, simply mesmerized 'em—till we got here. I don't know what happened then. Now we're distinctly rating low—the laugh is on us somehow. But he—mind it? He doesn't seem to take things at their usual value. He goes about talking to the sheikhs as though we were all eating off the same corn-cob, and it seems to stupefy them; they don't grasp it. He goes on arranging for a post here and a station there, and it never occurs to him that it ain't really actual. He doesn't tell me, and I don't ask him, for I came along to wipe his stirrups, so to speak. I put my money on him, and I'm not going to worry him. He's so dead certain in what he does, and what he is, that I don't lose any sleep guessing about him. It will be funny if we do win out on this proposition—funnier than anything.

"Now, there's one curious thing about it all which ought to be whispered, for I'm only guessing, and I'm not a good guesser; I guessed too much in Mexico about three railways and two silver-mines. The first two days after we came here, everything was all right. Then there came an Egyptian, Halim Bey, with a handful of niggers from Cairo, and letters for Claridge Pasha. From that minute there was trouble. I figure it out this way: Halim was sent by Nahoum Pasha to bring letters that said one thing to David Pasha, and, when quite convenient, to say other things to Mustafa, the boss-sheikh of this settlement. Halim Bey has gone again, but he has left his tale behind him. I'd stake all Mexico on that. David Pasha believes in Nahoum, and has made Nahoum what he is; and on the surface Nahoum pretends to help him; but he is running underground all the time. I'd like to help give him a villa at Fazougli. When David Pasha was in England there was a bad time in Egypt. I was in Cairo: I know. It was the same bad old game—the *corvée*, the kourbash, conscription, a war manufactured to fill the pockets of a few, while the poor starved and died. It didn't come off, because David Pasha wasn't gone long enough, and he stopped it when



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

AS HYLDA READ THE LETTER SHE SAW ALL THAT DAVID WAS DOING

he came back. But Nahoum—he laid the blame on others, and David Pasha took his word for it, and instead of a war, there came this expedition of his own.

"*Ten days later.*—Things have happened. First, there's been awful sickness among the natives, and David Pasha has had his chance. His medicine-chest was loaded—he had a special camel for it and for presents—and he has fired it off. Night and day he has worked, never resting, never sleeping, curing most, burying a few. He looks like a ghost now, but it's no use saying or doing anything. He says, 'Sink your own will, let it be subject to a higher, and you need take no thought.' It's eating away his life and strength, but it has given us our return tickets, I guess. They hang about him as if he was Moses in the wilderness smiting the rock. It's his luck. Just when I get scared to death, and run down, and want a tonic, and it looks as if there'd be no need to put out next week's washing, then his luck steps in, and we get another run. But it takes a lot out of a man, getting scared; that is, if he hasn't any particular cause to leave the world behind, and go to another—if there is another, without any passport—if there is any passport. Whenever I look out on a lot of green trees and cattle and horses, and the sun, to say nothing of women and children, and listen to music, or feel a horse eating up the ground under me 2.10 in the sand, I hate to think of leaving it; and I try to prevent it. Besides, I don't like the proposition of going I don't know where. That's why I get scared. But he says that it's no more than turning down the light and turning it up again.

"They used to call me a dreamer in Mexico, because I kept seeing things that no one else had thought of, and laid out railways, and tapped mines for the future; but I was nothing to him. I'm a high and dry hedge-clipper alongside. I'm betting on him all the time, but no one seems to be working to make his dreams come true, except himself. I don't count; I'm no good, no real good. I'm only fit to run the commissariat, and see that he gets enough to eat, and has a safe camel, and so on. Why doesn't some one else help him? He's

working for humanity. Give him half a chance, and Haroun-al-Raschid won't be in it! Kaïd trusts him, depends on him, stands by him, but doesn't seem to know how to help him when help would do most good. He does it all himself; and if it wasn't that the poor devil of a fellah sees what he's doing, and worships him, and the dervishes and Arabs *feel* he's right, he might as well leave. But it's just there he counts. There's something about him, something that's Quaker in him, primitive, silent, and perceptive—if that's a real word—which makes them feel that he's honest, and isn't after anything for himself. They don't talk much; they make each other understand without many words. They think with all their might on one thing at a time, and they think things into happening—and so does he. He's a thousand years old, which is about as old-fashioned as I mean, and as wise, and as plain to read as though you'd write the letters of words as big as a date-palm. That's where he makes the running with them, and they can read their title clear to mansions in the skies!

"You should hear him talk with Ebn Ezra Bey—perhaps you don't know of Ezra! He was a friend of his uncle Benn, and brought the news of his massacre to England, and came back with David Pasha. Any one will tell you about that in England, I expect, if you don't know it. Well, three days ago Ebn Ezra came, and there came with him, too, Halim Bey the Egyptian, who had brought the letters to us from Cairo. Ebn Ezra found him down the river deserted by his niggers, and sick with this new sort of fever, which Our Man is knocking out of time. And there he lies, Our Man caring for him as though he was his brother. But that's his way; though, now I come to think of it, David Pasha doesn't suspect what I suspect, that Halim Bey brought word from Nahoum to our sheikhs here to keep us here, or lose us, or do away with us. Old Ebn Ezra doesn't say much himself, doesn't say anything about *that*; but he's guessing the same as me, or I'm a camel. And David Pasha looks as though he was ready for his grave—and keeps going, going, going. He never seems to sleep. What keeps him alive I

don't know. Sometimes I feel clean knocked out myself with the little I do, but he's a travelling hospital all by his lonesome.

"*Later.*—I had to stop writing, for things have been going on—several. I can see that Ebn Ezra has told David Pasha things that make him want to get away to Cairo as soon as possible. That it's Nahoum Pasha and others—oh, plenty of others, of course—I'm certain, but what the particular game is I don't know. Perhaps you know over in England, for you're nearer Cairo than we are by a few miles, and you've got the telegraph. Perhaps there's a revolution, perhaps there's been a massacre of Europeans, perhaps Turkey is kicking up a dust, perhaps Europe is interfering—all of it, all at once.

"*Later still.*—I've found out it's a little of all, and David Pasha is ready to go as soon as he can. I guess he can go now pretty soon, for the worst of the fever is over. But something has happened that's upset him—knocked him stony for a minute, it did. The Egyptian Halim Bey was killed last night—by order of the sheikhs, they say, but the sheikhs won't give it away. When David Pasha went to them, his eyes blazing, his face pale as a sheet, put up the bluff on them, and as good as swore at them, and treated them as though he'd have their heads off the next minute, they only put their hands on their heads, and bowed over so as their foreheads touched the ground almost, and said they were 'the fallen leaves for his foot to scatter,' the 'snow on the hill for his breath to melt';—but they wouldn't give him any satisfaction. So he came back and shut himself up in his tent; and he sits there like a ghost all shrivelled up for want of sleep; and his eyes like a lime-kiln burning, and God knows what in his heart; for now he knows this at least, that Halim Bey had brought some word from Abdin Palace that set these Arabs against him, and nearly stopped my correspondence. You see, there's a widow in Cairo—she's a sister of the American consul, and I promised to take her with a party camping in the Fayoum—cute as she can be, and plays the guitar! But it's all right now, except that David Pasha is running it too close and fine.

If he has any real friends in England among the government people or among those who can make the government people sit up and think what's coming to Egypt and to him, they'll help him now when he needs it. He'll need help real bad when he gets back to Cairo—if we get that far. It isn't yet a sure thing, for we've got to fight in the next day or two—I forgot to tell you that sooner. There's a bull-Arab on the rampage with five thousand men; and he's got a claim out on our sheikh Mustafa for ivory he has here, and there's going to be a scrimmage. We've got to make for a better position to-morrow, and meet Abdullah, the bull-Arab, further down the river. That's one reason why Mustafa and all our friends here are so sweet on us now. They look on David Pasha as a kind of mascot, and they think that he can wipe out the enemy with his flute, which they believe is a witch-stick to work wonders. It can work wonders on me anyhow.

"He's just sent for me to come, and I must stop soon. Say, he hasn't had sleep for a fortnight. It's too much; he can't stand it. I tried it, and couldn't. He wore me down. I'm going to *make* him sleep to-night. He's killing himself for others. I can't manage him; but I guess you could. Say, I apologize, dear Lady Cousin. I'm only a hayseed, and a failure, but I guess you'll understand that I haven't thought only of myself as I wrote this letter. The higher *you* go in life the more *you'll* understand; that's *your* nature. I'll get this letter off by a nigger to-morrow, with those David Pasha is sending through to Cairo by some friendlies. It's only a chance; but it's all chance here now. Anyhow it's safer than leaving it till after the scrimmage. If you get this, won't you try and make the British government stand by Our Man? Your husband, the lord, could pull it off, if he tried; and if you ask him, I guess he'd try. I must be off now. David Pasha will be waiting. Well, give my love to the girls!

Your affectionate cousin,

TOM LACEY.

"P. S.—I've got a first-class camel—a *hasheen*—for our scrimmage day after to-morrow. The sheikh Mustafa sent it to me this morning. I had a fight on mules once, down at Oaxaca, but that

was child's play. This will be 'slaughter in the pan,' if David Pasha doesn't stop it somehow. Perhaps he will. If I wasn't so scared I'd wish he couldn't stop it, for it will be a way-up Barbarian scrap, the tongs and the kettle, a bully panjandrum. It gets mighty dull in the desert when you're not moving. But 'it makes to think,' as the French say. Since I came out here I've had several real centre thoughts, sort of main principles—key-thoughts, that's it. What I want now is a sort of safety key-ring to string them on and keep them safe; for I haven't a good memory, and I get mighty rattled sometimes. Thoughts like these are like the secret of a combination lock, they let you into the place where the gold and securities and title-deeds of life are. Trouble is, I haven't got a safety key-ring, and I'm certain to lose them. I haven't got what you'd call an intellectual memory. Things come in flashes to me out of experiences, and pull me up short, and I say, 'Yes, that's it—that's it; I understand!' I see why it's so, and what it means and where it leads, and how far it spreads. It's five thousand years old. Adam thought it after Cain killed Abel, or Abel thought it just before he died, or Eve learnt it from Lilith, or it struck Abraham when he went to sacrifice Isaac. Sometimes things I think hit me deep like that here in the desert. Then I feel I can see just over on the horizon the tents of Moab in the wilderness; that yesterday and to-day are the same; that I've crossed the prairies of the everlasting years, and am playing about with Ishmael in the wild hills, or fighting with Ahab. Then the world and time seem pretty small potatoes.

"You see how it is. I never was trained to think, and I get stunned by thoughts that strike me as being dug right out of the centre. Sometimes I'd like to write them down; but I can't write; I can only talk as I'm talking to you. If you weren't so high up, and so much cleverer than I am, and such a thinker, I'd like you to be my safety key-ring, if you would. I could tell the key-thoughts to you when they came to me, before I forgot them with all their bearings; and by and by they'd do me a lot of good when I got away from this in-

fluence, and back into the machinery of the Western world again. If you could come out here; if you could feel what I feel here—and you would feel a thousand times as much, I don't know what you wouldn't do! It's pretty wonderful. The nights with the stars so white and glittering, and so near that you'd think you could reach up and hand them down; the dark deep blue beyond; such a width of life all round you, a sort of never-ending space, that everything you ever saw or did seems little, and God so great in a kind of hovering sense like a pair of wings; and all the secrets of time coming out of it all, and sort of touching your face like a velvet wind. I expect you'll think me sentimental, a first-class squash out of the pumpkin-garden;—but it's in the desert, it gets into you and saturates you, till you feel that this is a kind of middle place between the world of cities, and factories, and railways, and tenement-houses, and the quiet world to come—a place where they think out things for the benefit of future generations, and convey them through incarnations, or through the desert. Say, your ladyship, I'm a chatterer, I'm a two-cent philosopher, I'm a baby; but you are too much like your grandmother, who was the daughter of a Quaker like David Pasha, to laugh at me.

"I've got a suit of fine chain-armor which I bought of an Arab down by Darfûr. I'm wondering if it would be too cowardly to wear it in the scrap that's coming. I don't know, though, but what I'll wear it, I get so scared. But it will be a frightful hot thing under my clothes, and it's hot enough without that, so I'm not sure. It depends how much my teeth chatter when I see 'the dawn of battle.'

"I've got one more thing to write about before I stop. I'm going to send you a piece of poetry which David Pasha wrote, and tore in two, and threw away. He was working off his imagination, I guess, as you have to do out here. I collected it and copied it, and put in the punctuation—he didn't bother about that. Perhaps he can't punctuate. I don't understand quite what the poetry means, but maybe you will. Anyway you'll see that it's a real desert piece, with desert air and feeling in every line. Here it is:

"THE DESERT ROAD"

"In the sands I lived, in a hut of palm,
There was never a garden to see;
There was never a path through the
desert calm,
Nor a way through its storms for me.

"Tenant was I of a lone domain;
The far pale caravans wound
To the rim of the sky, and vanished
again;
My call in the waste was drowned.

"The vultures came and hovered and fled;
And once there stole to my door
A white gazelle, but its eyes were dread
With the hurt of the wounds it bore.

"It passed in the dusk with a foot of fear,
And the white cold mists rolled in;
And my heart was the heart of a stricken
deer,
Of a soul in the snare of sin.

"My days they withered like rootless
things,
And the sands rolled on, rolled wide;
Like a pelican I, with broken wings,
Like a drifting barque on the tide.

"But at last, in the light of a rose-red day,
In the windless glow of the morn,
From over the hills and from far away,
You came—ah, the joy of the morn!

"And wherever your footsteps fell, there
crept
A path—it was fair and wide:
A desert-road which no sands have swept,
Where never a hope has died.

"I followed you forth, and your beauty
held
My heart like an ancient song;
By that desert road to the blossoming
plains
I came—and the way was long!

"So I set my course by the light of your
eyes;
I care not what fate may send;
On the road I tread shine the love-starred
skies—
The road with never an end.

"Not many men can do things like that, and the other things, too, that he does. Perhaps he will win through, by himself, but is it fair to have him run the risk? If he ever did you a good turn, as you once said to me he did, won't you help him now? You are on the inside of political things, and if you make up your mind to do so, nothing will stop you—that was your grandmother's way. He ought to get his backing pretty soon, or it won't be any good. . . . I hear him

at his flute. I expect he's tired waiting for me. Well, give my love to the girls!
T. L."

As Hylda read, she passed through phases of feeling begotten of new understanding which shook her composure. She had seen David and all that David was doing; Egypt, and all that was threatening the land through the eyes of another who told the whole truth—except about his own cowardice, which was untrue. She felt the issues at stake. While the mention of David's personal danger left her sick for a moment, she saw the wider peril also to the work he had set out to do.

What was the thing without the man? It could not exist—it had no meaning. Where was he now? What had been the end of the battle? He had saved others, had he saved himself? The most charmed life must be pierced by the shaft of doom sooner or later; but he was little more than a youth yet, he had only just begun!

"*Though David Pasha looks as if he was ready for his grave—and he keeps going, going, going!*" The words kept ringing in her ears. Again: "*And he sits there like a ghost all parched up for want of sleep, and his eyes like a lime-kiln burning, and God knows what in his heart. . . . He hasn't had sleep for a fortnight. . . . He's killing himself for others.*"

Her own eyes were shining with a dry hot light, her lips were quivering, but her hands upon the letter were steady and firm. What could she do?

She went to a table, picked up the afternoon papers, and scanned them hurriedly. Not a word about Egypt. She thought for a moment, then left the drawing-room. Passing up a flight of stairs to her husband's study, she knocked and entered. It was empty; but Eglington was in the house, for a red despatch-box lay open on his table. Instinctively she glanced at the papers exposed in the despatch-box, and at the letters beside it. The document on the top of the pile in the despatch-box related to Cyprus—the name caught her eye. Another document was half exposed beneath it. Her hand went to her heart. She saw the words "Soudan" and

"Claridge Pasha." She reached for it, then drew back her hand, and her eyes closed as though to shut it out from her sight. Why should she not see it?—they were her husband's papers, husband and wife were one. Husband and wife one! She shrank back. Were they one? An overmastering desire was on her. It seemed terrible to wait, when here before her was news of David, of life or death. Suddenly she put out her hand and drew the Cyprus paper over the Egyptian document, so that she might not see it.

As she did so, the door opened on her, and Eglington entered. He had seen the swift motion of her hand, and again a look peculiar to him crossed his face, enigmatical, cynical, not pleasant to see at least.

She turned on him slowly, and he was aware of her inward distress to some degree, though her face was ruled to quietness.

He nodded at her and smiled. She shrank, for she saw in his nod and his smile that suggestion of knowing all about everything and everybody, and thinking the worst, which had chilled her so often. Even in their short married life it had chilled those confidences which she would gladly have poured out before him, if he had been a man with an open soul. Had there been joined to his intellect and the temperament a heart capable of true convictions and abiding love, what a man he might have been! But his intellect was superficial, and his temperament was dangerous, because there were not the experiences of a soul of truth to give the deeper hold upon life and the meaning of life. She shrank now, as, with a little laugh and glancing suggestively at the despatch-box, he said:

"And what do you think of it all?"

She felt as though something was crushing her heart within its grasp, and her eyes took on a new look of pain. "I did not read the papers," she answered, quietly.

"I saw them in your fingers. What creatures women are—so dishonorable in little things!" he said, ironically.

She laid a hand on his arm. "I did not read them, Harry," she urged.

He smiled and patted her arm. "There, there, it doesn't matter," he laughed. He watched her narrowly.

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"It matters greatly," she answered gently, though his words had cut her like a knife. "I did not read the papers. I only saw the word 'Cyprus' on the first paper, and I pushed it over the paper which had the word 'Egypt' on it—'Egypt' and 'Claridge,' lest I should read it. I did not wish to read it. I am not dishonorable, Harry."

He had hurt her more than he had ever done; and only the great matter at stake had prevented the lesser part of her from bursting forth in indignation, from saying things which she did not wish to say. She had given him devotion—such devotion, such self-effacement in his career as few gave. Her wealth—that was so little in comparison with the richness of her nature—had been his; and yet his vast egotism took it all as his right, and she was repaid in a kind of tyranny, the more galling and cruel because it was wielded by a man of intellect and culture and ancient name and tradition. If he had been warned that he was losing his wife's love, he would have scouted the idea—his self-assurance was so strong, his vanity complete. If, however, he had been told that another man was thinking of his wife, he would have believed it, as he believed now that David had done; and he cherished that belief, and let resentment grow. He was the Earl of Eglington, and no matter what reputation David had reached, he was still a member of a Quaker trader's family, with an origin slightly touched with scandal. Another resentment, however, was steadily rising in him. It galled him that Hylda should take so powerful an interest in David's work in Egypt; and he knew now that she had always done so. It did not ease his vexed spirit to know that thousands of others of his fellow countrymen did the same. They might do so, but she was his wife, and his own work should be the sun round which her mind and interest should revolve.

"Why should you be so keen about Egypt and Claridge Pasha?" he said to her now.

Her face hardened a little. Had he the right to torture her so? To suspect her? She could read it in his eyes. Her conscience was clear. She was no man's slave. She would not be any man's slave.

She was master of her own soul. What right had he to catechise her—as though she was a servant or a criminal? But she checked the answer on her tongue, because she was hurt deeper than words could express, and she said, composedly:

"I have here a letter from my cousin Lacey, who is with Claridge Pasha. It has news of him, of events in the Sudan. He had fever, there was to be a fight, and I wished to know if you have any later news. I thought that document there might contain news, but I did not read it. I realized that it was not yours, that it belonged to the government, that I had no right. Perhaps you will tell me if you have news. Will you?" She leaned against the table wearily, holding her letter.

"Let me read your letter first," he said, wilfully.

A mist seemed to come before her eyes; but she was schooled to self-command, and he did not see he had given her a shock. Her first impulse was to hand the letter over at once; then there came the remembrance of all it contained, all it suggested. Would he see all it suggested? Would he interpret rightly all it contained? She recalled the words Lacey had used regarding a service which David had once done her. If Eglington asked, what could she say? It was not her secret alone, it was another's. Would she have the right, even if she wished it, to tell the truth, or part of the truth? Or, would she be entitled to relate some immaterial incident which would evade the real truth? What good could it do to tell the dark story? What could it serve? Eglington would horribly misunderstand it—that she knew. There were the verses also. They were more suggestive than anything else, though, indeed, they might have referred to another woman, or were even merely impersonal; but she felt that was not so. And there was Eglington's innate unbelief in man and woman! Her first impulse held, however. She would act honestly. She would face whatever there was to face. She would not shelter herself; she would not give him the right in the future to say she had not dealt fairly by him, had evaded any inquest of her life or mind which he might make.

She gave him the letter, her heart

standing still, but she was filled with a regnant determination to defend herself, to defend David against any attack, or from any consequences.

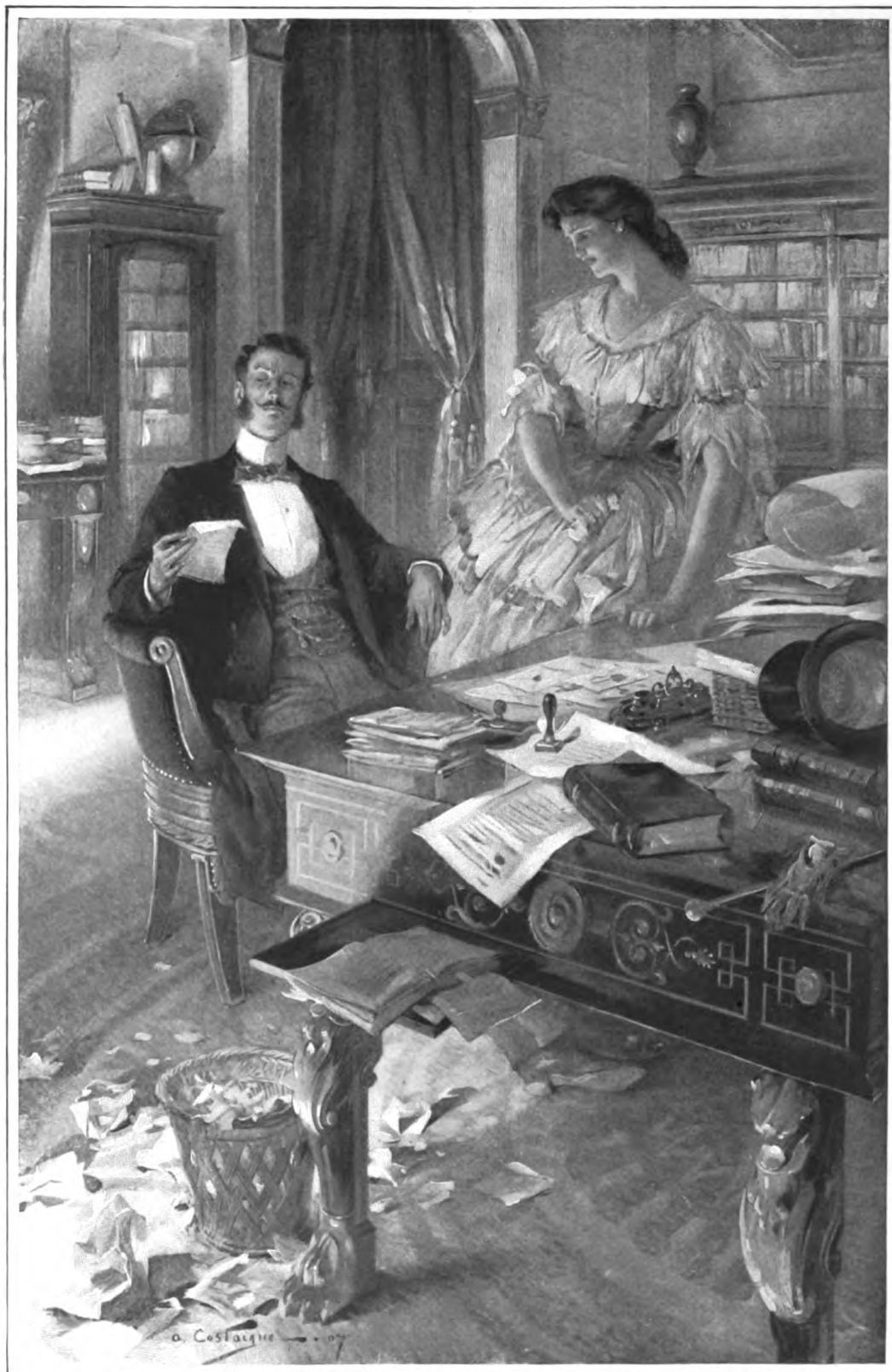
All her life and hopes seemed hanging in the balance, as he began to read the letter. With fear she saw his face cloud over, heard an impatient exclamation pass his lips. She closed her eyes to gather strength for the conflict which was upon her. He spoke, and she vaguely wondered what passage in the letter had fixed his attention. His voice seemed very far away. She scarcely understood. But presently it pierced the clouds of numbness between them, and she realized what he was saying:

"Vulgar fellow—I can't congratulate you upon your American cousin. So 'David Pasha is great on moral suasion, master of it—never failed yet—not altogether—and Aunt Melissa and skim-milk and early piety!' And 'David Pasha is a wonder from Wondertown'—like a side-show to a circus, a marvel on the flying trapeze! Perhaps you can give me the sense of the letter, if there is any sense in it. I can't read his writing, and it seems interminable. Would you mind?"

A sigh of relief broke from her. A weight slipped away from her heart and brain. It was as though one in armor awaited the impact of a heavy, cruel, overwhelming foe, who suddenly disappeared, and the armor fell from one's shoulders, and breath came easily once again.

"Would you mind?" he repeated dryly, as he folded up the letter slowly.

He handed it back to her, the note of sarcasm in his voice pricking her like the point of a dagger. She felt angered with herself that he could rouse her temper by such small mean irony. She had a sense of bitter disappointment in him—or was it a deep hurt?—that she had not made him love her, truly love her. If he had only meant the love that he swore before they had married! Why had he deceived her? It had all been in his hands, her fate and future; but almost before the bridal flowers had faded, she had come to know two bitter things: that he had married with a sordid mind; that he was incapable of the love which transmutes



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

WITH FEAR SHE SAW HIS FACE CLOUD OVER

the half-comprehending, half-developed affection of the maid into the absorbing, understanding, beautiful passion of the woman. She had married not knowing what love and passion were; uncomprehending, and innocent because uncomprehending; with a fine affection, but capable of loving wholly. One thing had purified her motives and her life—the desire to share with Eglington his public duty and private hopes, to be his *confidante*, his friend, his coadjutor, proud of him, eager for him, determined to help him. But he had blocked the path to all inner companionship. He did no more than let her share the obvious and outer responsibilities of his life. From the vital things, if there were vital things, she was shut out. What would she not give for one day of simple tenderness and quiet affection, a true day with a true love!

She was now perfectly composed. She told him the substance of the letter, of David's plight, of the fever, of the intended fight, of Nahoum Pasha, of the peril to David's work. He continued to interrogate her, while she could have shrieked out the question, "What is in yonder document? What do you know? Have you news of his safety?" Would he never stop his questioning? It was trying her strength and patience beyond endurance. At last he drew the document slowly from the despatch-box, and glanced up and down it musingly.

"I fancy he won the battle," he said, slowly, "for they have news of him much farther down the river than Sobat or Khartoum. But from this letter I take it he is not yet within the zone of safety—so Nahoum Pasha says." He flicked the document upwards with his thumb.

"What is our government doing to help him?" she asked, checking her eagerness.

His heart had gradually hardened towards Egypt. Power had emphasized a certain smallness in him. Personal considerations informed the policy of the moment. He was not going to be dragged at the chariot-wheels of the Quaker! To be passive, when David in Egypt had asked for active interest; to delay, when urgency was important to Claridge Pasha; to speak coldly on Egyptian af-

fairs to his chief, the weak Foreign Secretary, while European chancelleries spoke warmly in the interests of international finance and the integrity of the country—this was the policy he had begun.

So he answered now: "It is the duty of the Egyptian government to help him—of Prince Kaïd, of Nahoum Pasha, who is acting for him in his absence, who governs finance and therefore the army. Egypt does not belong to England."

"Nahoum Pasha is his enemy. He will do nothing to help, unless you force him."

"Why do you say that?"

"Because I know Nahoum Pasha."

"When did you know Nahoum?"

"In Egypt, years ago."

"Your acquaintance is more varied than I thought," he said sarcastically.

"Oh, do not speak to me like that," she said, in a low, indignant voice. "Do not patronize me; do not be sarcastic."

"Do not be so sensitive," he answered unemotionally.

"You surely do not mean that you—that the government will not help him? He is doing the work of Europe, of civilization, of Christianity there. He is sacrificing himself for the world. Do you not see it? Oh, but you do! You would realize his work if you knew Egypt as I have seen it."

"Expediency must govern the policy of nations," he answered, critically.

"But, if through your expediency he is killed like a rat in a trap, and his work goes to pieces—all undone! Is there no right in the matter?"

"In affairs of state other circumstances than absolute 'right' enter. Here and there the individual is sacrificed who otherwise would be saved—if it were expedient."

"Oh, Eglington! He is of your own county, of your own village, is your neighbor—a man of whom all England should be proud. You can intervene if you will—be just, and say you will. I know that intervention has been discussed in the cabinet."

"You say he is of my county. So are many people, and yet they are not county people. A neighbor he was, but more in a Scriptural than a social sense." He was hurting her purposely.

CHAPTER XXIV

THE QUESTIONER

"WHAT has thee come to say?"

Sitting in his high-backed chair, Luke Claridge seemed a part of its dignified severity. In the sparsely furnished room with its uncarpeted floor, its plain teak table, its high wainscoting and undecorated walls, the old man had the look of one who belonged to some ancient consistory, a judge whose piety would march with an austerity that would save a human soul by destroying the body, if need be.

A crisis had come, vaguely foreseen, sombrely eluded. A questioner was before him who, poor, unheeded, an ancient victim of vice, could yet wield a weapon whose sweep of wounds would be wide. Stern and masterful as he looked in his arid isolation, beneath all was a shaking anxiety.

He knew well what the old chair-maker had come to say, but in the prologue of the struggle before him he was unwittingly manœuvring for position.

"Speak," he added presently, as Soolsby fumbled in his great loose pockets and drew forth a paper. "What has thee to say?"

There seemed a strange hidden anger in the tone, though it was rather the tenseness of suspense, a nervous trepidation, which gave the usually smooth and quiet voice a sharpness of its own.

Without a word, Soolsby handed over the paper, but the other would not take it.

"What is it?" he asked, his lips growing pale. "Read—if thee can read."

The gibe in the last words made the color leap into Soolsby's face, and a fighting look came. He too had staved off this inevitable hour, had dreaded it, but now his courage shot up high.

"Doost think I have forgotten how to read since the day I put my hand to a writing you've hid so long from them it most concerns? Ay, I can read, and I can write, and I will prove that I can speak too before I've done."

"Read—read," rejoined the old man, hoarsely, his hands tightly gripping the chair-arm.

"The fever caught him at Shendy—that is the place—"

"He is not dead—David is not dead?" came the sharp, pained interruption. The old man's head strained forward, his eyes were misty and dazed.

Soolsby's face showed no pity for the other's anxiety; it had a kind of triumph in it. "Nay, he is living," he answered. "He got well of the fever, and came to Cairo, but he's off again into the desert. It's the third time—you can't be tempting Providence forever. This paper here says it's too big a job for one man—like throwing a good life away. Here in England is his place, it says. And so say I—and so I have come to say, and to hear you say so too. What is he there? One man against a million! What put it in his head that he thinks he can do it?"

His voice became lower; he fixed his eyes meaningly on the other. "When a man's life's got a twist at the start, no wonder it flies off madlike to do the thing that isn't to be done, and leave undone the thing that's here for it to do. Doost think a straight line could come from the crooked line y' drew for him?"

"He is safe—he is well and strong again?" asked the old man, painfully. Suddenly he reached out a hand for the paper. "Let me read," he said, in a voice scarce above a whisper.

He essayed to take the paper calmly, but it trembled in his hands. He spread it out and fumbled for his glasses, but could not find them, and he gazed helplessly at the page before him. Soolsby took the paper from him and read slowly:

" Claridge Pasha has done good work in Egypt, but he is a generation too soon—it may be two or three too soon. We can but regard this fresh enterprise as a temptation to Fate to take from our race one of the most promising spirits and vital personalities which this generation has produced. It is a forlorn hope. Most Englishmen familiar with Claridge Pasha's life and aims will ask—"

An exclamation broke from the old man. In the pause which followed he said: "It was none of my doing. He went to Egypt against my will."

"Ay, so many a man's said that's not wanted to look his own acts straight in the face. If Our Man had been started different, if he'd started in the path where God A'mighty dropped him,

and not in the path Luke Claridge chose, would he have been in Egypt to-day wearing out his life? He's not making carpets there, he's only beating them."

The homely illustration drawn from the business in which he had been interested so many years went home to Claridge's mind. He shrank back, and sat rigid, his brows drawing over the eyes, till they seemed sunk in caverns of the head. Suddenly Soolsby's voice rose angrily. The old man seemed so remorseless and unyielding, so set in his vanity and self-will! Soolsby misread the rigid look in the face, the pale sternness. He did not know that there had suddenly come upon Luke Claridge a full consciousness of an agonizing truth—that all he had done where David was concerned had been a mistake. The hard look, the sternness, were the signals of a soul challenging itself.

"Ay, you've had your own will," cried Soolsby, mercilessly. "You've said to God A'mighty that He wasn't able to work out to a good end what He'd let happen; and so you'd do His work for Him. You kept the lad hid away from the people that belonged to him, you kept him out of his own, you let others take his birthright. You put a shame upon him, hiding who his father and his father's people were, and you put a shame upon her that lies in the graveyard—as sweet a lass, as good, as ever lived on earth. Ay, a shame and a scandal! For your eyes were shut always to the side-long looks, your ears never heard the things people said—*'A good-for-nothing ship-captain, a scamp and a ne'er-do-weel, one that had a lass at every port, and, maybe, wives too; one that none knew or ever had seen—a pirate maybe, or a slave-dealer, or a jail-bird, for all they knew! Married—oh yes, married right enough, but nothing else—not even a home. Just a ring on the finger, and then, beyond and away!'* Around her life that brought into the world our lad yonder you let a cloud draw down; and you let it draw round his too, for he didn't even bear his father's name—much less knew who his father was—or live in his father's home, or come by his own in the end. You gave the lad shame and scandal—do you think he didn't feel it—was it much or little? He wasn't walking in the sun, but—"

"Mercy! Mercy!" broke in the old man, his hand before his eyes. He was thinking of Mercy his daughter, of the words she had said to him when she died, "*Set him in the sun, father, where God can find him,*" and her name now broke from his lips.

Soolsby misunderstood. "Ay, there'll be mercy when right's been done Our Man, and not till then. I've held my tongue for half a lifetime, but I'll speak now and bring him back. Ay, he shall come back, and take the place that is his, and all that belongs to him. That lordship yonder—let him go out into the world and make his place as the Egyptian did. He's had his chance to help Our Man, and he has only hurt, not helped him. We've had enough of his second-best lordship and his ways."

The old man's face was terrible in its stricken stillness now. He had regained control of himself, his brain had recovered greatly from its first suffusion of excitement.

"How does thee know my lord yonder has hurt and not helped him?" he asked, in an even voice, his lips tightening, however. "How does thee know it surely?"

"From Kate Heaven, my lady's maid. My lady's illness—what was it? Because she would help Our Man, and, out of his hatred, yonder second son said that to her which no woman can bear that's a true woman; and then, what with a chill and fever, she's been yonder ailing these weeks past. She did what she could for him, and her husband did what he could against him."

The old man settled back in his chair again. "Thee has kept silent all these years? Thee has never told any that lives?"

"I gave my word to her that died—to our Egyptian's mother—that I would never speak unless you gave me leave to speak, or if you should die before me. It was but a day before the lad was born. So have I kept my word. But now you shall speak. Ay, then, but you shall speak, or I'll break my word to her, to do right by her son. She herself would speak if she was here, and I'll answer her, if ever I see her after purgatory, for speaking now."

The old man drew himself up in his chair as though in pain, and said very

slowly, almost thickly: "I shall answer also for all I did. The spirit moved me. He is of my blood—his mother was dead—in his veins is the blood that runs in mine. His father—aristocrat, spend-thrift, adventurer, renegade, who married her in secret, and left her, bidding her return to me, until he came again, and she to bear him a child—was he fit to bring up the boy!"

He breathed heavily, his face became wan and haggard, as he continued: "Restless on land or sea, forever seeking some new thing, and when he found it, and saw what was therein, he turned away forgetful. God put it into my heart to abjure him and the life around him. The Voice made me rescue the child from a life empty and bare and heartless and proud. . . . When he returned, and my child was in her grave, he came to me in secret; he claimed the child of that honest lass whom he had married under a false name. I held my hand lest I should kill him, man of peace as I am. Even his father—Quaker though he once became—did we not know ere the end that he had no part or lot with us, that he but experimented with his soul, as with all else! Experiment—experiment—experiment, until at last an Eglington went exploring in my child's heart, and sent her to her grave—the God of Israel be her rest and refuge! What should such high-placed folk do stooping out of their sphere to us who walk in plain paths! What have we in common with them! My soul would have none of them—masks of men, the slaves of riches and titles, and tyrants over the poor!"

His voice grew hoarse and higher, and his head bent forward. He spoke as though forgetful of Soolsby's presence. "As the East is from the West, so were we separate from these lovers of this world, the self-indulgent, the hard-hearted, the proud. I chose for the child that he should stay with me and not go to him, to remain among his own people and his own class. He was a sinister, an evil man. Was the child to be trusted with him?"

"The child was his own child," broke in Soolsby, "your daughter was his lady—the Countess of Eglington! Not all the Quakers in heaven or earth could

alter that. His first-born son is Earl of Eglington, and has been so these years past; and you, nor his second-best lordship there, nor all the courts in England can alter that. . . . Ay, I've kept my peace, but I will speak out now. I was with the Earl—James Fetherdon he called himself—when he married her that's gone to heaven, if any ever went to heaven; and I can prove all. There's proof aplenty—and 'tis a pity, ay, God's pity—that 'twas not used long ago! Well I knew, as the years passed, that the Earl's heart was with David, but he had not the courage to face it all, so worn away was the man in him. Ah, if the lad had always been with him—who can tell?—he might have been different! Whether so or not, it was the lad's right to take his place his mother gave him, let be whatever his father was. 'Twas a cruel thing done to him—his own was his own, to run his race as God A'mighty had laid the hurdles, not as Luke Claridge willed. I'm sick of seeing yonder fellow in Our Man's place, he that will not give him help, when he may; he that would see him die like a dog in the desert, brother or no brother—"

"He does not know—he does not know the truth?" interposed the old man, in a heavy whisper.

"He does not know, but, if he knew, would it matter to him! So much the more would he see Our Man die yonder in the sands! I know the breed. I know him yonder, the skim-milk lord. There is no blood of justice, no milk of kindness in him. Do you think his father that I friended in this thing—did he ever give me a penny, or aught save that hut on the hill that was not worth a pound a year? Did he ever do aught to show that he remembered?—Like father like son! I wanted naught. I held my peace, not for him, but for her—for the promise I made her when she smiled at me and said, '*If I shouldn't be seeing thee again, Soolsby, remember; and if thee can ever prove a friend to the child that is to be, prove it!*' . . . And I will prove it now. He must come back to his own. Right's right, and I will have it so. More brains you may have—and wealth you have—but not more common sense than any common man like me. If the spirit moved you to hold

your peace, it moves me to make you speak. With all your meek face, you've been a hard, stiff-necked man, a tyrant too, and as much an aristocrat to such as me as any lord in the land. But I've drunk the mug of silence to the bottom—I've—"

He stopped short, seeing a strange look come over the other's face. He stepped forward quickly as the old man half rose from his chair, murmuring thickly.

"Mercy—David, my lord, come—!" he muttered, and staggered, and fell into Soolsby's arms.

His head dropped forward on his breast, and with a great sigh he sank into unconsciousness. Soolsby laid him on a couch and ran to the door and called aloud for help.

The man of silence was silent indeed now. In the room where paralysis had fallen on him a bed was brought, and he lay nerveless on the verge of a still deeper silence. The hours went by. His eyes opened, he saw and recognized them all, but his look rested only on Faith and Soolsby; and, as time went on, these

were the only faces to which he gave an answering look of understanding. Days wore away, but he neither spoke nor moved.

People came and went softly, and he gave no heed. There was ever a trouble in his eyes when they were open. Only when Soolsby came did it seem to lessen. Faith saw this, and urged Soolsby to sit by him. She had questioned much concerning what had happened before the stroke came, but Soolsby said only that the old man had been greatly troubled about David. Once Lady Eglington, frail and gentle and sympathetic, came, but the trouble deepened in his eyes, and the lids closed over them, so that he might not see her face.

When she had gone, Soolsby, who had been present and had interpreted the old man's look according to a knowledge all his own, came over to the bed, leaned down, and whispered, "I will speak now."

Then the eyes opened, and a smile faintly flickered at the mouth.

"I will speak now," Soolsby said again into the old man's ear.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Song

BY MARY COLES CARRINGTON

LAST night I made a mimic grave
 Deep in the meadow grass,
 Believing in that calm retreat
 My spirit's storm would pass;
 My wearied vision sought content
 Where late had flamed the sun,
 Night, with a mystic, wood-wind theme,
 Her symphony begun.

But, oh, how dim are sun and stars
 Seen through a mist of tears!
 How dull the happy sounds of earth
 To sorrow-deafened ears!
 Love, at thy shrine three costly gifts
 I offer as we part,
 A withered hope, a trust betrayed,
 And last—a broken heart.

A Winter Butterfly

BY LOUISE FORSSLUND

HER paramount sensation, after she learned that the first grandchild was expected, had been a terror of her own approaching grandmotherhood. She, while there was yet not a strand of gray in all her youthful reddish head, to be labelled for all time to come the mother of a mother! And when the child was really here, leaning on her tenderness, all her delight in hearing him babble was lost in the tragedy of knowing that soon he must learn to pipe forth "Grandma"! *Grandma*; ever and ever grandma, and she so young! Months and months after he commenced to talk that child kept her on the rack. He formed the habit of addressing his parents, the cat, and the servants by name; but, in spite of all his mother's kindly meant promptings, he resolutely shut his lips against the word "grandma," until the little young-old lady was torn between gratitude to the child and suspense at waiting for the inevitable.

Then, one day, when they two were alone, the baby cuddled safe and snug in her dainty white-aproned lap, he put her heart into a strange flutter by staring long and earnestly at her face. He stared long and earnestly; then, lifting a tiny hand to her soft rose-leaf cheek, patting the flesh scarcely less exquisitely tinted than his own, he bestowed upon her the title over which he had undoubtedly been debating these many moons.

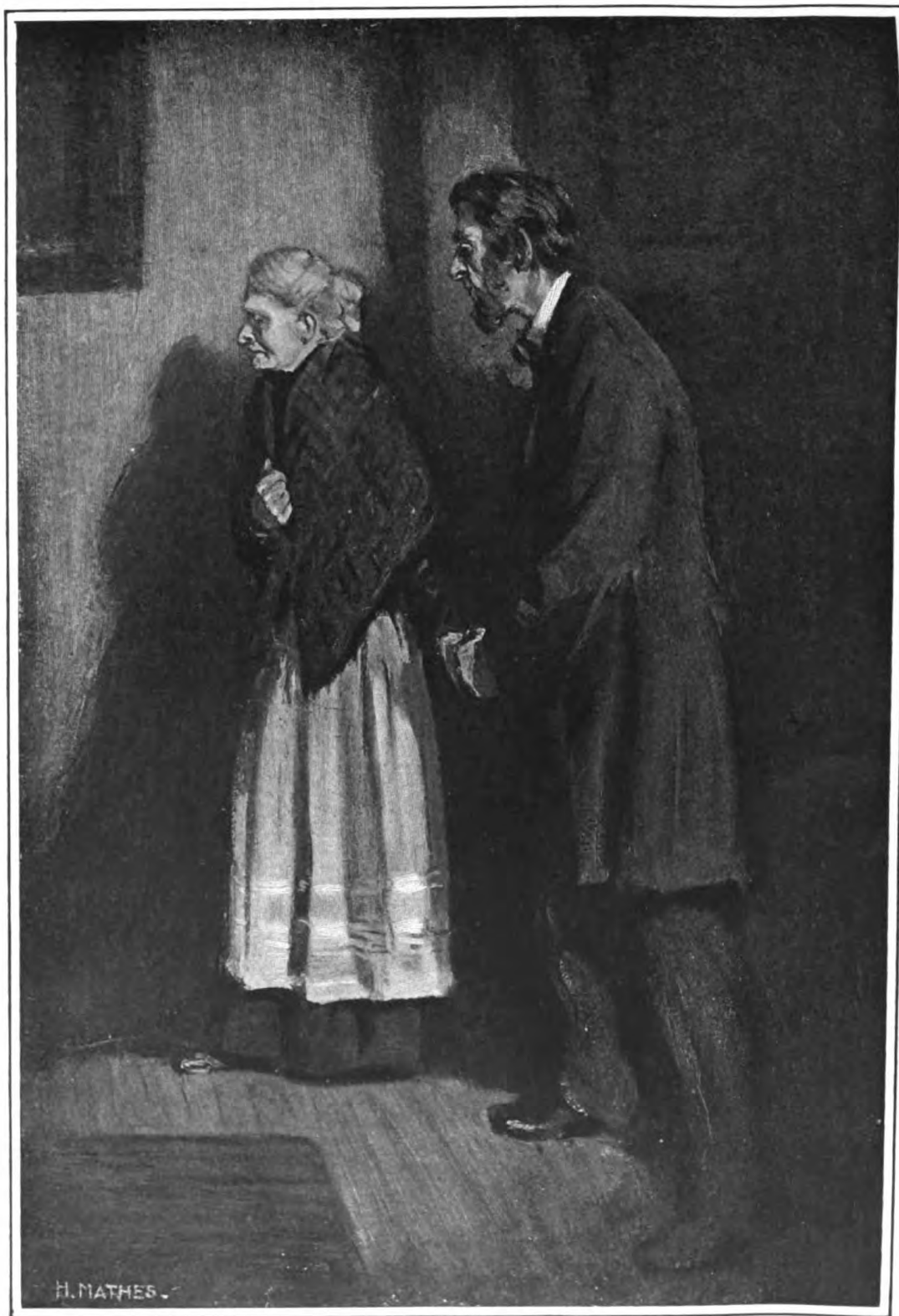
"Blossy!" he gurgled, and Blossy she was from that hour—to him, to all the household, to the indulgent neighbors, and, finally, to every one she met save the census-taker. And now, although the threescore years and ten were fast approaching, and by the tide of not altogether happy circumstances she had been stranded in the Old Ladies' Home at Shoreville, she had not lost the only name which she believed ever to have fitted her—the name of Blossy.

Blossy had gained and still kept an-

other title, although this had been bestowed upon her as long ago as the days when she had made young hearts dance to the rise and fall of her eyelashes—the title of "sweet fool." The old lady liked to be called "a sweet fool." She regarded it as much of a compliment as it ever had been; and, moreover, in secret, she used to chuckle with delight to think that as a sweet fool, with the passing of all the years, she had not lost her power to make some others dance the fool's dance beside her. From her fifteenth birthday Blossy had been making fools of men, and the older she grew the more fools she seemed to find ready for her moulding. She was a natural flirt. She flirted with the cats, the pet canaries, the flowers, the growing potatoes, her own children, the young doctor at the home, and every presentable man that came into sight. The records of the home report that three able gardeners had been turned away because of their mad desire to marry the remorseless Blossy.

Twice a year, on the 15th of June and on the 15th of December, no matter what the weather, old Captain Bill Brown came fifty miles from his home in Sag Harbor to offer Blossy his hard, horny old hand. The other inmates of the home used to say that Blossy would weep her eyes out if ever he should fail to appear, and they also would intimate that Captain Bill might be somewhat embarrassed if she should vary the nature of her reply and accept him. But the quaint little old farce—if farce it was—continued to be played twice a year: in December, beside the roaring fireplace in the hall; in June, on the garden bench, while the June-young butterflies whirled over the two gray heads in a frolic of impertinent amazement.

Up-stairs, in the attic, Blossy had a fat, leather-bound old trunk packed hard with love-letters; and on rainy days she would go up under the eaves and, pulling



Drawing by H. Mathes

AT THE FIRST LANDING HE PAUSED

out one bundle at a time, read until her face was one curiously foolish, lovely smile of reminiscence. There were letters tied with lavender ribbon, letters tied with pale-pink ribbon, notes tied with white silk cord, and more letters and more notes tied with every hue of ribbon that can be discovered—each tint binding a different suitor's letters, and each bringing to Blossy's mind instantly a picture of the man as he had been, mayhap over fifty years ago. Yet, in truth, save to Blossy's eye alone, there was no difference in the colors of the old ribbons; all had faded into that musty yellow-brown which is dyed by the passing of many years. So the young matron discovered, surprising Blossy in the attic one morning on her knees before the open trunk.

"Ah, Miss Jessica!" called out the old lady, looking up from a ragged-edged crackly yellow letter she held in her hand. "Listen to this. People don't write such letters nowadays." With that dreamy, reminiscent look, making her face too wistful of youth to be laughed at, even though now and then there came the crack of old age into her soft voice, Blossy read from the open letter: "'The man you take for a mate is the luckiest dog in the whole round world. I'd rather be him than king of all the countries on earth; I'd rather be him than strike a gold-mine reaching from here to China; I'd rather be him than captain of the finest vessel that ever sailed the seas—that's what I would! Why, the man who couldn't be happy with you would spill tears all over heaven.'"

The quavering old voice broke. Blossy bent far over the bundle of letters, and there fell upon the yellow pile two sparkling tears.

"Miss Jessica!" she faltered. Jessica knelt down and drew the aged head, with its artificial coloring of hair, against her breast. Everybody humored Blossy's moods. "Miss Jessica, that was written by another man just before I was engaged to my husband, when I was debating between the two. I never told anybody before, but my husband—he's been dead and gone this twenty year and we must let bygones be bygones—but—but—he was not kind."

Jessica drew the shrivelled, straight old

figure close within her arms. Any human being unkind to Blossy! And, above all, a man!

"No, he was not kind. It was his nature, poor dear. Folks can't help it when they're built that way. Captain Bill, he wrote that letter over forty year ago. You wouldn't think it to see him now, would you?"

Here Blossy's weakness for laughing at her sweethearts overcame her memory of sorrow. Her scant shoulders shook and her eyes twinkled. "Now, he says," she went on—"he says, kinder rough and sudden—maybe just as he's going away, after spending the whole day talking of other things—he says, kinder rough and sudden, 'My feelin's hain't changed a bit. Have yourn, Betsy Ann?' He never would call me anything else. Sometimes I think that maybe if he'd say Blossy or—or"—the sentimentalist gave a self-conscious laugh—"or something tender, and study grammar, I'd—" She hesitated a long while, her face wearing that essentially feminine look of "considering." "But, la!" she added, presently, with a quick shake of her head in the negative, "what you spect of a man who's never stirred a foot off of Long Island except to put it on a boat?"

Blossy had away back in her heart, beneath the sentimentality, the foolishness, the conceit, the hardness of her unconquerable coquetry, a real wealth of human tenderness; and Blossy's tenderness it was that gallantly attacked all the time-honored traditions of the Old Ladies' Home as soon as the story of Angeline Rose's husband came in at the back gate with the butcher's boy one twilight-time. Blossy had the butcher's boy under her spell, too, and many a tale of village gossip did he bring to her.

"Yep!" said he. "They only riz two hundred dollars an' two cents on the furniture, an' the old man's got to go to the porehouse."

Even then the old ladies were waiting for Angeline Rose to join them, for no one had doubted that sufficient money would be raised by the auction of the aged couple's household effects to place the wife with the old ladies and the husband in a similar home for men five miles away. But now—now the smallest possible entrance-fee for one only had

been raised, with just two cents to spare, and so the butcher's boy's conclusion seemed the only one: the man whom Angeline Rose had called husband for fifty years must needs say good-bye to her at the old ladies' gate, then go trudging on his way to the poorhouse.

But Blossy, once her mind was lifted from her own irresistible fascinations, was a woman of resources. One way there was to keep Abraham from the county-house, and she found it. She called a meeting of the old ladies. She urged the matron to join them. She telephoned the doctor. She sent the butcher's boy and the gardener all over the village to draw the directors of the home together. Within one hour from the time the news came she had them all before her and faced them with her argument, her eyes sparkling, her cheeks glowing, her generous heart shining as a compelling light upon her face.

"Why not?" she demanded, enthusiastically. "Why not? I'll take the little north room. That south chamber always was too big for me. I feel guilty taking up so much room. It ought to hold two. It's plenty big enough for two. And as for eating, you know perfectly well that those two poor skinny creatures together won't eat half so much as the heartiest one of us."

Plump Miss Abigail sniffed a little at that, suspecting that reflections were being cast on her notorious appetite; but no one heeded, for Blossy was crying out, "All in favor of letting in Abraham Rose say 'Aye!'"

The vote was unanimous. By nightfall, to his own complete bewilderment, Abraham found himself under the old ladies' roof, a member of that flock, thirty strong, which he had theretofore dubbed contemptuously "them air old hens."

Ah, but he slept that night as if he had been drawn to rest under the compelling shelter of all those old wings! Never afterward could the dazed old gentleman remember how he came into the house and up the stairs to the south chamber with Angy. He only knew that he had seen no one of the home save the tenderly smiling young matron; and that he had felt glad, glad—God, how *glad*!—to know that Angy was still beside

him, and so he had fallen asleep. But when he awoke in the morning, there stood Angeline before the glass taking her hair out of curl-papers; and for the first time he began dimly to realize the tremendous change that had come into their lives when Angy committed the unprecedented act of taking out her crimps *before* breakfast. He realized that they were to eat among strangers. He had become the guest of thirty "women folks." Maybe he should be called Woman No. 31. He got up and dressed very, very slowly. The glad gratitude of last night was as far away as yesterday's sunset. A great seriousness settled upon his lean face. At last he burst forth:

"One to thirty! Hy-guy, I'm in fer it!" How had it happened, he wondered. They had given him no time to think. They had swooped down upon him when his brain was dulled with anguish. Virtually, they had kidnapped him. Why had they brought him here to accept charity at the hands of a woman's institution? Why need they thus intensify his sense of shame at his life's failure, and, above all, at his failure to provide for Angeline? In the poorhouse he would have been only one more derelict, but here he stood alone, to be stared at and pitied and thrown a sickly satisfying crumb. With a deep sigh he muttered:

"Ay, mother, why didn't yew let me go on to the county-house? That air's the place for a worn-out old hull like me. Hy-guy!" he ejaculated, the beads of sweat standing out on his forehead, "I'd ruther lay deown an' die 'n go an' face them air women."

"Thar! thar!" soothingly spoke Angy, laying her hand on his arm. "Thar, thar, father! Jest think how dretful I'd feel a-goin' deown without yer."

"So you would!" said Abe, strangely comforted. "So you would, my dear!" For her sake he tried to brighten up. He joked clumsily as they stood together on the threshold of their chamber, whispering, blinking his eyes to make up for the lack of their usually ready twinkle. "Hol' on a minute; supposin' I fergit whether I be a man er a woman?"

"Put yer hand in yer pocket an' feel around fer yer pipe," she made answer.

But, alas! this brought to his mind the

question, "Would smoking be allowed in the Old Ladies' Home?" Abraham did not question whether tobacco would be supplied in that case. A man may have faith in nothing else, but he knows that, whatever vicissitudes life may bring him, he will always be provided with a pipe of tobacco. The breakfast-bell rang from below-stairs with a loud, imperative jangling.

"Come, hurry up, Abe! It won't do for us to be late the fust mornin'."

But Abe only answered by going back into the bedroom to make an anxious survey of his reflection in the glass. He shook his head reprovingly at the bearded countenance, as if to say, "You need not pride yourself any longer on looking like Abraham Lincoln, for you have been turned into a miserable old woman."

Abe picked up the hair-brush and held it out at arm's length to Angy. "Won't yew slick up my hair a little bit, mother?" he asked, somewhat shamefacedly. "I can't see extry well this mornin'."

"Why, Abe! It's slicked ez slick ez it kin be neow." However, the old wife reached up, as he bent his tall, angular form over her, and smoothed his thin, wet locks. He laughed a little, self-mockingly; and she laughed back again, then urged him into the hall and, slipping ahead of him, led the way downstairs. At the first landing, which brings you into full view of the lower hall, he paused, possessed with the mad desire to run away and hide, for at the foot of the stairway stood the entire flock of old ladies, twenty-nine strong. Twenty-nine pairs of eyes were lifted to him and Angy; twenty-nine pairs of lips were smiling at them. To the end of his days Abraham remembered those smiles. Reassuring and tender, they made the old man's heart swell, his emotions go war-ringing together. Grateful, wondering, yet he grew more confused and afraid. He stared amazed at Angeline, who seemed the embodiment of self-possession, lifting her dainty, proud little gray head higher and higher. She turned to Abraham with a protecting, motherly little gesture of command for him to follow, and marched gallantly on down the stairs. Humbly, trembling at the knees, his head in a whirl, he came with gingerly steps

after the little old wife. How unworthy he was of her now! How unworthy he had always been, yet never realized to the full until this moment. He knew what those smiles meant, he told himself: they were to smooth away his sense of shame and humiliation, to touch with rose this dull-gray color of the culmination of his failures. He passed his hand over his eyes, fiercely praying that the tears might not come to add to his disgrace.

And all the while brave little Angy kept smiling, until, with a truly glad leap of the heart, she caught sight of a blue ribbon painted in gold shining on the breast of each one of the twenty-nine women. A pale-blue ribbon painted in gold with—yes, peering her eyes, she discovered that it was the word *Welcome!* The forced smile vanished from Angeline's face. Her eyes grew wet. Her lips trembled. Her proud figure shrank. She turned and looked back at her husband. Not for one instant did she appropriate the compliment to herself. "This is for *you!*" her spirit called out to him, while a new pride dawned in her working face.

Fifty years had she spent apologizing for Abraham, and now she understood how these twenty-nine generous old hearts had raised him to the pedestal of a hero, while she stood, a heroine, beside him. Angy it was who trembled now, and Abe, gaining a manly courage from her need, took hold of her arm to steady her—they had paused on a step near the foot of the stairs—and looking around with his whimsical smile, he demanded of the bedecked company in general, "Ladies, be you a-spectin' the President?"

Cackle went the cracked old voices of the twenty-nine in a chorus of appreciative laughter, while the old heads bobbed at one another as if to say, "Won't he be an acquisition!" And then from among the group there came forward Blossy—Blossy, the pride and beauty of the home; Blossy, atingle with tender feeling; Blossy in a much-mended but delicate real old-yellow lace gown; Blossy, smiling such a smile as would have made you think of old romances and young hearts' follies, of rosemary and hearts-ease, of threescore years and ten dreaming back to sweet sixteen in the chimney-corner, of all the sweet, silly things of youth which, happily, age sometimes

cannot forget. She held her two hands gracefully and mysteriously behind her back as she advanced to the foot of the stairs. Looking steadily into Abraham's eyes, she kept smiling, until he felt as if the warmth of a belated spring had beamed upon him.

"The President!" she twittered as she paused, her hands still carefully held behind her. "Are we expecting the President?" she repeated, laughing. "You dear man, what is the President to us? We are welcoming you—Y O U."

Abe looked at Angy as if to say, "How shall I take it?" and behold! the miracle of his wife's bosom swelling and swelling with pride in him. He turned back, for Blossy was making a speech. His hand to his head, he bent his good ear to listen. In terms poetical and touching she described the loneliness of the life at the home as it had been with no man under the roof; then, in contrast, she painted it as it must be now that the thirty tender vines had found a stanch old oak for their clinging. "Me?" queried the incredulous Abraham to himself; and as if in answer, Blossy went on in plain terms to assure him, in behalf of all the home, of his welcome—of his warm and sincere welcome—into the circle where he was to be beloved as a brother. Abraham's eyes were wet, but now he did not care. Then Blossy's hands came from their hiding-place behind her back, one holding a huge blue coffee-cup, one the saucer to correspond. She placed the cup in the saucer and held it out to Abraham. He trudged down the few steps to receive it, Angy clinging to his arm, and both he and she trembling. With a burst of delight Abraham now saw that it was a mustache-cup, such as the one he had always used at home, until it had been set for safe-keeping on the top pantry-shelf to await the auction, where it had brought the price of eleven cents. And then he saw, what Angy's quicker eye had already noted, the inscription on the shining blue side of the cup. It read—in warm crimson letters—"To our beloved brother." And it made Abe's sense of genuine welcome complete.

Now this happened to be the 15th of June, the date of Captain Bill

Brown's semiannual visit to Blossy; and, lo! for the first time in all the eight years that Blossy had been in the home, Captain Bill failed to appear. All day long Blossy wore her lace gown, but even-tide came and still no Captain Bill. Then Blossy, quivering with anxiety, dipped into her emergency fund, which she kept in the heart of a little pink china pig on the mantelpiece in her room—a pink china pig with a lid made of stiff black hair standing on edge in the middle of his back—and sent a telegram to the Captain, demanding to know if he were sick. The answer came back slowly by mail to find Blossy on the verge of a nervous collapse, under the care of all the women in the house. That letter Blossy never showed to any one, nor did it find its way into the trunk which set under the attic eaves.

"Dear Betsy Ann," the letter read; "I ain't been sick a minute. Just made up my mind I was an old fool, and was going to quit. If you change your mind any time, you can just let me know by mail.

As ever, YOUR OLD BILL."

The message had an electrifying effect on Blossy. She jumped out of bed, and, going to the mirror, began to remedy the ravages of the last two days by touching up her cheeks. Next she dropped belladonna into her eyes, fluffed her fluffy hair, dressed in her second-best dress, and then, going down into the hall where Abraham sat, wistful, ill at ease, among the twenty-nine, secretly fingering his cold pipe where it rested in his pocket, asked the old man if he would *please* smoke a pipe. It would make the place seem more homelike, and they needed cheering this wet June night. Abraham did not wait for further encouragement.

"That air Mis' Blossy," he remarked to his wife when they were alone—"hy-guy! she's got powers o' penetration. Neow, she seemed to know that I was jest abeout to the end o' my tether fer want o' a real good smoke."

"She's a wonderful woman," heartily agreed Angeline, happier than she had been in many years, rejoicing more and more each day to see that at last her husband was appreciated.

And the beautiful, joy-steeped, pleasure-filled days that followed, during which the little old wife was fairly transformed by her growing pride in Abraham, very much as if, still old in years, she had been made young by the advent of an infant prodigy to call her own! Abraham was made the centre of the little community. The ladies vied with one another to see how much they could do for the one man among them. In all the affairs of the household, his wishes were consulted first. Every morning, at breakfast, the sister in charge of the cooking for that week would ask him what kind of dessert he preferred for dinner. Their desserts were limited in variety according to cost and the resources of the garden, but still Abraham was asked, and still he answered with becoming dignity and judgment. At noon it was, "What shall we have for supper, Brother Abraham?" and he would sit a whole half-hour discussing the problem. At the day's end, when they sat watching the sun go down, through the dining-room windows, and recalled other tea-times, other sunsets, it would be, "You sure you want pancakes again to-morrow morning, Abraham?" It was Blossy who discovered that Abraham liked griddle-cakes for his breakfast all the year through. He had never dreamed of such a luxury at the Old Ladies' Home. It was Blossy who suggested that at each pie-baking and cake-making a little saucer pie or cake should be made for Abraham, because he was partial to edges. The old gentleman began to feel like a lordly young boy, with thirty mothers bent on spoiling him.

When he lay down for his afternoon nap the ladies would gather in groups outside his door, waiting for him to awaken, saying to one another ever and again, "Shoo, s-s-s-shoo!" He professed to scoff at the attentions he received, to grunt and to growl "Humbug!" yet, nevertheless, he thrived in the latter-day sunlight. His old bones took on flesh. His aged, kindly face, all seamed with care as it had been, filled out, the wrinkles turning into twinkles. Abraham was growing young again. With the return of his youth came the spirit of youth to the Old Ladies' Home. Verily, verily, as Blossy had avowed from

the first, they had been in sore need of the masculine presence. The apathy of old-ladyhood had hung over them. Spinster, wife, and widow, they had every one been touched with the blight of the testy just-soness of the old maid.

Now, instead of fretful discussions on health and food, there came to be laughter and light chattering all the day long. The melodeon was opened, and Miss Abigail played "Old Hundred," and Abraham was encouraged to pick out with one stiff forefinger "My Grandfather's Clock." There was gossiping, such as you hear among young folks—now, the story is almost here; there was the singing of "hymn tunes" in chorus, and of old, old love-songs, while the oldest lady of all, Nancy Smith, ran her memory-charged fingers over the harp which went with her wherever she journeyed, but which she had not touched before in thirty years.

But, alas that one should have to tell it! Abraham did not always share his pleasures with the entire establishment. Had you been there you could not have failed to notice the frequency of his tête-à-tête with Blossy. Sometimes they were over a skein of wool—when had Abe held yarn for Angy's winding? Ay, not once since wooing-time! And sometimes the tête-à-tête were over a task no more romantic than the picking of string-beans in the garden. There were sharp little skirmishes of wit between Blossy and Abraham on the staircase; the telling of old sea-tales from him and the murmurings of poetry from her under the stars on the porch, while Angelina called softly from her window again and again that it was time for "father" to go to bed, and half the old ladies kept relentless eyes on the clock until the couple should come indoors.

Abraham's birthday—could he really be seventy-one?—came early in September, and Blossy suggested that as an evidence of their affection the old ladies should give him a pink tea. Abraham himself and half the old ladies had never attended a tinted tea; but they one and all seized upon Blossy's idea as if it were a veritable inspiration. Such preparations for that tea! Blossy had every man and boy she knew in the village bring from the meadows armfuls of the

pink marshmallow for the decorations. She made pink icing for the cake. She transformed her pink china pig—his lid left up-stairs—into a sugar-bowl. Abraham used to grow dizzy afterward trying to recall the number of pink articles which graced that tea; but the most delightful part of it all was his birthday present, which came as a complete surprise after the discussion of the pink strawberry gelatine. It was a square five-pound parcel, wrapped in pink tissue-paper, tied with pink string, which was discovered to be so much Virginia tobacco which Blossy had inveigled some old Southern admirer into sending her "for charitable purposes."

After the presentation of this valuable gift, Abraham felt that the time had come for him to make a speech—practically his maiden speech. He said, as a beginning, more blandly at his ease than he would have believed possible, secure of sympathy and approbation, that all the while he had been at the home he had never before felt the power to express his gratitude for the welcome that had been accorded him—the welcome that seemed to wear and wear as if it were all wool and a yard wide and could never wear out. The old ladies nodded their heads in approval at this, their faces beaming; but as the speech went on they perceived that he had singled out Blossy for special mention—Blossy, who had made it possible for him to enter the home; Blossy, who had given up her sunny south chamber to him and his wife; Blossy, who had been as a guardian angel to him (he said the words boldly, "guardian angel"); Blossy, who, as a fitting climax to all her sisterly attentions, had given him to-day this wonderful, wonderful pink tea and this five pounds of "Virginny terbaccer." He hugged the tobacco close to his bosom, and went on, still praising Blossy, this innocent old gentleman, while Blossy buried her face in the rose flush of a marshmallow, and the other old ladies stared from him to her, with their faces growing hard and cold.

When Abraham sat down, aflush with pride in his triumph over the English language, his chest expanded, his countenance wrinkled into a thousand generous, guileless, happy smiles, there was

absolute silence. Then Blossy, her head still held down as if in shy confusion, began to clap her hands daintily together, whereat a few of the others joined her half-heartedly.

A sense of chill crept over Abraham. Accustomed to unconcealed approbation did he but say "Good morning!" the old man dimly perceived that something had gone amiss. As always when aught perplexed him, he turned his eyes to Angelina in search of an explanation, but there was Angy, her face averted, rising from the table. Up from the table she arose, and tramped with quick, decided little steps to the door, her proud head held so high that it tilted backward. Abraham cleared his throat, more puzzled than before, next turning his inquiring eyes as a matter of course to her whom he had called his guardian angel. But she was rising, too, a baffling, expectant smile on her face, the marshmallow blossom swinging in her dainty hand, as if to the measure of some music which she alone could hear. Blossy had worn that expectant look on her face all day. She might have been delightedly hugging to her bosom a secret which not even Abraham shared. She was gowned in her yellow lace, and such was the natural sparkle of her eyes and the rose tinge of her cheeks that even Abraham knew that she had found no need to resort to artificial means of making herself beautiful to-day.

He wished to get up and follow his two best friends, but some unseen force seemed to keep him bound in his chair at the tea-table. Not another lady moved. They all sat there in a silence which was fast growing appalling. Only the young matron was absent, for she had wisely left her charges alone to-day. Still perplexed by the foreign feel of the air, Abraham turned first to one old face and then to another. Some of the old ladies were looking at him, their dim eyes aflash. Some were gazing down at their plates, as if in shame. He turned his perplexed head and looked behind his chair for an explanation. But there was nothing save the familiar picture on the wall of two white kittens playing with a bunch of purple lilacs.

Then there broke upon the stillness the quavering old voice of Nancy Smith.

from where that matriarch sat at the head of the board. The aged dame had her two hands clasped before her on the edge of the table, vainly trying to steady their palsied shaking; her eyes, bright, piercing, age-defying, she fixed upon Abraham with a look of incomprehensible reproach; her unsteady head bobbed backward and forward with many an accusing nod.

"Cap'n Rose," she began. Brother Abraham Rose pricked up his ears at the formal address. "Cap'n Rose," she repeated, deliberately dwelling upon the title, "I want ter ask yer jest one question: Whar, whar on 'arth kin we look fer decent, respectable behavior ef not in the Old Ladies' Home? Would you," she went on, earnestly, lifting her forefinger and pointing it at the man—"would you—?"

Abraham caught his breath. With a look of horrified bewilderment, he burst forth hoarsely:

"Wait a minute, Miss Nancy. Wait a minute. Would it be tew much fer me ter ask jest what yer meanin' might be?"

The ladies looked at one another, contemptuous, incredulous smiles on their lips, while Nancy's voice only took on a tone of deeper regret and sorrow.

"Cap'n Rose, I be the oldest lady in this here house. I been here the longest; an' all the time I been here I never heerd tell o' no breath o' scandal bein' breathed agin' the place until yew come."

Audible gasps of affirmation came from all the old ladies at this. Abraham could only pass his hand over his confused head and wait, yet knowing very well that none believed that he was all at sea. He heard the quavering old voice of the aged one resume.

"Cap'n Rose," it was saying, "I watched yer ever sence yer come here. Bein' so much older than yew, I felt like a mother ter yew an' Angy. Many an' many's the time I thought I'd speak ter yer; an' now I see the time has come. Cap'n Rose"—in the intensity of her earnestness the spinster arose trembling from her seat and stood resting her hands on the table—"Cap'n Rose, yer conduct with this here Blossy has been something reedic'lous. It's been disgraceful."

Miss Smith sat down. Light had dawned on Abraham's face; but, shame

to tell, it was a light but half remorseful. Then silent laughter lit up his countenance, and then—could it be?—there crept about the lips and eyes of the old man a smile of superbly masculine conceit. Now, plump, short-sighted Miss Abigail found her power of speech, she who could not endure seeing any one stand defenceless. Her words hurried over to Abraham's assistance.

"Of course, Brother Abe," she said, kindly, "we all know it must 'a' been a great temptation. Blossy is so susceptible. But then," added Abigail, with a dubious note, "you might of spared her."

The old gentleman pushed his chair back from the table and crossed his legs comfortably. For him all the chill had gone out of the air. He reflected that he had not felt so absurdly master of the situation since the day he bought his wedding beaver. Nevertheless, he attempted a display of contrition as he repeated:

"Susceptible! Susceptible! Waal, waal!" He had not a suspicion of the meaning of the word, and Miss Abigail, once a school-teacher, saw that she must elucidate.

"You know, she is the kind of a woman liable to fall in love with almost anything with hair on its face."

Abe could not refrain from a chuckle as he stroked his Lincoln-like beard complacently. "Waal, I can't help that, kin I?" he demanded.

His very evident hardness of heart so horrified the old ladies that they all began to attack him at once.

Said one, "'Ye were a stranger, and we took ye in.'"

Another added, with acidity, "An' a lot o' thanks we got fer it, tew; you been an' made at least tew o' us miserable."

The old man's mobile face clouded over. "Tew?" he faltered. "Yew mean Blossy an'—an'—?" Silence again fell on the group, while every eye was fastened on Abraham. "See here!" He flashed his faded blue eyes. "See here! Yew ain't a-talkin' about my wife?"

"Your wife!" they all cried at once, accusingly.

Abraham was honestly concerned and distressed now. Rising from his place, he besought them pleadingly, "Angy hain't hurt in her feelin's, be she?"

The faces softened, the figures relaxed, the tide of feeling changed in Abraham's favor. Some one spoke up very softly, "You know that 'even the Lord thy God is a jealous God.'"

Abraham grasped the back of his chair for support, his figure growing limp with astonishment. "Mother jealous of me?" he whispered to himself, the memory of all the years and all the great happenings of all the years coming back to him. "Mother jealous of me?" He remembered how he had once been tormented by jealousy in the long, the ever so long, ago; and of a sudden he hastened toward the door. "That's another question," he muttered, as he went, half running, out into the hall. There he noticed a strange man standing as if waiting for some one, but he did not give the stranger a second glance. Up the stairs Abe trudged, all forgetful of the halt of rheumatism, and went directly to his bedroom door. He turned the handle. The door did not open. It was locked.

"Angy!" he called, a fear of he knew not what gripping at his heart. "Angy!" he repeated, as she did not answer. For a while he waited, hearing the tramp of feet passing out of the dining-room into the hall. He thought he heard Blossy tripping down-stairs. He knew that, gathered in the hall below, they might all hear what he should say. Nevertheless, he called again, his voice raised in piteous pleading, "Angy!"

At last she opened the door and came out into the hall. He saw that she had been crying, and saw how it hurt her pride to know that he perceived the evidences of her tears. Her head was held high in that proud gesture he knew so well. She did not look at him. She had left the room door open, as if to assume that he had merely wished to go inside. In a husky voice she said, "I'm a-goin' out fer a leetle walk," and would have passed him, but he caught her by the arm and looked down into her face.

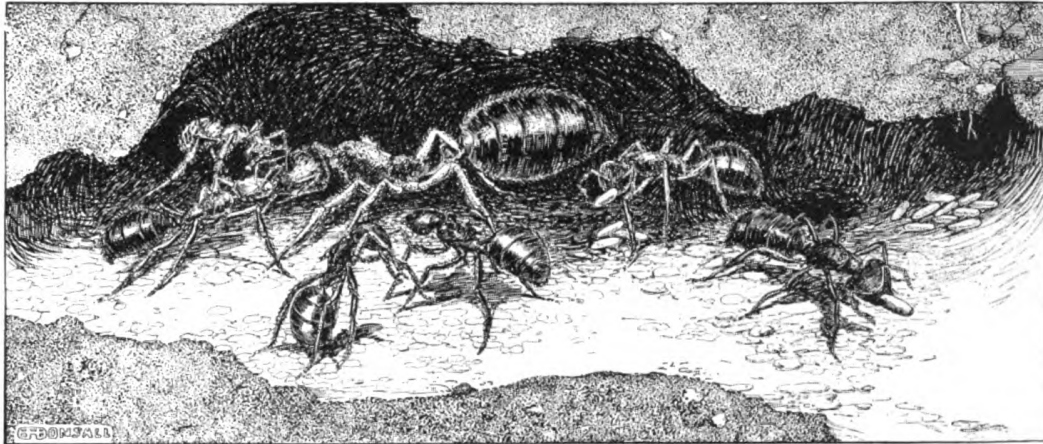
"Poor leetle mother!" he muttered, a world of remorseful pity in his voice. "Poor leetle mother! Yew been jealous o' yer old man?" She tried to wrench herself free, unable to speak, but he slipped his arm around her, and, bending, brushed his lips against her cheek. "Thar! thar!" he muttered, soothingly.

"Thar! thar! I didn't mean nothin'; I can't help it ef all the gals git stuck on me."

She struggled silently, whereupon he released her, a curiously amused and pleased smile of irrepressible conceit crossing his face as he hastened after her down the stairs. Both realized that all the household was gathered in the lower hall, but Angy felt that she must get away from Abe, and Abe felt that he must follow and appease Angy. When they reached the foot of the stairs they saw the strange man among the ladies—a man very stout, very bald, with a painfully red face, and such hair as he had of snowy white. Blossy, now with a dainty toque perched upon her head and her broché shawl around her shoulders, was talking to him gayly; and as the Roses joined the group she seized him by the hand and led him forward to meet them. Her face was radiant. You could see the secret about to pop out at lips and eyes.

"Oh, Sister Angy and Brother Abe," she cried, "we were waiting for you. I've got some news for all my friends." Turning gracefully, she included the others in her glance. "The pink tea, I want you all to know, had a double significance. First, of course, it was to celebrate Brother Abe's birthday; but next it was my farewell to the home." Here Blossy gurgled, and gave the man at her right such a coy glance that he turned from red to purple with embarrassment. "I left the tea a little early—you must forgive me, Brother Abe, but I had heard the carriage drive up to the door." Abe stood beside Angeline, rooted in astonishment, while Blossy continued to address him directly. "The picture of your happiness, dear man, with Angy there, was more than I could endure. My friends," again she included the entire home in her glance, "this is Captain Bill Brown. We're coming back to say good-by; but now we're on the way to the minister's."

The pair moved toward the door, Blossy's hand clasped fast in Captain Bill's, her dainty lace skirts sweeping the floor. On the threshold of the home she turned and waved to them, while the Captain bowed in grave silence. Then quickly the two passed out upon the porch.



THE FOUNDATION OF THE COMMONWEALTH

Ant Communes

THE PROBLEM OF COMMUNAL DEPENDENTS

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

IT would perhaps be pushing metaphors to an unwarranted extreme to speak of "dignity of labor" in connection with the occupations of ants. But if by the phrase we mean that labor is the honorable lot of all citizens, and that all labors of whatever sort are upon the same level of respectability, then we might venture to apply the saying even to the labors of an ant-hill. For therein all are workers, from the newly fledged calow to the veteran of a second summer.

Therein is no taboo upon "hand toil." All forms thereof are equally creditable. We are reminded of the simpler state of society in the pioneer days of the United States and Canada and the British colonies. Indeed, it is the natural social order of human communities, until great possessions, earned and inherited, or usurped, create a favored class. Surely this is an ideal republic—no idlers, no tramps, no citizen-parasites, no misers, no spendthrifts, no paupers!

This inviolable law of the emmet republic needs to be restated when we come now to consider what seems to be an exception thereto. We have seen that

the population of ant communities is largely composed of the larvæ and pupæ, the helpless younglings from whom the future citizens must come, and whose nurture is the chief aim of the active commonwealth.

These immature dependents are very numerous, so much so that one would think that they alone might tax the resources of any society. Nor is it simply a problem of crude labor, quantitative energies herein involved. As an outside intelligence views the situation, there is a large field for the exercise of qualitative energies also in the rearing of these youngling ants.

We have already seen how the detail of so-called "courtiers," in a circle of ceaseless vigilance around the fecund queen, manages to secure the eggs and transfer them to the charge of the nursing detail. It is manifest that the process by which these minute specks of vitality that carry within them the future of the community are tended—cleaned, fed, shielded from changes of weather and all hostile influences—must involve a good deal of delicate and discriminating care.

The eggs soon become larvæ—small, soft, and extremely fragile objects which need dainty handling to nurse into vigorous life. They grow rapidly; and one must suppose that the portioning of food to the changing grades of age and strength requires such qualities as we are wont to ascribe to a considerate mind.

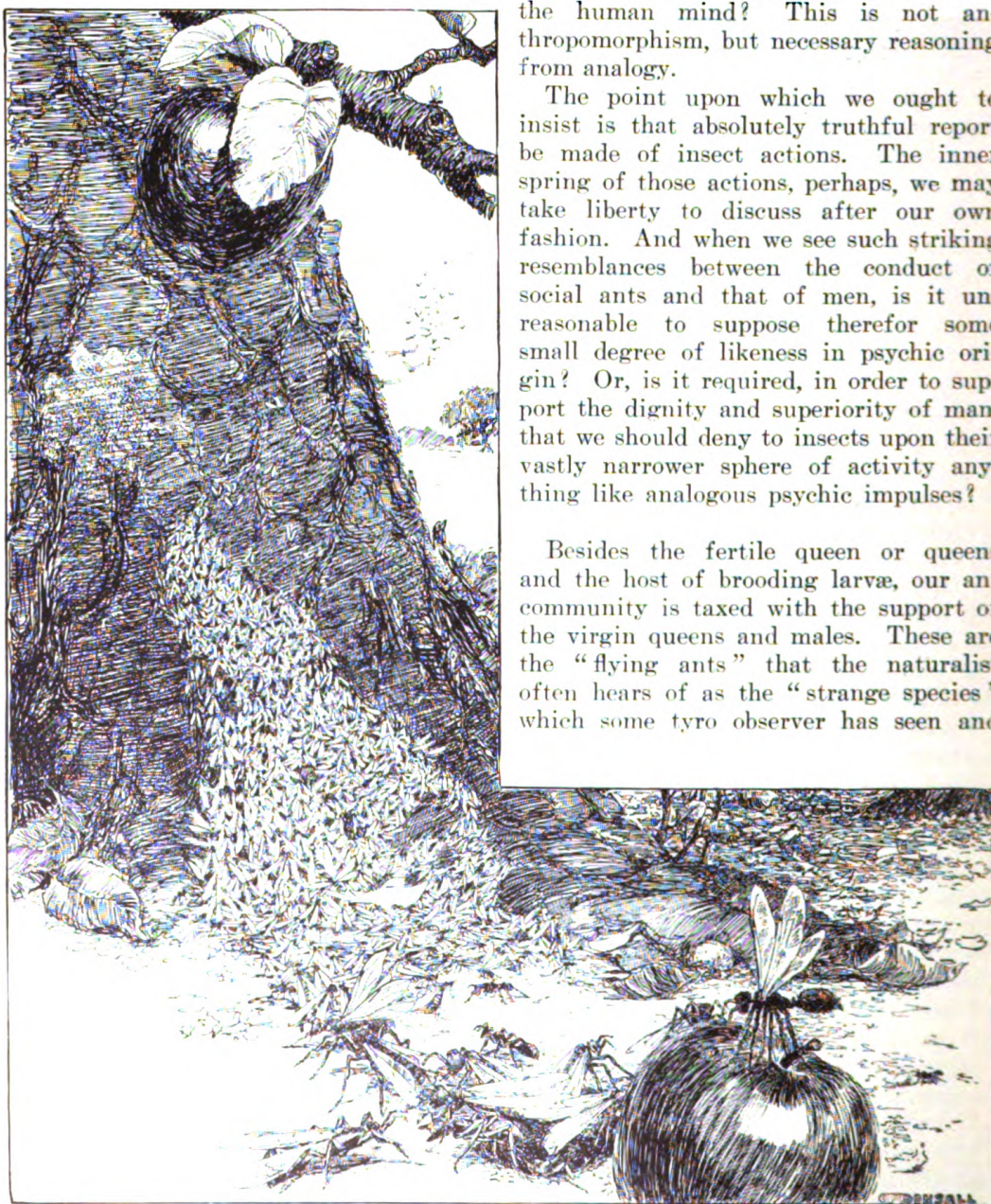
Again, as the larvæ pass into the pupa stage they demand a different character of treatment, which must call into play faculties, or at least activities, that with

men would imply reflection and wise selection and decision.

This, of course, is reasoning that can be dismissed cavalierly with the cry of "Anthropomorphism!" But, in our ignorance of insect psychics, and our inability to grasp and analyze sympathetically that psychic force which we call instinct, what remains for us but to judge discreetly and proportionately the mental processes of our little brothers of the ant city by the rules which order our decisions upon the operation of the human mind? This is not anthropomorphism, but necessary reasoning from analogy.

The point upon which we ought to insist is that absolutely truthful report be made of insect actions. The inner spring of those actions, perhaps, we may take liberty to discuss after our own fashion. And when we see such striking resemblances between the conduct of social ants and that of men, is it unreasonable to suppose therefor some small degree of likeness in psychic origin? Or, is it required, in order to support the dignity and superiority of man, that we should deny to insects upon their vastly narrower sphere of activity anything like analogous psychic impulses?

Besides the fertile queen or queens and the host of brooding larvæ, our ant community is taxed with the support of the virgin queens and males. These are the "flying ants" that the naturalist often hears of as the "strange species" which some tyro observer has seen and



Drawn by E. F. Bonsall

THE SWARM

reports as a rare phenomenon. And such it is, even to the experienced entomologist, though not in the sense of an unusual occurrence.

For ants are not apterous insects, unless we take the worker as the original type of the order. The parents of nearly all known species have, and from a remote period have had, wings. These have been lost to the maternal stocks through the exigencies of an underground or interarboreal habitat; and the winged forms have been preserved in females and males to favor that flight and commerce in the air by which species have been preserved and distributed. The swarming of winged ants on a soft September day is a sight not easily forgotten by a new observer, and which is not apt to lose its interest to the adept. As often as the writer has seen it, he still feels the thrill of excitement that pervades the commune as he sees the hosts of winged creatures pour out of the formicary gates.

Here, beneath a young apple-tree, is a nest whose existence had not been suspected until, in passing it, the free soil around the trunk was seen to be alive with a seething mass of yellow ants—males, females, and workers intermingled. They ascend the tree, whose surface is fairly covered with them. The gauzy wings of the sexed forms glisten in the sunlight as they march along. The workers hurry back and forth among the hordes upon the ground. Some join the column upon the tree trunk. They seem to encourage their winged protégés to take flight, even nipping them at times with their jaws to hasten departure. They are in a fever of excitement.

And well they may be. For this is the grand event to which a good half of the summer's work has steadily led. Thenceforth the commune shall be free from the immense burden of supporting this army of non-workers. How many of them there are! Numbers are continually taking flight, away into the brilliant sunshine, until they are lost to sight. But others still are streaming out of the city gates to join their winged comrades on the tree.

Like scenes are enacted at two other points—the farther twelve feet distant,

under a young pear-tree; the nearer in the shaven orchard sod, midway between the two. These three centres of agitation seem to be parts of a common movement of one great community, whose subterranean quarters intercommunicate across the intervening space. Ere night-fall the crowds of winged forms have disappeared and the city gates are solitary. And this throng of creatures, many hundreds of them, had been wholly dependent for food and care upon the workers of the colony during the entire summer!

Again, on a warm day late in June or early in July, one may see the air, at a short distance above the ground, and for many square yards around, filled so thickly with flying insects that they seem like a thin cloud of quivering mist. They are the sexed forms of a small species of *Lasius*, whose inconspicuous nests are spread numerous over the lawn and field.

Many of these make their exit and marriage-flight at the same time. They rise and fall, and weave in and out through the quivering air in their mating evolution, sporting in the sunlight. They fill one with wonder that such a feeble folk as rule the weak communities whence they issue could bear the burden of nurturing into maturity such swarms of dependents.

But considerable as are these outputs of non-workers, they do not strike the imagination so forcibly as some of the well-authenticated accounts of immense marriage-flights of ants that have been published.* It seems incredible that the whole surface of a lake—of two lakes, in fact—should be covered so thickly with these winged creatures that they could be pushed up by passing boats into windrows several inches high and extending from shore to shore on all sides. Yet such was the observation of the late Mr. William C. Prime, of New York City, published by the author's request in the *Journal of Commerce*. The scene of the incident was Lake Lonesome and another lake in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

* See for details Chapter II. of the author's *Nature's Craftsmen: Field Days with Insects and Araneads*. Harper and Brothers, New York.

It is interesting to note that this is not a novel occurrence. Such disasters have marked the history of flying ants from the earliest ages. Professor William M. Wheeler, of New York, spent the summer of 1906 in the Florissant fields of Colorado, noted for their rich yields of fossil insects and spiders. This ancient Florissant lake-basin lies among a series of low-wooded hills and ravines. At the period of the Oligocene division of the Tertiary geological era, this elevated lake must have been a beautiful sheet of fresh water. It was hemmed in on all sides by granitic hills, whose wooded slopes came to the water's edge—in this phase not unlike Lake Lonesome, among the White Mountains. Professor Wheeler informs the author that his collections show the fossil ants to be more abundant than any other insects. But only males and females are represented, indicating that these had been submerged in the lake during marriage-flight, precisely like those reported by Mr. Prime.

Thus the vast interval between the present and the Tertiary eras is bridged by a continuity of habit which joins in substantial unity of social behavior the ants of to-day with those of far geological antiquity. In harmony with this is Professor Wheeler's statement that the eight hundred specimens secured all belong to extinct and undescribed species, and all are wonderfully like existing forms.

In every such case the in-

numerable hosts of insects thus massed within a comparatively limited field must have come from a great number of nests dispersed throughout that general locality. We may conclude that the cycle of maturity was completed simultaneously in all these communities, and that similar favorable conditions united to induce contemporaneous flight. The intermingling of the various individual swarms as they were borne along by the wind sufficiently accounts for the extraordinary massing of winged creatures which were swept over and into those White Mountain lakes. This will not wholly explain the phenomena; for the virgin queens and their male partners, in full maturity, have often been seen to be inhabitants of the commune for a considerable period before marriage-flight. Evidently they are prepared for the exit long before it comes, and await therefor some signal from nature, some potent impulse or condition.

Setting aside, then, the completed cycle of maturity as the sole cause of this remarkable assembly, it is interesting and not improbable to suppose that a wave of sympathetic excitement, issuing from a few nests, may have infected all the surrounding section, until by a common impulse the entire emmet population of the mountainside was astir with the fever of flight. We know how in human societies neighboring families, towns, and cities are apt to be seized almost simul-



THE GRUB NURSERY



Drawn by E. F. Bonsall

AT PLAY ON THE PLAZA

taneously with a political or patriotic or religious fervor or revival, that spreads with a swiftness and completeness that are so remarkable as to appear to many quite beyond known causes. With equal celerity and universality, and equal mystery of psychological cause, will panics spread among armies and communities of our race. Psychic contagions are not confined to men. The animal world, in some of its races, at least, is subject thereto; and to these, in some measure, we may attribute the impulse that seizes at once the myriads of winged ants and sets them forth together. This impulse must be felt by the workers also, the rulers of the communes, if indeed it does not originate with them; for their dependents are not always willing exiles from the favored precincts of the home nest. I have seen them turning back at first with manifest reluctance, and seeking to

enter the city gates against the ungentle persuasion of the workers' sharp mandibles. It requires such discipline, and the allied mighty force of a natural instinct, to banish them from their sheltered life of ease in their happy native homes.

It is appalling to think that upon the industrious workers devolves the task of providing food, home quarters, and protection for the many millions of robust creatures that were overwhelmed in the waters of Lonesome Lake, together with the multitudes that must have escaped. And all this in addition to the nurture and care of an equal or even greater number of immature citizens in the form of eggs, larvæ, and pupæ. That this is done, and done effectively, is a marvel of industry and devotion probably unsurpassed in the records of animal life.

Why is this service undertaken? What

is the impelling force to such labors and sacrifice? The answer is not far to find. It is the inborn and ingrained instinct *to preserve the species and the commune*. For that ants live, and for that they die. Their life is ideally altruistic. Nature has so deeply fixed upon their organism the love of their own community and their own kind that there seems to be no room for mere selfish pleasure of any sort. The necessity to maintain by their labors the host of males and virgin queens raises no opposition and apparently excites no ill will. It is a communal necessity. It is exacted by nature. That is enough—for an ant citizen!

I have never noticed the faintest ripple of anger or rude treatment towards these adult dependents by the working castes, suggestive of envy or of impatience under their heavy burdens reacting in violence. Their attitude is invariably helpful when help is needed, and tolerant and good-tempered at all times. Not until the crisis moment of the commune has come, when the great exodus of the sexes is to begin, is there any show of wish to be rid of their charges. And that is controlled by the same imperative spirit of altruism towards the future of the race, and has in it no trace of personal cruelty or hate.

Doubtless, in their brief and strenuous life the pleasures of appetite have some place, although indulged with exemplary moderation. Theirs, too, must be the satisfaction of all normal healthy organisms in natural work and in the achievement of daily rounds of duty. What may be the depth or quality of such feelings in ants we may not know; but surely kindly nature has not denied some just measure thereof to these faithful and laborious creatures! But, as far as the observer can note, these are small factors in determining emmet behavior. And, withal, work is *work*, in an ant city as elsewhere. Its burdens are often severe, its risks are great, and the number of workers daily maimed and slain in the course of duty is a heavy drain upon the vital resources of all such communities.

Yet how diligently their task is wrought, how cheerfully, how patiently, how bravely, how well! Silent citizens

of the ant city! with all his godlike endowments, man may well consider your ways herein as worthy models for his own relations to the commonwealth and the common weal! It may be true that all this admirable conduct is wrought without moral consciousness and free will, such as mark "articulate speaking men," undesignedly, instinctively—automatically, shall we say? But there it is! And it is there by that Over-Thought and Over-Force who appoints destiny and basal character for cities of ants as well as for cities of men. And by this bond and fellowship we may find a common ground for admiration and for imitation.

We have seen that the first eggs laid by the ant queen are embryo workers. This follows necessarily from the fact that new communities arise from single fertile females. The existence and growth of the society require that its first members should be helpers and not dependents. Only when the pioneer colony is strong enough in workers to add to the needful conditions of ordinary life and growth the burden of supporting the males and females do these appear.

The author has not noted in newly dropped eggs any marks indicative of differences between sex-eggs and caste-eggs; nor does he know of observations by other connoisseurs to that effect. If such exist they are of a subtle character and escape ordinary observation. But as the eggs develop into larvæ and begin to grow, they are easily separated into groups by their size according to the nature of castes in any specific nest. So, also, when the larvæ have spun themselves into their cocoons, the workers and the females issue from the large cocoons, and both appear with their own distinctive characters. There is no seclusion of workers for special feeding and care in order to produce queens, as with bees. The larvæ lie in common heaps, and share, as far as can be noted, precisely the same amount of feeding and attention. The worker castes, as well as the males and females, show at once after emergence from the pupal stage their distinctive characteristics, not only in size, but in such a striking

peculiarity as the unusual development of the head of the soldier caste in genera like *Pheidole* and *Atta*.

When the imago life is achieved, the radical difference between the sexes and the worker forms soon appears. The workers excel in complex instincts, and as they turn to their various duties, heretofore described, as nurses, builders, miners, foragers, sentinels, warriors, sanitarians, etc., they display a plasticity of temperament that suggests the possession of mental powers of decided, though limited, qualities. These are much less marked in the virgin queens, where, indeed, they scarcely appear. But after fecundation, dealation, and entrance upon nest-founding, there is a rapid development of latent qualities into action which their important rôle requires.

On the other hand, the males are phenomenally stupid. They are unable to distinguish friends from foes, or to find their way back home when they wander from their nests. The points in which they are richly endowed are the eyes and antennæ, the two sense organs which are connected with the brain, and give that keenness of sight and smell required for their especial function in life—to possess themselves of the female during their nuptial flight.

With these ethnological facts closely corresponds the structure of the brain in the three forms that constitute an ant community. This has been admirably shown by Dr. Forel* in his figures of the brains of the worker, queen, and male of *Lasius fuliginosus*. The brain is relatively large in the worker, the cortical portion extremely rich in cellular elements. It is much smaller in the female, and is almost vestigial in the male, although in the latter the optic and olfactory lobes are large.

Life within the precincts of ant cities is largely hidden from the outside world. However, one may get fairly truthful glimpses thereof from studies of formicaries arranged in glass vessels. Many such, which were artificial only in their

limited spheres and furnished food—for they were built up by the inmates wholly upon their own lines—have yielded the author numerous facts and hints from which he has pictured images of interior life that cannot be far from

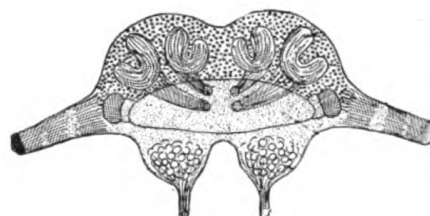


Fig. W



Fig. F.

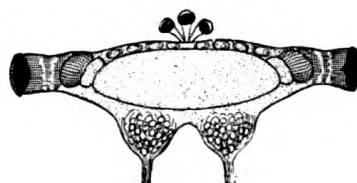


Fig. M.

THE BRAINS OF ANTS—WORKER, QUEEN, MALE
After Forel

correct. Observation of actions on and around the nest exteriors, and analysis of the mounds themselves, have added to the accuracy of such inferences.

But much remains unknown, and we are left largely to conjecture in representing the life of the winged males and females that fill up the cavernous rooms and crowd the galleries of the Allegheny mound-makers and similar emmet architects. We can fancy the industrious workers passing from one to another among these throngs of winged dependents, feeding them from the liquid sweets stored within their crops during foraging trips. How eagerly are welcomed arrivals from the outer world of these

* *Ants and Some Other Insects*. By Dr. August Forel. Translated from the German by Professor William M. Wheeler. The Open Court Publishing Company, Chicago.

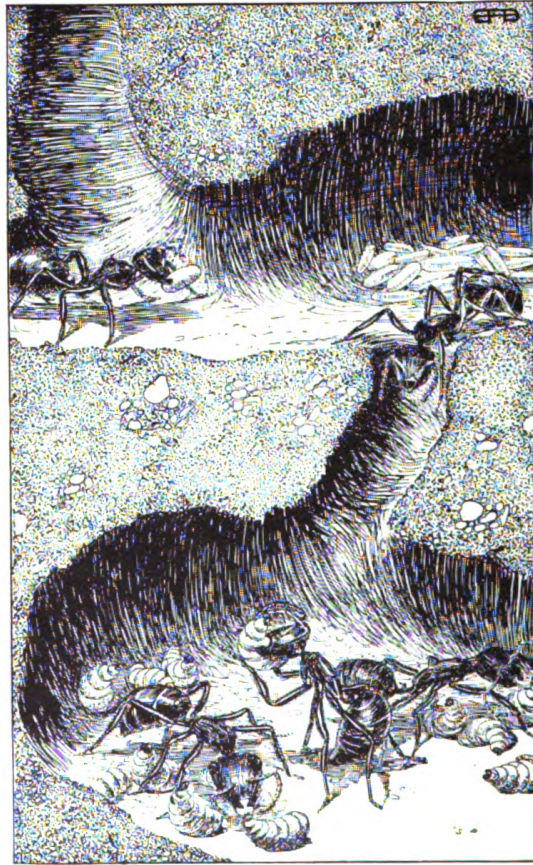
voyagers! And how zealously the incomers hasten to their task! A bevy of boarding-school boys could not give heartier greeting in their living-quarters to the latest arrival from home, laden with spoils of storeroom and kitchen, than they receive. We see the crowding and the general stir as the food-bearers come round; the flutter of wings, the haste and hustling of greedy ones after undue portions, since even an ant-hill is not exempt from such traits. We note the agitation that follows in the trail of the ministering ants as they push their way from point to point, until their exhausted supply warns them to retire from the scene.

What other pleasures than those of appetite are open to these winged dependents? The pleasure of work is denied them by nature. The natural history of social insects gives no examples of more absolute idlers than they. Does time hang heavy as they plunge through the galleries, jostled by the miners and builders, who pay little heed to them as they run to and fro with their burdens? In the domed chambers wherein they congregate, and the swelling bays that relieve the strain of traffic upon the galleried gangways, they huddle and preen their coats, and sleep. What other activities engage their attention in this listless life, in the midst of their strenuous supporters, it were vain, perhaps, further to conjecture.

Such a subterranean career is, from our standpoint, passed in darkness. But we are not to conclude that the same or even an analogous condition exists for our emmet cave-dwellers. There may reach them vibratory remnants of light-rays, in measure and quality quite beyond human appreciation, but which suffice for ants. Moreover, those remarkable olfactory organs, the antennæ, are

so extended and flexible, so sensitive and so capable of conveying a knowledge of environing conditions and relations, that they may easily supplement or even supply the seeming deficiency of light.

Be that as it may, the writer, after the most careful attention of which he is capable, has never been able to note in any species the slightest shock or shrinking when ants issue from their formicary gates into the sunlight, such as one would expect in beings organized after our human fashion. Of



ARRIVAL OF THE FOOD-BEARERS

course, the passage through the vestibule of the gateway, where it exists, affords an opportunity (were such needed) to adapt the eye to such an extreme change. But in our mountain mound-builders, and other species of like habit, there is no measurable vestibule. Besides, the movements of the ants are so rapid that their plunge out of darkness into full light seems to be instantaneous. As all the varied labors of the workers are carried on within the subterranean passages

and rooms without the least embarrassment, those places cannot be so cheerless to the winged idlers as one might fancy. Perhaps the monotony of their inactive career, in such sharp contrast with that of their protectors, may be the chief factor in their discomfort, if any such there be.

Breaks in the monotony of this underground life come to the virgin queens and males in occasional visits to the outer air. These were especially observed during studies of the agricultural ants of Texas (*Pogonomyrmex barbatus*), in the neighborhood of Austin. Such excursions were frequent, and were evidently made simply to enjoy a bit of sport in the sunshine. Both sexes were seen bobbing in and out of the gates, peeping forth and quickly withdrawing, and again venturing one or two feet distant from the entrance upon the smooth disk that surrounds it. However, they rarely went far beyond the gate, and were quick to retire within at any sound or suspicion of danger.

One female reached a grass-stalk near the pavement's edge, and amused herself by swinging upon the blade. On the broad plaza of one city, half a dozen or more young queens were out at the same time. Their play took the form of running up a large pebble near the gate, facing the wind, rising to a rampant posture, and so down again. Several having ascended the stone at one time, there ensued a playful passage-at-arms for position. They nipped one another gently with their mandibles, and chased one another from favorite spots. Their whole demeanor was that of a party of romping youth playing "tag" or "hold the fort" upon a big rock.

While the young queens lightly nipped one another in their game, as dogs at play will do, it was noticed that they never took such liberty with the workers. The latter evidently kept close watch upon the sporting princesses. They occasionally saluted them with their antennæ in the usual way, or touched them at the abdomen, but did not interfere with the sport. Their attitude reminded one of that of an under-teacher or usher charged with the duty

of conducting or overseeing a bevy of seminary girls in their daily exercise in the open air.

In order to test the strictness of this watch, one of the group was thrown by a quick motion of the hand from the vicinage of the gate to the verge of the plaza. She was instantly surrounded by several workers, who began a determined effort to control her action, trying to compel her to return towards the gate. The queenling was confused or stubborn, and opposed her strength quite vigorously to the purpose of the guard. For some time the party floundered among the stumps of grass-stalks in the little clearing on the margin of the plaza, the bulky form of the one stubbornly set against the quiet persistence of the others. It was noticeable that the guards carefully abstained from anything like hurtful violence to their charge, and that she did not attempt to escape by flight. The issue of this trial of will-power was not determined, for the refractory queen was needed as a specimen.

It is perhaps worth noting that the worker castes were never seen at play. If records have been made by other observers of such light behavior on their part, the author has not noted them. The truth seems to be that their life is so strenuous from its first experiences of imagohood to the end of their career that there is no time for recreations of any sort. Work, work, ceaseless work on their endless round of duty, is their lot, varied only by scant periods for eating, for sleep, for personal cleansing, and occasional mutual "shampooing." The amusements of ant communities, such as they are, are limited to the dependent leisure classes. However, it must be remembered that all of the routine labor is not of the exacting sort, like mining and nursing. Moreover, as we have seen, the liberty to "knock off work" at will is one of the inalienable privileges of the caste workers—one that is freely used, but apparently never abused. No doubt, under such a rule, they get more satisfaction, one might even say more enjoyment, out of life than winged idlers whose career is shut in and restricted at so many points that they seem to be little more than privileged prisoners of state.

The Death of the Poet

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE poet lay dying. He was not a good gray poet. Indeed, some of those who pass judgments upon complex lives, with the spontaneity of simple ignorance, would no doubt have called him the bad gray poet. Though he was hardly forty, there were already snow-drifts here and there among his thick locks.

For a long while he had known that he was soon to die. Dreams had told him, and he had seen it written on the faces that looked at him in the street. The foreknowledge did not in the least trouble him. Indeed, while he was far from being a lachrymose sentimentalist, and life had for him even more zest than when he was a boy, yet he had for some time been weary of the long battle, and the news was less the threat of death than the promise of rest.

And now the rest was coming. There was only one consideration that made him cling to life; or rather, suddenly rouse himself to wrest a short reprieve. It was the last sentiment his numerous detractors would have believed of him. Like all really great poets, he was much in debt. Debt, indeed, had hovered like a raven, or rather a cloud of ravens, croaking over the whole course of his life. In his secret heart, and even in occasional outspoken utterance, he held that the world owed him far more than he owed it; yet it should not be said of him that he died in debt! Therefore he had girded himself up to one last tremendous orgy of creation, so that his creditors should be paid to the uttermost farthing. His friends, who knew nothing of the summons that had come to him, for he looked like living for years, marvelled at the sudden outburst of his energy. Sometimes, in a mood of fantastic irony, he would say to them, "Do you know what keeps me alive?" And he would answer, "My creditors"—to their shouts of derisive laughter.

Imagine Pagan Wasteneys giving a thought to his creditors!

But it was true for all that, as Wasteneys's familiar doctor could attest; for on one occasion Wasteneys, being taken with a sudden attack of the heart and apparently near death, had burst into tears—not at the thought of his wife, not at the thought of his two little girls, but at the thought of his creditors. After all, he was to die in debt! That thought alone obsessed him, leaving room for no other—tenderness. However, oxygen granted him still another reprieve, and once more he worked like a madman, till at last he had written enough.

Then, laying down his pen upon the desk for the last time, he said, "I am ready to die."

Thereon his valet undressed him, taking away the clothes he had worn for the last time, and the poet luxuriously stretched himself in the white bed, from which no duty would ever call him to rise again.

For a long while he lay back dreamily enjoying the thought—of his readiness to die. At last he had been able to wring from life the privilege to die.

The faces of his creditors came back to him with a positive beauty, haloed, so to speak, with this last shining achievement. Honest, true-hearted men, he felt that he should care a little to look in their faces once more and shake their hands. Indeed, he almost regretted that he had to die when he thought of their honest faces. What a beautiful world—when to the eyes of a dying poet his creditors even seem beautiful!

Presently he sent for his lawyer, who had helped him through many a difficult pass,—and when the lawyer had come, he stretched out his hands to him.

"Old friend," he cried, "congratulate me. At last the bankrupt has his discharge. The court allows me to die . . ."

"Rubbish!" answered the lawyer;

"none of your death's-head humor. But you really mean that you have finished your book? I do indeed congratulate you . . ."

"Yes! My last book. Unless I should be expected to write for my living in some other world, I have written my last word, dipped my pen in ink for the last time . . ."

The lawyer gently bantered him. "If only it were true," he said, "what good news for your readers! . . ."

"Laugh as much as you like . . . but you will see. A very few days will show."

"You fantastic fellow . . . what do you mean? You know there is nothing whatever the matter with you. You cannot die without some disease, or by some accident—unless you intend to be so commonplace as to commit suicide . . ."

"No! none of those," answered Wasteneys, with his odd smile; "I am going to die—out of sheer weariness; and, by the way, I want you to insist upon this epitaph being engraved upon my urn: 'Pagan Wasteneys. Born 1866; bored to death—1905.'"

"Of course I will promise no such thing," answered the lawyer.

"Well, then I must instruct some mortuary engraver myself. . . . But tell me,—you have brought with you the schedule of my debts? How much exactly do they amount to?"

The lawyer drew a bulky paper from his pocket.

"Here is the schedule," he said, and then glancing at the total of many pages of figures, he answered, "They are close on ten thousand pounds . . ."

"'Tis a good round sum," said the poet, "but in two years I have earned it, every penny, and more besides."

"It is marvellous," said the lawyer.

"It sounds like a dream," said the poet, "but it is true. Think what fun one might have with ten thousand pounds—if one were not going to die . . ."

"Or pay one's debts at last," laughed the lawyer.

"That reminds me that I have a fancy for the manner of paying them, in which I hope you will humor me. I wish to pay each creditor in person, and I wish to pay him in solid gold. I would, therefore, ask you to send out a notice inviting them here at noon to-day week;

that is, Wednesday week—I shall not die till Friday."

Though he was quite serious, the poet could not help laughing at the final touch, and the lawyer joined in. "You humbug!" he exclaimed; but, for all that, the poet was able to convince him of his seriousness after a while.

"I would have them pass before me one by one, as I lie propped up on pillows on my death-bed, and I shall expect each one first to bend down and kiss my hand. Then a clerk will call out his name in a loud voice, and the amount of the debt, and another clerk shall weigh out to him the amount in gold . . . I intend it to be a kind of triumphal lying in state. But we can discuss the exact details later. I feel a little tired. The shadows are already weighing down my eyelids . . ." and the poet laughed again his sad sinister laugh; though, indeed, it was true enough, as the lawyer, looking at him, could not fail to note.

"Good night, old friend," said the poet; "come and see me again to-morrow;" and when the lawyer had gone he once more stretched himself out in the bed, luxuriously murmuring the lines he had murmured nightly for so many years:

"If rest be sweet at close of day
For tired hands and tired feet,
How good at last to rest for aye—
If rest be sweet."

The lying in state, as the poet grimly called it, was conducted exactly as he had conceived it. At first the lawyer had protested that to expect your honest English tradesman to bow the knee and kiss the hand of one of his debtors was out of the question.

"Take my word, friend," said the poet, "when a tradesman is going to be paid a debt he had given up for lost, he will not be particular as to the manner in which he receives it. Indeed, he will be so thankful for it that it will be a natural impulse to fall upon his knees . . . And if they demur," he added, laughing his half-boyish, half-wicked, and quite creepy laugh, "tell them that it is the fancy of a dying man."

When the noon of Wednesday came, the poet lay in his great bed awaiting his creditors. There had only been a

week since his talk with his lawyer, but even that good-natured sceptic had come to admit the truth of his client's prediction. No one could look on that weary form stretched so straight and slim under the clothes, or upon that worn ivory face, without reading the unmistakable signs.

"Do you believe it now?" said the poet to his lawyer. "It is only a jest—you must not take it too seriously. It is only death. Don't be unhappy, old friend. I wish I could make you know how good it feels—to be dying."

Then a little soft-voiced clock chimed twelve times.

"Now for the fun . . ." said the poet, looking up to his friend, with his eyes filled with laughter.

It had been his whim to have his room draped in purple, and over his bed hung a great wreath of laurel still in flower. At one side of the large room was a table also covered in purple, on which were arranged twelve great pyramids of gold pieces, and on two other tables close by were two large bags of orange-colored leather overflowing with silver.

As the clock chimed twelve, two footmen clad in a livery of dull-gold silk, with sprigs of laurel worked upon the collars of their coats, threw open the folding-doors of the spacious room, and a crowd of awed and almost sepulchral English tradesmen entered in a hushed and timorous fashion. They were dressed appropriately, as for a funeral, and a few of them wore crape round their hats. They trod softly, like butlers, and were evidently a good deal overawed and indeed frightened.

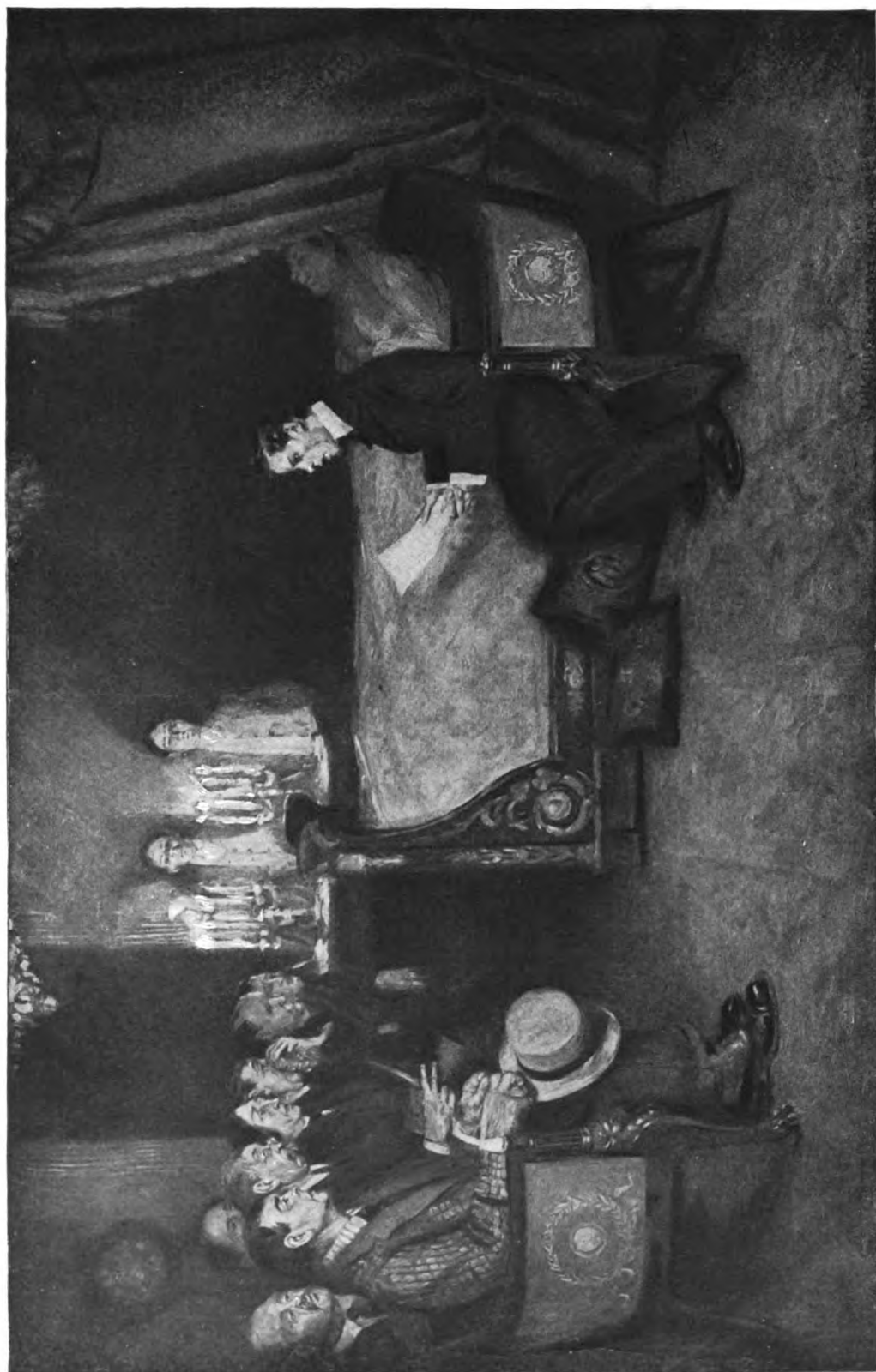
And in truth it was a scene calculated to astonish. For as they entered, there facing them in the middle of the room lay Wasteney, with his eyes closed and his hands crossed, and the great laurel wreath over his head; and to his right, at one side of the room, stood the table heaped with gold, which glittered still more brightly beneath the beams of twelve immense candlesticks. If anything could gleam brighter, it was the eyes of the creditors, whose expression was a mixture of gaping astonishment at the piled-up gold and hushed wonder at the white distinguished figure in the bed.

When they were seated on the gilded

Empire chairs provided for them, a secretary clad in black rose from a seat by the dying man's side and read a brief salutation, in which Pagan Wasteney, a poet of the realm of England, desired upon his death-bed to thank in person those honorable mercers and general purveyors who had for so many years shown him so great a consideration in respect of certain moneys which he owed them in exchange for certain necessities of existence—among which necessities luxuries, of course, being included. Mr. Wasteney desired to add that his delay to satisfy these obligations had come of no wilful neglect on his part, but had been occasioned by the many sorrows—not to speak of the many expenses—incident to the profession of a poet. He had invited them to meet him for the last time in this way that he might personally express his gratitude to them—at the same moment that he satisfied his indebtedness, with compound interest at five per cent.

As the secretary concluded with this eloquent peroration, Wasteney opened his eyes for the first time, and raised his head from the pillow, with a weary attempt at a bow, and motioned with his hand towards the company—his hand thereafter lying white and fragile on the side of the bed. For a moment a smile flickered over his lips, but only his lawyer observed it, and, next moment, he was gravely prepared for the conclusion of the ceremony.

Presently a clerk dressed in a prim costume of the finest broadcloth rose and called out the name of Peter Allardyce, vintner—the names of the creditors being called out in alphabetical order,—at the same time naming the sum of £763.19.7 as due to him, inclusive of interest at five per cent. At the summons, a shy, ruddy man of country build rose from his chair, and being led by one of the footmen to the dying man's side, bent down and kissed the frail hand on the coverlet. Wasteney acknowledged the courtesy with a tired smile, and Mr. Allardyce was then conducted by the footman to the table piled with gold, where another clerk, also dressed in broadcloth, like his fellow, weighed out to him the amount of his debt, pouring the bright gold into a great bag of purple leather.



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

THE AWED TRADESMEN LISTENED TO THE POET'S SALUTATION

"William Dimmock," once more cried out the first clerk, "livery-stable keeper, for carriage-hire, the sum of £378.10.3, inclusive of interest at five per cent."

A lean, horsy little man thereon rose from his chair and went through the same ceremony as his predecessor, retiring also with a great bag of purple leather bursting with gold pieces.

And so the odd ceremony proceeded. It would be tedious to follow it through its details; though one may observe that of all the creditors that followed, the heaviest were Peter Markham, florist, and Jasper Dyce, jeweller, for flowers and gems lavished by the dying man on forgotten women.

When it was all over, and Wasteney was left alone with his lawyer and his physician, he buried his face in the pillows, and laughed as if his heart would break—laughed indeed so violently that his physician had to warn him that such mirth was dangerous in his present state—unless, indeed, he wished to die of laughter.

"No, indeed," said Wasteney; "I have other farewells to make. But, oh, wasn't it delicious! And think of it—like the village blacksmith, I owe not any man! What honest, kind fellows they were! I am so glad to have seen them before I die."

"You must see no one else to-day," said his physician, presently, "if you wish to make those other farewells."

"I have still to-morrow and most of Friday. I shall go out, like Falstaff, 'even at the turning of the tide,'" he said, laughing softly at himself, as he had done all his life, and repeating to himself the phrase that had romantically touched his fancy—"even at the turning of the tide! . . . even at the turning of the tide!"

"What am I dying of, doctor?" he said, presently.

"I can see no reason why you should be dying at all," answered the physician, "unless it is pure whim."

"Perhaps it is partly that," said the poet, "but I think it is chiefly because—I have lived. To live longer would be mere repetition. I have just enjoyed the last new experience life had to give me—and I almost think it was the most wonderful of all. It was the last touch of romance needed to complete a romantic

life—to have paid my debts! You are right. That was indeed enough excitement for one day. I will sleep now—the happiest man in the world."

He had hardly finished speaking before he had fallen into one of those sudden deep sleeps that come and go fitfully with the dying. He lay on his back, his hands crossed, and a smile of infinite serenity and thankfulness on his face. Over his head hung the great laurel wreath, still in flower . . .

Still in flower!

"It is strange that he should choose so deliberately to die—for he has still a great future in store for him," said the physician to himself as he went out, giving on his way certain instructions to the nurse-in-waiting.

The physician, like the majority of human beings, confounded the length of a man's life with the success of it—as was, perhaps, peculiarly natural in a man whose business was the lengthening of human existence. To die before sixty was to him a form of failure, and he himself, already sixty-three, was still, with childish eagerness, pursuing certain prizes, professional and social, at which Wasteney would indeed have smiled. He dreamed, for instance, of a knighthood. Now one of Wasteney's great fears had been that he should not be in a position to die before he was knighted. That had in some degree accounted for the fury of his production during the last two years. He would not indeed have disdained to have been made a lord, but that necessitated living so much longer, and writing so many more words—and really it was not worth it. He regarded his life as completed—at least to his own satisfaction. To take it up again would be to begin an entirely new career. Already, as rich men are said to go through two or three fortunes, Wasteney had run through three careers. Three seemed enough. He had won all the prizes he cared for. The rest could only be humorous. So, "Good-by, proud world; I'm going home!"

Next morning, when his toilet had been made for him by the beautiful nurse-in-waiting and his faithful man servant, Wasteney received his physician and his lawyer; and then, as the little clock chimed the hour of noon, he said,

"It is time for me to begin my farewells."

He made it evident that he wished to be alone, except for his old friend the lawyer. So, when the two were left together in the room, he turned to the lawyer and said,

"Dear friend, bring me the Beautiful Face . . ." adding, "the key is here under my pillow."

Taking the key, the lawyer unlocked an old cabinet in a shadowy corner of the room, and presently returned to the bedside, carrying in his hands a small urn of exquisite workmanship. Placing it on a low table near to the poet's hand, the lawyer, who had been the confidant of the poet's tragedy, made a sign of understanding, and left the room.

On the wall facing the end of the poet's bed had hung for seven years the picture of a marvellously beautiful girl. She was so exceptional in her beauty that to attempt description of her would be futile. Suffice it that her face—framed in night-black hair, and tragically lit by enormous black eyes—was chiefly remarkable for the nobility of its expression and for its sense of elemental power. It was a face full of silence—a dark flower of a face, so to say, rooted deep down in the mysterious strengths of nature. If one may use such an expression of a thing so delicate, she seemed like a rock of beauty, against which a whole world of men might dash their tribute hearts in vain. Other faces might seem more attractive, more formally beautiful, but to few faces had it been given to concentrate the cold imperialism of beauty as it was concentrated in this exquisite face.

This face was the real meaning of the poet's life. The rest was mere badinage, screening a sad heart. This face was the real meaning of the poet's gladness at his approaching death. This life held no more expectations for him—but the next? Who knows?—perhaps to-morrow night he would be with her in Paradise.

Looking long at the picture of the Beautiful Face, he turned—to the Beautiful Face itself; for it had now been silver dust for four years. Drawing the urn to him, he read once more the name upon the little gold plate let into the bronze:

Meriel Wasteney: Died March 16, 1900.

And underneath the name he read some lines inscribed upon the gold:

O Beauty, art thou also dust?

These silver ashes—can it be

That you, thus silting through my hand,
Once made a madman out of me!

"And a madman still," he added, laughing sadly to himself.

Then raising the lid of the urn, he looked in. The white ash filled but half the little urn. Gently thrusting in his hand, he let the ashes sift through his long fingers over and over again, and as he did so he gazed at the Beautiful Face upon the wall . . .

After a while he replaced the lid upon the urn, and lay back with closed eyes—thinking of it all.

Presently the lawyer returned softly into the room, and fancying him asleep, was about to leave again, but Wasteney had heard him.

"Is that you?" he said. "Come to me. I have said good-by. You know where my ashes are to lie."

The lawyer assented, locking the urn once more in the cabinet, and bringing the key back again to Wasteney. The little urn, as I have said, was as yet only half filled.

The two friends sat silent together for a long time, saying nothing, for there was nothing to say. Both knew all.

After a while the poet turned to his friend. "Will you ask Isabel, my wife, to come to me?" he said. And presently there entered the room a woman so fragilely beautiful that she seemed to be made of moonbeams. She was indeed, compared to the Beautiful Face on the wall, as the moon to the sun. That, alas! had been her place in the poet's life. She had been the moon to the Beautiful Face. And yet, in his strange way, the poet had always loved her, deep down—

"Very deep down!" she used to say sometimes, with a sad smile.

As she came and sat beside him, he took her face tenderly in his hands, and looked and looked into her fairy blue eyes without a word. A curiously lined face it was for so young a woman—all beautiful silver lines filled with delicate refinements of thought and feeling. "Suffering," said the ignorant world, attributing these



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Huchcock

HE LET THE ASHES SIFT THROUGH HIS LONG FINGERS

silver lines to the unfaithfulness of the poet. Yet, as a matter of fact, Isabel's face had been hardly less lined when she was twenty. The poet and the years together had barely added half a dozen lines. In fact, nature had seemed to intend, when making Isabel's face, to show that beauty is something more than velvet skin and dreamy eyes and rounded contours; to prove that nothing is needed for the making of a beautiful face but—light. Isabel's face, indeed, seemed made of light. The lines in it were like rays of brightness, and her eyes like deep springs of purest radiance.

There was, after all, something in Isabel's face that the poet had seen only there, something "fairy" that he had never ceased loving better than anything else in the world. But Life had had its way with them. Strong currents beyond the control of either had torn them apart, brought them together again, and then again torn them apart. Still, they had never really lost faith in each other's natures, and though an impertinent world had misunderstood their mutual forbearance, they had never misunderstood each other.

"Isabel!" said the poet, still holding her face like a star in his hands, "I am going to die, and I have called you to congratulate me—as I know so wise a girl will. For we both know, better than any one, that it is best."

Isabel's eyes filled with tears, and releasing her face from his hands, she buried it in the bedclothes. Presently mastering her feeling, she raised her head again, and looking with infinite pity into the poet's eyes, she said:

"Oh, my dear boy,—cannot you be human at last: just once before you die? I have always thought of you like some Undine, a beautiful, gentle, elemental being,—lacking only a human soul. Indeed, sometimes I have thought of you as a god—sitting aloof from our everyday little interests,—but God knows I have loved you all the time, and you only shall I love in all my life . . ."

The poet once more took her face in his hands, and looking into her Nereid eyes, he said: "Wife, dear wife,—forgive the sorrow I have brought you. If there was any joy, remember that. Life is very difficult, very strange. It was all

no fault of ours, not even mine. I see it now very clearly—now that I am dying. I see how wrong I have been,—I see how right. I see how right you have been,—I see how wrong. Let us forgive each other. Let us be in love again before I die. Give me your eyes. Let me kiss them once before I die . . ."

Then, a sudden thought taking him, "I wonder, dear," he said, "if you can find my Euripides. There is a passage I am thinking of in the *Alcestis*. It would comfort me to hear it again . . ."

Presently his wife brought him the volume, and turning over the pages, the poet at last found the passage he was in search of.

"Yes! this is it," he said:

"*'Now have I moored my bark of life in a happier haven than before, and so will own myself a happy man.'*"

Then leaning back on his pillow, "Tell me, Isabel," he said, "why is there so mysterious a comfort in words?"

"Alas! dear, it is for you to tell me," she said, stroking his hair; "you have loved words so well—and made so many beautiful words."

"I know you think that I have loved nothing but words," said the poet; "I wonder if it is true? . . . I think not."

"I think you meant to love life as well," she answered, kissing his brow gently.

She smoothed his hair a long while as they sat in silence together—the past rolling over them like a river.

Presently Wasteneys broke the silence. "I have walked in a vague course!" he said,—*"walked in a vague course! . . . if you will forgive,"* he added, presently, *"my quoting once more. A dying man should not quote. He is expected to say something original. Well, I will try to-morrow . . ."*

Then there fell over him once more that anteletal drowsiness of death, and murmuring again, "I have walked in a vague course!" he fell asleep.

When she was sure he was asleep, his wife bent over him and kissed his lips.

"After all," she said, "he has never grown up. He is a baby still—just a child, that is all . . ."

Wasteneys awoke after a little while, to find himself alone, save for the silent presence of his lawyer.

"I fell asleep," he said, "foolishly

enough—for I have little time to waste; and I shall soon have all the sleep I want . . .” Then, after a pause, he added: “I wish to say good-by to my little girls. Will you have them brought to me?”

Presently there entered the room two beautiful children, one about twelve years old, and the other five. They came hand in hand, laughing, and ran to their father's bed, gleefully ignorant of the significance of the still room, of the purple hangings, of the white figure in the bed.

“Daddy! daddy!” they cried, climbing upon the bed. “What a time it is since we saw you! . . . Tell us a story right away.”

The father took the long brown-gold curls of the elder girl in his hands, and stroked the sunshine head of the little one. “Kiddies,” he said, after a while, “your daddy is going on a long journey. Will you think of him and love him while he is gone?”

“Where are you going, daddy?” asked the two young voices.

“Oh, ever so far! It's a country called ‘East of the Sun and West of the Moon.’”

“Oh, take us with you, daddy. It sounds such a lovely place.”

“I cannot take you with me, kiddies,—but perhaps mother and you and I will meet there one of these days . . . if we're all very good!”

“I wish we could go with you now, daddy,” said the elder girl; and the younger, out of sheer reverence for her elder sister, repeated her.

“I wish we could go with you now, daddy,” she said.

“No,” said the father; “you must stay behind and look after Little Mother. She would be so lonely without you.”

The children, with the volatility of their age, accepted this explanation, and presently once more turned to their father with a demand for a story.

“No!” he said; “it is your turn to tell me a story. I am tired to-day. You, Pervenche, must say for me ‘The Three Kings,’ and you, Yolla, must say ‘The White Bird.’ I haven't heard you say them for quite a long time.” And each standing up in turn, like a corporal saluting his captain, Pervenche and Yolla recited their little pieces; and as they recited, the tears rolled down their father's cheeks.

“You are crying, daddy,” suddenly exclaimed the little one. “What are you crying for?”

The poet was crying because, among all the many human experiences he had missed, he had missed his children too.

Their nurse near at hand rescued him from the dilemma. “Daddy is tired,” she said; “bid him good-by . . .”

And, wonderingly, the little creatures obeyed; but the tiny Yolla, already a sturdy sceptic, kept asking, when they were once more in the nursery, “I wonder why daddy cried!”

When his little girls had gone, Wasteney's turned to his lawyer.

“What time is high tide to-day?”

He asked the question wearily, almost querulously; for, after all, he was seriously dying.

“I will look in the newspaper,” said the lawyer; and having looked, he answered, “At three minutes past four.”

“When will the tide turn?” asked the dying poet.

“It keeps at full for perhaps a quarter of an hour, and then begins to ebb.”

“That gives us from now about four hours,” said the poet. “Four hours. At the turning of the tide. Four hours . . . and then!”

Wasteney's lay still after this, with his eyes closed.

Presently he roused himself. “I have one more farewell to make,” he said; “will you ask them to bring me my children? . . .”

“Your children?” The lawyer, good friend as he was, did not at first understand.

“Yes! My children. Please have them bring me my children.”

Wasteney's servant, happening to come into the room at the moment, beckoned the lawyer, and explained his master's meaning.

“Yes!” answered the lawyer, soothingly, after this informatory pause, “they shall be brought to you.”

Then presently there entered two men servants carrying two high piles of books. Placing them on a table, they left the room, returning in a few moments with two more piles. Once more they went out and returned, their arms still laden with books.

Meanwhile a new life seemed suddenly



Drawn by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

"LET ME SEE THEM ALL, LET ME TOUCH THEM," HE SAID

to have animated the poet's frame. His eyes shone, and he struggled to raise himself in the bed. The lawyer packed the pillows at his back, and he sat up.

"Put them at the end of the bed," he said; "let me see them all, let me touch them . . ."

When his wish had been carried out, and the servants departed, he leaned over the books and stroked them affectionately again and again.

"So you are really mine—really my children," he said.

"Did I really write them?" he said, presently, turning to his friend. "So many?"

"Yes, dear friend, you wrote them all," answered the lawyer, too solemnized to jest; for he saw that it was close on the turning of the tide.

"How many are there?" asked Wasteneys, leaning back, already weary with the excitement.

"I will count them . . ." said his friend, and presently announced that there were fifty-three volumes.

"Fifty-three!" exclaimed Wasteneys; "and how old am I?"

"Thirty-nine, next month," said the lawyer.

"Next month!" said the poet.

Then he turned again to his friend.

"Read me a page here and there," he said; "I will be my own critic. Even a critic at the point of death may be expected to tell the truth. Read to me, that I may know before I die that something in all those fifty-three volumes may perhaps be worth while."

"What shall I read?" asked the lawyer.

"Read me 'What of the Darkness?'"

And the lawyer read:

"What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?
Are there great calms, and find ye silence
there?

Like soft-shut lilies, all your faces glow
With some strange peace our faces never
know,

With some great faith our faces never
dare—

Dwells it in Darkness? Did ye find it
there?

"Is it a Bosom where tired heads may lie?
Is it a Mouth to kiss our weeping dry?
Is it a Hand to still the pulse's leap?
Is it a Voice that holds the runes of sleep?

Day shows us not such comfort any-
where—

Dwells it in Darkness? Did ye find it
there?

"Out of the day's deceiving light we call—
Day that shows man so great, and God
so small,

That hides the stars, and magnifies the
grass—

O is the Darkness too a lying glass?

Or undistracted, do ye find truth there?

What of the Darkness? Is it very fair?"

"Are you quite sure that I wrote that?" asked the poet. "Look carefully. Is it really my book?"

"It is, indeed. Printed when you were twenty."

"I am so happy," said the poet,—“so happy to think I wrote that. Time itself cannot rob me of that.”

Very soon it was plainly to be seen that the poet was on the very border-line of life and death.

"Is there no one you would care to see?" asked the lawyer, gently.

"No, no one," answered the poet.

"Not your physician?" asked the lawyer.

"Oh no, indeed," answered the poet, with a flash of his odd smile. "Give him my love. But tell him that I want to die—not to be killed."

"What time is it?" he asked, presently.

"Five minutes to four."

The poet lay silent a while, and then he turned to his lawyer with the look of an old friendship. Indeed, his friendship for his lawyer was, odd as it may sound, one of the realities of his un-earthly life.

"Friend," he said, "I am afraid it is almost time for us also to say good-by. God bless you—for all. Look after them, won't you?" and he waved his hand towards his wife's quarters. "Good-by . . ."

"But," said his friend, "will you have no one with you?"

"Don't you hear the turning of the tide?" answered the poet.

"No one?" reiterated the lawyer, agonized out of his professional demeanor.

"No one!" answered Wasteneys, rising commandingly in his bed, and sweeping his hand across the volumes at its foot,—
"No one—but my children!"

Jostling the Simple Life

BY E. S. MARTIN

ONE of the chief allurements of the village of Monnassett to our family as a place of summer residence was that life was possible there without a horse. Not absolutely without a horse, either, but without owning and maintaining one as a member of the family. The house we hired was not far from the station, and when we didn't walk it was easy and cheap to get transported in hired vehicles. And it was possible to hire what passes for a horse in Monnassett to haul us in what passes there for a carriage when we had a mind to take the air and view the country. So we lived in Monnassett three summers and gloried in the economy of not owning a horse, and gradually got to hiring horses—oh, such bad ones and such tired ones!—so often that the economy part of it was less striking than it had at first appeared. And then, the fourth year—alas for the weakness of human nature!—we acquired a horse of our own.

We didn't mean to. To be sure, we talked about it and thought about it, and even made computations on the subject; but that was nothing. It is a poor family that cannot consider and compute about any extravagance. But while we were imagining and figuring and resolutely putting away temptations a horse appeared—a good horse, able-bodied, responsible, and with excellent references. And the terms—I shall not disclose them, but it was admitted in the family that they were wonderfully favorable—"dead easy," the family called them—and we took the horse.

No family knows better than ours how serious a matter such an acquisition is. We have had horses before—long ago, when oats and hired men and axle-grease were cheaper than they are now, and when we were not operating so extensively in the education market. And what made our acquisition of a horse very much the more awful was that we had to build a

stable to hold him. The rest of the horse apparatus—harnesses and wagons, more or less dilapidated, a whip, an oil-can, and a monkey-wrench—we happened to have in stock, and we assembled them from the various parts of the country where they were stored and had them fixed up. But the stable we had to build, and we built it; and in these days, when shingles come from Oregon and boards from Michigan or some remoter place, of course even a small stable is a pretty momentous undertaking. The stable is not much, but it holds the horse and the vehicles, and a bag of oats, and some hay and straw, and it is all right architecturally, so that we are proud of it. But our pride has been considerably flavored with contrition because we squandered money on such a thing, and for two or three days our joy in driving the horse was dampened with compunctions because we had indulged ourselves so, and with some lurking fears that in setting up a horse we had permanently impaired the simplicity of the simple life which we originally set out to live in Monnassett, and have lived to our satisfaction and that of visitors, whose certificates we have on file attesting that the simple life as we have led it is sure-enough simple and yet not bad to lead.

But the fourth day, after breakfast, Blandina, who is recuperating from her school labors, let fall that her plan for the morning was to go down to the barn and sit on the hay in the loft. Since then we have had fewer compunctions about either the horse or the barn, because we have come to realize that they both may properly be classed not as luxuries, but as part of the apparatus of education; and education is a thing that everybody feels justified in spending money on—whether they have got the money or not—because it is an investment that cannot be postponed. Sitting on the hay in a hay-loft, and reading books perhaps, or

simply meditating, is an incident of human experience that surely no parent would willingly have his child grow up without knowledge of. And the horse. Surely to know the horse is still a desirable detail of education. When I grew up in the country, not yesterday, but the day before, to know the horse was important. To bestride him and not fall off; to govern him with judgment in crises; to know what was good for him, and what he could do; to drive him safely and to the satisfaction of older persons—all these attainments children were expected gradually to master, and to acquire useful elements of character in the process. I guess there are still good lessons to be learned out of a horse. But it is obvious that the world has changed very much since the day before yesterday. The horse was a bigger thing then. There were no trolley-cars then, nor any bicycles, and places you did not reach by the steam-railroads you reached by horse-power or else afoot. Whereas now—why, that very morning that Blandina went to sit in the loft, when I came back from the bicycle-shop there was an automobile standing in front of the door. It was the latest toy of our kind friend Craig—a boy of about my age—who lives in New York, and has all the new playthings as they come along, and plays with them in so far as he can steal leisure. Craig had come to spend the night, and meantime to take us for a ride about the country. So after lunch three of us got in with him, and his machine started. It sped twelve miles eastward down the shore to a river; northward up the river maybe twenty miles, by beautiful roads with beautiful river views, through divers villages to a city. On through that city fifteen miles farther to a bigger city, which we looked at for half an hour. Then eastward through some fine old historic villages, near which the off rear tire picked up two tacks, with resulting punctures. That delayed us an hour while we changed tires. It came on to rain, but we put up the top. It was getting towards eight o'clock—the time we had set for dinner at home. Steering southward, we passed through another city, and went on fifteen miles to still another city, where we stopped an hour for dinner. On again at about ten o'clock, heading for

home by moonlight over wet roads. We lost our way, climbed impossible hills, explored wonderful, unfrequented hilly roads through the woods, and steering finally by the moon, supplemented by occasional directions given by sleepy farmers from the second-story windows of dark houses, we got home safe and cheerful at two o'clock, after a voyage of a hundred and twenty miles over a country no one of us had ever seen before.

Is there anything so well adapted to jar a somnolent philosopher out of the rut of the simple life and make him realize how different the world has come to be as such a sudden jaunt as that in an automobile? Wonderful machines! It is an old story that this world is not our home, but only a sort of boarding-place. Now that automobiles have come, they make it a mere point of departure. Most restless of contrivances, most insolent of toys, and yet so perversely desirable. And are they, too, to be a part of the education that the young should have if they are to be equipped for the activities of their generation? To drive a horse, to ride him, to jump him over obstacles if he knows how, to know when he picks up a stone and how to get it out, to harness him properly and to know what to do when his harness breaks, to be generally competent to assume ordinary responsibility for a horse's welfare—all that has been conceded to be a useful and proper accomplishment, though the majority of people who are not farmers get along without it. But no one has been used to consider it a suitable detail of ordinary training that a lad should learn to be an engine-driver. That has been a trade by itself, or a special and unusual accomplishment. Ordinary folks have not been used until lately to own locomotives and keep them for domestic use. Here's a new branch of education, very expensive to teach in the family, vastly consumptive of time. Must we have it? Is it worth the time, the money, and the necessary sacrifice of other things? The horse, in spite of his reputation as a cause of trickery in men, and in spite of his deplorable association with race-tracks and deleterious sports and unexemplary human creatures, has still some standing as a character-builder. Rightly used, he helps to develop judgment, responsibility,

and courage in the young. What sort of character is the automobile developing? It is more dangerous than the horse, and more powerful. Misuse of it is more mischievous than bad horsemanship; its manners average about as brutal as football. But if knowledge of it is power, folks who can will clutch that knowledge and store it in with the rest of their acquirements.

And so around we come to the question whether it is better to know what God made or what man makes. Know both, of course, as far as possible, but one cannot know everything, and for preference, which? God made the horse, and man the automobile; God made the country, and man the town; God made the sea, and man the yachts; God made man, and man made money and got up society. Let us by all means have everything that's going; all that God made, and all man's contrivances to boot. But if we cannot have all, let us take—well, let us take whatever comes. We must not be scornful even of automobiles. I think that there would have been automobiles along with the other creatures in the sheet that was let down in Peter's dream if there had been any automobiles at that time. They smell bad, but ethically they cannot be rated as unclean.

Did our family make a mistake in building a barn and putting a horse in it, thereby directing Jonas's vacation energies horseward? Would his mind have dwelt more profitably on valves, tubes, cylinders, exhausts, and busted tires than on hocks, withers, hoofs, splints, and spavins? That probably depends on the mind. As to Jonas's mind, I think not. There are men who are naturally suited to have and know automobiles; men to whom horses are things and men are "hands," and to whom everything is a means of attainment or entertainment; and there are others, less restless, who like to live by the way, and who let their affections go out more as they pass. It is a great gain when persons who have no particular business with horses and no sentiment about them give them up and take to automobiles instead.

Besides, as to our family, we could not afford an automobile, anyhow; and having a barn, we could put an automobile in it if one should happen to be thrown at us.

We seem to have remarkably few choices in this remarkable modern and progressive world. Most of us live where we can and take what we can get, and are therewith as nearly content as is good for us. We see other people, apparently less controlled by circumstances than ourselves, who can choose where they will live, or where they will go, and what they will have, and instead of envying them we are apt—provided we are jogging comfortably in our own rut—to sympathize with them in that they have to make such difficult decisions. We seldom deliberately reject any material advantage that is offered us unless it is too troublesome to get, and yet those of us who have some glimmerings of sense, and who have already attained to the more important modest luxuries of life, are almost as much afraid of unwholesome gains as of distressing losses. We know, for example, that if we acquired a lot more money it would change our habits of life, and though we yearn for the money, we doubt if the change would be good for us. We hate work and fear ease. We don't want to struggle, nor do we want to miss any valuable knowledge or any item of strength of which struggle is the indispensable price. We shrink from suffering, but would hate to spare any kind of grace that folks must suffer to get. We don't want our children to struggle, or to suffer, or to miss any innocent fun that may be going; but we cannot bear the thought that they shall miss any profit or strength that comes by the discipline of pain or of struggle or of deprivation. We want to combine, both for ourselves and them, an easy, comfortable time, and all the profits, material, mental, and spiritual, that come of self-abnegation and effort. We are pigs, of course, but so men always were.

Cities are man-made, except in the one particular that is the most important of all. God made the people who live in them. The objection to living in cities is the comparative difficulty of keeping in wholesome touch with nature and all the pleasant and profitable things that are divinely contrived and appointed. The advantage is that there are plenty of people and plenty of all the man-made appurtenances. To a parent there may be better opportunities in a city than in

a village, and in a big city than in a small one, but hardly to a child; and, of course, almost all the children who live in the great cities live in them because they are places of advantageous opportunity to parents, and not because great cities are considered good for children. Yet there are big cities that are like great villages — spread over much ground, shaded in summer, fairly salubrious at all times, where children do as well physically as anywhere else. There are children, too, who thrive nine months out of the twelve in the biggest cities if comfortably housed, and others so hardy that they grow up tough and strong under the most adverse conditions. And there are others whose nerves cannot endure the noises and nervous tension of the big towns, and who wilt and pine unless they get the peace and purer air of the country.

But the physical reasons for living in the country, and especially of keeping young children there, are only half the story. Driving in the back-country woods last October, I met two or three small boys riding home the cows. They were very joyous about it, and the cows seemed to be agreeable to the practice, which is a somewhat unusual one so far as I have noticed. That seemed to me a better thing to be doing than any child ever does in a town; not quite a feasible or desirable thing to do at all stages of life, but admirable to be doing at the right age. That was the simple life with the embellishments proper to it, and being lived as it should be lived, without appreciation that it was the simple life, or any concern about its simplicity. Its natural habitat is the country.

Living in cities is an acquired taste, a vice, I presume, that grows by indulgence, and fixes itself after a while with a desperate clutch. It has its great merits and its great mischiefs. There is a certain amount of conflict between social development and individual development. Country life, village life, small-city life, is usually more favorable up to a certain point for the development of individuality than the life of the greater cities. Take New York, our greatest city, that stands in a class by itself. Is it not a common feeling and one that is justified that a child that is doomed to grow up mostly in New York and live there

through all his working years has an inferior chance to get the development that should be coming to him? It is a healthy-enough place, probably the healthiest great city in the world. The opportunities that come of its huge aggregation of busy people and its enormous centralization of money-getting industries are of a surpassing amplitude and variety. But of all the things that God made, there is nothing there but the people, the sunshine, the air, and the parks. All the rest is artificial. There are so many people that it is harder to maintain profitable human relations with any of them than in places where there are fewer folks, less noise, and a slacker pace. That town is a good perch for a bird that has come to its strength, but it is not much of a place for a nest. If you are lucky enough in employing your energies in New York, and keep at it long enough, you can have the things that money can buy, and you will buy nothing more eagerly than the means of getting out of town and the leisure to use them. A yacht in the river, an automobile at the door, a place in the country—in the real country, if possible, and as far away as one's business will permit—those are the luxuries that most appeal.

And so while a horse suits our family at present much better than an automobile would suit it, I am going to be tolerant of automobiles, even though they abrade the nerves of our horse when he meets them on the road and make it unsafe for Blandina to drive him. I guess they are just a part of the *vis medicatrix naturæ*; phenomena gradually developed from the disease called city life, and adapted to mitigate its severities, if not to cure it. They certainly do help people to get out of cities, and though they may seem to make it somewhat too easy for them to get back, that is not a real defect. Anything that takes city people to the country is a good thing. It is good for them, and good for the true country-dwelling people, who make money off of them. Moreover, anything that makes country life attractive to successful money-makers and induces them to retire from business and let some one else have a chance, is very helpful indeed. In so far as automobiles serve that use it is pretty certain that they do useful service.

A Comedy of Candlestick Cove

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was windy weather; and had been—for an exasperating tale of dusks and dawns. It was not the weather of variable gales, which blow here and there, forever to the advantage of some Newfoundland folk; it was the weather of ill easterly winds, in gloomy conjunction bringing fog, rain, breaking seas, drift-ice, dispiriting cold. From Nanny's Old Head the outlook was perturbing: the sky was hid, with its familiar warnings and promises; gigantic breakers fell with swish and thud upon the black rocks below, flinging lustreless white froth into the gray mist; and the grounds where the men of Candlestick Cove must cast lines and haul traps were in an ill-tempered, white-capped tumble—black waves rolling out of a melancholy fog hanging low, which curtained the sea beyond.

The hands of the men of Candlestick Cove were raw with salt-water sores; all charms against the affliction of toil in easterly gales had failed—brass bracelets and incantations alike. And the eyes of the men of Candlestick Cove were alert with apprehensive caution: tense, quick to move, clear and hard under drawn brows. With a high sea perversely continuing beyond the harbor tickle, there was no place in the eyes of men for the light of humor or love, which thrive in security. Windy weather, indeed! 'Twas a time for men to *be* men!

"I 'low I never seed nothin' *like* it," Jonathan Stock complained.

The sea breaking upon the Rock o' Wishes, and the wind roaring past, confused old Tom Lull.

"What say?" he shouted.

"Nothin' *like* it," said Jonathan Stock.

They had come in from the sea with empty punts; and they were now pulling up the harbor, side by side, toward the stage-heads, which were lost in the misty dusk. Old Tom had hung in the lee of

the Rock o' Wishes until Jonathan Stock came flying over the tickle breaker in a cloud of spray. The wind had been in the east beyond the experience of eighty years; it was in his aged mind to exchange opinions upon the marvel.

"Me neither," said he.

They were drawing near Herring Point, within the harbor, where the noise of wind and sea, in an easterly gale, diminishes.

"I 'low I *never* seed nothin' *like* it," said Jonathan Stock.

"Me neither, Skipper Jonathan."

"Never *seed* nothin' *like* it."

They pulled on in silence—until the froth of Puppy Rock was well astern.

"Me neither," said Tom.

"I *never* seed nothin' *like* it," Jonathan grumbled.

Old Tom wagged his head.

"No, sir!" Jonathan declared. "Never seed *nothin'* *like* it."

"Me neither."

"Not like *this*," said Jonathan, testily.

"Me neither," old Tom agreed. "Not like this. No, sir; me neither, b'y!"

'Twas a grand, companionable exchange of ideas! A gush of talk! A whirlwind of opinion! Both enjoyed it—were relieved by it: rid of the gathered thought of long hours alone on the grounds. Jonathan Stock had expressed himself freely and at length; so, too, old Tom Lull. 'Twas heartening—this easy sociability. Tom Lull was glad that he had waited in the lee of the Rock o' Wishes; he had felt the need of conversation, and was now gratified; so, too, Jonathan Stock. But now, quite exhausted of ideas, they proceeded in silence, pulling mechanically through the dripping mist. From time to time old Tom Lull wagged his head and darkly muttered; but the words invariably got lost in his mouth.

Presently both punts came to Jonathan Stock's stage.

"I 'low," Jonathan exclaimed, in parting, "I never seed nothin' like it!"

Old Tom lifted his oars. He drew his hand over his wet beard. A moment he reflected—frowning at the mist: deep in philosophical labor. Then he turned quickly to Jonathan Stock: turned in delight, his gray old face clear of bewilderment—turned as if about to deliver himself of some vast original conception, which might leave nothing more to be said.

"Me neither!" he chuckled, as his oars struck the water and his punt moved off into the mist.

Windy weather! Moreover, it was a lean year—the leanest of three lean years. The flakes were idle, unkempt, dripping the fog; the stages were empty, the bins full of salt; the splitting-knives were rusted: this though men and punts and nets were worn out with toil. There was no fish: wherefore, the feeling men of Candlestick Cove kept clear of the merchant of the place, who had outfitted them all in the spring of the year, and was now contemplating the reckoning at St. John's with much terror and some ill humor.

It was a lean year—a time of uneasy dread. From Cape Norman to the Funks and beyond, the clergy, acutely aware of the prospect, and perceiving the opportunity to be even more useful, preached from comforting texts. "The Lord will provide," was the theme of gentle Parson Grey, of Doubled Arm; and the discourse culminated in a passionate allusion to "Yet have I never seen the seed of the righteous begging bread." Parson Stump, of Burnt Harbor—a timid little man with tender gray eyes—treated "Your Heavenly Father feedeth them," with inspiring faith.

By all this the apprehension of the folk was lulled; it was admitted even by the unrighteous that there were times when 'twas better to be with than without the clergy. At Little Harbor Shallow, old Skipper Job Sutler, a man lacking in understanding, put out no more to the grounds off Devil-may-Care.

"Skipper Job," the mail-boat captain warned, "you better get out t' the grounds in civil weather."

"Oh," quoth Job, "the Lard 'll take care o' we!"

The captain was doubtful.

"An', anyhow," says Job, "if the Lard don't, the gov'ment's got to!"

His youngest child died in the famine months of the winter. But that was his fault. . . .

Skipper Jonathan Stock was alone with the trader in the shop of Candlestick Cove. The squat whitewashed building gripped a weather-beaten point of harbor shore. It was night—a black night, the wind blowing high, rain pattering fretfully upon the roof. The worried little trader—spare, gimlet-eyed, thin-whiskered, now perched on the counter—slapped his calf with a yardstick; the easterly gale was fast aggravating his temper beyond control. It was bright and warm in the shop; the birch billets spluttered and snored in the stove, and a great lamp suspended from the main rafter showered the shelves and counter and greasy floor with light. Skipper Jonathan's clothes of moleskin steamed with the rain and spray of the day's toil.

"No, John," said the trader, sharply; "she can't have un—it can't be done."

Jonathan slowly examined his wrist; the bandage had got loose. "No?" he asked, gently, his eyes still fixed on the salt-water sore.

"No, sir."

Jonathan drew a great hand over his narrow brow, where the rain still lay in the furrows. It passed over his beard—a gigantic beard, bushy and flaming red. He shook the rain-drops from his hand.

"No, Mister Totley," he repeated, in a patient drawl. "No—oh no."

Totley hummed the opening bars of "Wrecked on the Devil's Finger." He broke off impatiently—and sighed.

"She *can't*," Jonathan mused. "No—*she can't*."

The trader began to whistle, but there was no heart in the diversion; and there was much poignant distress in the way he drummed on the counter.

"I wouldn't be carin' so much," Jonathan softly persisted—"no, not so *much*, if 'twasn't their birthday. She told un three year ago they could have un—when they was twelve. An', dear man! they'll be twelve two weeks come Toosday. Dear man!" he exclaimed again, with a fleeting little smile, "*how* the young ones grows!"

The trader slapped his lean thigh and turned his eyes from Jonathan's simple face to the rafters. Jonathan bungled with the bandage on his wrist; but his fingers were stiff and large, and he could not manage the thread. A gust of wind made the roof ring with the rain.

"An' the other little thing?" Jonathan inquired. "Was you 'lowin' my woman could have—the other little thing? She've her heart sort o' sot on *that*. Sort o' sot on havin'—that there little thing."

"Can't do it, Jonathan."

"Ay," Jonathan repeated, blankly "She was sayin' the day 'twas sort o' giddy of her; but she was 'lowin' her heart was sort o' sot on havin'—that little thing."

Totley shook his head.

"Her heart," Jonathan sighed.

"Can't do it, John."

"Mm-m-m! No," Jonathan muttered, scratching his head in helplessness and bewilderment; "he can't give that little thing t' the woman, neither. Can't give she *that*."

Totley shook his head. It was not an agreeable duty, thus to deny Jonathan Stock, of Candlestick Cove. It pinched the trader's heart. "But a must is a must!" thought he. The wind was in the east, with no sign of change, and 'twas late in the season; and there was no fish—*no fish*, God help us all! There would be famine at Candlestick Cove—*famine*, God help us all! The folk of Candlestick Cove—Totley's folk—must be fed; there must be no starvation. And the creditors at St. John's—Totley's creditors—were wanting fish insistently. *Wanting fish*, God help us! when there was no fish. There was a great gale of ruin blowing up; there would be an accounting to his creditors for the goods they had given him in faith—there must be no waste of stock, no indulgence of whims. He must stand well. The creditors at St. John's must be so dealt with that the folk of Candlestick Cove—Totley's folk—could be fed through the winter. 'Twas all-important that the folk should be fed—just fed with bread and molasses and tea: nothing more than that. Nothing more than that, by the Lord! would go out of the store.

Jonathan pushed back his dripping cloth cap and sighed. "'Tis fallin' out wonderful," he ventured.

Totley whistled to keep his spirits up.

"Awful!" said Jonathan.

The tune continued.

"She 'lows," Jonathan went on, "that if it keeps on at this rate she won't have none left by spring. That's what *she* 'lows will happen."

Totley proceeded to the chorus.

"No, sir," Jonathan pleaded; "she'll have nar a one!"

The trader avoided his eye.

"An' it makes her *feel* sort o' bad," Jonathan protested. "I tells her that with or without she won't be no different t' me. Not t' *me*. But she sort o' feels bad just the same. You sees, sir," he stammered, abashed, "she—she—she's only a woman!"

Totley jumped from the counter. "Look you, Jonathan!" said he, decisively, "she can *have* it."

Jonathan beamed.

"She can have what she wants for herself, look you! but she can't have no oil-skins for the twins, though 'tis their birthday. 'Tis hard times, Jonathan, with the wind glued t' the east; an' the twins is got t' go wet. What kind she want? Eh? I got two kinds in the case. I don't recommend neither o' them."

Jonathan scratched his head.

"Well, then," said the trader, "you better find out. If she's goin' t' have it at all, she better have the kind she hankers for."

Jonathan agreed.

"Skipper Jonathan," said the trader, much distressed, "we're so poor at Candlestick Cove that we ought t' be eatin' moss. I'll have trouble enough, this fall, gettin' flour from St. John's t' go 'round. Skipper Jonathan, if you could get your allowance o' flour down t' five barrels instead o' six, I'd thank you. The young ones is growin', I knows; but—well, I'd thank you, Jonathan, I'd thank you!"

"Mister Totley, sir," Jonathan Stock replied, solemnly, "I *will* get that flour down t' five. Don't you fret no more about feedin' my little crew," he pleaded. "'Tis kind o' you; an' I'm sorry you've t' fret."

"Thank you, Jonathan."

"An' . . . you wouldn't mind lashin' this bit o' cotton on my wrist, would you, sir? The sleeve o' my jacket sort o' chafes the sore."

"A bad hand, Jonathan!"

"No—oh no; *it* ain't bad. I've had scores of un in my time. It don't amount t' nothin'. Oh no—it ain't what you might call *bad*!"

The wrist was bound anew. Jonathan stumbled down the dark steps to the waterside, glad that his wife was to have that which she so much desired. He pushed out in the punt. She was only a woman, he thought, with an indulgent smile, but she *did* want—that little thing. The wind was high—the rain sweeping out of the east. He turned the bow of the punt toward a point of light shining cheerily far off in the dark, tumultuous night.

Jonathan Stock had no more than got off his soggy boots, and washed his hands, and combed his hair, and drawn close to the kitchen fire—while his wife clattered over the bare floor about the business of his comfort—when Parson Jaunt tapped and entered: and folded his umbrella, and wiped his face with a white handkerchief, and jivially rubbed his hands together. This was a hearty, stout little man, with a double chin and a round, rosy face; with twinkling eyes; with the jolliest little paunch in the world: dressed all in black cloth, threadbare and shiny, powdered with dandruff upon the shoulders; and wearing a gigantic yellow chain, hanging from pocket to pocket of the waistcoat, and wilted collar and cuffs, and patent-leather shoes, which were muddy and cracked and turned up at the toes. A hearty welcome he got; and he had them all laughing at once—twins and all. Even the chickens in the coop under the settee clucked, and the kid behind the stove rapturously bleated, and the last baby chuckled, and the dog yawned and shook his hind quarters, joyfully awake.

'Twas always comforting to have Parson Jaunt drop in. Wherever he went among the folk of Candlestick Cove, in wet weather or dry, poor times or bad, there was a revival of jollity. His rippling person, smiling face, quick laugh, amiable intimacy, his quips and questions, his way with children—these made him beloved. Ay, there was always a welcome for Parson Jaunt!

"Ha, ha! Yes," the parson proceeded,

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"the brethren will be here on the next mail-boat for the district meeting. Ha, ha! Well, well, now! And how's the baby getting along, Aunt Tibbie? Hut! you little toad; don't you laugh at *me*!"

But the baby would.

"Ha-a-a, you rat! You *will* laugh, will you? He's a fine child, that. . . . And I was thinking, Skipper Jonathan, that you and Aunt Tibbie might manage Parson All, of Satan's Trap. Times are hard, of course; but it's the Lord's work, you know. . . . Eh? Get out, you squid! Stop that laughing!"

The baby could not.

"Stop it, I say!"

The baby doubled up, and squirmed, and wiggled his toes, and gasped with glee.

"Yes," the parson continued, "that you might manage Parson All, of Satan's Trap."

"T' be sure!" cried Skipper Jonathan. "We'll manage un, an' be glad!"

Aunt Tibbie's face fell.

"That's good," said the parson. "Now, that is good news. 'Tis most kind of you, too," he added, earnestly, "in these hard times. And it ends my anxiety. The brethren are now all provided for. . . . Hey, you wriggler! Come out of that! Ha, ha! Well, well!" He took the baby from the cradle. "Gi' me a kiss, now. Hut! You won't? Oh, you *will*, will you?" He kissed the baby with real delight. "I thought so. Ha! I thought so." He put the baby back. "You little slobbery squid!" said he, with a last poke. "Ha! you little squid!"

Aunt Tibbie's face was beaming. Anxiety and weariness were for the moment both forgot. 'Twas good, indeed, to have Parson Jaunt drop in!

"Eh, woman?" Jonathan inquired.

"Oh, ay!" she answered. "We've always a pillow an' a bite t' eat for the Lard's anointed."

"The Lord's anointed!" the parson repeated, quickly. "Ah, that's it, sister," said he, the twinkle gone from his upturned eyes. "I've a notion to take that up next Sunday. And Parson All," he continued, "is a saintly fellow. Yes, indeed! Converted at the age of seven. He's served the Lord these forty years. Ah, dear me! what a profitable season you'll be having with him! A time of

uplifting, a time of—of—yes, indeed!—uplifting.” The parson was not clever; he was somewhat limited as to ideas, as to words; indeed, ’twas said he stuttered overmuch in preaching and was given to repetition. But he was sincere in the practice of his profession, conceiving it a holy calling; and he did the best he could, than which no man can do more. “A time,” he repeated, “of—of—yes—of uplifting.”

Aunt Tibbie was taken by an anxious thought. “What do he fancy,” she asked, “for feedin’?”

“Ha, ha!” the parson exploded, in his delightfully jocular way. “That’s the woman of it. Well, well, now! Yes, indeed! There speaks the good housewife. Eh, Skipper Jonathan? *You’re* well looked after, I’ll warrant. That’s rather good, you know, coming from *you*, Aunt Tibbie. Ha, ha! Why, Aunt Tibbie, he eats anything. Anything at all! You’ll want very little extra—very, very little extra. But he’ll tell you when he comes. Don’t worry about that. Just what you have for yourselves, you know. If it doesn’t agree with him, he’ll ask for what he desires.”

“Sure, *sir!*” said Skipper Jonathan, heartily. “Just let un ask for it.”

“Ay,” Aunt Tibbie echoed, blankly; “just let un ask for it. Sure, he can speak for hisself.”

“Of *course!*” cried the parson, jovially. “Why, to be sure! *That’s* the hospitality for me! Nothing formal about that. That’s just what makes us Newfoundlanders famous for hospitality. That’s what I *like*. ‘Just let un ask.’”

The clock struck. Skipper Jonathan turned patiently to the dial. He must be at sea by dawn. The gale, still blowing high, promised heavy labor at the oars. He was depressed by the roar and patter of the night. There came, then, an angry gust of rain—out of harmony with the parson’s jovial spirit; sweeping in from the black sea where Jonathan must toil at dawn.

“Ay,” he sighed, indifferently.

Aunt Tibbie gave him an anxious glance.

“Yes, indeed! Ha, ha!” the parson laughed. “Let me see, now,” he rattled. “To-morrow. Yes, yes; to-morrow is Tuesday. Well, now, let me see; yes—

mm-m-m, of course, that’s right—you will have the privilege of entertaining Brother All for four days. I wish it was more. I wish for your sake,” he repeated, honestly, being unaware of the true situation in this case, “that it *could* be more. But it can’t. I assure you, it can’t. No, really; it would be impossible. He *must* get the mail-boat north. Pity,” he continued, “the brethren can’t linger. These district meetings are so helpful, so inspiring, so refreshing. Yes, indeed! And then the social aspect—the relaxation, the flow of soul! We parsons are busy men—cooped up in a study, you know; delving in books. Our brains get tired. Yes, indeed! They need rest.”

Parson Jaunt was quite sincere. Do not misunderstand him. ’Twould be unkind, even, to laugh at him. He was not clever; that is all. “Brain labor, Skipper Jonathan,” he concluded, with an odd touch of pomposity, “is hard labor.”

“Ay,” said Skipper Jonathan, sympathetically, “you parsons have wonderful hard lines. I wouldn’t like t’ be one. No, sir; not me!”

In this—in the opinion and feeling—Skipper Jonathan was sincere. He most properly loved Parson Jaunt, and was sorry for him, and he must not be laughed at.

“But,” the parson argued, “we have the district meetings—times of refreshing: when brain meets brain, you know, and wit meets wit, and the sparks fly. Ha, ha! Yes, indeed! The social aspect is not to be neglected. Dear me, no! Now, for illustration, Mrs. Jaunt is to entertain the clergy at the parsonage on Thursday evening. Yes, indeed! She’s planned the refreshments already.” The parson gave Aunt Tibbie a sly, sly glance, and burst out laughing. “Ha, ha!” he roared. “I know what you want. Woman’s curiosity, eh? Ha, ha! Oh, you women!” Aunt Tibbie smiled. “Well,” said the parson, importantly, “I’ll tell you. But it’s a secret, mind you! Don’t you tell Brother All!” Aunt Tibbie beamed. “Well,” the parson continued, his voice falling to a whisper, “she’s going to have a jelly-cake, and an angel-cake, and a tin of beef.” The twins sat up, wide-eyed with attention. “Eh? Ha, ha!” the parson laughed. “You got that? And she’s going to have something

more." Aunt Tibbie leaned forward—agape, her eyes staring. The twins were already overcome. "Yes, indeed!" said the parson. "*She's got a dozen bananas from St. John's!* Eh? Ha, ha! And she's going to slice 'em and put 'em in a custard. Ha, ha!"

The twins gasped.

"Ha, ha!" the parson roared.

They were all delighted—parson, skipper, housewife, and twins. Nor in providing this hospitality for the Black Bay clergy was the parson in thought or deed a selfish shepherd. It would be unkind—it would be most unfair—to think it. He was an honest, earnest servant of the Master he acknowledged, doing good at Candlestick Cove, in fair and foul weather. He lived his life as best he could—earnestly, diligently, with pure, high purpose. But he was not clever: that is all. 'Twould be an evil thing for more brilliant folk (and possibly less kindly) to scorn him.

"Yes, indeed!" the parson laughed. "And look here, now; why, I must be off! Where's my umbrella? Here it is. . . . Will you look at that baby, Aunt Tibbie? He's staring at me yet. Get out, you squid! Stop that laughing. Got a kiss for me? Oh, you *have*, have you? Then give it to me. . . . A fine baby that; yes, indeed! A fine baby. . . . Get out, you wriggler! Leave your toes be. Ha-a-a! I'll catch you—yes, I will! . . . What a night it is! How the wind blows and the rain comes down! And no sign of fish, Skipper Jonathan? Ah, well, the Lord will provide. Good night. God bless you!"

"You'll get wonderful wet, sir," said Aunt Tibbie, with a little frown of anxiety.

"I don't mind it in the least," cried the parson. "Not at all. I'm used to it."

Skipper Jonathan shut the door against the wind.

"Will it never stop blowin'!" Aunt Tibbie complained.

Outside, wind and rain had their way with the world. Aunt Tibbie and Skipper Jonathan exchanged glances. They were thinking of the dawn.

"I'm wantin' t' go t' bed, Tibbie," Jonathan sighed; "for I'm wonderful tired."

"An' I'm tired, too, dear," said Aunt Tibbie, softly. "Leave us all go t' bed."

They were soon sound asleep. . . .

Parson All turned out to be a mild little old man with spectacles. His eyes were blue—faded, watery, shy: wherein were many flashes of humor and kindness. His face was smooth and colorless—almost as white as his hair, which was also long and thin and straight. When Jonathan came in from the sea after dark—from the night and wet and vast confusion of that place—Parson All was placidly rocking by the kitchen fire, his hands neatly folded, his trousers drawn up, so that his ankles and calves might warm; and the kitchen was in a joyous tumult, with which the little old man from Satan's Trap was in benevolent sympathy. Jonathan had thought to find the house solemn, the wife in a fluster, the twins painfully washed and brushed, the able seamen of the little crew glued to their stools: but no! the baby was crowing in the cradle, the twins tousled and grinning, the wife beaming, the little crew rolling on the floor—the whole kitchen, indeed, in a gratefully familiar condition of chaos and glee.

At once they sat down to supper.

"I'm glad t' have you, parson," said Jonathan, his broad, hairy face shining with soap and delight. "That I is. I'm glad t' have you."

The parson's smile was winning.

"Jonathan haves a wonderful taste for company," Aunt Tibbie explained.

The man defended himself. "I isn't able t' help it," said he. "I loves t' feed folk. An' I isn't able, an' I never was able, an' I never will be able t' help it. Here's your brewis, sir. Eat hearty of it. Don't spare it."

"They's more in the pot," Aunt Tibbie put in.

The parson's gentle eye searched the table—as our eyes have often done. A bit of hopeful curiosity—nothing more: a thing common to us all, saints and sinners alike. We have all been hungry and we have all hoped; but few of us, I fancy, being faint of hunger—and dyspeptic—have sat down to a bowl of brewis. 'Tis no sin, in parson or layman, to wish for more; for the Lord endowed them both with hunger, and cursed many, indiscriminately, with indigestion. Small blame, then, to the parson, who was des-

perately hungry; small blame to Jonathan, who had no more to give. There is no fault anywhere to be described. Ah, well! the parson's roving eye was disappointed, but twinkled just the same; it did not darken—not show ill humor. There was a great bowl of brewis—a mountain of it. 'Twas eyed by the twins with delight. But there was nothing more. The parson's eye—the shy, blue, twinkling eye—slyly sought the stove; but the stove was bare. And still the mild eyes continued full of benevolence and satisfaction. He was a *man*—that parson!

"Windy weather," said he, with an engaging smile.

"Never seed nothin' *like* it!" Jonathan declared.

The twins were by this time busy with their forks, their eyes darting little glances at the parson, at the parson's overloaded plate, at the ruin of the mountain.

"Wind in the east," the parson remarked.

Jonathan was perturbed. "You isn't very hearty the night," said he.

"Oh, dear me, yes!" the parson protested. "I was just about to begin."

The faces of the twins were by this overcast.

"Don't spare it, parson."

The parson gulped a mouthful with a wry face—an obstinately wry face; he could *not* manage to control it. He smiled at once—a quick, sweet, comprehensive little smile. It was heroic—he was sure that it was! And it *was*! He could do no more. 'Twas impossible to take the brewis. A melancholy—ay, and perilous—situation for a hungry man: an old man, and a dyspeptic. Conceive it, if you can!

"*That* ain't hearty," Aunt Tibbie complained.

"To be frank," said the parson, in great humiliation,—"*to be perfectly frank*, I like brewis, but—"

The happiness faded from Aunt Tibbie's eyes.

"—I don't find it inspiring," the parson concluded, in shame.

The twins promptly took advantage of the opportunity to pass their plates for more.

"Dyspepsey?" Aunt Tibbie inquired.

"It might be called that," Parson All

replied, sweeping the board with a smile, but yet with a flush of guilt and shame, "by a physician."

"Poor man!" Aunt Tibbie sighed.

There was a brief silence—expectant, but not selfishly so, on the part of the parson; somewhat despairing on the part of the hosts.

"Well, parson," Skipper Jonathan said, doggedly, "all you got t' do is *ask* for what you wants."

"No, no!"

"That's all you got t' do," Jonathan persisted.

"Most kind of you, sir! But—no, no!"

"Please do!" Aunt Tibbie begged.

But the parson was not to be persuaded. Not Parson All, of Satan's Trap—a kindly, sensitive soul! He was very hungry, to be sure, and must go hungry to bed (it seemed); but he would not ask for what he wanted. To-morrow? Well, *something* had to be done. He would yield—he *must* yield to the flesh—a little. This he did timidly: with shame for the weakness of the flesh. He resented the peculiarity of brewis in his particular case. Indeed, he came near to rebellion against the Lord—no, not rebellion: merely rebellious questionings. But he is to be forgiven, surely; for he wished most earnestly that he might eat brewis and live—just as you and I might have done.

"Now, Parson All," Jonathan demanded, "you just *got* t' tell."

And, well, the parson admitted that a little bread and a tin of beef—to be taken sparingly—would be a grateful diet.

"But we've none!" cried Aunt Tibbie. "An' this night you'll starve!"

"To-night," said the parson, gently. "my stomach—is a bit out—anyhow."

Presently he was shown to his bed. . . .

"I 'low," said Aunt Tibbie, when the parson was stowed away and she had caught Skipper Jonathan's wavering eye, "he'd better have more'n that."

"He—he—he've just *got* t' have more."

"He've a weak stomach," Aunt Tibbie apologized. "Poor man!"

"I tells you, Tibbie," Jonathan declared, "them parsons haves wonderful hard times. They isn't able t' get out in the air enough. Too much book-study. Too much brain labor. I wouldn't change



Drawing by William Hurd Lawrence

"JONATHAN," SAID THE TRADER, SHARPLY, "YOU'RE A FOOL"

places with a parson, woman, for all the world!"

Aunt Tibbie nodded absently.

"I 'low," said Jonathan, "I'd better be gettin' under way for the shop."

The man drew on his boots, and got into his oilskins, and had his wrists bandaged, and went out. It was a long pull to the shop; but his mind was too full of wonder and sly devising to perceive the labor of the way. . . . And the trader was sitting alone in the shop, perched on the counter, slapping his lean calf with a yardstick, while the rain pattered on the roof and the wind went screaming past.

"You got a parson, Jonathan," said he, accusingly. "Yes, you is."

"Ay," Jonathan admitted, "I got one."

"An' that's what brings you here."

"It be," Jonathan replied, defiantly.

The silence was disquieting.

"I'm 'lowin'," Jonathan stammered, "t'-t'-t' sort o' get four tins o' beef."

The trader beat his calf.

"An' six pound o' butter," said Jonathan, "an' some pickles."

"Anything else?" the trader snapped.

"Ay," said Jonathan, "they is."

The trader sniffed.

"The parson haven't said nothin', but Tibbie's got a notion that he's wonderful fond o' canned peaches," Jonathan ventured, diffidently. "She 'lows they'll keep his food sweet."

"Anything else?"

"No—oh no!" Jonathan sighed. "I 'low you wouldn't give me three pound o' cheese?" he asked. "Not that the parson *mentioned* cheese; but Tibbie 'lows he'd find it healthful." The trader nodded. "About four cans o' peaches," said Jonathan.

"I see," said the trader.

Jonathan drew a great hand over his narrow brow, where the rain still lay in the furrows. It passed over his red whiskers. He shook the rain-drops from his hand.

"Oh dear!" he sighed.

"Jonathan," said the trader, sharply, "you're a fool. I've long knowed it. But I loves a fool; an' you're the biggest dunderhead I ever knowed. You can *have* the cheese; you can *have* the beef; you can *have* the peaches. You can have un all. *But*—you got t' pay."

"Oh ay," said Jonathan, freely. "I'll pay!"

"You'll go without sweetness in your tea," the trader burst out, "all next winter. Understand? No sweetness in your tea. *That's* how you'll pay. If you takes these things, mark you, Jonathan!—an' hearken well—if you takes these things for your parson, there'll be no molasses measured out for *you*. You'll take your tea straight. Do you understand me, Jonathan Stock?"

"'Tis well," said Jonathan.

"An'—"

"The other?" Jonathan interrupted, anxiously. "You wasn't 'lowin' t' have the woman give up that, was you? 'Tis such a little thing."

The trader was out of temper.

"Not that!" Jonathan pleaded.

"Just that!" Totley exclaimed. "I'll not give it to her. If you're t' have parsons, why, pay for un. Don't come askin' me t' do it for you."

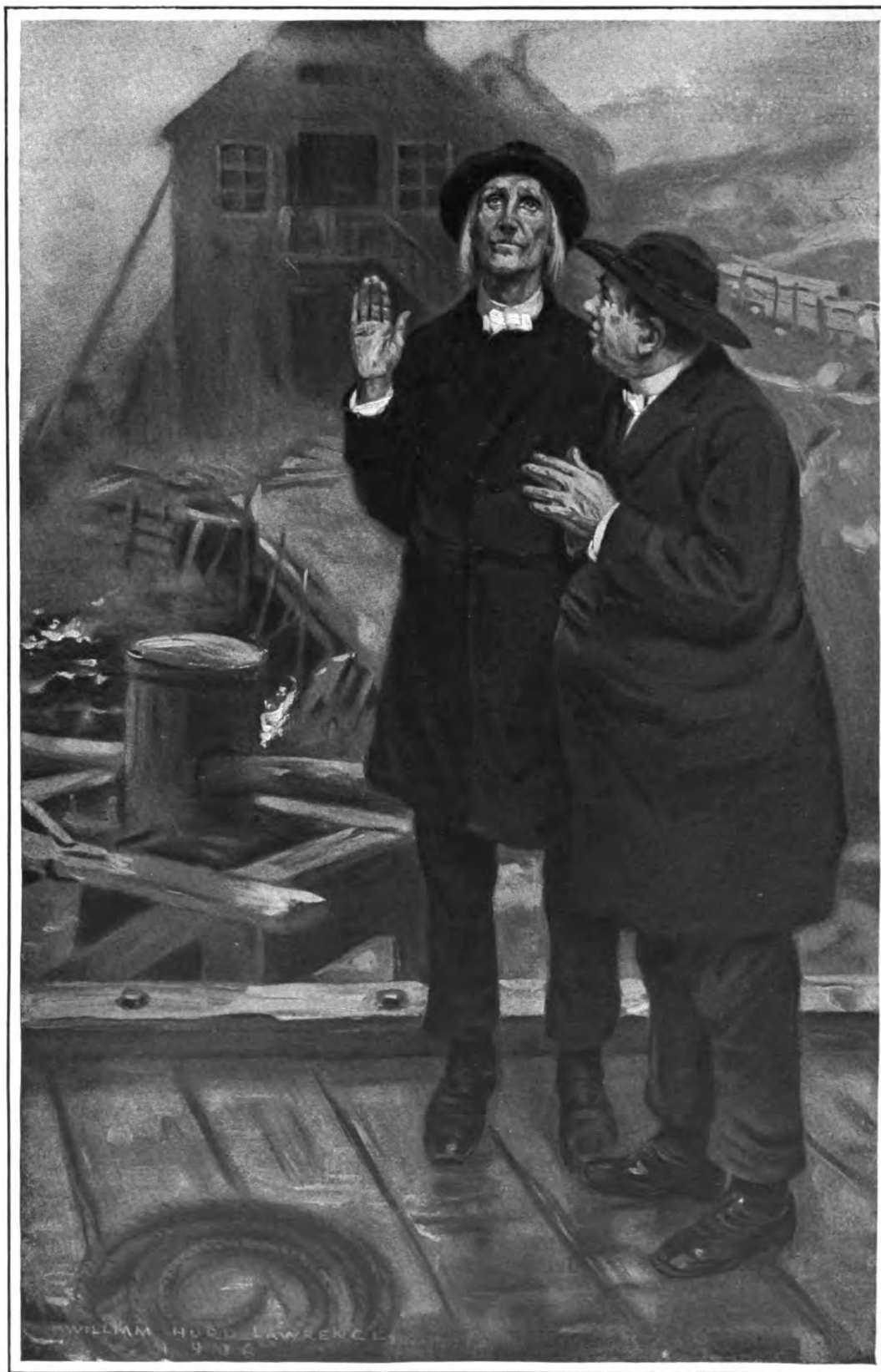
"But she—she—*she's only a woman!* An' she sort o' feels bad. Not that 'twould make any difference t' me—not t' *me*. Oh, I tells her that. But she 'lows she wants it, anyhow. She sort o' *hank-ers* for it. An' if you could manage—"

"Not I!" Totley was very much out of temper. "Pay for your own parson," he growled.

"Ah, well," Jonathan sighed, "she 'lowed, if you made a p'int of it, that she'd take the grub an' do without—the other. Ay, do without—the other."

So Jonathan went home with what the parson needed to eat, and he was happy.

It was still windy weather. Dusks and dawns came in melancholy procession. The wind swept in the east—high, wet, cold. Fog and rain and drift-ice were to be met on the grounds of Candlestick Cove. From Nanny's Old Head the outlook was more perturbing than ever: the sea's distances were still hid in the mist; the breakers on the ~~black~~ rocks below gave the waste a voice, ~~expressed~~ its rage, its sullen purpose; the grounds where the men of Candlestick Cove must fish were still in a white-capped tumble; and the sores on the wrists of the men of Candlestick Cove were not healed. There was no fish; the coast hopelessly faced famine; men and women and children



Drawing by William Hurd Lawrence

"YOU WAS FIXED ALL RIGHT?" PARSON JAUNT ASKED

would all grow lean. The winter, approaching, was like an angry cloud rising from the rim of the sea. The faces of the men of Candlestick Cove were drawn—with fear of the sea and with dread of what might come to pass. In the meeting-house of Candlestick Cove, in district meeting assembled, the Black Bay clergy engaged in important discussions, with which the sea and the dripping rocks and the easterly wind had nothing to do. . . .

The Black Bay parsons were exchanging farewells at the landing-stage. The steamer was waiting. There had been no change in the weather; the wind was blowing high from the east, there was fog abroad, the air was clammy. Parson Jaunt took Parson All by the arm and led him aside.

"How were you fixed, brother?" he whispered, anxiously. "I haven't had time to ask you before."

Parson All's eyebrows were lifted in mild inquiry.

"Was you comfortable? Did you get enough to eat?"

There was concern in Parson Jaunt's voice—a sweet, wistful consideration.

"Yes, yes!" Parson All answered, quickly. "They are very good people—the Stocks."

"They're clean, but—"

"Poor."

"Very, very poor! Frankly, Brother All, I was troubled. Yes, indeed! I was troubled. I knew they were poor, and I didn't know whether it was wise or right to put you there. I feared that you might fare rather badly. But there was nothing else to do. I sincerely hope—"

Parson All raised a hand in protest.

"You was fixed all right?" Parson Jaunt asked.

"Yes, brother," answered Parson All, in genuine appreciation of the hospitality he had received. "It was touching. Praise the Lord! I'm glad to know that such people *live* in a selfish world like this. It was very, very touching."

Parson Jaunt's face expressed some surprise.

"Do you know what they did?" said Parson All, taking Parson Jaunt by the lapel of the coat and staring deep into his eyes. "*Do you know what they did?*"

Parson Jaunt wagged his head.

"Why, brother," Parson All declared, with genuinely grateful tears in his eyes, "when I told Skipper Jonathan that brewis soured on my stomach, he got me tinned beef, and butter, and canned peaches, and cheese. I'll never forget his goodness. Never!"

Parson Jaunt stared. "What a wonderful thing Christianity is!" he exclaimed. "What a wonderful, wonderful thing! By their fruits," he quoted, "ye shall know them."

The Black Bay clergy were called aboard. Parson Jaunt shook off the mild old Parson All and rushed to the Chairman of the District, his black coat-tails flying in the easterly wind, and wrung the Chairman's hand, and jovially laughed, until his jolly little paunch shook like jelly. . . .

That night, in the whitewashed cottage upon which the angry gale beat, Skipper Jonathan and Aunt Tibbie sat together by the kitchen fire. Skipper Jonathan was hopelessly in from the sea—from the white waves thereof, and the wind, and the perilous night—and Aunt Tibbie had dressed the sores on his wrists. The twins and all the rest of the little crew were tucked away and sound asleep.

Skipper Jonathan sighed.

"What was you thinkin' about, Jonathan?" Aunt Tibbie asked.

"Jus' ponderin'," said he.

"Ay; but what upon?"

"Well, Tibbie," Jonathan answered, in embarrassment, "I was jus'—ponderin'."

"What is it, Jonathan?"

"I was 'lowin', Tibbie," Jonathan admitted, "that it wouldn't be so easy—no, not so *easy*—t' do without that sweetness in my tea."

Aunt Tibbie sighed.

"What *you* thinkin' about, dear?" Jonathan asked.

"I got a sinful hankerin'," Aunt Tibbie answered, repeating the sigh.

"Is you, dear?"

"I got a sinful hankerin'," said she, "for that there bottle o' hair-restorer. For I don't *want* t' go bald! God forgive me," she cried, in an agony of humiliation, "for this vanity!"

"Hush, dear!" Jonathan whispered, tenderly; "for I loves you, bald or not!"

But Aunt Tibbie burst out crying. . . .

Editor's Easy Chair

WE have lately received a publication which has interested us somewhat out of proportion to its size. It is called "The Way into Print," but it does not treat, as the reader might rashly suppose, of the best method of getting your name into the newspapers, either as a lady who is giving a dinner to thirteen otherwise unknown persons, or is making a coming-out tea for her débutante daughter, or had a box full of expensively confectioned friends at the opera or the vaudeville, or is going to read a paper at a woman's club, or is in any sort figuring in the thousand and one modern phases of publicity; it does not even advise her guests or hearers how to appear among those present, or those who were invited and did not come, or those who would not have come if they had been invited. Its scope is far more restricted, yet its plane is infinitely higher, its reach incomparably farther. The Print which it proposes to lead the Way into is that print where the elect, who were once few and are now many, are making the corridors of time resound to their footsteps, as poets, essayists, humorists, or other literary forms of immortality. Their procession, which from the point of the impartial spectator has been looking more and more like a cake-walk in these later years, is so increasingly the attraction of young-eyed ambition that nothing interests a very large class of people more than advice for the means of joining it, and it is this advice which the publication in point supplies: supplies, we must say, with as much good sense and good feeling as is consistent with an office which does not seem so dignified as we could wish.

Inevitably the adviser must now and then stoop to the folly of the aspirant, inevitably he must use that folly from time to time with wholesome severity, but he does not feel himself equal to the work unaided. Our sudden national ex-

pansion, through the irresistible force of our imaginative work, into an intellectual world-power, has thrust a responsibility upon the veterans of a simpler time which they may not shirk, and the author of "The Way into Print" calls upon them to share his task. He is not satisfied with the interesting chapters contributed by younger authors who are in the act of winning their spurs, but he appeals to those established in the public recognition to do their part in aiding us to hold our conquest through the instruction and discipline of those who must take their places when they put their armor off. He does this by means of a letter, almost an open letter, addressed personally to each veteran by means of the substitution of his typewritten name for that of some other veteran, but not differenced in the terms of the ensuing appeal to his kindness or his conscience. He puts himself upon a broad humanitarian ground, and asks that the typewritten author, who, he assumes, is "prominently before the public," shall answer certain questions to which the appellant owns that he has already received hundreds of replies.

By an odd mischance one of his half-open letters found its way to the Easy Chair, and although that judgment-seat felt relieved from the sense of anything like a lonely prominence before the public by the very multitude of those similarly consulted, it did not remain as Easy as it would have liked under the erring attribution of prominence. Yet to have refused to help in so good a work would not have been in its nature, and it lost as little time as possible in summoning a real author of prominence to consider the problems so baffling to a mere editorial effigy; for, as we ought to explain, the *de facto* editor is to be found in the Study next door, and never in the Easy Chair. The author prominently before the public came at once, for that kind of author has very little to do, and

is only too happy to respond to calls like that of the friend of rising authorship. Most of his time is spent at symposiums, imagined by the Sunday editions of the newspapers, to consider, decide the question whether fig-paste is truly a health-food; or whether, in view of a recent colossal gift for educational purposes, the product of the Standard Oil Company was the midnight oil which Shakespeare had in mind when he spoke of the scholar wasting it; or something of that kind. His mind is whetted to the sharpest edge by its employment with these problems, and is in prime condition for such simple practical inquiries as those proposed by the letter we had received. But of course he put on an air of great hurry, and spoke of the different poems, novels, essays, and sketches which he had laid aside to oblige us, and begged us to get down to business at once.

"We wish nothing better than to do so," we said, to humor him, "for we know you are a very busy man, and we will not keep you a moment longer than is absolutely necessary. Would you like to have all the questions at once, or would you rather study them one after another?"

He said he thought he could better give an undivided mind to each if he had them one at a time, and so we began with the first.

"1. Would you advise the young story-writer to study the old masters in literature, or the stories in the current magazines, in order to meet the demands of the current editors?"

"Will you read that again?" the author prominently before the public demanded, but when we had read it a second time it seemed only to plunge him deeper into despair. He clutched his revered head with both hands, and but for an opportune baldness would probably have torn his hair. He murmured, huskily, "Do you think you have got it right?"

We avoided the response, "Sure thing," by an appropriate circumlocution, and then he thundered back: "How in-nature—is a young writer to forecast the demands of current editors? If an editor is worth his salt—his Attic salt—he does not know himself what he wants, except by the eternal yearning of the editorial soul for something new and good.

If he has any other demands, he is not a current editor, he is a stagnant editor. Is it possible that there is a superstition to the contrary?"

"Apparently."

"Then, that would account for many things. But go on."

"Go on yourself. You have not answered the question."

"Oh, by all means," the author sardonically answered, "if the current editor has demands beyond freshness and goodness, let the young writer avoid the masters in literature, and study the stories in the current magazines."

"You are not treating the matter seriously," we expostulated.

"Yes, I am—seriously, sadly, even tragically. I could not have imagined a condition of things so bad, even with the results all round us. Let us have the second question of your correspondent."

"Here it is: '2. Has the unknown writer an equal chance with the well-known author, provided his work is up to the standard of the latter's?'"

"Of the latter's, of the latter's, of the latter's." Our friend whispered the phrase to himself before he groaned out: "What a frightful locution! Really, really, it is more than I can bear!"

"For the cause you ought to bear anything. What do you really think?"

"Why, if the former's work is as good as the latter's, why isn't the former's chance as good, if the current editor's demands are for the same kind in the former's case as in the latter's? If the latter's aim is to meet the imaginary demands of the stagnant editor, then the former's work ought to be as attractive as the latter's. Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed wildly, and in order to recall him to himself, we read the third question: "3. Which is the more acceptable—a well-told story with a weak plot, or a poorly told story with a strong plot?"

"Oh, but that is a conundrum, pure and simple!" the author protested. "It is a poor parody on the old End-man pleasantry, 'Would you rather be as foolish as you look, or look as foolish as you are?' You are making it up!"

"We assure you we are not. It is no more a conundrum than the others. Come: question!"

"Well, in the first place, I should like to know what a plot is. Something that has occurred to you primarily as an effect from your experience or observation? Or something you have carpentered out of the old stuff of your reading, with a wooden hero and heroine reciprocally dying for each other, and a wooden villain trying to foil them?"

"You had better ask a current editor, or a stagnant. Do you confess yourself posed by this plain problem? Do you give it up?"

"For the present. Perhaps I may gather light from the next question."

"Then here it is: '4. What do you consider the primary weakness in the average stories or verses of the old writers?'"

"Oh, that is easy. The same as in the average stories and verses of the older writers: absence of mind."

"Are you sure you are not shirking? Cannot you give a categorical answer—something that will really help some younger writer to take the place which you are now more or less fraudulently holding? The younger writers will cheerfully allow that the trouble is absence of mind, but what line of reading would you suggest which would turn this into presence of mind?"

"There is none, except to have themselves newly anastored. Presence of mind as well as absence of mind is something derived; you cannot acquire it."

"We think you might be a little less sardonic. Now here is the next problem: '5. What are the successful author's necessary qualifications in the matters of natural ability, education, life as he sees it and lives it, technical training, etc?'"

"This will be the death of me!" the prominent author lamented. "Couldn't I skip that one?"

"It seems to cover some of the most important points. We do not think your self-respect will allow you to skip it. At any rate make an effort."

Thus challenged, the prominent author pulled himself together. "Oh," he said sadly, "which of us knows whether he has natural ability or not, and what is education, and what is life as one sees it, and what is technical training? Do these poor young fellows think that one is tall or short by taking thought? It is the

same as that, it seems to me; or if you prefer a mystical solution, I should say, if you have a longing, from your earliest consciousness, to write poetry or fiction, and cannot keep from doing it for any long time together, you are possibly born with a gift for it. But this may be altogether a mistake; it may be the effect of your early and incessant scribbles on the minds of spectators wholly incompetent to judge of your abilities, as your fond parents. This must rather often happen if we can judge from what nine-tenths of what is called literature is composed of. If your longing to write is the real thing, or is not, still education will not help or hinder you in doing it. No man was ever yet taught any art. He may be taught a trade, and that is what most of the versing and prosing is, I suppose. If you have the gift, you will technically train yourself: that is, you will learn how to be simple and clear and honest. Charm you will have got from your great-grandfather or great-grandmother; and life, which is only another sort of school, will not qualify you to depict life; but if you do not want to depict life, you will perhaps be able to meet the demands of what our friend calls the current editors."

Here the prominent author rose, but we stayed him with a gesture. "There is another question, the last: '6. Do you care to convey any hints or suggestion gleaned from your personal experiences in the climb to success, that may make easier the gaining of the heights for the beginner?'"

The prominent author roared with laughter. "Read that again!" But when we had done so, he became grave, even sorrowful. "Is it really true, then, as we seem to see, that there is a large body of young people taking up literature as a business? The thing that all my life I have fondly dreamed was an art, dear and almost holy! Are they going into it for the money there is in it? And am I, in my prominence—more or less fraudulent, as you say—an incentive to them to persevere in their enterprises? Is that what one has to come to after a life of conscientious devotion to—an ideal? Come, old friend, say it isn't so bad as that! It is? Then"—the prominent author paused, and sank weakly

into the chair from which he had risen—"perhaps I have been dreaming all these years; but in my dream it seems to me that everything outside of myself which seemed to hinder me has really helped me. There has been no obstacle in my way which if I were at the bottom of the hill, where I might very rightfully be, I would have removed. I am glad that the climb to success, as your friend calls it, has been hard and long, and I bless God for my difficulties and backsets, all of them. Sometimes they seemed cruel; they filled me with despair and shame; but there was not one that did not make me stronger and fitter for my work, if I was fit for it. You know very well that in this art of ours we need all the strength we can get from our overthrows. There is no training that can ever make the true artist's work easy to him, and if he is a true artist he will suspect everything easily done as ill done. What comes hard and slow and hopelessly, that is the thing which when we look at it we find is the thing that was worth doing. I had my downs with my ups, and when I was beginning, the downs outnumbered the ups ten to one. For one manuscript accepted, and after the days of many years printed, I had a dozen rejected, and rejected without delay. But every such rejection helped me. In some cases I had to swallow the bitter dose and own that the editor was right; but the bitter was wholesome. In other cases I knew that he was wrong, and then I set my teeth, and took my courage in both hands, and tried and tried with that rejected manuscript till the divinely appointed editor owned that I was right.

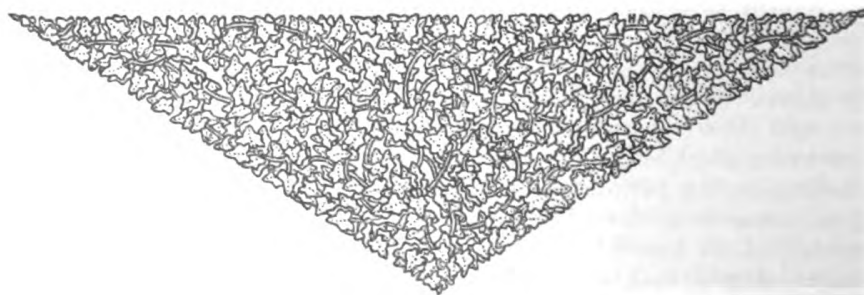
But these are the commonplaces of literary biography. I don't brag of them; and I have always tried to keep my head in such shape that even defeat has not swelled it beyond the No. 7 I began with. Why should I be so wicked as to help another and a younger man over the bad places? If I could only gain his confidence I should like to tell him that these are the places that will strengthen his heart for the climb. But if he has a weak heart, he had better try some other road. There! I have given you all the 'hints and suggestions from my experience' that I can think of, and now let me go."

Once more he rose, and once more we stayed him. "Yes," we said, "no doubt you think you have spoken honestly and faithfully, but you have addressed yourself to the wrong audience. You have spoken to artists, born and self-made, but artists can always manage without help. Your help was invoked in behalf of artisans, of adventurers, of speculators. What was wanted of you was a formula for the fabrication of gold bricks which would meet the demands of current dealers in that sort of wares."

"But if I have never made gold bricks myself, or not knowingly?"

"Ah, that is what you say! But do you suppose anybody will believe you!"

The prominent author put on the hat which he flattered himself was a No. 7, but which we could plainly see was a No. 12, and said, with an air of patronizing compassion, "You have sat here so long in your cushioned comfort, looking out on the publishing world, that you have become corrupt, cynical, pessimistic."



Editor's Study

IT is now so generally the custom of magazines to give the names of contributors that readers naturally find it difficult to understand why a contrary custom so long prevailed. If we were to show these readers the manifest virtues of anonymous authorship in periodical literature, they would then as naturally inquire why it has not been maintained. The time when this Magazine began to give signed articles is within the memory of middle-aged readers, who will be surprised to learn that the step was taken hesitantly and with much doubt as to the wisdom of yielding to what had become a pressing popular demand.

The individuality of the author was not a matter of serious concern to old-time audiences. They cared only for the theme, not regarding critically, or even with any definite consciousness, its art or its source. Shakespeare was of so little account personally to his contemporaries and immediate successors that only the most scanty material for his biography survived him. The names of the greatest authors before the eighteenth century were familiar to a limited class of readers. Popularity was impossible. It was by soldiers and men of affairs that the prize of wide fame was won.

In eighteenth-century England, periodical literature was no longer confined to the narrow circle of erudite readers, but had become lively and entertaining to meet the keen demands of a polite audience equal in numbers to that which frequented the playhouses, and surpassing it in intelligence. The desire of genius for recognition in any honorable field is natural. Why then did the wits of Queen Anne's time seem to shun direct personal recognition? Why did Addison and Steele hide themselves behind the mask of "Mr. Bickerstaff"? Pope stood forth with bold effrontery, and, considering the freedom and sharpness of his relentless satire, he did not lack courage. His medium was verse, and he might have

been more confident of success because nearly all his predecessors in English literature who had won enduring fame were poets.

But while the art of prose—of modern prose at least—was then in its infancy, it was welcomed by an eagerly curious audience ready to appreciate its graces. A bright prospect was opened to such writers as were able to furnish urbane entertainment, this social service promoting also purely literary achievement, with a larger scope for individual authorship and individual aspirations. Why should this authorship seek a mask? It is not enough to say that masquerade was the habit of the age. The fact remains that individual authorship was but partially emancipated. Few writers could stand out in the open as Pope did, expressing themselves without regard to fear or favor, having nothing to gain and nothing to lose. Satire was as much the weapon in letters as it was in politics. The mask served as armor.

The persistent hostility of the British government to the free expression of opinion in the press, as shown in oppressive taxation—such as brought the *Spectator* to an untimely end—and arbitrary inquisition, naturally drove the writer under cover and engendered timidity.

The profession of letters had not yet so far advanced in honor that simply excellence in its exercise would win either great regard or substantial profit. The "town" would yield its favor to such writers only as were effectively piquant or amusing. The attempt to win this favor was an experiment. The writer attaching his name to his essay would have seemed to count upon his success and to lack a becoming modesty. After he had won, the mask was likely to become transparent, disclosing the personality it had serviceably veiled. "Junius" alone escaped this disclosure while he lived, and it is still a question who wrote the famous "Letters."

But even after the rewards of authorship in esteem and fortune were better assured, the mask still served the modest intent of the literary aspirant. In two instances—those of Chatterton and the author of “Ossian”—it was meant to be impenetrable. Generally, however, it was adopted as an expedient, shielding the experiment. Scott, when he began his career in the “Waverley” disguise, seemed to prefer his lairdship untainted by literature—at least by “scribbling” in prose—and only his remarkable success justified him to himself. His novels, with his own name on the title-page, had no element in them which could have given the readers of them any special interest in his personality. As the great Unknown, this personality became intensely interesting and a challenge to curiosity. The mystery was unessential to a just recognition of the value of the novels, but it enhanced their immediate distinction and success. This element of mystery has since been availed of by “Boz,” George Eliot, and many other pseudonyms, and sometimes through blank anonymity; and, for whatever reason the disguise has been adopted, it has always awakened additional interest, and so made it liable to suspicion as an artifice displacing natural modesty. Bulwer in his discussion with Blackwood concerning the publication of his Caxton series of novels, after he had already become distinguished by his earlier fiction, seems to have deliberately chosen relapse to anonymity as of greater advantage than the name he had won.

We are inclined to believe that writers generally have attached very little importance to the exaltation of their names for their names' sake. It is not the seeing his name in print which causes the heart of the novice to rejoice, but seeing his work in print. Certainly he could not have seen his name in periodical literature until within a comparatively recent period. Now that he does see it, he is apt to look upon it rather deprecatingly as an unnecessary distraction from the work itself, a limitation upon it, a kind of impertinence. He feels that he must work hard and long simply to deprive that inert label of its insignificance. He sees other names which have lost this inertia, or whose inertia has become mo-

mentum in the race for glory, because they have been so long associated with work of the best sort, each with some peculiar excellence and quality—names which have finally come to live as distinct personalities.

If no names were given, the readers of the periodical, being without the guidance of labels, might not wait till they had supped with all their familiars before giving the new writers so much as a nod or a glance. They might even chance to favor him with their earliest attentions and partake of his little feast with unsated appetites.

So it was in the good old times. Then Charles Lamb felt as much at home in the pages of a magazine as at his own sheltered fireside. He would have shivered at the sight of his name in print as if he stood thinly clad in the wintry wind. “Elia” was a cheery warm cloak to wrap about him when he wished to appear *en costume*. This extreme shyness would look like affectation in our day.

There were considerations not due to modesty which made writers even in the early part of the nineteenth century averse to a direct acknowledgment of their contributions to periodical literature. The periodical, however successful it might have become, received rather than conferred dignity in its relation to its important contributors. The old stigma upon the literary profession itself still remained in such force that there was not one of the brilliant young men who started the *Edinburgh Review* but would have preferred to owe his reputation mainly to some other profession. Lockhart, after *Blackwood*, for which he had done so much, had achieved remarkable distinction as well as success, expressed his growing aversion to periodical literature, though he adhered to it, and was at the time about to accept the editorship of *Murray's Quarterly Review*. He had been familiar with this field as the arena of fierce political conflict and spiteful literary criticism, and was just then depressed by his own connection with the duel in which John Scott, the editor of the *London Magazine*, had been killed. It was not until the forties that literature and the literary periodical attained to anything like the full measure of their honorable recognition. Anonym-

ity in the early years of *Blackwood* might often have seemed to be the refuge of cowardly libellers, whose assaults were only restrained by the liability of the publisher.

In those days, too, the publication of contributors' names would have disclosed the poverty of literature—at least of literature both good enough and available. It was not an uncommon thing for Brougham in the *Edinburgh Review* or Wilson in *Blackwood* to contribute half a dozen articles to a single number. Jeffrey is reported to have written the entire contents of one number of the *Review*, including an article on Chinese music.

The habit of anonymity, once established, persisted, and it may have outlasted its virtues as well as its necessities and its vices. But we are not quite sure that, in the interests of literature, it was wisely abandoned. The urgent demand of magazine readers for the publication of names is easily accounted for in an age which revels in personalities almost, if not quite, to the point of debauchery. Names are bandied about as mere tokens, with no reference to the essential values which have made them significant or interesting. The banality of this habit is conspicuous. The association of a writer's name with his work is natural and proper. But the careful and thoughtful reader will, without the author's name, build up his true personality from the individual traits disclosed in his work or in his manner of work, and the really great writer thus discerned becomes an important part of this reader's culture, and along with this is developed a familiar and friendly association, a haunting companionship. A few such authors make for him an interesting world. How different is his case from that of the reader who requires the names of contributors that he may waste no time in finding out the distinctive traits to know an author by! He belongs to that polite world which has the common habit of conversation about books and pictures, with varying degrees of intelligence and interest; and he is expected to contribute his share to this kind of entertainment. He lives in a world of talk, of spoken and printed gossip, and thus acquires much knowledge about writers who are in vogue with-

out any serious study of their work, for which he has as little time as inclination. He pays his passing tribute as a reader, and is sure to confine his attention to literary notabilities.

That loose liberality which excludes rational standards, which counts notoriety as a legitimate distinction, tends to degeneration. The temptation is offered to the new writer to win an easy success by getting himself talked about through some eccentric performance lying outside the range of literature. Henceforth his name stands for vast possibilities in his particular field of sensationalism, and has a commercial value beyond that of nearly, if not quite, all his worthy contemporaries, and becomes a temptation to many publishers.

The profession of letters deserves and commands a commercial profit. In periodical literature before the nineteenth century this was a comparatively insignificant factor. And afterward, in the early *Blackwood* period, when a circulation of six thousand copies was considered a triumphant success, the payment of eminent contributors was modestly disguised as an *honorarium*; the other contributors were "literary hacks" and were poorly paid. When fiction of the higher order became an important element in magazines and when, later, the literary hack was, in the natural course of progress, excluded, the prizes of periodical literature rapidly increased—more rapidly in America than in England. The names of prominent writers, because they represented essential worth, had also, and legitimately, a corresponding commercial value. This element was recognized before magazines published names with contributions; distinction could not escape appreciation, and authorship soon became an open secret.

In this situation, the new writer shared with the older, and in proportion to his merit, the praise of readers. He had a fair chance. His peril, and the peril to literature, came with the use of names as potent in themselves, and with the assumption that they were the inevitable and indispensable condition of success. The most unfortunate circumstance connected with the immediate disclosure of authorship by the publication of the names of contributors is that the custom

was adopted at a time when it seemed likely to do the most harm, by giving countenance to this unwarranted assumption.

Happily, the real effect of the perils we have mentioned—that of the substitution of notoriety for substantial distinction and that of the eclipse of intrinsic worth by the acknowledged omnipotence of names associated with success—has been only to more sharply draw the lines of selection in both book and periodical publications, but more especially in the latter, because, while the reader chooses what books he will buy, he does not share with the publisher the selection of articles in a magazine, except indirectly through his exercise of choice between periodicals. Therefore it is that the first-class magazines have become the principal safeguards of literature against its deterioration. It is comparatively easier for them to withstand obviously corrupting influences, by rejecting sensational or otherwise unworthy features, than it is to resist insidious temptations; and what could be more insinuating than the persuasiveness of a great name, the indiscriminating acceptance of which, without appraisal of the production which bears it, would be so readily condoned by a large body of readers? That is a good part of the difficulty—the necessity of guarding readers against their own easy acquiescence. Writers too have to be guarded against themselves—against the overbearing attitude of some of them who insist upon that unconditional surrender of the editor which encourages too facile and sometimes feeble accomplishment. It is not fair to the author—setting aside all other questions of fairness—to accept on delivery and without consideration whatever he may, in any kind of circumstances affecting his production, have to offer, in response to the editor's expressed and genuine desire for his work.

Even commerce implies reciprocal conditions and requirements. The author who ignores editorial approval lends his authority to the prevalent assumption that it is the name and not the thing that counts, as the editor who allows himself to play the dummy in so important a transaction confesses to the truth of that assumption.

We cannot speak for others who determine the selection of matter for periodicals, though we trust that we voice the will of some, when we say that in this Magazine the name of no living writer can of itself alone compel acceptance. It is our habit as well as our choice to read every manuscript without any reference to the name of the writer, and to reach our decision upon it before we acquaint ourselves with that purely incidental and secondary fact. If, when our opinion is a favorable one, and we finally look for the name, we find that it is one we have never seen before, we experience that rare pleasure familiar to every editor who is capable of enthusiasm in the cause he maintains.

But it is not the new name that counts any more than it is the old one, with its cherished associations. The indiscriminating reader might as easily err in one extreme as the other. He might ask for a new deal in every one of a motley procession of numbers. It is the best things we want in any number, whatever names may be attached to them, and, while we regard it as of the first importance to literature that the earliest expression of individual genius should be not only protected against any overshadowing weight of established authority, but be welcomed enthusiastically—as we believe it is by readers as well as by editors,—still it is not a case where we are off with the old love before we are on with the new. The magazine is a continuous culture, maintained chiefly by experienced writers, but ever reinforced and constantly lifted to a higher plane by those who certainly, if inexpertly, sound the note which is to be the dominant in a new harmony.

The demand for the publication of authors' names in the magazine of to-day has a rational justification because of the intimacy of writer and reader in our modern literature. We do not care for the personality of the showman when our attention is wholly absorbed by the spectacle. But when all other masks are renounced, and writer and reader meet on the same plane—each a sensible partner in the communication—why retain the mask of anonymity?

Editor's Drawer

On the Antediluvian Round-up

BY ARTHUR CHAPMAN

SOMETHING hard rolled out of Missoo's chaparejos as he went to hang them up at his bunk and rolled over toward Billy Bowlegs.

"Do you happen to know what that might be?" asked Missoo. "I picked it up near the north fence in the big lease. It seems to be bone, yet it's heavier 'n rock."

"I'm s'prised at you throwin' such a poor noose in ancient hist'ry," said Billy Bowlegs, looking at the object. "This is part of the left hind shinbone of a dinosaur, a sort of bronco that used to run this here range 'fore old Noar had his umbreller and slicker ordered. I kin tell you how many hands high this beast stood, the color of his eye, and how high he could buck. But I allus hate to see a bone of one of the critters, as it brings up mem'ries of the hardest financial loss I ever sustained."

"Tell us about it, Billy, unless the pain 'll prove unbearable," said Missoo, putting the bone back in his chaps.

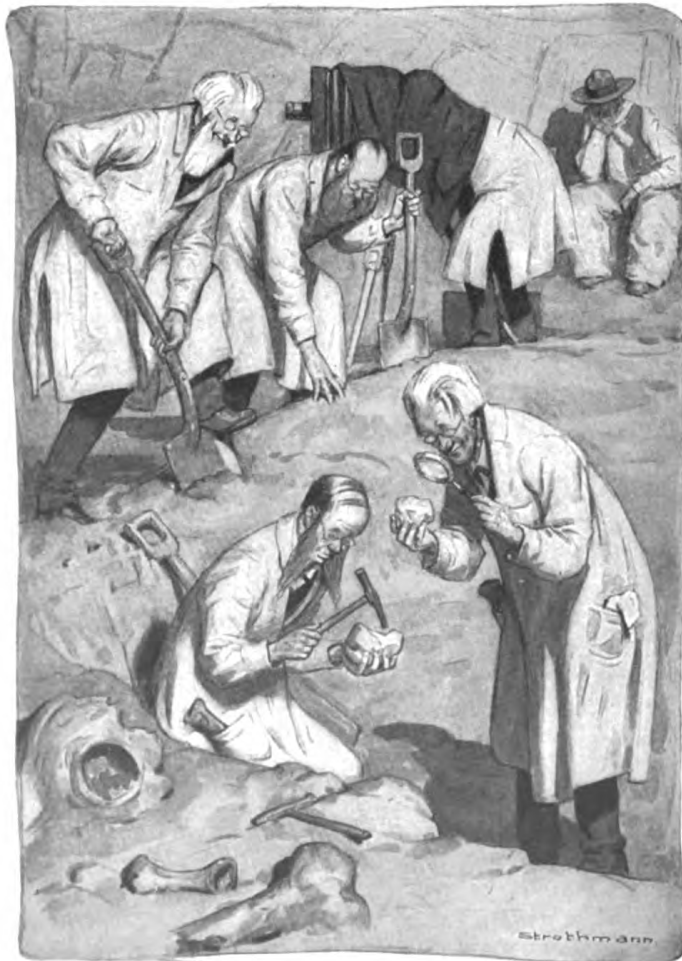
"Well, it's like when the butterfly sets out to tell the story of its life," said Billy. "It's short. It begins with me in the Freeze out Mountain country, with every dollar of my calf round-up money blowed in on the allurements of cowtown life. Wex Withers was with me, and there was nothin' left but to pull our freight for a long summer of range ridin'. But jest 'fore leavin' town we stopped to watch the incomin' stage, which was fair bu'stin' with passengers.

"Them must be sheep-

shearers come up to do their old women's work at them new shearin'-sheds,' says I to Wex. 'Come along—this ain't no sight fer a self-respectin' cowboy.'

"'You're shootin' high ag'in,' says Wex. 'Them ain't sheep-shearers. Did you ever see sheep-barbers wearin' spectacles and packin' tack hammers?'

"Sure enough—every mother's son of 'em



"THEY WAS THE MOST ENTHUSIASTIC SET OF GHOULS I EVER SEE"

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sported glass winder-panes and carried little hammers. Then the driver threw off a lot of shovels, like I had seen railroad graders brain each other with, down at Tie Sidin', and a great light broke in on me.

"Wex," I says, 'these are scientific sharps f'm the East, who have come to rake up Wyomin's ancient and bony past. Barrin' a stageful of English lords on a huntin'-trip, we couldn't ask anythin' better. We must stay here, pardner, fer prosperity is coaxin' us with good feed and golden hobbles.'

"We ambled back to town, and our reins ain't more 'n hit the ground in front of the rack at the hotel than a man, who is evidently the foreman of the scientist sharps, swoops down on us. He has them whiskers that ripple both ways f'm a part in the middle, and his talk limps German fashion.

"I am Perfesser Schmitzenberger, of Bairlin,' he says, 'headin' this expedition of German scientists to uncover the fossil riches vich we are told exist in this blace. I need two men—one to look after our horses, und the other to cook. If you know this country, und can do the work, the blaces are yours.'

"Well, it wasn't five minutes afore we had signed fer eight weeks at five per day apiece, me to wrangle hosses, and Wex to do the cheffing. There was five other perfessers in the bunch, and every one of 'em was a bone specialist and antiquarian both ways, from B. C. and Anno Domino. Those chaps didn't live to-day—they was all a-prowlin' around with the cave men. Nothin' this side of the stun age could interest 'em more 'n a trifle. When we got started it was sure a painful sight, as all of 'em couldn't ride in the

wagon, and of course none o' the learned gentlemen had took time enough f'm their studies to read *Hoss-back Ridin' in One Lesson*, er any other useful book of that nature. But, barrin' a fall or two, when a dude hoss trotted a little, there was no accidents, and we went into camp all right in the Freezeout Mountain bone country. I knowed the best place to go, where a herder had built a cabin of fossil bones years before, and Perfesser Schmitzenberger was so delighted at my artistic guidin' that he let loose a piece of information that made me stick up my ears.

"You gentlemen should know there is a special brize of five thousand dollars offered to the one who makes the most valuable scientific discovery on this expedition,' he says. 'After consulting with my distinguished brethren, I haf decided to give you a chance to gompete for the brize.'

"Does that offer limit us to diggin' up these pre-historic fly-ketchers?' says I. 'If it does, count me out, as I am a powerful poor hand with a shovel.'

"No; anything of value to science,' says the perfesser. 'The money is in my hands, und vill be awarded on the spot by a majority vote of the members. If you gentlemen make the greatest scientific discovery you vill be paid the money without delaying.'



"I DONE ALL MY ART-WORK WITH BURNT STICKS"

"Oh, I know we have no chance agin you perfessers," says I, puttin' on a front I did not feel, for I was beginnin' to exult inside. In fact, I had a great idee, which I worked on as busy as a beaver, and a heap more silent, fer the next few days.

"Them spectacled boys plunged into their bone-diggin' with an enthusiasm that was nothin' short of painful to me, with my inherited hatred of shovels. They was sure the most enthusiastic set of ghouls I ever see. They'd start out in the mornin', right after grub-pile, and it was hard work to corral 'em fer the noon feed. Then they'd come stragglin' in at all hours in the evenin', talkin' and thinkin' of everythin' else but hoglinin' and pertaters. Like most cooks, Wex got plum irritable at this reckless disregard of meal hours, but jawin' didn't seem to do no good to these sharps, who was deaf, dumb, and blind to everything this side of the Jurassic age.

"Why should mere ham bones interest me, young man," sez the oldest and most foolish of the sharps, when Wex was howlin' 'cause supper was burned black waitin' fer the strays. 'To-day it is a grand day for science. I haf uncovered the thigh-bone of a Titanotherium.'

"But, sufferin' bobcats!" says Wex, 'you cyan't live on the thigh-bone of a Titanotherium. Where'd you sharps be if I didn't stand here like a monyment of patience, supplyin' you with salt pigotherium?'

"That night I resolved to let Wex in on my scheme before he got too outspoken with the sharps and spoil the hull game which I had planned.

"I had been listenin' to the conversation around the campfire every night, and had filled up on the talk about the ancient beasts that figger in the *Scientists' Brand Book*. I studied the bones the perfessers was allus draggin' to camp, and that they had piled like cordwood on Freezeout slopes, and I had even got Perfesser Schmitzenberger to draw



"I SAYS NOTHIN', FER THERE WAS NOTHIN' ILLUMINATIN' TO SAY"

out some sketches of pleiosaurs, dinosaurs, and other predecessors of the Texas steer. These sketches I preserved keefully, and the mornin' followin' Wex's fallin' out at supper I told him to saddle up and come with me.

"We rode to a box cañon, about six mile f'm Freezeout, where the rocky sides is as straight and smooth as walls fer two hundred feet up and down.

"Wex," I says, pointin' to the smooth side of the highest cliff, 'there's our canvas where we must draw the masterpiece that will bring us the five thousand that is now a-makin' Perfesser Schmitzenberger round-shouldered.'

"What do you mean?" says Wex.

"I mean that we must git that prize fer the greatest scientific discovery on this here expedition. I am on the trail of a find that will make the perfesser's big pile of ancient bones look sicker 'n a whited sepulchre. F'm these here models, which Perfesser Schmitzenberger has so kindly drawed fer

us, we must make some sketches on the side of that wall, and convince these locoed grave-robbers that the picters was made by cave men f'm livin' models.'

"'I take off my sombrero to you,' says Wex, doffin' respectful like. 'But how are we goin' to put any picters on that wall?'

"'That's where you come in,' says I. 'We must git up on top there, and you must lower me over the edge, at the end of our ropes. I will do the art-work. If a rope breaks, remember I leave you my new silver-mounted saddle that I ain't ever been able to git outen that Denver pawnshop.'

"Well, we carried out my plan all right; though, owin' to our limited hours of work, it took us right up to the time fer breakin' up the expedition. Wex and I went to the top of that cliff every day, while the perfessers was addin' to their pile of bones, and Wex 'd lower me over the edge. At first it was somethin' sickenin' to look down, but after a while I begin to enjoy the sensation. I done all my art-work with burnt sticks, Wex keepin' me supplied with these f'm a fire on top of the cliff. When I'd finish drawin' in one spot, Wex 'd shift me a little farther along. In this way I had the side of that box cañon plastered with designs that sure looked like a cave-man's nightmare. I drewed up all the sketches the perfesser had made fer me, only enlargin' 'em a hundred times. Then I began drawin' on my own imagination, as it were.

"Wex and I 'd go down in the cañon every once in a while to study the art-work f'm a distance, and my co-artist couldn't pat me on the back enough.

"'A great artist was sure spoiled when you became a second-rate puncher,' says Wex. 'I admire them sketches the perfesser furnished you, but you have got him roped, throwed, and hog-tied at his own game. That there muley-cow, with six legs and a flowing mane and tail, must have been one of the hangovers of that last little experience of ourn in Cheyenne. But I think you ought to have more of the human element in the series. You have left out man, who must 'a' cut some small figger in the days of them monsters.'

"The next day I took Wex's advice, and drew a picter of a cave man milkin' a dinosaur, while a bunch of cave kids and a cave woman stood by, holdin' little cups, and a dinosaur calf looked hongrily on f'm the background.

"The mornin' we broke up I told the bunch that I was goin' after their five thousand dollars. I explained to 'em that I intended to lead 'em to a great discovery we had made in a near-by cañon—a discovery that would illuminate the moth-eaten Jurassic age like a 'lectric light. The perfessers was impatient to see the new discovery, and as fer me I couldn't move fast enough, as I thought those storm-clouds meant trouble, and I was oppressed by a feelin' that somethin' disagreeable was likely to happen unless I got a move on.

"Well, when we got to the cañon them

picters loomed up fine on the side wall. I nearly lost my feelin' of depression admirin' my own work. The perfessers begin pinchin' themselves to see if they was awake. Exclamations of wonder bu'sted f'm 'em, and they hauled out their note-books and begin makin' entries.

"'Gentlemen,' I says, 'my pardener and me are goin' to leave you here, baskin' beneath the wonder of this newly discovered marvel. Our contract is up this day, and we must git back to our outfits. The trail leads straight to town, and you cya'n't git lost. All that remains is fer you to hand over the five thousand, in addition to the wages you have paid us, as I think you will agree that we are entitled to the prize-money.'

"Well, the perfessers drawed off to one side, and there was nothin' to be seen but the glitter of spectacles, and nothin' to be heard but exclamations in German. But I was beginnin' to git fidgety, as the rain was switchin' down the cañon at a great rate, though not a mother's son of them perfessers but was too excited to think of gittin' out his slicker.

"Finally, Perfesser Schmitzenberger steps out, leaving the bunch.

"'Fellow vunder-seekers,' he says, feelin' in his inside pocket and bringin' out a roll of bills that 'd choke a bull elk, 'your discovery is indeed remarkable. To think that these drawings should haf remained on these valls through all the ages! It seems to pass belief, yet I haf learned not to distrust the efidence of my own eyes. In addition to this money, it has been voted to gif you full recognition before our scientific societies. Meantime, it gifs me great bleasure—'

"But jest then there comes a whoop f'm one of the sharps, who, unbeknownst to us, had set up a big camery and was takin' a picter of the line of drawin's on the cliff.

"'Dey are disappearin'!' he yells. 'Ach, himmel! ve haf been deceived!'

"I give one glance at the cliff, and so did Wex. The rain was slattin' ag'inst the wall, and was washin' the hull side of the cliff as bare as it was the day we first seen it. The marks of them burnt sticks was vanishin' like dew in the sun, and even as I looked I seen my choicest work of art—the antediluvian milkman and his hongry fam'ly—fade away like a dream. I jumped fer my hoss, and Wex jumped fer his. One of the perfessers grabbed a handful of hair out of the tail of Wex's bronco. But we had that one jump the start, and it was enough. We got away, but not until sev'ral shots and a volley of German cuss words come after us.

"When we got out on the plain and headed fer home, Wex looked at me.

"'Next time I throw in with a artist,' he says, 'I am goin' to pick one that works in waterproof materials.'

"I says nothin', fer there was nothin' illuminatin' to say, but every time I find a prehistoric remnant lyin' loose on the range now I take delight in throwin' it up in the air and shootin' it to dust 'fore it comes down."



Insolence

JUPITER. "Well, what's the trouble now?"
 VENUS. "An impertinent astronomer on the earth has been
 staring at me for three consecutive nights."

The Documents in the Case

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

The title-deeds of Abraham which Sir William Ramsay is seeking
 in the land of the Hittites were written on a brick.—*Daily Paper*

THE title-deeds of Abraham
 Were written on a brick,
 Protecting him from legal sham
 Or petty shyster's trick.
 If anybody tried to sue,
 Or take from him his place,
 All Father Aby had to do
 Was just to take that bricklet true
 And hit him in the face.

What title-deed to Adam went,
 I really do not know—
 His claim was hardly permanent,
 As history doth show.
 I rather think, from what I hear,
 'Twas on an apple writ,
 And—though the record isn't clear—
 When other claimants did appear
 He found he'd eaten it.

What sort of license Noah got
 To run a scursion boat,
 Or ply a steam or schooner yacht
 To keep his folks afloat—
 We are not told at all of that.
 But I've an idle whim,
 Before he got to Ararat,
 When the Inspector showed his hat
 He pushed him in the swim.

What kind of a certifikit
 King Solomon employed
 When in a matrimonial fit
 A wedding he enjoyed,
 Is not set down by any pen
 That writes of Solomon;
 But I will wager five to ten
 It was a sort of Gold Deben-
 Ture Bond with coupons on.

A Natural Product

A TEACHER of a small district-school was one day, recently, giving a language lesson on animals and their uses.

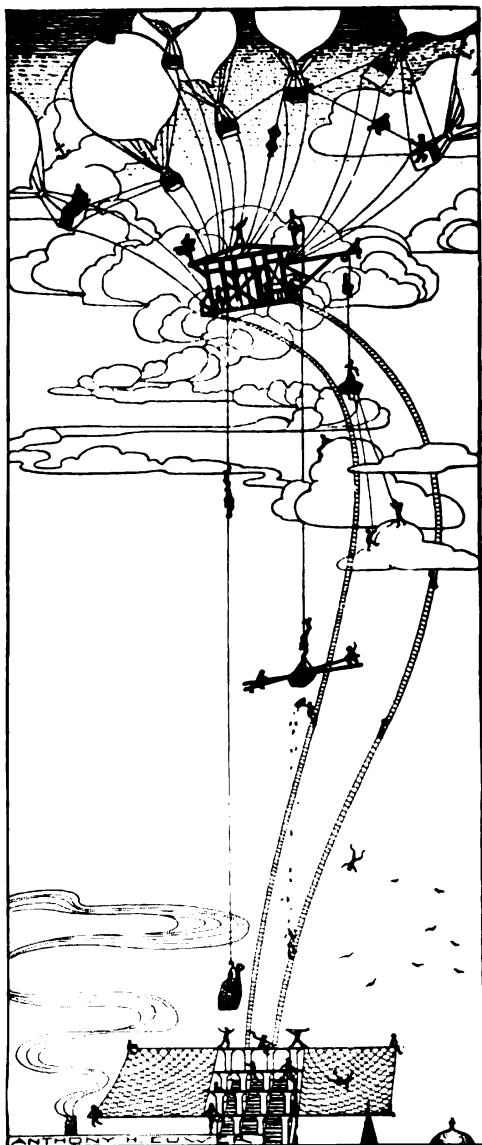
The pupils had named most of the domestic animals, and had told of what uses they were, when some one suggested sheep.

"Yes," said the teacher, "sheep are very useful. Who can tell me what we get from them?"

A small boy eagerly waved his hand.

"Well, Willie, you may tell us what we get from sheep," the teacher said.

"Lambs," shouted Willie.



Building a Sky-scraper in 2400 A.D.

The method of anchoring the top in the proper position and then gradually connecting it with the base is found to be far more convenient than the old plan.

A Pollywogism

THE Pollywog does naught but play

And skip about the livelong day

In a spontaneous, hearty way.

It seems to matter not a jot

If he be in a school or not,

He looks on toil as tommyrot,

And leaps and creeps, and rolls in heaps,

And e'en is silly when he sleeps.

A staid demeanor's sure to fail,

And dignity's of no avail

To one who's naught but head and tail.

"I scorn," declares the Pollywog,

"Maturity's dull decalogue,

Until I'm tailless and a Frog;

For me, you see, there could not be

The slightest mite of dignity."

Observe the Frogs, well groomed and kempt,

From tadpolacious tails exempt,

Who watch their offspring with contempt:

While those of adolescent age,

With tails in half-departed stage,

In shame conceal each appendage.

The Frogs' chief thought, when aught they're

taught,

Is, "Caudal'd adults come to naught."

This moral in italics set:

Don't act, when gray and old you get,

As though your tail were on you yet.

(But there be some who think that Frogs,

Absurdly grave on mossy logs,

Are sillier than Pollywogs.

Which goes to show, as you must know,

My moral isn't always so!)

BURGES JOHNSON.

Couldn't Stand It

IN the family of a certain learned professor in Washington there is such a lot of learned talk of natural science, particularly at the table, that it is said even the servants theorize on the subject.

One of these servants, a butler and general utility man, one day came to the professor and gave notice that either he or the housemaid must leave.

"What appears to be the difficulty?" asked the master of the house. "Aren't you well treated?"

"I have nothing to complain of in that respect, sir," was the reply. "The fact is, sir, it's most trying to work in a house with servants who believe the world was created in periods when I know it was created in days."

Worth Observing

IN a certain preparatory school in Washington an instructor one day made the statement that "every year a sheet of water fourteen feet thick is raised to the clouds from the sea."

"At what time of the year does that occur, Professor?" asked a freshman. "It must be a sight worth going a long way to see."

Plain English

A DARKY preacher in Mississippi, in a sermon, dwelt upon the advantages of plain speech.

"Why, breddren," exclaimed the dusky divine, bringing his hand down upon the pulpit with great vigor, "dere's no need of all dese heah long words an' high-soundin' terms dat we uses 'most ebery day. Not by a jugful, my breddren! Look at St. Paul! Dem words of his was full of de meat of knowledge an' help. Did he make use of any highfalutin' talk? No, my breddren! St. Paul, he speaks in plain, simple English!"

An Obituary

A WESTERN newspaper man, in referring to the amusing quality of town gossip as reflected in the "personals" of the average country newspaper, tells of an item that found its way into the sheet the gentleman himself at one time ran in a town of Nebraska. The item was something like this:

"Last Tuesday, our friend Morgan Smith, a farm laborer near this place, killed a pig weighing 175 pounds. The pig was indeed a splendid specimen of the porcine species. We are informed that in spite of its great size, the pig was able to walk in and out of its sty to the last."

A Forbidden Dainty

EDITH is being trained in the way she should go. She is sometimes rebellious, and the day she was five she returned from her outing in the country with renewed determination.

"Mamma," she began, breathlessly, "nurse took me to see real cows; and what do you think—they were chewing gum!"

"The Rest is Laughter"

"BEWARE! employ the fleeting hours!" The Dial warns the idle Flowers.

The Flowers nod in sweet denial,
And rose-leaves hide the solemn Dial.

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN.



Professional Jealousy

The Angleworm

I'D hate to be an angleworm;
They have no feet at all,
For I've a pair of red top boots
That squeak and stand up tall.

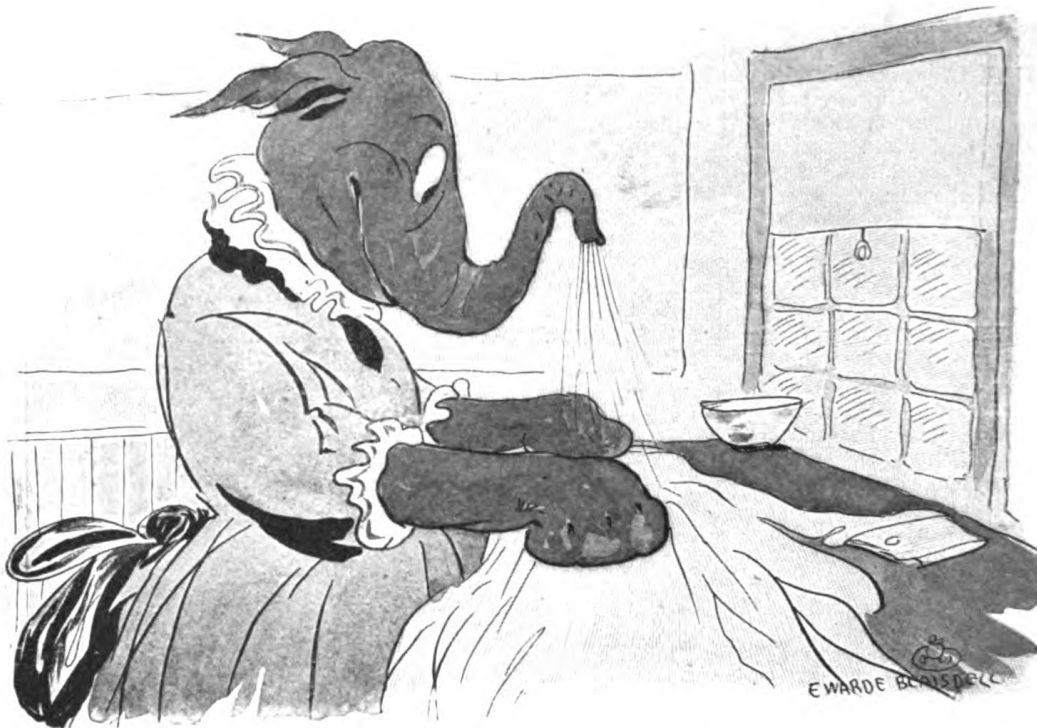
LOUISE AYRES GARNETT.

Warlike Finery

HARRY became much interested in playing soldier, but the accoutrements he collected gradually. At first he was content to march about merely with a stick for a gun; then at his request his mother made him a paper hat, to which later she added a "plume," which Harry had discovered in the hen-yard. For a time he was highly pleased with this outfit, but after a day he must needs have a belt, and this naturally led him to ask his father to whittle him a sword. At last, bedecked in this warrior dress, Harry again confronted his mother.

"Why, how like a soldier you look!" she observed.

"Yes—but, mamma," he hinted, "I've been looking at a picture of Napoleon, and he has a scrubbing-brush on each shoulder."



Mrs. Elephant does her own Ironing

The Boss

BY THE OFFICE-BOY

WHEN things go easy, he just sarnters round
 At ten o'clock or so; then reads his mail,
 Dictates some half a dozen letters to the girl,
 Tosses us each a word, or maybe two,
 Looks at the papers, lights a good cigar,
 'Phones to a friend, and then goes out to lunch.
 And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
 I hate to work. I wish I was the Boss!"

But my, when things go wrong! Maybe a strike,
 Or prices down, or some bank goes and busts,—
 Then ain't he Johnny-on-the-spot at eight!
 Then he don't take no time to read the news,
 Nor eat no lunch, but keeps us all a-jump.

Then he shoots letters at the girl till she
 Gets flustery red spots on her cheeks; and makes
 Even old Chief Clerk hustle; you know *him*,
 That fat one, with the sort of double chin.
 And *me*—why, I'm greased lightning when he calls.
 And when night comes, then he looks kind er pale
 And anxious like, and yet so full of fight,
 I get a sort of aching in my throat
 Like something choked me, when I look at him.
 And I go home and say to maw—"Gee whizz!
 Bizness is tough. I'm glad I ain't the Boss!"

GERALDINE MEYRICK.



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